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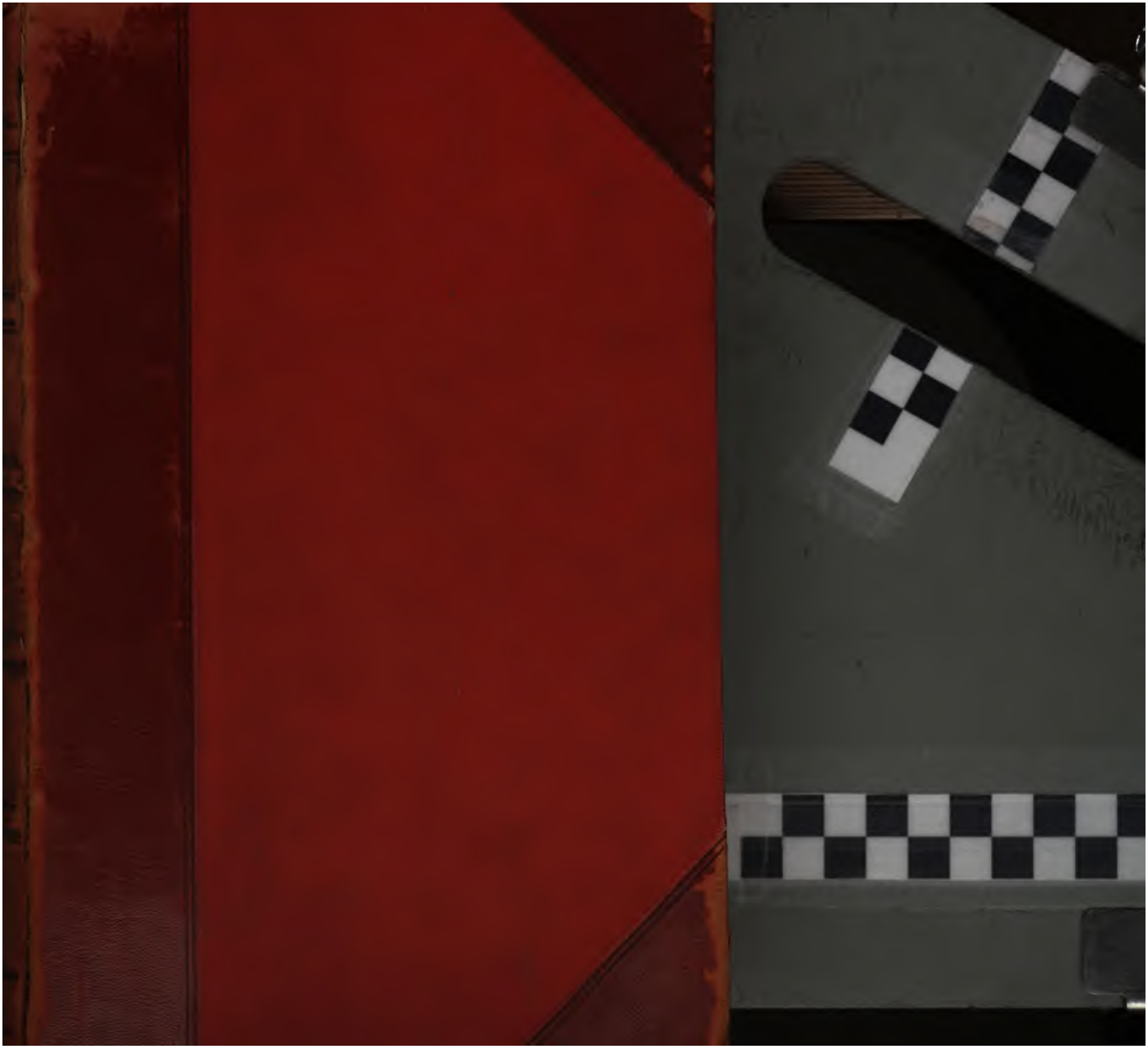
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME LXI. JANUARY—JUNE 1892

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THE TSAR PERSECUTOR.

THE intelligent student of Russian history cannot fail to be struck by the analogy between the fate of that people, crushed between the anvil of Orthodoxy and the hammer of autocracy, and the misfortune that befell those companions of Ulysses who ventured into Circe's palace. The heroes of both stories were drugged, spell-bound, and changed into swine; in both cases, under their bristles beat the hearts of kindly men; and with the modern Russians, as with the ancient Greeks, it needs but the resolve of one brave, good man to strike terror into the enchantress, break the spell, and restore the victims to human shape. For a social upheaval, a religious revival, or even a gradual raising of the general ethical level would be enough to awaken the dormant qualities of the Russians, and thus resuscitate one of the most gifted, generous, and chivalrous peoples in the world. This is not a mere prophecy, but the embodiment of facts which can be verified in the story of the rise and spread of religious sects, especially of that remarkable sect known as "Stundists," which sprang up unnoticed among the South Russian peasantry about the year 1860, and has since spread rapidly from district to district, from government to government, until it now stands forth as a formidable power, engaged in a decisive struggle with autocracy and Orthodoxy, the upshot of which may mean life or death to the Russian Empire.

To gauge the trend and significance of Stundism presupposes a knowledge of the soil on which it flourishes and of the conditions that called it into being; and this for an Englishman who runs while he reads is a matter of no little difficulty. In a general way, one may describe the state of the Russian peasantry, when Stundism appeared to regenerate it, as that of brutes rather than men; of chattels sold or pledged to pay a debt, or lost and won over a game of cards. The

unfortunate people lay, to use Carlyle's forcible expression, "in a soak of horrors, sunk like steeping flax under the widespread fetid hell-waters, and Orthodox though they proudly claim to be, said the Patriarch Philaretus, 'they are addicted to crimes unknown to heathen nations, and unheard of among peoples ignorant of God.'"

Their spiritual guides—gross, grovelling, greedy—were, if possible, in a still less enviable condition than the people—*corruptio optimi pessima*. "The ranks of the clergy," declared the Fathers of the Œcumenical Council of Moscow, "are filled with clodhoppers, unfit to graze cattle, much less to feed flocks of human souls,"[1] and contemporary archbishops and historians emphatically asserted that the clergy of the ninth decade of this century were worthy sons of the sires who sold their churches to pay for night orgies, distilled *vodka*, and robbed men and women of money and virtue, whenever they chanced upon either.[2] The cynical Russophobe may suspect, and the Russophile may hope, that to these generalisations there were numerous and conspicuous exceptions; but the impartial historian must content himself with declaring which of the scales descends, without analysing too curiously the glittering dust that adheres to the light side of the balance.

Some of the degraded serfs were driven by stress of hunger to seek work on the farms of certain German colonists settled in the government of Kherson since the reign of the Empress Catherine—simple, God-fearing Teutons, faithful to the language, traditions, and modes of thought of the Fatherland—and it was while living here as labourers, substituting coffee for *vodka*, hard work for wasteful idleness, and thrift for improvidence, that these bewitched beasts grew gradually alive to the fact that they, too, were men like their masters, and, issuing forth from their subterranean caverns, discovered heaven and earth, God and the devil, above the primal duties shining aloft like stars, and below the charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

"Scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

In Osnova (Government of Kherson), a disreputable tramp, named Onishtshenko, was one of the first to descry the new light, and between 1855 and 1860 he adopted the teachings of the Gospel, learned to read and write, and to make boots and shoes, and eagerly imparted the knowledge to his comrades; and scarcely were the serfs emancipated before half a dozen native evangelical preachers arose from among his disciples, whose useful and exemplary lives spoke more persuasively in favour of the new views than the most convincing syllogisms of logic and the most striking analogies of history. Their doctrines were simple and eminently adapted to their hearers; for the Germans, who had assisted to restore their

[1] Supplement, Historical Documents, vol. v. p. 473. *Cf.* also Shtshapoff, "The Russian Schism," p. 195. Kasan, 1859.

[2] Supplement, Historical Documents, *l.c.*; Shtshapoff, *op. cit.*, pp. 143, 205; *cf.* also The Pastoral Letters of Nicanor, Archbishop of Kherson, *passim*.

atrophied religious sense, could do no more than impart a general direction to their efforts, and being themselves in a state of religious ferment, had no body of dogmas to hand down, no complicated ritual to enforce, nothing to recommend beyond the offering up of prayer, the singing of hymns, and the reading of Scripture at regular meetings (like the classes of the Methodists), which took place at stated hours (*Stunden*)[1] twice a week.

"We must worship God in spirit, and the spirit being free, our worship should be likewise free from the fetters of ceremonies and forms," said the new sectarians, who soon came to be known as Rationalists. But for all their rationalism these peasant apostles had that dash of mysticism in their composition which makes all the difference between the cold, unimpassioned reasoning of the hair-splitting metaphysician and the warm, life-giving enthusiasm of the religious reformer. "My Saviour is my only priest," they replied to the Orthodox *popes*, who offered to administer the sacraments at a cheaper rate than usual, or to dispense with them altogether for a more considerable bribe. "Men's wants and capacities vary greatly," said one of the Stundist leaders; "and the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world adapts its intensity to each." Once or twice this personal revelation, which is practically identical with the Inward Light recognised by the Society of Friends, became almost as objective as the effulgence that dazzled Saul, or the rays that illumined Bunyan as he played his last game of cat. Thus Onishtshenko's resolve to break away from the criminal "life of a filthy brute," as he himself aptly terms it, was accompanied by signs and portents which to him, at least, were palpable and physical. Overwhelmed one day by a crushing sense of his guilt, he had thrown himself on the floor, and was fervently praying for forgiveness and light: "'O God, enlighten me! make me a changed man!' I besought Him with tears and sobs. When all at once it seemed as if some one tore the clothes from off my back, whereupon a marvellous sense of freedom, a feeling of intense joy, came over me, and I knew God thenceforth."[2]

But moderate mysticism alone would have been powerless to buoy them up on the waters of the tempest-tossed sea towards which, having cut their Orthodox moorings, they were rapidly drifting: the strictures and taunts of the clergy compelled them to reinforce the inward with the outward light, and to study the New Testament with a thoroughness impossible to the illiterate. They set themselves, therefore, to master the rudiments of reading and writing, old and young learning as if they were to live for ever, and living meanwhile as if they were to die on the morrow. There was something pathetic, almost tragic, in the spectacle of elderly fathers and mothers of large

[1] From the German word for hours (*Stunden*) the name Stundist is derived.
[2] *Cf.* Roshjestvensky, "South Russian Stundism," p. 171.

families and feeble old folk, who were tottering on the brink of the grave, painfully spelling dissyllabic words, struggling with vowels and diphthongs, and laboriously drawing pothooks and hangers in the intervals of fatiguing field labour. But signal success rewarded patient toil, and in a few years the *pium desiderium* of Erasmus of Rotterdam was fulfilled in Russia, and the tiller chanted scraps of the Gospel as he walked after his plough, the weaver sang chapters of it to the noisy accompaniment of his shuttle, and the traveller beguiled the tedium of his journey with the thrilling stories of the "Book." From that day to this, elementary instruction in reading and writing is given in spite of edicts and ukases to all members of the persuasion.[1]

Stundism, in virtue of the conditions that brought it forth, is a broad expanding rule of life rather than a narrow unbending creed. The poor peasants who were first dazzled with the new religious light had been afflicted with spiritual blindness all their lives; and the change that brought with it moral regeneration conferred neither the gift of tongues nor the analytical intellect of the scholastic. It would have been not merely rash but fatuous, therefore, had they attempted to go into the quibbles of casuistry, or the refinements of metaphysics. Their religion was confined within limits which nearly coincided with those of human reason; and the Agnostic humanitarian will note with satisfaction that Russian Evangelical Christianity clothes industry, thrift, and those other non-religious habits which are essential to durable and deserved success with the added attraction of holiness, thus giving them a double sanction and a twofold reward. It was from the Stundists that many of the doctrines of Count Tolstoi's New Christianity were derived, and among others, the necessity of manual labour, which they regard almost in the light of a religious act. Old and young, rich and poor, vie with each other in their attempts to increase the sum total of the necessaries of life; and for many of them, as for George Eliot's Caleb Garth, the prince of darkness is a slack workman. "Why do you still toil and moil like a brisk young country lad?" asked a Russian priest of Onishtshenko, the Stundist leader now over seventy years old. "It is not I who work; it is God within me," was the reply; the spirit of which is suggestive of Arnauld's answer to Nicole, who had desired him to lay down the pen and rest: "Rest! Have we not all eternity to rest in?"

Having adopted the New Testament as their exclusive rule of faith, all doctrines and practices which could not, in the opinion of the Stundists, claim their origin from that book were rejected as superfluous: the sacraments, the intercession of saints, prayers for the dead, image-worship, fasting, oaths, the ecclesiastical hierarchy, &c., were

[1] *The Week*, No. 2, p. 59; *Elizabethgradsky Messenger*, 1877, No. 22.

weighed and found wanting, and discarded with the less hesitation that few of them had any real hold on the people. In a word, there was a philosophical breadth in the new movement which was calculated to astonish all who knew its low-born initiators. A mere sect may be bounded and fettered by a word, a syllable, a letter; but a religion needs untrammeled freedom for future expansion; and consciously or unconsciously, Stundism aimed at becoming a religion.

In 1870, some Baptist missionaries from Prussia converted a number of German colonists, and through them several Stundists, to their teachings. After this in a few communities elders began to preside at prayer-meetings, to christen their brethren, to bless marriages, and to read a burial service over the dead. But averse to the thraldom of forms rather than to change as such, the great majority stood firm, and rejected the innovations. Discussions and debates became the order of the day; and in the house, the market-place, and the prison, where many of the Stundists were confined for their faith, the question of adult baptism was eagerly mooted and variously solved according to the lights or emotions of the disputants. "Ceremonies are mummeries," cried Balaban, one of the most intelligent and energetic of them all, arguing the matter with his comrade Lassotsky in the Tarashtshansky prison. The views and doctrines of the Baptists were adopted by many, but rejected by many more, and ended by gradually leavening the whole movement. Many of the Stundists are now confounded with the Baptists, but they themselves are content with the modest designation of Evangelical Christians; and whatever differences of opinion may have been engendered by the new doctrine, they never degenerated into anything like bitterness.[1]

For amid progressing opinions and varying practices, brotherly love is the one enduring doctrine of the Stundists, compared with which everything else is but as dust in the balance. "The service of God," say their teachers, "means our living for others and dying to ourselves." "God is love," exclaims the Stundist Slivka, "and what He asks of us is love for each other who are His images, and not temples and wax-lights and icons and myrrh." And it is in accordance with this principle that they strive to shape their lives. From the day of his conversion dates the Stundist's death as an individual; thenceforth he exists and acts only as a constituent part of humanity; for although the sectarians cherish the idea of a close bond of fellowship among the members of their own religious body, they preach with

[1] The great majority of the Stundists are tillers of the soil. They have also a goodly sprinkling, however, of other classes of the community in their ranks, artisans, fishermen, &c., and, what is so very rare in other religious sects in Russia, several representatives of the educated orders. The Christianity of these latter occasionally loses itself in the Deism of Rousseau, or the Pantheism of Spinoza, while the views of many even of the less educated Stundists on the Atonement, the Trinity, &c. &c. are more in harmony with those of the Hicksite Friends of the United States than with the doctrines of English Baptists.

greater fire the brotherhood of the entire race, and are careful neither by act nor omission to shut themselves out from any part of the realm of human sympathies and interests. Nay, their charity, uncircumscribed by humanity itself, soars upwards among the starry worlds in search of new objects; and the opinion is largely held by Stundists that Christ is still wandering over the myriad inhabited planets of space, teaching and saving God's creatures there by His word and example. "Sins are the root of all our sufferings," they say, "and all human sins are but forms of that Protean crime, envious discord, which keeps us brothers apart whom our common Father, God, created to love and cherish each other." [1] For him who observes the commandment of love, existence is full of charm, while death possesses no terrors. He who has lived for his fellows can go forth from life like the withered leaf blown from the storm-stricken bough, fearless whither it is being carried by the wind. Nor do the Stundists confine their charity to the distribution of money and goods; they give themselves with both; mowing his hay for the prisoner or the invalid, reaping his corn, sowing his potatoes, repairing his hut, and bringing up his children. It was in this school that Count Tolstoi first learned the wholesome lesson that alms without the almsgiver are harmful, not helpful; that—

> "The holy supper is kept indeed
> In whatso we share with another's need,
> Not what we give but what we share—
> For the gift without the giver is bare."

This being not merely the theory but the daily practice of the Stundists, it is not wonderful that their consequent high standard of morality should have been remarked and eulogised by all classes of the population, friends and foes. Even the clerical journals which thunder against their theology have nothing but praise for their ethics. "The lofty morality of the Stundists," exclaims one Orthodox journal, "is truly marvellous." [2] "Force and violence are foreign to their character; guile and double-dealing banished from their lives; and such is their natural kind-heartedness that the insults and injustice which they suffer, instead of kindling their anger, evoke their compassion." [3] "They set such store by honest labour," we read in another Orthodox organ, "that they eschew every kind of pleasure, *even the most innocent* (!) of all—viz., the squandering of their time away in idleness." [4] "The Stundists are a most industrious body of men," writes a patriotic journal; "they do not steal, neither do they drink or swear; and in the ups and downs of life they bear themselves like genuine Christians. Crime among them is almost unheard of; one of their cherished virtues consists in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, caring for the sick, sheltering the wanderer

[1] *Week*, 1887, No. 2, p. 54.
[2] *Kieff Diocesan News*, 1872, No. 7, p. 150.
[3] *Kieff Telegraph*, 1876, No. 15.
[4] *Week*, 1877, No. 2, pp. 58, 59.

in a word, in helping in every feasible way their necessitous neighbours."[1] Another strictly clerical review characterises the Stundists as "upright, sober, compassionate people;"[2] and even the public prosecutor and the police, accustomed to see mainly the seamy side of the lives of those with whom they come in contact, have given them a certificate of character of which any Christian community might well be proud. "The Stundists," says the police superintendent of the Tarashtshansky District (Ispravnik), "are distinguished from the rest of the population by their uniformly high standard of morality; and in the villages in which they reside crime has practically disappeared. Owing to their sobriety, their economical condition is incomparably better than that of the Orthodox population, while no comparison at all need be made between their respective intellectual levels, seeing that almost all Stundists can read and write. Their family life is in all respects exemplary, and their relations with each other are, in the broadest and best sense of the word, Christian." So strongly are they imbued with the principle of religious equality, that servants and masters, children and parents, address each other by their Christian names, without lessening their mutual respect. A writer who has little sympathy with their religious views assures us that their family life is, in all respects, irreproachable: "Bickerings and wrangling are very rare, as are all manifestations of authority and power. All the members of the family are possessed of equal rights, the husband being in nowise privileged in respect to the wife, nor the parents in respect to their offspring. Parental authority, instead of assuming any of those repulsive forms deemed indispensable for the right bringing up of children, gives way to gentle persuasion, right direction, and, above all, to the powerful example of a truly Christian life."[3]

Here then, on the one hand, was a population sunk in an abyss of foulness, addicted to all the vices of the slave, and unrestrained by any of the moderating instincts of the brute; distressed, diseased, lacking even the keen consciousness indispensable to despair; creatures, in a word, for whom Mazdeism, Brahminism, nay, Confucianism itself, would have been a glorious revelation; and, on the other hand, a band of heroic individuals such as form the pith round which great movements grow, humanising these masses, shaping thought and deed in a noble harmony, transforming beasts of the field into men and Christians, and changing a dreary steppe into a smiling garden. Between these two bodies the Government, whose long cherished desire seemed now at last about to be fulfilled, looked on in blank astonishment, uncertain whether to applaud or condemn. Peter the Great, Elizabeth, Catherine, and Alexander I., painfully conscious that

[1] *Memoirs of the Fatherland*, 1878, No. 5, p. 210.
[2] *Ecclesiastico-Social Messenger*, 1880, No. 91.
[3] *Faith and Reason* (a Bimensual organ of the Orthodox Church, published in Kharkoff), 1886, No. 20, pp. 41, 42; *Week*, 1877, No. 2, p. 60.

their people were morally dead, had applied drastic measures to resuscitate them. Ukases imparting to Church discipline the sanction of pena laws, edicts compelling the population to visit the church, confess their sins and receive communion, and statutes condemning them in certain cases to do severe penance in monasteries, had been issued, and issued in vain. As a last resource, the transfusion of healthy foreign blood had been resorted to; but the establishment of German, Austrian, Bohemian, and Servian colonies in the south of Russia had resulted only in the formation of ethnographical oases in the midst of a desert, in the production of streaks of grey light that merely intensified the surrounding gloom. Here now at last was a moral agency securing all the advantages which the Government desired for the people, and steering clear of all the dangers they apprehended. No vast upheaval was to be feared; no sudden crises such as those during which men and institutions are put on their trial or swept ruthlessly away. The forces of which Stundism disposed worked gently, imperceptibly, and with the even regularity of a law of Nature, an inestimable advantage in the classic land of dynamite and the revolver. But the Government let the opportunity slip; the resuscitated people were thrust back into the dank graves whence they had arisen; while their saviours, ranked as incendiaries and murderers, were flogged, ruined, banished, and condemned to the Siberian mines.

But in answer to the charges of inhuman cruelty and un-Christian hatred, the Government and the Church are entitled to enter a plea of self-defence, for enlightenment and progress are absolutely incompatible with autocracy and Orthodoxy; while the clergy, afraid of losing their fees for the sacraments, may well be excused if they took refuge behind the sword of the State, conscious that ignorance disqualified them from employing argument, and vice from relying on the force of example. This consciousness of their own shortcomings assumed strange forms, sometimes impelling the priest to decline, in spite of the pressing request of the authorities, to reason with the sectarians, and point out to them their errors;[1] at other times determining the monasteries to refuse to admit the Stundists who were condemned to reside and do penance there, "lest they should pervert the brethren who are weak in the faith."[2]

But the devices employed by the clergy to ruin the sectarians whom they could not hope to convert, would have disgraced a less exalted order, and irreparably damaged a more respectable cause. The first recorded attempt to stay the progress of the new sect took place in 1865, when the *pope* of an "infected" district forwarded a secret report to his rural dean, in which he accused the Stundists of

[1] *Cf.* "Materials for the History of Stundism" (pamphlet in Russ), 1884, pp. 16, 17. "Transactions of the Diocese of Kherson," 1866, pp. 282, 283.

[2] "Transactions of the Diocese of Kieff," 1876, p. 74.

drinking milk on Wednesdays and Fridays, and of chanting hymns and reading the New Testament; as if this book were a plaything instead of a manual of morals to regulate one's life by. But a Government Commissary, sent to study the sect on the spot, declared in his secret report that the most dangerous and criminal trait in Stundism was its principle of (Christian) brotherhood; "for a very close bond of service and love unites in one body all the members of this sect."[1]

The clergy were instructed by their superiors to influence the apostates by laying stress on the awful and indisputable truth that there is no salvation possible outside the Orthodox Church. Many of the sectarians who felt indisposed to enter into relations with *popes* whom they often met on the road in a state of helpless drunkenness, and who occasionally left a corpse for four or five days in a house until the haggling about the price of the burial service was brought to a successful issue, were arrested by the police in order the more conveniently to be brought up before the priests, the deans, and the consistories, by whom they were questioned, cross-questioned, cajoled, and bullied. They treated the clergy with marked respect; replied to their questions with transparent frankness, and merely complained of being kept indefinitely in prison for reading the Gospel and endeavouring to live in accordance with its precepts.[2] After having spent a considerable time in gaol, they were set free on the ground that no crime had been brought home to them, whereupon the ecclesiastical dignitaries wrote to entreat the Government to re-arrest and punish them *administratively*—viz., without trial or formal accusation.[3] It would be presumptuous to expect the Western reader to give credence to a damning accusation of this kind against a body of men so highly respected by the hierarchy of the Anglican Church on anything short of the most conclusive evidence known to a court of law. The documents on which it rests are the original reports of the bishops, archbishops, and consistories themselves. "The release of imprisoned Stundists (found not guilty by the verdict of an Orthodox jury, in which the judge concurred) only increases the people's respect and admiration for these sectarians, and lends colour to the belief that his Excellency the Governor is of their way of thinking."[4]

This simulated fear that the masses would confound the impartiality of the administration with its approbation has ever been one of the stock arguments of the clergy in favour of substituting arbitrary punishments for the slow action of the law. A very short time since the public Censor put it forward as his motive for suppressing several verses of the Koran destined for the use of Russian Mohammedans; but the liberal advisers of Alexander II., the most

[1] *Cf.* Roshjestvensky, "South Russ Stundism," p. 114. [2] *Op. cit.* pp. 63, 64.
[3] "Transactions of the Diocese of Kherson," 1866, No. 65, pp. 321, 322.
[4] *Op. cit.* p. 43.

liberal of Russian monarchs, guided by very different maxims, refused to swerve from the path of strict legality. Subsequent events have shown that the Ministers, not the clergy, were mistaken in their calculations; and one of the most curious results of the publication of the New Testament in Russian with the Censor's *imprimatur* was that for a long time the untutored country-folk were full of the idea that the Tsar and his Tshinovniks approved the doctrines it teaches.

It is impossible to read the numerous secret reports of the priests and bishops that now lie pigeon-holed in the archives of monasteries and consistories without regretting that they were not written by those base professional spies who trade and thrive on the blood of the guiltless rather than by the ministers of the God of pity and love. The thirst for vengeance and the fierce fire of rancorous hate embodied in these remarkable documents entitle their writers to rank with the most zealous and consistent of the inquisitors. One of the first of these pleas for violence was drawn up by Father Terletsky, a priest selected by the Archbishop of Kieff for his energy, erudition, and eloquence to bring back the lost sheep to the true fold. This missionary had been a Roman Catholic clergyman, and having changed his own faith with profit to himself, now exerted himself to the utmost to dissuade others from the crime of changing theirs. His failure to convert a single Stundist was a terrible blow to his orthodoxy and self-love, and afforded some excuse for the report which he drew up and sent to the Metropolitan, setting forth that the wandering sheep could only be restored by adopting the following measures: (1) Strictly prohibiting all Bible readings and prayer-meetings, and, lest they should be convened at night in secret, quartering soldiers in the huts of all who were suspected of Stundism, and dogging the steps of all wandering pedlars; and (2) *condemning without trial or accusation all Stundist preachers to penal servitude in the mines of Siberia.*[1] And unreasonably apprehensive lest his ecclesiastical superiors should turn a deaf ear to his suggestions, he forwarded a copy of this report to the Governor of Kieff, who sent it on to the Ministry in St. Petersburg. Little by little other priests engaged in the thankless task of converting the Stundists mustered up courage to give expression to analogous views, and very soon the Ministries were overwhelmed with similar projects.[2]

These suggestions were supplemented by charges so cunningly formulated that the Government could not afford to ignore them. The sectarians were accused of trampling on their own icons in the privacy of their houses; of reviling (not calumniating) the priests; of speak-

[1] "Transactions of the Diocese of Kieff," 1873.

[2] *Op. cit.* Nos. 82, 83; "Transactions of the Diocese of Kherson," 1866, No. 65, p. 321; "Transactions of the Diocese of Kieff," 1876, pp. 74, 178, 179 &c.

ing disrespectfully of the sacraments; and of threatening to turn the churches into stables. Some of these accusations, or analogous charges, may have occasionally been founded on a substratum of truth. Stundism, no more than Christ's Christianity, could be expected to render those who professed it impeccable; it certainly did not prevent some of its own shining lights from putting greater trust in the cunning of the serpent than in the simplicity of the dove; and unpleasant circumstantial rumours of lying explanations and deceitful promises made to bishops and consistories, capped by the pious fraud of perjury, impress upon one the melancholy truth of the lesson taught by the fable of the cat who, being changed into a maiden, sprang from her bed at the sight of a mouse.[1] It is probable enough that the zeal of some of the newly converted occasionally outran their discretion. It may well be that they treated their icons after the manner in which Diagoras treated Hercules' image, putting it under the pot to "scathe their pottage"; it is certain that they worked in the fields on days sacred to various saints, and it is more than probable that they did not always succeed in hiding their special dislike for St. Nicholas—a curious sentiment explicable only on the supposition that lack of reading deprived them of even a superficial acquaintance with the lives of Vladimir, Olga, and several other saints of the Russian Pantheon. But there was not a tittle of truth in the graver charges of disaffection, political conspiracy, &c., which were repeatedly urged and periodically vamped up anew by the over-zealous clergy. "It is my opinion," writes the Archbishop of Kherson, "that the aims of the Stundists are very far-reaching; that they are striving, in fact, to establish something in the nature of Communism; but they conceal these plots marvellously well."[2] This reminds one of the lazy boy who pleaded the mud as an excuse for having absented himself from school one day. "Mud?" exclaimed the schoolmaster; "I saw no mud to speak of." "It was too deep for detection," replied the truant, whose ingenuity seems quite equal to that of the Orthodox Archbishop. "I regret to say," concludes the prelate, "that it has become a most arduous task for the clergy to keep watch and ward over their flocks . . . . wherefore the interposition of the secular power is absolutely indispensable."[3]

As a rule, the law courts established the innocence of the accused, and after some painful disclosures as to the crooked methods employed by the clergy to ruin their adversaries, the ecclesiastical authorities

[1] Balaban is said to have sworn before the Consistory of Kieff that he had never swerved a hair's-breadth from the teachings or rites of Orthodoxy, and in order to prove his good faith, to have fallen on his knees before an icon, and solemnly promised to remain faithful to the Church all the days of his life. (*Cf.* "Baptists or Stundists in Kieff?" a pamphlet, 1885, p. 11. For the alleged tergiversations of Tsiboolsky, see "Transactions of the Kieff Ecclesiastical Consistory, 1870," No. 195, pp. 46, 47, 49.)

[2] *Cf.* "Trans. of the Eccles. Consistory of Kherson, 1866," No. 65, p. 32. [3] *Ibid.*

availed themselves of an old law, and took upon themselves the functions of the public prosecutor; but after a short time the courts refused to try the cases they prepared.[1] They then began to exercise very largely another right vested in them by law, to intern the heretics in monasteries, for the purpose described in the law-books as "doing penance," but which in many cases might with equal truth be termed undergoing torture,—the least painful features of which were the pangs of hunger, intensified by the endless harangues of the monks delegated to convert them, to whom they were compelled to listen in respectful silence. But the results in the monasteries were the same as outside; not a man was moved, not a convert made; the pliant nature of the easy-going Russian peasant seemed to have been hardened to adamant as it passed through the Stundist mould. "You merely worry the lives out of us," one of the sectarians exclaimed to the priest told off to reason with him; "for God's sake leave us in peace. It is not you who will be called to account in the next life for our deeds in this. You have delivered your message, and we have rejected it. Having done your duty, pray leave us in peace."[2] One of the exhorting priests writes thus naïvely in his report: "The heretics now positively hate Orthodoxy and the clergy, and refuse to listen to us any more."[3] Another, whose honesty exceeded his prudence, wrote: "The fact is that these men either have done no wrong, or else their hearts have been hardened by the ceaseless questioning and cross-questioning to which they have been subjected."[4]

The civil authorities themselves grew at last indignant at the conduct of the clergy; and the Governor of Kherson went so far as to suggest to the Archbishop that Orthodoxy could only gain by the substitution of intelligent priests for the shallow-brained zealots who ministered in the "infected" districts.[5] It is curious to read the Archbishop's declaration in reply, that he entertains "grave doubts as to the utility of appointing intelligent priests in the Stundist villages. I consider it, however, absolutely necessary," he adds, "that the civil authorities should rid us of Pastor Bonnekemper, and the Stundists, M. Ratooshny, T. Khlistoon, and E. Tsimbal."[6]

Meanwhile the sectarians kept steadily on their way, teaching, working, and humanising; absorbing all the infected Ahrimanic elements of society, and restoring them later on as healthy and active members to the community. At night they held their prayer-meetings by stealth, one of their number keeping watch the while; by day some of them would take their stand outside the taverns and await the

[1] "Trans. of the Eccles. Consistory of Kief, 1874," pp. 223, 224.
[2] Roshjestvensky, *op. cit.* p. 164.
[3] "Trans. Eccles. Consist. of Kieff, 1873," p. 16.
[4] "Trans. Eccles. Consist. Kherson, 1866," No. 66, p. 32. [5] Roshjestvensky, p. 111.
[6] "Trans. Eccles. Consist. Kherson, 1866," No. 65, pp. 243, 245.

habitual drunkard or the weak-willed farmer come to squander the proceeds of the sale of his cattle or corn; they would reason with and chide him like a living projection of his own conscience, and coax and humour him like a wife or a mother.[1] They generally succeeded in changing his purpose, and not unfrequently his heart, thus rendering themselves liable to penal servitude. The feats they achieved in this way bordered on the miraculous, and might seem to favour the idea that the sectarians possessed some potent elixir or heavenly ichor which built up anew the worn-out tissues of the psychical man, and bestowed youth and strength on his marrowless, life-wearied frame. This is no mere revivalist phrase, but the expression of a fact which rivets the attention and challenges the admiration of the most indifferent observer. All the soulless lumps of dull decayed humanity, the sight of whom makes even the native patriot occasionally despair of Russia's future, seem to be literally boiled down in some Medea's cauldron and made healthy and honest, as a result of that psychological or psychical change termed conversion.

But this moral awakening of the people was but the heaping of coals of fire on the heads of the clergy, who redoubled their efforts to root out or localise the "infection." And the civil authorities were at last aroused to what they were assured was a sense of their duty. The Stundists made bold to petition Ministers, Governors, and Departments of State for permission to read the Gospel in their private houses, and absent themselves from the drunken Sunday gatherings of the Orthodox peasants in the taverns, without arousing suspicion or incurring penalties.[2] But the authorities turned a deaf ear to their request, and a series of sound floggings were hopefully administered not only to the men, but likewise to the women who had joined the sect; the lash, to increase its efficacy, being in some cases wielded by the heretics' own brothers, who had remained true and pious Christians.[3] In addition to this, the leaders of the movement were arrested, and sent to pick oakum in the prisons, and a fine of £1 8*s*. per head was inflicted on every Stundist each time he attended a prayer-meeting.[4] Nor was this all: energetic Government commissaries were sent to the "infected" districts to co-operate with the clergy in the thankless work of converting the heretics. One of these officials despatched to Tshaplinka, the headquarters of the Stundists of the Government of Kieff, is described by his spiritual allies in an official organ of the clergy, as "an uneducated, stupid, coarse old man, almost perpetually drunk, and accustomed to have his palm greased before every undertaking he set his hand to. . . . . His method was to attack every prayer-meeting of which he got wind, to trounce every man and woman he found there, and to detain them in prison without trial or

[1] Roshjestvensky, *op. cit.* p. 80.
[2] "Transactions of the Eccles. Consist. of Kieff," No. 195, pp. 162, 164.
[3] Roshjestvensky, *op. cit.* p. 70. [4] *Ibid.*

inquiry during his pleasure."[1] The number of conversions he effected nowhere recorded.

Nettled and stimulated by the complaint of the Governor of Kherson that the clergy were doing more harm than good by "their continual and unjust persecution of the Stundists,"[2] the Archbishop resolved to give less combative methods a trial, and wrote one day to the authorities to say that he had hit upon a sure means of striking a decisive blow at the sectarian movement. He would send, he said, for Ratooshny, the chief of the Stundist persuasion—whom he had so often vainly endeavoured to have sent to Siberia—and as an inducement to him to belie his convictions and betray his co-religionists, promise to ordain him a priest of the Orthodox Church. It was a strange plan for an Archbishop to conceive, and throws a curious light on Orthodox notions of Christianity and morality; but the authorities approving, the prelate set about carrying it out, and Ratooshny was duly summoned. The spiritual shepherd cordially welcomed the heresiarch, talked feelingly to him about his future, and offered him holy orders and a comfortable career as a bribe to forswear his religious convictions. Ratooshny replied that he set greater store by God's promise than man's favour, and that he would not sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.[3]

Obviously there was nothing left but to fall back upon the old methods once more; and the clergy were at last successful in having the leading Stundists tried for apostasy and proselytising—crimes visited in Russia with the same category of penalties as murder. At the trial, which was a veritable *cause célèbre*, the witnesses for the prosecution failed to throw any strong light on the theological views of the sectarians, while they made it perfectly clear that their moral conduct was irreproachable. "There are no thieves or drunkards or lewd people among them," one witness deposed, "and some of the worst scoundrels about the place turned honest men as soon as they joined the Stundists." The two leaders, Ratooshny[4] and Tsimbal[5] declared that they themselves had led abominable lives before their conversion, and a similar story was told by many of the rank and file.[6] These revelations made an impression on the minds of the Orthodox jury, who brought in a verdict of not guilty.[7] The chief Russian journal of the day, the *Golos*, commenting on these proceedings, said: "We seem transported back to the early ages of Christianity, or the gloomy epoch of the Holy Inquisition with its burnings and judicial murders. In the present case we have a number of true-hearted, straightforward, thrifty peasants who, because they come together to

[1] *Cf.* The review, *Faith and Reason* (a bimensual organ of Russian Orthodoxy), 1886, xx. p. 404.
[2] *Cf.* "Transactions of the Eccles. Consist. of Kherson," 1875, No. 479, pp. 48, 105.
[3] Roshjestvensky, *op. cit.* p. 113.
[4] *Golos* newspaper, 1878, No. 108.
[5] "Transactions of the Eccles. Consist. of Kherson," 1866, No. 56, p. 66.
[6] "Transaction of the Eccles. Consist. of Kieff," 1870, No. 195, p. 164.
[7] *Dielo*, 1878, No. 6.

read the Gospel, and do their best to live up to its teachings . . . . conscientiously discharging their obligations to society and the State, are ranked with criminals, and placed in the dock."[1] This victory gave a powerful fillip to the movement, and in 1883 Stundism had a considerable following in the Governments of Kieff, Kherson, Volhynia, Poltava, Ekaterinoslav, Orel, and the country of the Don Cossacks.[2]

The next phase in the ecclesiastical plan of campaign was the formation of lay confraternities presided over by priests; but the wiles and violence of these bodies, some of which possess considerable funds, have seldom been successful except when success cast a greater slur upon Orthodoxy than failure could. The few leaflets they have printed for the people are redolent of the bazaar rather than the pulpit.[3] But their main hopes are based on the attraction of the money-bribe which they offer to every Stundist who returns to the fold, and on the promise they make of further material help to the converts, and free or assisted education to their children. These relatively high premiums on apostasy have been instrumental in creating an enterprising class of men who abandon the house of their father in order to regale themselves on their return with the fatted calf.

[1] *Golos*, 1878, No. 108.

[2] *Cf. Zarya*, 1882, No. 108; *Kieff Diocesan News*, 1880, No. 37; *Ekaterinoslavsky Diocesan News*, 1884, No. 22; *Caucasian Diocesan News*, 1885, No. 12, p. 493, &c.

[3] The titles of two of the most widely distributed leaflets are: "No Salvation outside the Orthodox Church," and "The Damned Stundist." The latter is a hymn which, as it was printed in the Government Printing Office and distributed at the express desire of the Archbishop of Kharkoff, deserves to be read in full:

THE DAMNED STUNDIST.

I.

Boom, ye church thunders!
Flash forth ye curses of the Councils!
Crush with eternal anathemas
The outcast race of Stundists!

II.

The Stundist strikes at our dogmas,
Scoffs at our traditions,
Loathes our holy icons,
The heretic, the damned Stundist!

III.

God hath blessed our Russian Church
With high renown and fame.
Slandered is our Mother dear,
Slandered by the damned Stundist.

IV.

Our fanes and holy temples
That shine throughout the land,
Like stars in the blue firmament,
Are shunned by the damned Stundist.

V.

Our prayers before the altar,
The hymns by which we honour God,
The mysteries we celebrate,
Are blasphemed by the damned Stundist.

VI.

All the blessed and holy saints,
Guardians of our Fatherland,
Our patrons and our watchful guides,
Are scorned by the damned Stundist.

VII.

The relics of the slaves of God,
Our images most holy,
Our processions of the cross,
Are loathed by the damned Stundist.

VIII.

When we our fields and meadows bless,
Our brooks and springs we consecrate,
Nay, when we kneel and kiss the cross,
Then gibes the damned Stundist.

IX.

Dark and gloomy, demon-like,
He shuns the flock, the Orthodox
He skulks in nooks and corners dark,
God's foe, the damned Stundist.

X.

The simple sheep who venture near
The lair of this evil-working beast,
Shudder at his blasphemy,
And are entrapped by the damned Stundist.

Some of these fraternities work on the fears of the people, and have an understanding with the clergy that whenever a Stundist refuses to abjure his heresy, a priest will from the altar publicly and impressively bewail his eternal damnation; and the terrors of his doom being somewhat tempered by its remoteness, they privately invoke the aid of the civil authorities.[1] Among the few confraternities which are alive to the advantages of enlightening the peasantry, it would be unfair not to mention that of St. Andrew, which spent a considerable sum of money, out of the subsidy received from the Most Holy Synod, in having a little museum of plaster of Paris monsters made, of all degrees of hideousness, some of them seemingly suggested by Tenniel's picture of the Gryphon in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," on which they bestowed the names of Baal, Moloch, Dagon, and all the other idols mentioned in the Bible, and, exhibiting them to the people, triumphantly exclaimed: "The worship of these horrors is what is meant by idolatry; now, are our icons like them? and, if not, what right have the Stundists to call us idolaters?"[2]

As the rule of Alexander II. was the mildest and most liberal, so that of his son and successor is by far the most despotic experienced by the Russian people since the days of Ivan the Terrible. Especially during the last five or six years all the legal formalities and other frail barriers that stood between sectarians and ruin have been completely swept away, and flogging, fining, imprisonment, and life-long torture in the Siberian mines can be, and frequently are, meted out, without let or hindrance or judicial delay, to men and women whom practical Englishmen or Americans would be disposed to regard as good citizens and benefactors to the community. It is an indisputable fact that the only large body of peasants in all Russia who contrive to have excellent harvests in spite of frost, blight, and drought, who are never in arrear with their taxes, have no debts and no incumbrances on their land, and dwell in huts as trim and tidy as English cottages, are the Stundists. The only body of men whose word is a bond; whose russet yeas and kersey nays outweigh a score of Orthodox oaths; whose hearts vibrate to the most delicate thrills of pity for their fellows and sympathy with all creation, are the Stundists. And yet these are the people whom State and Church combine to wipe off the face of the earth. Incredible though it may seem when put into words, it is a plain fact that these powers, who give their *imprimatur* to cheap editions of the filthiest of Zola's novels, allow brothels, taverns, and the lowest dens of vice to be kept open on Sundays and holy days, and punish those peasants who wish to ostracise them—these guides of the people make it a felony for three honest men to come together for prayer or to read the Gospel aloud in the private room of a hut.

[1] "Trans. of the Kieff Eccles. Academy," 1887, No. 4, p. 617.
[2] "Annual Report of the Holy Confraternity of St. Andrew," 1884-5, pp. 22, 23.

The history of Stundism during the past five or six years is a sickening martyrology, and yet so rich in grotesque contrasts, unfathomable meannesses, and noble heroism, that one reads it through with unflagging interest and considerable profit. The struggle seems to have forced into blossom and fruit the best and worst germs of the Russian character; and, stranger still, to have in some mysterious way created many that were wholly foreign to it. The most impulsive, pliant, gritless race in Europe are the Russian peasantry, and yet nowhere else do we find such calm, steady, dignified witnesses for their faith, who steer so skilfully clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of cowardly compromise and impudent defiance. No people in Christendom are by nature so soft-hearted, bland, and tolerant as the Russians, who have a good word to say of "auld Nickie-ben" himself; and yet nothing recorded, or even suggested, of the Spanish Inquisitors equals the malignant hatred with which the clergy hound down the best men and citizens in the empire. "My predecessors knouted the Stundists with whips," exclaimed the newly consecrated Bishop Sergius, "but I will beat them with scorpions." "Give alms to a needy Stundist!" exclaimed a village priest when he was asked to assist a hungry woman whose husband had died, leaving her nothing but the Cain's mark of the Stundist name; "I had rather fling the food to the dogs."

Blinded by this religious hatred, the clergy not only forget their sacred character, but are false to their best national characteristics, and, one might almost say, belie their quality of human beings. A Stundist woman, Xenia Passetshnikoff by name, died in the village of Toorbovka (Government of Kieff), and was about to be interred according to the rites of her sect, which, whatever else may be said about them, are highly impressive. To the local priest this meant the loss of a fee, his right to which he could not consent to waive without an emphatic protest. Carefully maturing his plans, he had the corpse snatched from the relatives and conveyed to the church. The Stundists protested, perhaps not unnaturally, against this act of barbarity, and as all protests are now held to be insulting if addressed to Orthodox *popes* engaged in the performance of their duty, seventeen of the offenders were sent for trial. The formality of a jury being dispensed with, a court-martial promptly condemned three of them to penal servitude in the mines of Siberia, and three more to various terms of imprisonment.[1] A body of trustworthy evidence goes to show that in some cases the priests drugged a number of their stalwart parishioners with *vodka*, and then sent them out to attack and disperse Stundist meetings, and whenever the sectarians were ill-advised enough to complain, they were rigorously punished for the infraction of the law thus implicitly avowed. On the other hand, the only case in which, to my knowledge, a priest was blamed for his relations towards the

[1] *Novoye Vremya*, 1886, No. 3718.

Stundists, occurred last July, when the *pope* of the village of Bobrika (district of Balta) was dismissed for lack of energy in combating the "infection."[1] Even the highest ecclesiastical institution in Russia, the Most Holy Synod—a semi-inspired permanent council of the Church—in order to bring the Stundists within the operation of the most Draconian of the penal laws, did not hesitate to declare that of all the sects that had ever appeared in Russia, that of the Stundist was one of the most pernicious, and therefore deserving to be put on a level with that of the Eunuchs, a declaration which has materially contributed to shape the repressive measures of the Government.[2]

The struggle between loose-living and puritanism, as represented by Orthodoxy and Stundism, entered on a new phase last July, when a council of the clergy assembled at Moscow to devise a series of effective measures for the conversion of the heretics and the protection of the faithful. Did we possess no other data to enable us to form an estimate of the character and calling of the members of this assembly than the project of law which they drew up and presented to the Government, we should have no hesitation in setting them down as Couthons, Saint-Justs, and Fouquier-Tinvilles, proscribing aristocratic or Girondist survivors. So closely do extremes meet! The clauses of this comprehensive law are briefly these: The passport of every member of the sect is to contain an entry declaring the owner to be a Stundist,—which, seeing that no employer of labour can take on workmen without first carefully examining their passports, is a mark making them fugitives and vagabonds in the earth. Besides this, the names of all the members of the persuasion are to be forwarded to the Minister of Ways and Communications, who will see that they are placarded up in all railway offices, dockyards, and workshops throughout the country, so that no work of any kind may be given them.[3] No Stundist recruit is to be allowed to profit by the privilege of short military service, unless he can pass a satisfactory examination in the rites and ceremonies of the Orthodox Church, and consents to say all the prescribed prayers in the presence of a *pope*.[4] The police are to be empowered to drive Stundists into the church to listen in silence to sermons against their religious tenets, as the Roman Jews were compelled to attend the Christian sermon on Holy Cross Day, only that the Russian Holy Cross Days may be multiplied *ad libitum*. None of the sectarians is to be allowed to purchase or rent land under any pretext. All Stundist families are to be ruthlessly broken up; the children torn from their fathers and mothers, and handed over to strangers to be brought up by hand.[5] Any Stundist

[1] *The Week*, July 26, 1891; *Novoye Vremya*, July 23, 1891.

[2] "Transact. of the Eccles. Consist. of Kherson," 1886, No. 819, p. 85.

[3] This clause, like one or two others, merely embodies a practice established already by zealous administrators, and approved by the central Government.

[4] Stundists, like the members of the Society of Friends, condemn war and the institution of standing armies. They take no active part in hostilities.

[5] This measure is in full force already, and an instance of its application will be recorded later on.

found reading the Bible or praying in company with one or more of his co-religionists is to be arrested, and, without other formality, deported to Siberia; while every active Stundist, male or female, who presumes to preach, teach, or read the Bible to others, is liable to be summarily arrested and condemned by the Governor to penal servitude in the mines of Siberia.[1] It is difficult not to feel, in reading these clauses, that the deity to whom they should prove agreeable would cut but a sorry figure by the side of the old Hindoo god Vishnu, who said: "I am the same to all creatures, no man being worthy of my love or hate." But it would be uncharitable to demand too lofty a conception of the Deity from the Church which needed a special ukase of Alexander I. to stop it from lavishing upon lewd and cruel Tsars the attributes usually reserved for the Supreme Being, and one of whose most authoritative representatives lately begged all true Christians to shake themselves free from the pernicious doctrine of an all-forgiving charity.[2] Evidently the Orthodox Church, if it ever really was a power for good in Russia, has long since become sapless and wasted, like a parched skeleton; and whenever now it stretches forth its shrivelled hand to bless the people, the hearts of the blessed are frozen up, and their pulse ceases to beat.

It is as grave a mistake to take it for granted, after the example of a few Russian aristocrats and many English Radicals, that autocracy can subsist without upholding Orthodoxy and striving to uproot Nonconformity, as it is to hold, with optimistic Christians of all countries, that the employment of brute force against religious movements never brings forth more bitter fruits than the discomfiture or ruin of the persecutors. The former assumption vanishes into thin air when confronted with the fact that no fairly intelligent people would brook the brutalising treatment to which Russians are unavoidably subjected by the autocracy, which is dependent for its maintenance on the continuance of that system of obscurantism of which the Church is the main pillar. And against the latter theory the testimony of history is too conclusive to need to be reinforced by argument. In Russia, where persecution has been brought to the perfection of a fine art, the cunning adaptation of repressive measures to the peculiarities of places, times, and persons is a mere matter of course, and the system of beggaring the only prosperous peasantry in the empire by means of a tariff of ruinous fines inflicted for praying in private rooms is as ingenious as it is effective. Money, no doubt, is not everything, and as the Greek poet truly observed: "The man for whom death has no terrors will not start at mere shadows." But in truth, the danger is much more serious than it looks. Take the case of a once thriving Stundist family which has been judicially

[1] *Cf. Novoye Vremya*, July 26, 1891; *The Week*, July 26, 1891; and the Russian daily press, July 1891, *passim*.

[2] *Cf.* Sermon of Ambrose, Archbishop of Kharkoff, published in the official organ of the diocese, *Faith and Reason*, 1891, April, No. 8, pp. 505, 506.

plundered, till the last cow, the dwelling, and even the winter clothing have passed under the hammer of the auctioneer. Such cases are now of weekly occurrence. At first the hearty hopefulness of the bread-winner buoys him up against all his troubles, but as time wears on and his needs grow imperious, a strange feeling of interrogative hope, akin to mistrust, takes possession of his heart. He seeks for work, but is ignominiously turned away from the farm and the work-shop; for alms, and he is told that the food which might save the lives of his little ones will be flung to the dogs; and standing at last, helpless and heartbroken, listening to the timid requests of his children for bread, it is almost impossible that he should not feel that sinking of the heart at his utter forlornness which Patroclus experienced when in the very thick of the fight the god darkened his eyes, dashed down his shield, loosed his corslet, and shattered his spear. Such people can but apostatise or die; willing though the spirit may be to prefer the latter alternative, pity for their own flesh and blood intensifies the weakness of the flesh and occasionally tempts them to choose the former.

Last April a stone-mason named Grebenyook, of the village of Slobodka (Government of Kherson), and a comrade of his were fined £37 each for allowing prayer-meetings to be held in their rooms. For a similar offence last June the former and his wife were condemned to pay £12 and £37 respectively. The insolvency of the offenders was followed by imprisonment, and Grebenyook, on his release, forfeited his passport, a measure which deprives him for a term of two years of the right to leave the town in which he resides. Urgent business requiring his presence in a neighbouring town, he lately petitioned Admiral Zelony, the Governor of Odessa, for leave to absent himself for a short time. The Admiral glanced scornfully at his petitioner, and shouted out in a voice of thunder: "Ah, you are a Stundist, are you? You rascal! How dare you leave the Orthodox Church, you scoundrel? I'll pack you off to Siberia, you son of a ——." "As God wills," the stone-mason answered simply. "As God wills, is it? you ruffian! You presumed to leave the Orthodox Church, did you? Well, by —— I'll make it hot enough for you outside the Church, you'll find. Leave my presence this moment; begone! son of a ——." And the stone-mason—a really fine specimen of a Puritan—left the presence with the simple dignity with which he would doubtless have gone to execution, wearing the white flower of a blameless life.[1]

In Neroobalsk, Olsharets, and the districts of Tarashtshansky and Vasilkovsky, hundreds of families have been treated in this way; fines succeeding fines, imprisonment following on insolvency, and beggary crowning the tale. To compensate for the difficulty of detection, the

[1] He is now losing work, as employers of labour are naturally reluctant to offend, by protecting him, men whose whims make sunshine and bad weather. I could describe many cases similar to that of Grebenyook.

fines were raised to as much as £87 a head, and the terms of imprisonment varied from six months to two years. Against this system of extortion not even a Fortunatus' purse could long hold out; and as the Stundists were mere peasants, their hay, corn, live stock, implements, huts, and reserve clothing were sold by auction, and the old and sick turned out of doors, to atone for the crime of having said their prayers together in a room.

But the infliction of fines is but one of a series of special measures, adopted with a very definite object, which seems in a fair way of being attained; for thousands of families are literally beggars, while thousands of others, anticipating the arrival of actual ruin, are selling their land and possessions, and wandering out to the far East or leaving Russia altogether. From the Government of Kieff alone over one thousand have just fled to Orenburg on the frontier of Siberia, in pursuit of that comparative tranquillity, the hope of which will but prove a new source of disappointment and sorrow. A steady stream of these fugitives is also continuously pouring into Roumania, where they settle as carriers or farmers in Galatz, Zultcha, and other towns and villages. Meanwhile their unfortunate co-religionists, whom poverty constrains to stay on, would need the heroism of Stoics and the constitution of elephants to preserve their lives and their faith under the conditions created by the new laws. The number of arrests, floggings, and condemnations to penal servitude in Siberia that are never recorded in the daily press seems incredible, until we reflect that there are, roughly speaking, about two hundred thousand Stundists to be spirited away or converted. Eight months' imprisonment is now generally the minimum punishment for joining the sect, and scarcely a week passes that it is not meted out to some scores of offenders, now in one district, now in another. Personally I know of some hundreds of cases that have occurred during the past ten months.

Eight months' loss of liberty may not perhaps strike the Western reader as a very terrible punishment; but it should be remembered that imprisonment in Russia means a very different thing from what it connotes in other countries; that, furthermore, the hardships it involves in the case of the Stundists are immeasurably greater than anything which vulgar criminals are fated to endure; and that it is really but the beginning of a series of penalties, one more cruel than the other, which will end only with the death or apostasy of the sectarian. The extent to which the sufferings of imprisoned Stundists differ from those of ordinary criminals may be rightly inferred from the fact that many of the former were cruelly exposed to the Arctic cold of last midwinter in Kharkoff, and compelled to work with clothing so obviously insufficient that no one felt the slightest surprise on hearing that they all perished miserably.

But heinous as is the crime of Bible-reading and praying in common, it is a mere peccadillo in comparison with preaching or teaching,

which is ranked along with high treason. Among the sectarians recently punished for this offence may be mentioned a preacher from Volhynia, condemned to the loss of all civil rights and perpetual banishment to the Caucasus; Sozont Kapoostinsky, a Stundist Baptist of Berditsheff, thrown into prison for five months, and then, without the formality of a trial, deported to Geroosi on the frontiers of Persia, where life is less endurable than in New Caledonia or the Island of Saghalien; Bogdanoff of Vladikavkaz, arrested and banished thousands of miles to the other end of the empire; a preacher in Tshootshma, exiled for life to the wilds of Central Asia; and Bolshenko of Belgorod, banished to Transcaucasia in prison costume, his head half shaven, and in heavy chains.

Of late the clergy have been very eager to level all distinctions between the treatment of passive brethren and active teachers, once the former aggravate the crime of apostasy by the sin of impenitence; and their suggestions are now being submissively adopted by the administration. Thus towards the end of last March eight sectarians, for refusing to employ the services of the clergy, were declared civilly dead and banished to Transcaucasia for life; and in the town of Balta ten families, who joined the Stundists last summer, were arrested by order of the Governor, deprived of all civil rights, and dragged away to the most distant parts of Siberia, where they will be kept till death sets them free.

Another recent change in the attitude of the authorities towards the Stundists consists in the substitution of an arbitrary decree of the local administrator—a sort of *lettre de cachet*—for trial by jury; and so common has it become for governors to condemn to civil death and perpetual banishment by a simple stroke of the pen, that it seems quite superfluous to embody the practice in a formal statute. It is thus that in Neroobalsk, where there is a considerable sprinkling of Stundists—mostly quarry-men—the Governor lately compelled the owners of the quarries to sign a document *binding themselves never again to give employment to members of this dangerous sect*, and to dismiss all the hands actually employed there. Over 200 workmen have been turned adrift in consequence, and are now unwilling soldiers of the numerous army of famine-stricken wretches artificially raised by the Government. Then, again, a number of sectarians whose homes have been broken up by the system of fines and imprisonment already described, wandered on foot to the hospitable city of Odessa, where Turk and Persian, Armenian and Greek find constant work and fair pay. Their industry and sobriety obtained for most of these sectarians good situations, many being employed as house porters. But the Governor of the city, Admiral Zelony, warned the owners of the houses that they must dismiss them as suspects, which they straightway did.[1]

[1] If any class of the famine-stricken peasantry of Russia have a stronger claim on

The words "imprisonment," "banishment," "loss of civil rights," &c., which are the warp and woof of the history of tens of thousands of Russian Christians, make but a slight impression on the minds of English readers unfamiliar with their terrible import. A short account of the life of one of those Stundists, whose sufferings are not above the average, may assist the reader to form a more accurate estimate.

M. Lassotsky, one of the most energetic and self-sacrificing Baptist-Stundists in Russia, whose defence of the doctrines of the Baptists drew from Balaban the dictum that "all ceremonies are mummeries," underwent three different terms of imprisonment as a "ringleader" during the lull that heralded the present storm of persecution. After having passed through trials and ordeals enough to make his friends heartily desire the speedy arrival of his eternal reward, in 1889 he suddenly received an order from the Governor of Kieff to leave the district and the government within seven days, and betake himself to Kherson. This was a serious blow for a man at his time of life, with a numerous family to maintain; but there was no help for it, so he sold his belongings and departed with his wife and children. It is always hard for a man who has passed the meridian of life to break away from his moorings, and begin existence in a strange place anew. His intelligence and honesty, however, stood him in good stead, and he soon obtained a lucrative situation as overseer on an estate. Hearing of this unexpected stroke of good luck, the police swept down upon him again, and ordered him to quit the district and the government, and proceed to Bessarabia without delay. This completed his material ruin. Lack of funds compelled him *and his family* to undertake a march of 130 miles across a dreary steppe under the fierce rays of a tropical sun. By the time he reached his destination he had spent all his money except two shillings; lost all his property but a cow and a cart, and buried two children, who had succumbed to the hardships of the journey. Undaunted, he set himself to look for work, and in a short time contrived to find enough to keep himself and his family alive; on which the Governor sent him an order to leave the place and move on to the Crimea. Ruined in health, he again set out on his wanderings, this time his wife and family following him on foot, begging food and lodging as they went. In the Crimea it was more difficult for Lassotsky to find employment than in any of his previous halting-places, but he did what was possible to maintain his family until the tenth day after his arrival, when the authorities commanded him to leave the Crimea without delay, and march on to Geroosi on the Persian frontier, where he would have to spend the remainder of his life.

This place of exile deserves a brief description. Geroosi is a

the generosity of foreigners than the other, the Stundists are surely that class. They have been diabolically ruined by the Government, and even the priests will throw food to the dogs rather than give it to their hungry children.

melancholy village on the Persian frontier in the unhealthy government of Elizabethpol, and is described by those who have been there as one of the most dreary and cheerless spots on the face of the earth. The inhabitants are composed of fanatical Tartars and needy Armenians, among whom there is now a sprinkling of about thirty families of exiled Stundists, who were transported thither like calves to the shambles, and then shot out like rubbish on the dumping ground that is to prove their last resting-place on earth. Here they are not merely abandoned to their own resources, receiving neither money nor food from the authorities, but are strictly prohibited from visiting the neighbouring towns and villages in search of work.

But the sufferings of these wretched exiles in Geroosi, Transcaucasia, and Siberia are less the effect of their present physical hardships, which are scarcely endurable, than of the racking torture they experienced before leaving Russia, and while on the march to their destination. Thus, while the men were still in prison awaiting the formation of a convict gang along with whom they were to perform the journey, their wives sold out the little property they possessed, and made ready to follow them with the children. This is the indefeasible right of the wives of even the worst malefactors known to Russian law. But the authorities, hearing of these preparations, sent a message to the women to say that Stundists would in future be expressly deprived of the benefit of this law, and that they must either stay behind with their children *and embrace Orthodoxy*, or else leave the little ones in the hands of strangers, and throw in their lot with their husbands. The alternative was cruel, and the indecision of these wives and mothers excruciating. It is impossible to say what the upshot would have been had not the Governor relieved them of the necessity of further deliberations by having the children torn from their mothers' embrace and placed under utter strangers, who, though perhaps drunkards and profligates, are at least Orthodox. The most abandoned woman in Russia is allowed to follow her husband to Siberia, and to take charge of the *education* of her children. And this right is now denied to the Stundists, the most honest, sober, and moral peasants in the empire. M. Markoff has had three girls kidnapped in this manner; M. Koondrikoff has been deprived of four children; M. Kostromeen, of seven, &c.

Of their sufferings on the road the Methodist-Stundist preachers have given vivid descriptions in private letters to friends, recording experiences as horrible as any of those that inspired Mr. Swinburne's famous "Ode to Russia." We read of hungry, broken-down wretches, who after a wearisome march of some sixty miles totter into prison at night with bleeding feet and aching heads, and, in spite of gaping sores, on the third day are forced up again and driven along the dreary road by soldiers, whom it would be flattery to call brutes. Arrived at a forwarding prison, utterly exhausted from hunger and fatigue

they pay a sum of money to the guards to purchase for them such necessaries of life as bread or gruel. The soldiers take the money, and sneeringly thank the generous givers, making no return, or else tendering some article of decomposed food, to consume which would be suicidal. Aware that the prisoners were provided with a little money given them by their co-religionists in Russia, the guards left no stone unturned to obtain possession of it; at first employing craft, and then resorting to a system of oppression and cruelty worthy of the imaginary Bashi-Bazouk. Their backs were laden with burdens out of all proportion to their strength; they were hustled and jostled, and "accidentally" struck; nay, they were often deliberately assaulted by their gaolers and thrust at with bayonets, and occasionally had their skulls caved in.[1]

Nor was this all. The greed of the soldiers was surpassed by their bestial carnality. At night, the husbands being separated from their wives, these devoted women were forced to listen to the obscene jests and suffer the brutal attentions of their escort, against whose ruffianly attacks protests were idle, and complaint would have been dangerous. And thus many of these defenceless women were night after night subjected to indecent assaults of the most abominable nature, against which there was no remedy and no protection.

Such is the price exacted from Russians by the Holy Orthodox Church for the privilege of following the dictates of their consciences, and obeying the behests of their God. To most Englishmen it may seem exorbitant; but the venerable Archbishop of Kharkoff has lately declared it far too inconsiderable, and bitterly complains that the civil authorities, dazzled by the glamour of "all-forgiving love," are sadly lacking in wholesome severity.[2]

We may differ from this worthy prelate, but we should not forget that it would be both uncharitable and unreasonable to pass a severe censure on the Orthodox Church for thus trampling under her hob-nailed boot the flower of the Russian peasantry. For the Orthodox Church is no less true to its inner nature than is Stundism. As Saadi of old observed: "The sky moistens the earth with her soft fertilising showers, and the earth blinds her with dust in return. What the vessels have, that they give."

E. B. LANIN.

[1] As my authorities for this description are private documents, or the evidence of fairly trustworthy but not wholly indifferent witnesses, it is impossible for me to refer the general public to accessible sources of information where they may be verified. But as this account of the Stundist persecution—for the general accuracy of which I make myself responsible—may possibly arouse the attention of English and American Nonconformists, and perhaps determine some of them to offer material and moral help to their Russian brethren, I undertake to put such persons—of whose *bona fides* I shall have no reasonable doubt—in possession of sufficient information enough to enable them to study the question on the spot, and to visit those Stundists who are still at liberty as well as the exiles of Geroosi, Transcaucasia and Eastern Siberia.

[2] *Cf.* Address delivered by the Archbishop on April 21, 1891, and published in the official organ of the diocese of Kharkoff, *Faith and Reason*, April 1891, No. 8.

THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

A REVIEW AND AN IMPEACHMENT.

LONDON and its suburban area are supplied with water by eight companies, five of which occupy the region north of the Thames and three that to the south. Their parliamentary limits extend over a vast rural area, and the inhabitants of that area have statutory power to enforce supply on fulfilling certain conditions. The companies possess legal monopolies as against each other; but, as regards the public, though they are monopolists in fact, they are not so in law. They raise collectively a revenue amounting, according to the last return, to £1,789,229, of which £674,409 went in working expenses, and £1,114,820 was income for the holders of debentures and shares.

Water supply in the first quarter of this century was very different from what it is at present. The main-pipes were made of wood, the pressure was feeble, the quantity insufficient, and the water was delivered unfiltered straight from foul river or canal. Payment was as agreed between the parties, and, as in many streets the mains of two or even more companies were laid side by side, and there was always possible competition in the background, water rates were low. But if the charge was low, the supply was poor and unwholesome, and the state of things with which we must suppose Londoners who had heard the news of Waterloo were content, would have moved the polite surprise of a Roman of the Republic and appalled a Jew of the days of Herod.

In order to a right understanding of the present complication and to be just to the various parties and the great interests concerned it is essential either to learn or to recollect the past history and states of supply. Things which are incomprehensible to those who know only the present condition of things, and are content to be ignorant of the

past become natural and explicable when regarded as the result of a gradual evolution.

Let us first review the legal rights, privileges, and obligations which affect the companies regarded as a whole, and then those which affect the companies regarded as separate corporations.

The Metropolis Water Act 1852 (as amended and made effective by the Metropolis Water Act 1871) marks a period of transition. One wonders how the arrangements before the change could have been endured even for a moment. And yet they were defended, and the reformers of that day had the usual fate of those who are in advance of their time. At the opening of this century a few thinkers here and there of startling boldness began to entertain ideas on the subject of sanitation. They communicated their thoughts to one another, they observed facts, and compared observations. When the peace came, men's minds turned from the necessities of a struggle for national existence and for empire to a revision of social, industrial and political arrangements. Domestic conditions as affecting health had a share in the general overhaul, and the facts brought to light by private observation, suggested a more elaborate and systematic investigation. An inquiry into the health of cities and towns was authorised May 9, 1843. It produced two thick blue-books of evidence, 1844–5, having special relation to drainage and water supply. The state of things disclosed troubled the conscience and alarmed the intelligence of the nation. Free air, cheerful light, good food, wholesome houses, and pure water are necessities, if you would have a healthy people. The window-tax had artificially restricted air and light; adulteration, always hard to prove, was harder still to get adequately punished; the disposal of sewage was then a public danger, as the waste of useful matter is now a proof of governmental incapacity. The water supply in the country was sometimes unwholesome, often scanty, and always costly, and in time of cholera or typhoid the very means of life might become a channel of disease or death; while in London if the supply by the New River was tolerable, that of the seven other companies was, according to our present standard, detestable, for the Kent Company, which now provides the best and purest water, had not sunk its first deep well until 1857, and did not abandon the dirty Ravensbourne until about 1862. Its water is now obtained wholly from deep wells in the chalk, and as to quality is above reproach unless on the ground of hardness.

The methodised disclosures of the inquiry made representatives who had the power and the duty to act, as well as constituents who could support or thwart such action, reflect upon and take to heart some facts of common knowledge, previously disregarded because too generally known. It was resolved that no company should henceforth receive power to supply a town with water unless it placed itself

under compulsion to afford at remunerative rates a supply of pure and wholesome water to all the inhabitants of the place it professed and undertook to supply; and that no company should obtain fresh or additional powers of any kind unless its new Act incorporated similar provisions. These were embodied in the Waterworks Clauses Act, 1847, enacted with special regard to provincial cities, towns and districts; an Act which was subsequently adopted by each of the Metropolitan Water Companies. As regards London it resulted also in the enactment of the Metropolitan Water Acts, 1852 and 1871. Any one who wishes to have a firm grasp and clear view of the subject of London water supply must keep distinct in his mind the separate effects and results of the Waterworks Clauses Act on each company on the one part, and the general effect of the Metropolis Water Acts on the supply as a whole on the other. Let us take the Metropolis Water Acts first, and consider the mischief struck at and the remedy applied.

The sources of London water supply were, the Thames, the Lea, the Hertfordshire springs, the Hampstead ponds, and the Ravensbourne. The New River excepted, all the sources were foul. Thames water was drawn between Battersea and London Bridge. In a caricature etching by Cruickshank, the genius of the artist struggles with the odious filth of the details. That clever sketch did not appear at the Healtheries, and it is probably not to be found framed and glazed in the Boardroom of the Southwark and Vauxhall Directors. The Grand Junction intake drew water from the Thames just beside the outlet of the main Chelsea sewer. A very rare pamphlet, once widely circulated, the famous "Dolphin," would be simply astounding and incredible to the readers of to-day. The mere statement of the facts as then existing is comment enough.

No reservoir or channel was covered unless it suited the company's convenience to cover it. The moderate demands on the part of the public were that the intakes should be removed to above the outfalls of the sewers; that all water, except deep well or spring water, should be filtered; that exposed channels should be roofed over; and that constant should take the place of intermittent supply. The companies were given three years in which to remove their intakes and complete the necessary engineering works, and three years in which to cover every reservoir within five miles of St. Paul's, and every channel or conduit in London. I believe they did it within the time; their engineering works are generally well done. They were given three years to construct filtering arrangements, and nineteen years afterward filtration was either left undone, or was so ineffectual that another Act had to be passed in 1871 to make them understand that it must be effectually done, and to appoint a water examiner (sect. 36) "to ascertain whether or not the companies had complied with the requirements of sect. 4 of the previous Act;" to inspect and report upon the

results periodically, and publish the reports. Constant supply has not yet been given except to districts throughout London.

I have not charged the companies with carelessness of public necessities and neglect of duties. I have brought together and stated facts, and the mere statement of facts becomes itself an accusation. Has any one read, or does any reader remember the mass of facts elicited under the scrutiny of examination and cross-examination, with time to produce contradictory evidence if possible, which are printed in the minutes of evidence from 1823 to 1891? Advocates of the companies, when they write letters to the public press, boast that the companies have given pure and wholesome water to an ungrateful London, which wishes to evade payment for the boon, but this was the way the change from a filthy to a comparatively wholesome supply was tardily accomplished. It was forced on the companies. They armed themselves before the Committees and resisted to the utmost. They gave evidence as to the cost of filtration. How could they pay dividends if they had to remove their intakes and filter before delivery? Ought not householders to provide filters for themselves? Shareholders' interests are sacred; and our legislature has always been only too careful of vested interests. Shareholders had rights—statutory rights. Did any one inquire if one of those rights was to pump cholera or typhoid into the veins of householders? Questions of this kind were not asked. Everything was carried on in the most polite and considerate way, having regard to the susceptibilities of investors. No Pitt with generous sympathies, no Cobbett, square-set and tough-jointed, meddled in the question, no echo of the voice of Hebrew prophet thundered that to deliver unfiltered water for the domestic purposes of human beings ought to be a crime.

This is the true picture of the companies as guardians of sanitary interests. Let us review them in their exercise of entrusted powers to levy rates. That will be under the operation of the Waterworks Clauses Act, 1847, and the special Acts. That Act was applied to the Lambeth Company in 1848, to the Kent in 1864, to the six remaining companies in 1852. Again we may with advantage take a short historical retrospect. The natural and common-sense mode of payment for goods is according to the quantity or amount received and used. Goods of all sorts, from grocery to hardware, are charged and paid for by the hundredweight, or by the pound avoirdupois, textile fabrics by the yard or ell; but water, owing to the want of a measuring instrument which would measure with accuracy, had to be otherwise supplied. There was no meter in existence which could register small quantities for practical purposes; none which could keep count even of large quantities.

In olden days, when the hand-barrow or the horse-cart brought round the water-butt to the doors, water was sold by measure and charged by the bucket. When it went under the streets through pipes a change

had to ensue. Still, although the measurement was of a very rough-and-ready description and made without meter, the basis of charge was an estimate of the quantity of water used. It was measurement in fact. Only a certain amount of water can under a certain pressure get through pipes of a certain diameter in a given time. Water was turned on at a fixed hour, and after running for a fixed time was turned off. The quantity, varying with the season, was exact as an average. What though it ran to waste in careless households, and was stored in others who were more honest and who kept consciences; for the company's purposes the quantity required was the same. The point looked to was the capacity of the cisterns, and the time during which the water flowed.

Now the average man spending public money, if he is not watchfully supervised, regards it as an American backwoodsman regards forest timber or virgin soil—as a thing to be wasted; but the average man spending his own money regards it as the Sidonian widow regarded her little store of meal and oil. When officials of companies have to look after the sale and use of water under directors who have to find dividends and interest for shareholders and creditors, they look after it sharply:—not with that short-sighted sharpness which some employers of labour and providers of useful commodities use, but they bring the enlightened intellect of able and long-sighted men of business to bear. Experience and the struggle with and mastery of difficulties develop intelligence and broaden the judgment. When iron pipes and high-pressure engines were introduced a much larger quantity of water was used. The requirements of householders are naturally and properly always on the rise: their standard of comfort constantly improves. The surveyors devised and employed a rule of thumb, capable of tolerably exact application as they used it, but difficult or almost impossible to be embodied in an Act. The water-rate was as agreed on, and it was charged according to the number of rooms. The Lambeth Company sometimes assessed the water-rate by the number of chimneys.* The usual basis, however, was by rooms. The surveyor was shown over the house, looked at each room, and the use it was put to, and made a guess at the quantity of water required. That guess, made by a man of large experience, was exact enough. It was probably as accurate as many results based on tables of statistics, with serried arrays of decimal

* The reader smiles. Levy water-rent by the number of *chimneys*? how absurd! What connection is there between the number of fire-places in a house and the quantity of *water* used? But how does the statute charge for water used now? By the rent: and what connection is there between the quantity of water used and the rent or value of the property? Of two houses, one next Grosvenor or Portman Square, the other in Notting Hill or Hammersmith, both of equal size, number of rooms, number of chimneys, number in family; and using, let us say, the same quantity of water yearly to a gallon, one householder pays £4 and the other £12 for precisely the same supply. The one method we are so familiar with that it does not strike us as absurd: the other comes on us with startling freshness. There is really a more intimate and closer relation between the number of rooms or chimneys in a house and the water use thereof than there is between the rent or value and the water consumption. The standard of comparison is more rational.

points. Experience fixed the rate, and custom sanctioned the payment. There was a very real standard, according to which the supply and charge to each household were regulated.

From the commencement of the century all over England various special Acts aimed at introducing some standard which could be worked by any man, without the possession of peculiar experience and training. Almost anything that varies with the character of the house will do. The amount of net rent or net rating value was usually made the basis in provincial Water Acts. This is not in practice a bad basis in small provincial towns or rural districts, where, after all, rent or value does vary more or less with the size of the house; it is when a standard fairly adapted to such circumstances is applied to London that the incongruities arise. In the reign of George IV. the Earl of Shaftesbury, father of the philanthropic earl, was Chairman of Committees, and with enlightened foresight he endeavoured to provide and fix a limit beyond which the London companies should have no right to charge. He took high maximum percentages on the actual amount or annual value on which the poor-rate assessment was computed—percentages which the companies solemnly accepted, and professed that they never intended to approach. The limit was arranged to allow them to charge for an excessive and exceptional use of water in particular houses, and it was supposed that as honourable, wealthy and responsible bodies, having a continued existence, they would keep the compact: or, if they did not, they were there and could be brought to book, and the compact could be cancelled. Our forefathers had had to fight all over the globe for their rights, and Londoners then were not weak-kneed grumblers who pay and mutter like our people. So far as I can ascertain, the compact was on the whole honourably kept for a long time. Things went on in the accustomed way, rents were estimated by rooms and on the old method; any charge being lawful provided it was less than the maximum amount as estimated by the new standard which had been imposed. Let me call these rents, kept within the large maximum, which, as it was so high, did not really affect the companies, *customary rents*. They were estimated, as I have said, according to a rough-and-ready but by no means inexact standard, and that standard had direct reference to the quantity of water used in each building. As long as the occupation and use remained the same the water-rent did not vary; but if a building was pulled down and another built, the water-rent was estimated according to the same standard, but proportioned to the new use of water. I do not suppose the companies would dispute this statement of facts, but, if they did, I am certain it could be proved exact.

About the year 1852, when the Metropolis Water Act, which was intended to have and which it was hoped would have so great a sanitary effect, was passed, a great change was effected with regard

to the powers of the companies to levy rates. The Lambeth Company, as I have said, applied for fresh powers in 1848, the Kent in 1864, the New River, the Chelsea, the West Middlesex, the East London, the Grand Junction, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies in 1852. I will now deal with the last six only, for the sake of clearness and because they are in one boat. To the Lambeth different arguments apply, and against the Kent the public have very little cause of complaint. All the companies were of course compelled to incorporate in their new Acts the Waterworks Clauses Act, 1847. They were not unwillingly compelled. They had, as it turned out, wealth forced on them. The New River had never been limited, because it had not applied for powers for a long time; it had always levied its rents by agreement, and charged according to a scale of rooms. But it had to observe a sort of proportion to the rents received by the other companies for similar services.

Now, Government, Parliament, and the active portion of the public were perfectly clear as to what they wanted done on one point. That was, to compel a sufficient supply of pure and wholesome water for the domestic purposes of householders at charges based on the annual value and limited by a maximum. And the words of the special Acts, so far and no farther, are clear. But upon other points of very great practical importance, I do not think they knew what ought to be done, or had any distinct intention whatever. They wished fair charges to be made, but as to what would be fair charges, and how in particular they were to be worked out, they do not seem to have come to a decision. Even where they knew what they wanted, they had not sufficiently thought it out in detail. As to the rates (as the charges levied by the companies were now called and popularly known), the language is clear enough. The sharp eyes of the promoters looked to that. But there is no definition of "annual value," the only basis on which rates were to be levied in any Water Act. There is no definition of "domestic purposes." There is no definition of "house" or of "dwelling-house," and to this day no one knows as to these last whether they are the same or different things or whether they are used according to the common and every-day usage or in a special and technical sense. As to that great mass of charges—not so great as the rates for domestic purposes, but still vast in amount—which are now levied for non-domestic purposes, either alone or in addition to domestic supply, no one knows anything about them. I am learned enough to know my own ignorance, and that knowledge places me far in advance of the companies, and, indeed, of most Metropolitan members and County Councillors.

When the six Bills were referred to the Committee on the amalgamated groups K and L of Private Bills, it was agreed that as the provisions were similar, the general question should be fought out on

the Chelsea Bill, the other companies looking on and assisting, but speaking by the mouth of the Chelsea counsel, and being bound—unless they made open protest and dissent—by what the Chelsea promoters and counsel said. I hope readers will pay particular attention to this point.

The novel principle, the annual value basis, was adopted. The companies were bound down to levy a rate not exceeding so much per cent. on the annual value of the dwelling-house for the domestic purposes (nowhere defined) of the owner or occupier. There are then certain specified additional charges or rates for certain uses of water then unusual, but now common. It shows how completely these Acts are out of date and obsolete, that a water-closet is regarded as a rarity and a bath as uncommon. Low services were the rule; but as every company was bound by the new Acts, to have machinery which would pump into the top of the highest houses in its district, an additional charge for high service was also authorised. The practical reason for this apparently clumsy way of charging is quite clear if one has studied the gradual development of water supply. The limits were intended to guard the public against possible and unendurable extortions. The customary rents were to go on, and they were to be within the limit of the legal rates; fresh rates had to be kept within the limits or they became illegal.

If a man under the new Act received a claim or demand note for a lump sum giving no particulars or items, as was the invariable rule in the days of darkness, and if the lump sum was the same in amount as previous demands, he was sure, being a Briton, to pay it and never trouble himself for a moment about the principle on which the claim was based, or about possibilities or contingencies in the future which might arise under it. And so the old payments were claimed and paid, sanctioned by a custom or usage which had already become established. The way the Acts were intended to work and the way they did for a time work was this—suppose a man sent for his plumber or builder and ordered him to put up one or two of the new water-closets which were being introduced, then the company added the additional charge specified under that head to the customary rent, and when the increased charge was explained to the man he made no objection. So likewise with the luxury of a fixed bath. The bulk of the old charges went on unaltered, the additional items only were added. If a house was pulled down and rebuilt, a fresh rent was claimed, but it was made out with reference to the probable consumption of water, and had close proportionate relation to the scale of the former charge.

Few people have read with any attention and critical regard the Minutes of Evidence taken in 1852, and not one in ten thousand has even seen the Minutes of Proceedings, with the speeches of Counsel; M.P.'s and C.C.'s are equally in the dark with ordinary ratepayers.

I possess and have studied all the Minutes of Evidence; but a perfect copy of the Minutes of Proceedings I have never even seen. In 1883 I saw and perused a large part, and I have copies and extracts of portions. Now I am able to affirm that by counsel on behalf of the Chelsea Company, in the presence of and without one protest of dissent from the representatives of the five other companies, as can be shown by the Minute of Proceedings, and by witness after witness produced by and giving evidence at the request of the six companies, it was repeatedly and solemnly stated and bargained that, except in the smaller class of houses, in which the rents were then at the highest point, if these rates were granted to the companies and powers to levy within the maximum were entrusted to them, they would use them as means of levying and raising amounts equal only to the customary rates, and would regard the maximum limits as never to be reached or approached, except in cases of extraordinary and exceptional use of water.* On the faith of that promise and undertaking, again and again declared, the Committee recommended the adoption of the new scale and basis of rates.† That compact was more or less observed for some time, until rumours of a possible purchase began to be whispered about amongst those who were likely to know in the time of Mr. Secretary Cross.

I am perfectly aware that the fact of this agreement or compact ought to have, and would have, no effect in a court of law. It should not even be mentioned. A judicial interpreter of the law ought to have regard to the express words of an Act of Parliament, and any alleged compact or agreement however *bonâ fide*, and solemnly made, unless embodied and specified in the Act, ought to be non-existent for him. But I maintain that it is vital to any handling of the question by Parliament. This promise was solemnly made to the legislature in the presence of a Parliamentary Committee. The Committee are all of them dead, and Parliament has been several

* Speech of Mr. Serjeant Wrangham, May 4, 1852, in Minutes of Proceedings, from Mr. R. Mather's copy (which was shown to me by him in 1882, together with the proof sheets of his pamphlet), and a copy of the speech was produced by Sir W. J. Farrer to the Guildhall Committee of Inquiry, and reprinted by them in the Appendix (and therein buried) without the slightest reference in their Report to its great importance. Also repeated statements by officials of the Water Companies in the Minutes of Evidence.

† It is stated in a handbook of some authority by an official (the late Sir Francis Bolton), who held an office bringing him into close relations with the Water Companies, that "the companies contend, with some reason, that if they were compelled to alter their mode of charge it would be a breach of faith on the part of Parliament, and would subvert the fundamental basis on which the shareholders subscribed their money." I think I have shown that as the shareholders subscribed their money at the foundation of each company, the basis was quite a different one, and the circumstances were utterly dissimilar to what exist at present. The basis was a charge as agreed; and the standard was a rent according to the number of rooms; and as the dates of incorporation (when the money was subscribed) of the respective companies were the New River 1619, Chelsea 1723, Lambeth 1785, West Middlesex 1806, East London 1807, Kent 1809, Grand Junction 1811, Southwark 1822, and Vauxhall 1804, amalgamated 1845, it will be seen that the subscription took place under totally different conditions. The breach of faith has already been made, though it has not been made by Parliament but by the companies.

times dissolved since 1852, and the present Parliament may see fit to blame their predecessors for not expressly embodying or reciting the fact of this promise and agreement and bargain in the Bill. But Londoners cannot possibly be held to blame. It may be said: More fools members of Parliament for putting trust in water companies. But ought not censure to be laid rather on those who have actually broken faith than on those who were merely mistaken in giving trust? Blame both, if you will, but let the heavier censure rest on the culprit, not on the party who can only be blamed for not perceiving that the other party was really as bad and untrustworthy as he turned out to be. Is the criminal alone to reap a reward and find fortune and advantage in his guilt? Let everything that can be said on behalf of the water companies be heard—the greatness of the temptation, the apathy and indifference of the public, the lapse of time—but let not the fact to which I have endeavoured to draw attention be forgotten. It is one conspicuous mark of the incapacity and ineptitude shown by the Corporation in dealing with this subject, that although this fact was clearly brought forward, they have either been incapable of seeing, or have deliberately shut their eyes to its singular importance.

Having up to this point passed in some review the common obligations and rights of the companies, let us now look at the special Acts as regards the rates and the rights and duties which affect each company considered by itself. The provisions of the special Acts follow a common plan and method, and conform to the general intention of the general Act which each one incorporates.

Each special Act provides for the compulsory supply of water for domestic purposes to all the inhabitants of the district, who on their part fulfil certain conditions. The Act also provides for the supply of water for other than domestic purposes; but as to whether such supply can be compelled in every case or not, and as to what are its conditions, there exists great doubt. These two supplies—the domestic and non-domestic—require to be kept apart while under consideration, and this is particularly necessary, because water-rates are claimed in a lump sum. Sometimes a householder requires a domestic supply alone, sometimes nothing except a non-domestic supply, sometimes both requirements are found in the same place.

Under these later Acts, and by the new method, each company is empowered to fix certain charges or rates, not exceeding specified rates, varying with the value of the property supplied, for domestic purposes. These rates are by no means uniform. The Lambeth can, and does, charge 7½ per cent. on the smallest houses, varying down to 5 per cent. on the largest. The Kent charges a peculiar scale, varying from 6 per cent. to 4 per cent. The East London and the Southwark and Vauxhall charge 5 per cent. on all values. The other four charge 4 per cent. on values below £200, and 3 per cent. on all

values above. The percentage rate varies with the company in whose district the house is situated, and the value of the house in each district varies, not according to the water used, but according to situation. The whole matter is highly singular and anomalous, and nothing except custom and the general inattention and apathy prevents its absurdity from being manifest. These percentage charges constitute the bulk of the payment; but there are certain *additional* charges, or rates, as in most cases they are called, for water-closets, fixed baths, and high services. To those who only consider existing conditions of supply, this way of charging must be inexplicable, but it is at once perceived to be natural, when the history of supply is recalled to mind. For the general supply when the Acts were passed was a low service delivery to houses, in which a bath was a great rarity, and water-closets very exceptional. The principle of charge in these Acts is shown to be obsolete.

The additional charges are anything but uniform. The Lambeth company claims to charge, and levies up to the maximum, 10*s.* for one w.-c. in houses above £20 value, rising to 20*s.* in houses over £100, in addition to the heavy percentage rate. In the Kent company one w.-c. is free in every house—*i.e.*, included in the percentage or value. In the other companies, w.-c.'s in houses of less than £30 value are free. The East London charges 4*s.* for a w.-c. in a £30 house, rising to 8*s.* in houses above £100. The other companies charge 4*s.* for one w.-c. in houses from £30 and up to £50, rising step by step to 12*s.* in houses over £300. The anomalies with regard to high service and fixed baths are different, but quite as great.* Surely the system, if it can be called a system at all, has lasted quite long enough. Remember these differences and irregularities did not appear at first, for only the old customary rates were levied, and no one thought of the change to the new method which has been enacted. Probably, except officials, no one looked at one of these Acts for some years after they were passed. If the new rates with these irregularities had been enforced on the passing of the Acts, the system would not have lasted twelve months; but by the time the rates were enforced the Acts were old and established.

To these rates, strained to the utmost maximum limit, the water companies have a *legal* right enforceable in the law courts—I will not say unquestioned, but one which I, at least, do not mean to dispute. To a portion of these rates, subject to what I have already stated as to the professions and promises made to Parliament and as to the breach of faith which ensued, they have moral right. If I can convince others that that breach took place, as thoroughly as I am convinced myself that it occurred, the position of the companies will

* The most condensed summary of the details of water-rate charges, with some tabular statements, is contained in a letter by myself to *The Times*, published on 9th of April last, p. 4, cols. 5 and 6.

be seen to be far different morally from what it is supposed to be. Undoubtedly, if rights or property are taken without consent from owners, compensation up to the full value would be given. Undoubtedly if rights or property be taken from owners without their consent, compensation up to the full value should be given; but what that full value may be would have to be determined.

Let us now turn to another part of the revenue now actively being levied and paid; that is the non-domestic portion, not so large as the other, but still very large in amount. The rates for domestic supply are not uniform, they are highly irregular; but these rates are confusion worse confounded. I do not like to say what I know of them. I have seen the effect of speaking out to unprepared minds. George Stephenson when he was asked by the Committee what would be the highest speed attainable on a railway, felt that if he said forty miles an hour, he would be laughed to scorn by nearly every professional expert and held to be a mad enthusiast by the tribunal before which he was being examined. If I say that *no one* knows the true meaning and construction of the sections, it is the exact and unexaggerated truth. If I say that these Acts are so loosely drafted that they contain every fault a draftsman can commit, and that it is impossible to form an opinion on the construction which is free from doubt, it is no more than the House of Lords said in a recent judgment on the New River Act, 1852.

In every Act there is a list of purposes which may not be included in a domestic supply. There is no definition, as I have said, of what are domestic purposes, but a list is given of purposes which are not to be domestic. It is drawn up with abominable vagueness. When one reads in the list "baths," "carriages," "horses," "gardens," "ventilating," "ornamental purposes," "cattle," "railways," "fountains," "steam-engines," "manufactures," or "businesses," it seems plain enough. The meaning of each word by itself is plain. But when one asks what is a "bath," what is a "garden" within the meaning of the Act, one sees it cannot possibly mean "every bath" or "every garden," and he sees it is impossible to be clear as to what is intended by the words. Some Acts say manufacture or business requiring extra supplies, saying nothing as to what is extra supply, or "extra" to what; other Acts say "for any trade or business whatsoever" without any qualification. The whole of the sections, and every London special Water Act, are a monumental scandal.

The public are ignorant of the fact, but the company's officials and legal advisers know well, that many items of rates at present levied and paid could not be sustained if they were resisted in a court of law. They are a sure and safe revenue, however, because the amount to each individual is only a few shillings, or at most a few pounds, while the costs certain to be incurred, even if the individual is perfectly right (as I was in the now well-known case), are about £800 or £900,

with the risk, if wrong, of between £2000 or £3000; while to the company every item means a revenue of £4000 a year at least, so that the case on their part is sure to be fought regardless of costs, and with the best legal skill and ability.

Take, as examples, the extra charge for conservatories, enforced by the Grand Junction and other companies, and absolutely illegal: or the extra charge for empty and unused stables and coach-houses, also illegal, as it used to be levied even in the very form and words. Both charges, after having been enforced, were repaid by that company, which refused *even to appear to defend* charges made by its own officials with the express knowledge and order of its directors. A charge of 10*s.* for a so-called conservatory was levied on a working-man in Hammersmith. It was, in fact, a row of sixteen or eighteen flower-pots on the inside window-sill of a landing on a staircase. That charge was stopped without any legal proceedings. A gentleman in Gloucester Terrace was charged £2 2*s.* for conservatory supply. He resisted. In successive interviews the company came down to 30*s.*, 20*s.*, 15*s.*, and finally he compromised at 10*s.*, having no regard for the principle or for the rights of his neighbours. I could give scores of cases in which the New River has withdrawn small charges for gardens, from people who, under advice, resisted, while it went on claiming under precisely similar circumstances from neighbours who would not take the necessary trouble. I could give instances in which they have refunded money illegally claimed and paid.

What is the latest instance of overcharge? The Lambeth Company have been charging 10*s.* yearly for every fixed bath, under an Act drawn with such culpable vagueness that either no charge at all is legal in a private dwelling-house, or if any charge is legal, the company are authorised by statute to forbid using any kind of bath within their limits.

On any reading of the Act their actual mode of charge is illegal, for payment can only be claimed by agreement, and there has been none. By several persons, acting under advice, payment has been resisted throughout the year, but no supply has been cut off, and no proceedings so far commenced. The Company does not feel itself to be on firm ground.

An income equal to the revenues of a small principality is raised, and through fear of law costs or through carelessness paid in London and its suburbs under these Acts on account of these non-domestic charges. It is difficult to estimate its exact amount, yet it must be very large. Part of this is legal, part very doubtful; as to part, no one can say whether it is legal or not.

ARCHIBALD E. DOBBS.

THE FAILURE OF THE NILE CAMPAIGN.

THE British public is aware, in a general way, that the Soudan Expedition for the relief of General Gordon which Lord Wolseley commanded, was a failure; but no one who has not studied the long-delayed "Official History of the Campaign," * carefully "revised" as that work has been, can have any conception how profound and utter that failure was. The whole business was one of amazing ineptitudes, of strange miscalculations, of abortive fads, of waste of invaluable time, of attempted combinations which, devised in ignorance of conditions, were never within measurable proximity of consummation, of orders issued only to be changed and dispositions indicated only to be altered, of lost opportunities, wrecked transport, and squandered supplies. One bright gleam of sunshine contrasts with the sombre background of administrative and strategical incapacity, in the fine spirit, the loyal endurance, and the staunch valour of the troops. But since such were the characteristics of the soldiers, it is only the more deplorable that officers and men so devoted and so ardent should have been baulked in their aspiration by blunderings and delays, which they recognised indeed, but had to endure.

In the space of an article it is manifestly impossible to follow the record of the campaign through all its phases; certain main features, however, can be dealt with in sufficient detail to make good the terms used in the opening paragraph.

When first consulted by the British Government in April 1884 in regard to a possible expedition for Gordon's relief, Lord Wolseley showed no marked wish for the employment of camel corps in the operations that might become necessary. In his estimate of the requisite force appears the item: "Mounted infantry on native horses

* "Official History of the Soudan Campaign." By Colonel H. E. Colvile, C.B.

or camels—450 men;" which seems to indicate a preference for horses over the alternative camels. But when his lordship reached Cairo in September, his views on the subject materially altered. In his despatch to Lord Hartington of 11th September he wrote:

"It is in my opinion absolutely necessary to send the following detachments from England to be converted into a camel corps:

	Rank and File.
From the seven battalions of Foot Guards, 40 men from each	280
From the sixteen line cavalry regiments at home, 40 men from each	640
From the three Household cavalry regiments	100
From the two battalions Rifle Brigade at home	80
	1100"

This strength was locally increased by 100 men of the Royal Marines, raising it to 1200 men. The force at the end of October, when as yet but one division of it had reached the Assuan base, was formed into four regiments under the respective titles of the Heavy Camel Regiment, the Light Camel Regiment, the Guards Camel Regiment, and the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment.

It had been the Commanding General's original intention to convey to his fighting base in the Soudan at Debbeh (later that base was Korti) the whole of his infantry by boat-transport, with arms, ammunition, and one hundred days' rations per man to be kept intact until the fighting base was reached; and to march the mounted troops along the banks. But he recognised that delays in the ascent of the river might happen concurrently with tidings from Khartoum of grave and urgent character, and it was, we are told, to meet such a contingency that the camel corps was to be organised. "This step," adds the "History" with scant accuracy "as subsequent events proved, was absolutely necessary;" but the addition to the force of 1200 men who could not do a stroke of work toward carrying their own food to the fighting base, seriously increased the difficulty of supply.

Of course camel corps were no novelty. Napoleon had a body of camelry in Egypt in 1799, and the Scinde camel corps organised by Napier and commanded by the dashing Fitzgerald, did brilliant and memorable work. Both those services were established for the specific object of making abnormally long desert marches at a greatly quicker rate of travel than infantry, or indeed cavalry, could maintain. Ségur's information regarding Napoleon's camelry is not very specific, but he does mention that each camel carried its native driver and a French soldier. Sir W. Montagu M'Murdo has given full details regarding the Scinde camel corps. Each beast carried a driver (*sirwan*) armed with a carbine, and a fighting man with rifle and bayonet, as well as the latter's blanket, greatcoat and rations, a large leathern water-

bottle and the bagful of *massallah* (pounded flour and spice) which sustained the camel on long journeys. The *sirwan* had to be a light man and skilled in the management and caretaking of a peculiarly delicate animal. The infantry soldier who was carried as a passenger was picked for his light wiry figure. The exploits of this corps were extraordinary. General M'Murdo gives an instance of its having marched seventy miles in one night, seized a robber chief in bed in the heart of his tribe, and being back again with the prisoner by the following evening.

The work of the Scinde camel corps is historic and can be attested by living witnesses. Yet so strangely impenetrable is Lord Wolseley against hard fact when it is unwelcome, that in his "Soldier's Pocket Book" he writes: "I do not believe in any camel being able to do hard work over a desert country, where he will have very little water and food, with two men on his back." And he proceeds: "Camels so loaded could certainly not have made the marches done by Stewart's column in the Bayuda desert. Experience, our best guide and master, tells me with certainty that it is most difficult to keep camels alive and in working condition in the desert, with only one soldier on each camel." We shall see presently what were those desert marches referred to, and will find also that under the charge of their British soldier-riders the camels used in that desert expedition were with few exceptions not kept alive at all, whether in working condition or otherwise, but died almost to a beast. That Lord Wolseley's camelry was not designed for speedy work such as that which made the Scinde corps famous, is apparent from the language of his chief-of-staff. Sir Herbert Stewart had reached Dongola in September, and given his attention to the equipment, objects, and methods of employment of camel corps. That sagacious officer had satisfied himself that the proposed burden of 400 lbs. was far too great for the Soudanese *hajin* or riding camel, and that one half of that weight was the proper maximum. "To place the proposed weight on those camels," he wrote, "will simply convert them into indifferent baggage animals." The reply of the chief-of-staff was that Stewart must regard the Mounted Infantry camels as beasts of burden, and must select for purchase the strongest and not the fastest animals; and he added that a baggage camel ought to carry the 400 lbs. weight thirty miles a day. These expressions indicate that the very most that was expected of the camels was that their rate of travel *de die in diem* should be double that of ordinary infantry marching.

In drawing the men for his camel corps from the quarter to which he had recourse, the Commanding General committed not one but several mistakes. In requisitioning Household troops and cavalrymen for duty which essentially belonged to the infantry of the line, he betrayed his lack of touch with the real fighting men of the British

army. No hint of disparagement of Guardsmen or cavalrymen is here implied. But the patient stout-hearted linesman who stands and dies under Britain's flag in every corner of the world, who confronts with equal equanimity the chances of cholera and disease, the loneliness of sequestered stations, the fortune of war in the Himalayas, in Afghanistan, in Zululand, in Burmah, in Abyssinia, in Ashantee—he is the war-dog of the Empire; and to him, not to selections from the *corps d'élite* which normally live pleasant days, should have been given the first chance to participate in an affair which was essentially his *métier*, and which, if it were successful, would compensate him for life in the crater of Aden, in the solitude of Quamagaza, and among the swamps of Burmah. Was it because he wanted big men that the Commanding General asked for massive troopers from Knightsbridge and Windsor, for stalwart men of the line cavalry, for portly privates of the foot-guards? The world is familiar with his expressed contempt for the "average Tommy Atkins from Whitechapel" (a useful blackguard who mostly has an infinity of fight in him;—who has not read of a certain "Ortheris"?); but out of the 9000 line infantry in Egypt in September 1884, could there not have been selected 1200 modified Anaks, whose weight would have worn out his camels quite as effectively as that of the heavy men from England, the difficulty of adequately mounting whom drove the director of transport into mild distraction?

The advantages of drawing men from regiments already in Egypt seem marked. They would have been already in a measure seasoned. The delay of the voyage from England would have been saved. The requisition was made on 11th September, and in the end of October the details from England were only beginning to arrive at Assuan. The selected linesmen could have been there a month earlier. Marching up the Nile on camels, the whole camelry could have been at Debbeh before the end of November. Debbeh is on the verge of the great valley, the Wadi el Malik, filled at this season with grapes and shrubs, and belonging to the friendly Kababish Arabs. There for three weeks the camel-warriors could have led a bucolic existence, watching their animals filling themselves with the green forage which is their best restoration, and which brings them into the highest condition for long endurance of privation. When the time came for activity two marches would have brought them to Korti, their beasts in fine vigour. What actually occurred was that of the select details sent from England to form camel troops, one regiment reached Korti December 16th; the others later, dates of arrival not specified. But for all the time for recuperation and preparation of their camels must have been short, for the advance of the desert column from Korti began on the 30th December.

All the four camel regiments had come up from Assuan mounted. Their *raison d'être* as camelry was obviously expedition; incidentally,

comparatively speaking, as regarded their march up to the fighting base, but exclusively in regard to the march across the Bayuda desert from Korti to Metemmeh. Gordon's last communication, dated December 14th, indicated that his situation was close on extremity. "The food we still have is little, some grain and biscuit. We want you to come quickly." His caution, "Do not leave Berber in the rear," the Commanding General wisely determined to disregard. On the day he received Gordon's last letter, the head of the column which Sir Herbert Stewart was to lead to Metemmeh marched out of Korti, in accordance with orders issued the day before. In the words of the author of the "Official History," "the Nile expedition was a campaign less against man than against Nature and against time." And he adds that it was to meet the contingency of a necessity for making a desert march into the enemy's country that Lord Wolseley organised the camel corps.

It is characteristic of this curiously muddled "Official History" that, emanating as it does from our Intelligence Department, it contains no table of distances, and that nowhere in the text is stated the length of the march across the Bayuda desert from Korti to Metemmeh. But it is possible to ascertain from some figures in one of the maps that the distance is 172 miles. It is stated by Mason Bey, an American gentleman in the Khedive's service who has served many years in the Soudan and has a thorough knowledge of it and its races, that the march from Ambukol, which is close to Korti, to Metemmeh *viâ* Jakdul and Abu Klea, was customarily accomplished with reasonably good and fresh camels in six marching days, with one day's halt at each of the two principal wells—in all, in eight days. That this statement is true is proved by the fact that Sir Herbert Stewart marched from Korti to Jakdul, 100 miles, in sixty-four hours, with a column of more than 2000 loaded camels, most of which were more or less stale; and doubtless, but for the opposition he had to encounter, he would have covered the other half of the distance to the Nile at Metemmeh within the same time. His march to Jakdul was in the nature of a surprise; had he been able to move on after a day's halt at that station he would have reached the vicinity of Metemmeh on the afternoon of January 6th, 1885. According to information he would probably have encountered no opposition until close to Metemmeh, where there were said to be some 3000 Arabs armed with Remingtons and fowling-pieces and two brass mountain guns, a force of which his would have made very short work. The still untaken Omdurman, whose fall a week later set free the force which fought at Abu Klea and Abu Kru, was then engrossing the army of the Mahdi; and in all human probability, had Stewart reached Metemmeh on or about January 6th, the rescue of Gordon and what of his garrison adhered to him would have been accomplished.

How came it that the eager Stewart was still only at Jakdul more

than a week after he might have reached Metemmeh? Or rather, to use stronger yet not unwarrantable terms, by what mischance or default was Gordon allowed to perish in the wreck of Khartoum, when with God's help and the zeal and courage of willing men he might have been reached and extricated more than a fortnight before the fall of Khartoum on January 26? The answer must be, because the Commanding General allowed end to be subordinate to means, and was not ready in expedients to retrieve the situation thus created. We have all heard of the ingenuous bucolic who started with a pocketful of silver on a journey to buy a calf, but when he had settled the terms found that most of his money had escaped through a hole in his pocket. When Lord Wolseley, having reached his fighting base at Korti, thought to make his swift *coup* of the desert march which, and nought else, could furnish the justification for his camel regiments, he found that he had not camels enough left at his disposal wherewith to make that march "at one go." What had happened to the multitudinous beasts which had been purchased the "Official History" does not condescend to tell. It had rather belittled the camels, and exalted over them the horn of the whale-boats. "That a boat which consumes nothing," it smugly observes, "is a more economical means of transport than a camel, more than one-half of whose carrying power is wasted in the transport of its own forage, is a proposition too self-evident for argument." The boats carried to the fighting base 100 days' rations for each infantry man; the camels carried thither a modicum of intact supplies for the mounted troops; and the chief work of the camels, other than the 1200 ridden by those troops and the details used for artillery and ambulance purposes, was apparently the supply of rations for the marching and voyaging forces, and of provender for themselves and the riding camels along the Nile from Assuan to Korti. The number of camels bought for the use of a force about 5000 strong was 8000, at a cost of £106,600. The great mass of those animals were purchased between Assiut and Wadi Halfa, only 1750 having been bought in Dongola or southward therefrom, where a superior stamp of beast is found, no higher priced than the inferior animals lower down the river.

The "History" puts forth that the formation of a depôt at Jakdul was necessitated by the want of camels, of camel-drivers, and of camel equipment. There was, it may be hinted, yet another necessity, perhaps more urgent than elaborate precaution that short of a convulsion of nature no soldier could possibly go short of his full allowance of pepper—that crowning necessity being the relief of Gordon. For this latter object, wrote the Commanding General in his despatch to the Secretary for War dated March 16, 1885, "I was prepared to incur great risk, and in pushing Stewart forward as I did, I went to the extreme limit of the risks to which a commander should expose his troops." Whether the expression "pushing for-

ward" correctly describes a movement which actually occupied twenty-two days in covering a distance of 172 miles normally traversed by camels in eight days, and which would have occupied twenty days even if no opposition had been encountered, is a question of verbal accuracy which I prefer to leave unanswered. It was of signal importance that the desert march column should move in one body and at the greatest possible speed, but the deficiency of camels and their equipment made it impossible to send from Korti to Metemmeh on camel-back at a single trip all the troops with their supplies destined for this operation.

On the afternoon of December 30th, Stewart left Korti with 2200 camels and reached Jakdul on January 2nd, having marched 100 miles in sixty-four hours. The strenuous Stewart at Jakdul was more than half way to Metemmeh; but he had to turn his back on the promised land, and a few hours after his arrival he was on his return march to Korti to bring up his second relay. Travelling light, he was back at Korti on the 5th, having covered the distance in sixty hours, but the double journey at speed had expended 31 camels out of his 2200, and many more were incapacitated for further service. On the 7th Colonel Clarke left Korti with a convoy of 1000 camels; and on the 8th Stewart finally started with 2228 camels carrying troops and details, and reached Jakdul on the 12th. The depôt formed there and garrison left, the expedition finally cut loose from Jakdul on its march to Metemmeh on January 14th, all combatants mounted and with about 1000 transport camels. Abu Klea was reached on the 16th, and but for the fighting which intervened Stewart would have reached the Nile on the 18th. But it was inevitable that he should encounter opposition; this was the admittedly certain result of the indication of his route afforded by his first arrival at Jakdul, not to speak of the Mahdi's freedom to detach in consequence of the fall of Omdurman.

The "History" does not specify the total number of camels employed in the desert march, but the approximate reckoning is not difficult. Disregarding losses and substitutions, there seems to have been utilised about 3325 camels in carrying troops to Jakdul, and establishing the depôt there—a tale which is reached by counting Stewart's 2200, Clark's convoy of 1000, and Burnaby's convoy of 125; of this number of 3325 there went forward beyond Jakdul 2888. On this question of numbers, Mason Bey has some noteworthy observations. Since of the 3325 actually employed 2200 had the double turn between Korti and Jakdul, the real camel-power used should, he claims, be reckoned at 5525; and he adds:

"To establish a depôt at Jakdul and move up thither the expeditionary force 5525 camels were employed, allowing for the double turn; 2888 moved it on towards the Nile. As the distances (from Korti to Jakdul, and from Jakdul to Gubat) are approximately equal, it would seem that 4200 camels would have sufficed to move the column in a single trip. To maintain a current

of supplies and provide for losses, a considerable reserve was required. In all, to do the work properly, at least 5500 camels were requisite at and forward of the fighting base at Korti. There were there about 3300: the balance of 2200 certainly could have been procured for £12 per head. *It would thus seem that the failure of the expedition was due to a shortcoming in transport which could have been made good at a cost of £26,400.*"

Mason Bey is not a fellow-countryman of Charles Gordon, and he employs restrained but perfectly explicit terms. In his quiet, firm manner he proceeds: "All the difficulties which proved so disastrous to the success of the expedition cropped up at the last moment, and it is pertinent to inquire what preparations were made during October, November and December to avert their occurrence." Before, however, this phase of the subject is gone into, some final remarks on the desert march may be made.

I have taken the liberty to ascribe to the Commanding General a singular unfertility of expedient in a crisis demanding resource and ingenuity. Given, from whatever cause, an unfortunate paucity of camels, was there no possible alternative to the loss of invaluable time in establishing the Jakdul depôt before striking for the Nile? All the fighting force was mounted, presumably on the better, or less bad, class of camels. The marches were to average about thirty miles long. Clearly, dismounted men could not march those distances day after day, but men in hard condition, as must have been all the force by this time, could not grumble at being called on to march fifteen miles a day, with two halt days in the eight to be occupied by the journey from Korti to Metemmeh. What hindered, then, to transfer to transport service half of the riding camels, and to assign to each camel remaining with the regiments a couple of men, each of whom should tramp half each day's march at the normal camel-pace of three miles an hour? With some 900 superior camels added to the transport service, the desert might surely have been traversed "at one go" by the whole column, without the preliminary depôt business at Jakdul. But if the Commanding General still was haunted by apprehensions of deficient supplies, there remained to him yet another expedient—he might have marched the whole column (except of course, the cavalry) across the desert on foot, surrendering for transport purposes every camel belonging to it. No pretext for the Jakdul delay could then have been admissible, and marching as infantry the column would have reached Metemmeh a week earlier than Stewart, with the Gakdul business on his hands, could have done even had he not been opposed. That such a course was practicable is proved by the march on foot made a month later by the Royal Irish Regiment, whose time from Korti to Gubat was eleven days. The "History" is superior to the chronicling of such a pettiness as the January temperature on the Bayuda, but the Irish regiment did not suffer, and reached Gubat in fine condition. But if, as in Afghanistan, the desert temperature were fierce by day and bitter by night, the chief of the Nile Expedi-

tion might have recalled the example of another British commander, who a few years earlier marched 10,000 men 300 miles in twenty days in a temperature ranging from 84° to 92°.

"To one acquainted with the country about Dongola," says Mason Bey, "it is a surprise to learn that the supply of camels was very limited, that there were 'no local camel drivers,' that there was a 'scarcity of camel saddles'; and finally that there was a 'scarcity of food and forage.' The Ababdeh Arabs on the east bank of the river could easily have supplied 2000 camels; Sheik Saley of the Kababish was good for any number, as he could have drawn on the Horur Arabs of Darfur as well as of his own tribe. For him to reach his headquarters and return fifteen to twenty days were ample, and for the Ababdeh to bring up camels from the Wadi Ollaki, about the same time. Hired camels should have been taken from the very first. The three months during which the force was gathering would have sufficed to satisfy the Arabs, as by the end of that period they would have received nearly the value of their animals. Once the camels were hired or purchased, the camel driver would have been easily found. The construction of camel saddles is so extremely simple that any number could have prepared in a very few days. All the materials are found in the desert. Between Debbeh and Korti, as well as in the Wadi el Malik, there was abundant pasturage. The entire country along the Nile was under cultivation at the end of December, green forage was most abundant, and it was simply a question of compensating the people for their growing crops."

There were some twenty officers engaged in purchasing camels in Dongola and further southward, but they were late in beginning, and without exception they all confined their operations to the river side. No camel-buyer is reported as having visited the Ababdeh Arabs, though Kitchener and Rundle were among them so early as July. As late as the beginning of November, the chief of staff in writing to Sir Herbert had objected to the purchase of camels by that officer. His given reasons were, scarcity of forage, the impossibility for the time of supplying drivers or saddles, without which they would be useless, and his conviction that to hire camels was the only chance of an efficient transport, and the best way also to keep on terms with the desert Arabs. Stewart, it would appear, could not hire and did not buy; tied to Dongola and engrossed with many cares, he seems to have allowed the matter to drop. The "History" mentions that Lord Wolseley had expected, on his arrival at Korti, to find there Sheik Saleh of the Kababish with a number of camels which that chief, according to the Mudir of Dongola, had undertaken to supply, but that no camels were forthcoming. That was the probable, almost indeed the assured, issue of a negotiation through the agency of such a person as the Mudir. Any number of excellent camel drivers could have been furnished from Aden, whence actually

came 600. In October it was suggested that 500 more should be telegraphed for; "but," writes the director of transport, "on the supposition that they would arrive too late, the suggestion was not accepted, and we had good reasons later to regret this error in our calculations."

There was a story at the time of the Dartmoor manœuvres, that the General in Chief in the course of a rainy morning between breakfast and noon, changed his mind thirteen times in regard to the programme for the afternoon. This was perhaps the best on record of this species of mental activity, although Zululand furnishes some lively instances of similar evolutions. The combat at Abu Klea and the subsequent melancholy developments gave rise to a rapid sequence of contradictory orders on the part of the Commanding General from the fighting base at Korti. As soon as the news of Abu Klea reached him, he sent Sir Redvers Buller to command in the desert and at Gubat. On February 4th, tidings of the fall of Khartoum reached Korti, and orders were despatched to Buller to remain at Jakdul, to send all wounded thence to Korti, to move no infantry, and not to engage in any offensive operation. On the same evening, those orders were changed, and Buller was directed to go to Gubat. On his arrival at Abu Klea on the 10th he was overtaken by more orders, instructing him to evacuate the seriously wounded from Gubat, and to pre-prepare for suddenly abandoning that position and falling back on Jakdul. On the 13th, Buller, watching the signs of the times in his cool, self-reliant fashion, considered that it behoved him to clear out of Gubat lest worse things befell him. The Mahdists were moving down the bank in force with several guns. That same night orders reached him, "the Government having decided that the Mahdi was to be crushed," to take Metemmeh, use his discretion as to occupying Shendy, and combine with General Earle (already killed) in an attack on Berber. Buller did not allow those instructions to divert him from his purpose of evacuating Gubat and retiring to Abu Klea, where he arrived on the 15th. The Commanding General, informed of the victory of Kirbekan on the 10th, sent orders to Buller asking with what force he could reach Berber on March 14th to meet there Brackenbury's river column and jointly take that town, which was to be left with a garrison of 1000 men, Buller then returning to Korti. The answer to this from Buller was to the effect that the camels of the desert column were completely broken down, and many of the men were all but shoeless. Before further service, a complete refit of camels and of boots was needful. The river column was encountering delays, and such was the situation that all idea of pursuing the offensive had to be abandoned and the campaign came to a close.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

PROBABILITY AND FAITH.

IN his volume entitled "Philomythus" Dr. Abbott has discussed, with reference to Cardinal Newman's views and experience, the connection between probability and faith regarded as guides of human life. The opening paragraph of his first chapter is as follows:

> "'Butler's doctrine that probability is the guide of life led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the logical cogency of Faith.' So writes Newman in his 'Apologia,' and by these words he leads us to consider what is meant by probability; how far it is the guide of life; and in what way it is connected with Faith."

I have perused Dr. Abbott's volume with much attention. It appeals to me chiefly as an attempt to throw light upon the workings of Cardinal Newman's mind. In endeavouring to solve his problem Dr. Abbott has written much that has been keenly resented by some of Cardinal Newman's friends; there has been the average amount of controversy and recrimination which is to be expected in such cases. From all such controversy I desire to keep myself entirely free; but I cannot refrain from remarking that for many years the mind of Cardinal Newman, its workings and their results, have been to me a subject of deep and painful interest. I am one of those who remember well the early days of the "Tracts for the Times"; I possess the Tracts in the original edition; I read them when they came fresh upon the minds of Englishmen; I had taken my degree before the appearance of No. XC. Nay more; I am one of those—not so many of them now—who have heard Newman preach in his own pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, and who can bear testimony to the marvellous effect of his preaching and the marvellous manner in which it was produced. Those who never heard him can scarcely believe—so at least I have found—that pulpit eloquence

could be supported upon such a foundation: the unvarying note, the absolute immobility of face and limb, the close of a long sentence to be followed by another apparently separated from the preceding one by a sharp fracture; all this does not look much like a true basis for pulpit eloquence—and in a certain sense it was not eloquence; nevertheless in a very real and deep sense it was so; it was like a message from another world, or like an utterance of a primitive saint or martyr permitted to revisit the world of living men.

I am speaking of the impression made upon me half a century ago, when I visited Oxford partly for the sake of seeing the University, and partly for the sake of hearing Newman. A sermon which I heard him preach is contained in one of his published volumes; it is entitled "The Incarnate Son: a Sufferer and a Sacrifice." * It is, I think, in his best style; but those who read it as printed, and who never heard Newman preach, can have no conception of the sublime, awful solemnity which was imparted to it as a living utterance by his unearthly manner of delivery.

I could write much more in the tone of the preceding paragraph were it necessary; but my purpose will have been accomplished if the account which I have given of my feeling of interest in Newman, and of the effect produced upon my mind by his preaching, enables me to say, without suspicion of any wish to do him injustice, that I never found his utterances capable of carrying conviction to my mind. That remarkable sermon, of which I have already spoken as having been heard by myself at Oxford and which any one can read for himself, appeared to me then, and appears still, to depend for its power upon a pervading fallacy. The fallacy is this, that in virtue of our Lord's divinity, we may rightly substitute the phrase *Almighty God* for the phrase *Jesus Christ* wherever our Lord's doings or sufferings are made the subject of narration or discussion; a process which opens up an immeasurable field for solemn rhetoric, but is likely to bring us within measurable distance of patripassianism. The result upon my mind in listening to the sermon was consequently as far from conviction as possible. And that which was true concerning the sermon in question is for me true also concerning Newman's writings as a whole,—full of striking thoughts, poetical passages, holy aspirations, conveyed in faultless English; but (so far as my experience is concerned) wanting in the primest of all qualities—namely, the power of conviction; a kind of phantasmagoria of thought, not corresponding to facts and conclusions which calm reflection enables an unbiassed mind to accept as real. Let me take, as an example of what I mean, a sentence which was said, when it was uttered in St. Mary's, to have produced a tremendous vibration through the whole mind of Oxford. Here is the passage:

* "Parochial Sermons," vol. vi. Sermon vi.

"Scripture says that the sun moves, and the earth is stationary, and science that the earth moves, and the sun is comparatively at rest. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is the very truth, till we know what motion is? If our idea of motion is but an accidental result of our present senses, neither proposition is true, and both are true; neither true philosophically, both true for certain practical purposes in the system in which they are respectively found; and physical science will have no better meaning when it says that the earth moves than plane astronomy when it says that the earth is still." *

I think it would be difficult to concentrate in one short passage more error and confusion of thought than this contains; and the suggestion of a bottomless universal scepticism which it contains is frightful exceedingly. Newman perceived this himself, and adds in the next paragraph:

"Should any one fear lest thoughts such as these should tend to a dreary, hopeless scepticism, let him take into account the Being and Providence of God, the Merciful and True; and he will at once be relieved of his anxiety."

But it would be beyond my purpose to discuss it fully. I quote it as an extreme specimen of a style which, while susceptible of remarkable impressiveness, and perhaps appearing for the moment to contain deep and important truth, reveals itself, on reflection, as resting on no foundation of solid reason, and as incapable therefore of producing permanent conviction. May it not be said, in fact, that this want of power of conviction has been felt by many to be a characteristic of Newman's life and teaching? We speak of him with regard, respect, affection, almost without reference to schools of thought; we print "Lead, kindly Light" in all our hymn-books, whether "Ancient and Modern," "Hymnal Companion," Society for the Promoting Christian Knowledge, or what not. When the Cardinal departed this life there was something like a national sorrow, and yet how many Englishmen have practically followed his leading? How many have felt the English Church unsound and unsafe in virtue of these arguments which led him to desert her? What are they who followed him, as compared with the multitude who have recognised all that was beautiful in his character and remarkable in his intellectual powers, and who have sorrowed over him as one who left a grand post of spiritual influence, from which it seemed possible that he might have moved the world, in order to adopt a position against which in his best days no one had protested more strongly than himself? †

* "Sermons on the Theory of Religious Belief," Sermon xiv.

† To contrast Newman for one moment with his great contemporary, F. D. Maurice, my experience in reading the works of the two men was, that whereas Newman produced upon my mind something like the pleasure which results from looking at a picture or other work of art, Maurice seemed to flash out beams of light which penetrated to the soul. The chief debt which I feel to be due from myself to Newman, and I imagine from others, is for his inculcation of those views concerning the spiritual and historical status of the English Church, which unfortunately he subsequently repudiated.

I must not, however, permit myself to expatiate further on the subject of Cardinal Newman and the character of his preaching, and the like. The purpose of the remarks already made is chiefly that of indicating my own mental position, and of eschewing all hostile feeling towards one who by general assent must be regarded as one of the most remarkable Englishmen of the century, and whom many would regard it as no exaggeration to describe as emphatically a great man. Having written what seemed to me to be necessary with this view, I now return to the passage from the "Apologia" with which Dr. Abbott opens his first chapter.

Newman speaks of "Butler's doctrine that probability is the guide of life." The first question that suggests itself is perhaps this, whether indeed this is Butler's doctrine. It is true that with the addition of one word the phrase "probability is the guide of life" may be found in the introduction to the "Analogy." I say, with the addition of one word, because the actual language of Butler is "probability is the *very* guide of life." I am not sure that in quoting the passage we have any right to change "the *very* guide" into "*the* guide"; and I express this doubt because the latter reading appears to me to give a much more absolute character to the dictum than that which attaches to Butler's actual words. If in every-day experience I use the expression concerning something which has come to my hand, "This is the very thing I wanted," it would perhaps be regarded as an unfair interpretation of the phrase if it should be regarded as stamping the thing in question with a unique character of adaptation to my needs. Upon this point, however, I shall not lay particular stress. There is another view of the matter which seems to me much more important.

Every reader of the "Analogy" knows that the force of the argument which Butler sums up in the assertion that "probability is the very guide of life" is to be found in the appeal which he makes to unbelievers to act in the high concerns of religion upon the principles which they adopt in common affairs. A man, with whom Butler conceives himself to be arguing, says, "I will not believe in the reality of a future life, and will make no preparation for it, unless you can prove to me in a manner not to be doubted or gainsaid that the future life is a reality." Butler replies, "This is not the principle upon which you act in common things. You act every day upon probable evidence. Human affairs would come to a dead-lock if men would never consent to act upon anything short of actual proof." Every one must feel the force of this argument, and if Butler in his introduction summarises it by saying that probability is the very guide of life, I think it is a misinterpretation of his language if we regard him as laying down a general rule with regard not only to mundane, but to spiritual matters, and as asserting that we are to take proba-

bility as the guide of our spiritual life to the exclusion of all other guides.

It seems clear from Newman's own words that he adopted what I have ventured to call a misinterpretation of Butler's language, and that he regarded the change involved in the relinquishment of probability as the guide of life and the adoption of faith in its stead as one of first-rate magnitude, and as supplying the key to much of his spiritual history; anyhow, it is undeniable that Newman has placed probability and faith in antithetic relation to each other, and has thus suggested a problem which it may be interesting to attempt to solve. What do we mean by probability? in what sense can it be regarded as the guide of life? and in what relation does it stand to faith? Whether probability is to be regarded as the guide of life or not, it is on either supposition desirable to be clear in our minds as to the real meaning of the word.

Before discussing this question, however, let me interpolate a few words of qualification to the general phrase that probability is the guide of life. Certain remarks made by Dr. Abbott suggest to me the necessity of doing so. The qualification is this: probability must be, and is in practice cheerfully accepted as, our guide *when certainty cannot be had*. We assume as certain that the sun will rise according to a regular law, because a long induction and also careful scientific investigation make it practically quite certain that it will do so. If I say that I regard probability as the guide of life, and you ask me, What about the rising of the sun to-morrow? do you make your arrangements for to-morrow upon the mere probability that the sun will rise?—the answer is, No, I do not need probability as my guide in this case; I enjoy practical certainty, and therefore do not need probability. A man who has the full use of his limbs does not need a stick; a man who knows his way does not need to look at a sign-post, though he might consistently speak of sign-posts as useful guides. It may be possible that a large number of a man's actions may be guided by a sense of practical certainty, and yet there must be some in which such practical certainty is unattainable; it is in these cases that he is guided by probability. A man sends his son to a public school, having made the most careful inquiries in his power, and he hopes the best for his boy's future, on grounds of probability; he crosses the ocean in a vessel which he believes to be good and trustworthy, but he knows that the best of vessels is liable to accident, and that he has no certainty as to the result of his voyage; he engages a house, having first inquired as to its sanitary condition, but he knows from common experience that the health of his family rests only on a probability. In these and such like ways probability constantly comes into every man's calculations as to what it is best and wisest for him to do; but it is

in cases in which certainty cannot be had. To omit this manifestly necessary qualification is to destroy the meaning of Butler's aphorism.

Now let us consider more carefully what is meant by probability. The word appears to be capable of three senses, which may be termed the original, the popular, and the scientific. These shall be considered in order.

First, then, with regard to the original meaning. In Richardson's Dictionary we find the following explanation of the word *probable*: "That can be proved, demonstrable." But there is added this remark: "*Probable*, by usage, is now distinguished from *demonstrable*." It may perhaps even be said that by usage *probable* has come to mean almost the reverse of *demonstrable*; we describe a thing which we fancy we have some reason to believe as *probable*, when we cannot demonstrate that it is true. I come home from a walk in London, and find my handkerchief not in my pocket: it is, of course, probable that the pocket was picked, but it cannot be proved that this was actually so; it is conceivable that the handkerchief was dropped by accident; it may, on the other hand, perhaps, be regarded as nearly certain that the case was one of theft; still, if no one saw the theft committed and no evidence is forthcoming in the case except the loss of the handkerchief, it is clear that in saying it is probable that the handkerchief was stolen we reverse the original meaning of the word *probable*, and use it to signify that the fact to which it is applied is incapable of demonstration, not that it is demonstrable.

Usage has, in fact, deprived the word *probability* completely of its original meaning—that is, the meaning which the construction of the word suggests—and therefore we may pass without hesitation to the second meaning, which I have described as the popular. The word *probable* or *probability*, as popularly used, may be said to express that, to the mind of a certain person or the minds of certain persons, a certain thing is regarded as likely to be true, without reference to the grounds on which the conclusion is based or the degree of confidence with which the thing is believed. Different minds have different estimates of probability. An elderly man and a little child walking in the highway encounter a beggar, who tells a lamentable tale of misery afflicting him and his family. The little child believes the story at once; the elderly man shakes his head, and says he will make some inquiry. Some persons accept marvellous tales without effort; upon others they make no impression. Education, temperament, experience, and the like produce enormous differences in the estimates which different men make of probability; and I suppose that the task performed by a judge in summing up a case to a jury consists very much in putting the evidence—conflicting

evidence, it may be—in such a manner before simple, untrained minds, as to enable them to estimate aright the probabilities of the case. In most cases that come before a judge and jury, demonstration is impossible; what the judge can do is to clear the case of any false gloss put upon evidence by advocates on either side; to point out what has been proved and what has not been proved; and it may then be taken as tolerably sure that a unanimous conclusion of twelve simple, honest, unprejudiced men will be a true verdict.

It may be worth while to quote again from Richardson. The popular meaning, according to this authority, is as follows: "That may be reasonably expected to be, or happen to be; having a likelihood, or resemblance, or similarity to truth or reality; a verisimilitude." This, no doubt, is a somewhat loose definition; but in reality the definition of probability must be, if not loose, at least capable of being loosened; it must admit of degrees. Probability may vary from the merest chance to something nearly approaching certainty. If I walk across a street in London, the probability of being run over by a carriage may be as nearly as possible inappreciable, the probability of getting safe to the other side may be as near certainty as possible.

It is in this popular sense, if in any, that Butler's dictum concerning probability as the very guide of life ought to be construed. I shall have to speak presently of the third meaning of the word *probability*—namely, the scientific; but I will anticipate my remarks so far as to say that I regard the popular, not the scientific, meaning to be that which in ordinary life is generally applicable; if the application of Butler's dictum involved the necessity of scientific calculation, the case would be hopeless for the large majority of mankind. No one in fact thinks, in the ordinary affairs of life, of calculating probabilities; and yet every day we have to act as if certain things were true which we should have much difficulty in proving.

Take a simple example. Almost every man believes, and acts upon the belief, that he is the lawful child of certain persons commonly reputed to be his parents. It would be a terrible thing for society if belief without proof were not held by the world at large, and felt by each individual in his own case to be sufficient in such a matter. For indeed, if proof were wanted, it might be—nay, it would be, in the very nature of things—difficult to produce. Experience teaches us that this is so. Sometimes it becomes necessary, as when a peerage or a property is involved, to prove that a certain person is what he professes and believes himself to be. A court of law may be engaged for weeks in trying such an issue, and the result may not be free from doubt after all. May it not be held and asserted that in such a case probability is the very guide of life? Could society hold together without a recognition of probability instead of proof? It is not that a man's parentage is admitted to be doubtful, and yet that

on the whole he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt—this would be intolerable: the true view would seem to be, that in a matter of the highest social importance, society agrees silently but absolutely to an unwritten law, which substitutes probability for proof.

The remarks which have just been made seem to contain the solution of a difficulty which Dr. Abbott expresses in these words:

"In attempting to apply his doctrine of *probability as the guide of life* to belief in God and in divine truths, Newman confesses that he met a difficulty. How could a man pray to a *probable* God, or pray to God upon grounds of probability?" *

The difficulty appears formidable or not—to me at least it is so—according to the meaning which we attach to the word probable. It is very formidable, or more than formidable, if we mean by probable that a proposition so described is an absolutely open question. Take the case of the existence of intelligent beings upon the surface of the planets. It is certainly probable—that is to say, many substantial arguments may be alleged to show—that such inhabitants exist. On the other hand, the late Dr. Whewell, a man of high intellectual and philosophical qualifications, wrote a volume on the opposite side of the question. Consequently, it must be conceded that such existence is doubtful, and it is certain that no practical conclusion would be admitted by thoughtful men which depended upon the assumption of its truth. Or again, without anticipating what I shall have to say upon the scientific meaning of probability, it may be granted that if by the phrase "a probable God" it is intended to express that it is ten to one, or a hundred to one, or what not, that God exists, while there is an appreciable probability that there is no God at all, it would be difficult to enter into spiritual relations with such a doubtful Being by prayer or otherwise. In fact, if the claims of our God and heavenly Father were based upon such a claim as this—"The chances are considerably in favour of His existence, therefore bend your knees in admiration on peril of incurring His displeasure"—I should quite expect that men of high feeling and well-balanced minds would honestly and solemnly refuse to have anything to do with this hypothetical God. But if by the phrase "a probable God" is meant an infinite Being whose existence is not susceptible of a certain kind of demonstration, but at the same time does not seem to require it, the supposed difficulty in praying to Him may be said to vanish. We might as well speak of the difficulty of honouring and obeying a probable father or mother; yet in the strict sense of the phrase this is done every day—that is to say, children honour parents when they cannot *demonstrate* parentage. Do we not all feel that this is right, wise, necessary? Does not society rest upon the assumption that men and women are, except in rare and special cases, that which they are

* "Philomythus," chap. ii. p. 57.

supposed to be? And if so, may it not be maintained that the human soul acts according to a true instinct in praying to God, even though philosophers cannot produce an irrefragable proof of His being? When the term *probability* is applied to the Divine existence, I should hold that in one sense of the term the application is infinitely right, and in another sense infinitely wrong. It is not that believers in God can say that they have reason to think that it is a hundred to one or a thousand to one that God exists, while unbelievers admit perhaps a probability, but a much smaller one, and think that upon the whole the chance is the other way, so that the being of God may be set aside without appreciable danger—not this, nor anything like this, would seem to me to be a possible or tolerable view of the case; rather it should be insisted that the whole conception indicated by such language is thoroughly and fundamentally wrong, as wrong as it would be to speak of the probability of honesty being the best policy, or of the probability of truth being better than falsehood. An allegation may be true, yet it may be impossible in a certain sense to prove its truth; it may in fact need no proof; nevertheless it may be an utter mistake to describe it as only probable.

And here perhaps it may be right to quote at some length from the introduction to the "Analogy." The dictum that "probability is the very guide of life" is, as has been already observed, merely a sentence in that introduction. If we would understand Bishop Butler fully, it is well to ponder the following passage, and to observe how distinctly the argument concerning probability is an *argumentum ad hominem*, a plea for the adoption in higher concerns of a principle which in ordinary life is one of necessity:

"From these things it follows [writes Bishop Butler] that in questions of difficulty, or such as are thought so, when more satisfactory evidence cannot be had, or is not seen, if the result of the examination be that there appears upon the whole any the lowest presumption on one side and none on the other, or a greater presumption on one side though in the lowest degree greater, this determines the question, even in matters of speculation; and in matters of practice, will lay us under an absolute and formal obligation, in point of prudence and interest, to act upon that presumption or low probability, though it be so low as to leave the mind in very great doubt which is the truth. For surely a man is as really bound in prudence to do what upon the whole appears, according to the best of his judgment, to be for his happiness, as what he certainly knows to be so. Nay, further, in questions of great consequence, a reasonable man will think it concerns him to remark lower probabilities and presumptions than these; such as amount to no more than showing one side of a question to be as supposable and as credible as the other: nay, such as but amount to much less even than this. For numberless instances might be mentioned respecting the common pursuits of life, where a man would be thought, in a literal sense, distracted, who would not act, and with great application too, not only upon an even chance, but upon much less, and where the probability or chance was greatly against his succeeding."

I confess that after making every allowance for the circumstances in which Bishop Butler wrote, and for the peculiar character of his argument, I cannot feel surprised if this view of probability in connection with high spiritual concerns should produce upon serious and religious minds somewhat of a feeling of repulsion. It is well enough to speak of probability as applicable to the common pursuits of life, and even in the case of higher things the argument may become in the strong hands of a Butler a kind of *malleus infidelium*; but it contrasts somewhat painfully with the language of Him who said, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It has the same kind of fault as that which attaches to Pascal's challenge to unbelievers, "the *pariez vous*," over which I remember that Frederick Maurice drops a bitter tear of sadness in one of his books, though I cannot readily turn to the passage. The being of God, the future life of man, the truth of that which men like Pascal have believed concerning this world and the world to come, is no proper subject for a bet; and that, not merely because betting is mischievous in itself or a practice to be avoided in all times and places, but because in subjects of this kind the data of betting are wanting, and the mere suggestion of a bet, though nothing could be further from Pascal's mind, drags the subject down from the high region of pure light into a lower region of mist and darkness.

Nevertheless, there is an immeasurable difference between reminding a man who stickles for proof of a demonstrative kind in matters spiritual, that he habitually acts without such proof in the ordinary affairs of daily life, and regarding Butler as having laid down the maxim "probability is the guide of life" as the proper and sufficient guide of the human soul in its pilgrimage through this present world. This is what Cardinal Newman at one period of his life seems to have done; and this is what I apprehend Bishop Butler never intended that any reader of his great work should do.

But it is time that I should pass on to discuss the third meaning of the term *probability*—namely, the scientific. I lay the more stress upon this meaning of the term, because (as it appears to me) in speaking of probability there is a great danger in using language which is only properly intelligible on the supposition of its being used scientifically in matters to which in its scientific sense the word *probability* cannot be properly applied. I quote in illustration a passage from "Philomythus":

> "He himself (Cardinal Newman), when Christianity is in question, imperiously calls upon us to go upon probabilities, even though they be little more than evenly balanced, and once told us that we cannot be Christians, 'if we will not go by evidence, in which there are (so to say) *three* chances for revelation, and only *two* against.'"

Dr. Abbott adds, in a note, "In a later text, Newman substituted a *dozen* for *three*," and he comments upon the recklessness of such substitution; but the fundamental error is (if I am not mistaken) in the application of any notion of numerically measured probability to such a subject as that of the truth of our holy religion, or indeed of any religion. Even the language of Butler on this subject seems to me to be sometimes open to objection, as where he speaks of "an even chance." Perhaps, therefore, a short discussion of the scientific meaning of probability may be useful in clearing away a confusion which to some minds may exist on the subject.

I imagine that some persons are not aware that problems of probability belong to the highest department of mathematics. Laplace's "Calcul des Probabilités" takes rank as one of the most remarkable efforts of one of the most remarkable of mathematicians. Every mathematician, even of the humblest powers, is familiar with the notion of calculating the probability of events. The possibility of this may be made clear to any ordinary mind. Take a very simple example: What is the probability of drawing a particular card—say, the ace of diamonds—out of a pack? There are fifty-one cards which will not answer the conditions of the problem; there is only one that will. Consequently, it is fifty-one to one against drawing the specified card. What is really meant is, that if you shuffle and draw a very large number of times—say 52,000—the ace of diamonds will be the card drawn 1000 times; in fact, each card in the pack will be drawn the same number of times, there being no reason why one should be drawn more than another. It will be seen from this simple case how the calculation of the probability of an event may be mathematically made, and how in the long run probability becomes certainty.

But there is another form of probability which depends upon combination of events. To take a simple example: Suppose four coins are thrown upon the table at random, what is the probability in favour of the coins turning up three heads and one tail? A little consideration will show that there are five different ways in which the coins can fall: all heads, all tails, one head, two heads, and three heads: only one of these answers the condition; consequently, it is four to one against the specified combination; in other words, if we threw the coins a very large number of times the desired event would happen once in five times.

I will mention just one more problem, the solution of which is of a complicated kind, and cannot be given here. Suppose I write half a dozen letters and address half a dozen envelopes, and then put the letters into the envelopes at haphazard, what is the probability that each person will receive the letter intended for him? or, on the other hand, what is the probability that they will all go wrong?

In cases such as these, it will be apparent that probability has a distinct mathematical meaning, and that to speak of a certain possible event as having a probability of three to one, or a hundred to one, or what not, is to use language in a strictly defined sense. It would be impossible for an author who considered this, in one edition of a book to write "*three* chances for revelation and only *two* [against," and then in a subsequent edition to substitute "a dozen" for "three." It would be just as possible to say in one edition of a book that there were seven days in a week, and in another that there were ten. This must be at once granted as soon as it is understood that probability is used in a scientific sense; and if it be pleaded that the word is used in a popular and not in a scientific sense, then I should claim that the conclusions should not be stated in scientific language—that is to say, in numbers (for numbers are in their very nature scientific)—for this is sure to mislead. It is probable that a certain manuscript was written in the fourth century. This is an intelligible statement. To say that it is five to one that it was so written, unless some special ground is alleged for these odds, is to say that which is unintelligible in any strict and definite sense.

There is another class of problems in probability to which attention should be directed—namely, those which depend upon statistics. For example, an office undertakes to insure against a certain contingency, a fire, or a railway accident; or it undertakes to pay a certain sum of money to a man's executors on the occasion of his death. Transactions of this kind, as every one knows, are not mere gambling. They depend upon observation and results deduced from observation. Tables of mortality, constructed from observation, enable experts to determine the probable duration of life, and therefore to say upon what terms it will be safe to engage to pay a hundred pounds to his executors. Of course, with a small number of insurers an office might come to grief; but with a large number the results will be quite certain to be those which are given by the calculated tables; that which would be chance in the case of twenty persons would be practical certainty with twenty thousand. The same kind of remark applies to fire and accident. Experience shows how often fires or accidents in given circumstances take place, and though it may be more difficult to obtain accurate statistics than in the case of death, still the principle is the same, and it is manifest that chance tends more and more, as you extend your experience over longer times and wider areas, to become certainty, and that it is possible for offices to conduct insurance upon sound mathematical principles.

There is another class of subjects to which it has been attempted to extend scientific reasoning within the limits of the general subject of probabilities, to which reference ought to be made—namely, that of legal evidence and judgments founded upon it. This involves much

more difficult questions than those of statistics, because the questions are moral, and therefore not so easily reduced to numbers. I am not sure whether the learned works which have been written are regarded by lawyers as having practically advanced the task of duly administering justice. I will make one reference, however, to Poisson's great work, "Sur la Probabilité des Jugements," in order to show how much difficulty there is in applying scientific considerations to subjects of this class.

According to Condorcet, writes Poisson, the chance of a man being condemned unjustly should be equivalent to that of a danger which we regard as so small that we should not care to avoid it in our ordinary course of life; and this on the ground that society has the right, for its own protection, to expose one of its members to a danger, which (so to speak) he himself regards with indifference. This consideration, however, continues our writer, is much too subtle for so grave a question. Laplace gives a definition, much more calculated to throw light upon the question of the chance of mistake which we are compelled to admit into criminal judgments. According to him, this probability ought to be such that there will be greater danger to public safety arising from the acquittal of a guilty man than fear of the condemnation of an innocent one.*

Either of these views may probably be maintained with a great amount of argument; possibly both may be in a certain sense true; but whatever view we take, the opinion may perhaps be rightly expressed that the question is one of almost purely academic interest. In determining the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, judge and jury must have simple principles on which to proceed: the verdict of guilty is given, because the evidence produced leaves practically no doubt upon the minds of the judge and jury that the charge against the prisoner is true. I do not apprehend that it would be possible to take into consideration such general principles as those enunciated either by Condorcet or Laplace; and if the case should be one in which figures were possible, and an expert could prove that it was ninety-nine to one against the prisoner, I imagine that the judge would direct the jury to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. In fact, in moral questions, whether of criminal accusation or of religious truth, the popular meaning of probability, rather than the scientific one, is that which must guide our judgment.

I have entitled this article "Probability and Faith," and I now propose to offer some remarks upon faith in connection with probability. The two things are placed in an antithetical relation to each other by Cardinal Newman in the words quoted from the "Apologia" in the opening of the article. He says that Butler's

* I have not Poisson's book at hand; but I quote from a paper by the late Serjeant Joyce, in the "Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society."

doctrine that probability is the guide of life led him to the logical cogency of faith. I am not intending to discuss the manner in which this progress took place, nor to follow Dr. Abbott in his examination of Newman's account of his own spiritual history, but I wish to state at once, and plainly, the point which strikes my mind as the most salient with respect to the arguments of both writers. I do not perceive how probability can be separated from faith, or faith from probability. I am not sure that the phrase above quoted, "the logical cogency of faith," is one which can be maintained as correct. You may speak of the logical cogency of an argument, but faith, in the very nature of things, is not argument. Faith is subjective; argument—and probability, which is of the same nature as argument—are objective. Faith is the action of the mind itself, accepting as true that which it thinks it has good reason to accept as true, though it cannot actually prove the same. Probability is a quality which attaches to an allegation, whether the mind accepts it or not. Faith depends upon temperament, education, previous experience, and other influences. For example, there is a report in the newspapers of some political event—the result of a contested election, the resignation of a Minister, a complication with some foreign Government. Roughly speaking, you may say that one political party will believe the report, and the other will discredit it. Neither will say that the thing reported is impossible, or capable of disproof, or perhaps even violently improbable; but wishes which are fathers to thoughts, or habitual modes of looking at things, or the distortions of prejudice, produce their effects upon the judgment, and affect the power of belief.

The question, however, which I have to consider is whether probability and faith can be properly separated from each other, and contemplated as two different modes of arriving at religious truth. As I understand Cardinal Newman, he lived for a time upon what is described as Butler's doctrine that "probability is the guide of life," and that, finding this doctrine unsatisfactory, he discarded probability and took faith as his guide instead. Now it would be foolish for any Christian writer to disparage the power and value of faith. Without adopting extreme Lutheran views on the subject, it is obvious that no spiritual agency receives, throughout the whole of the New Testament, whether in the Gospels, or in the Acts of the Apostles, or in the Epistles, more complete recognition than faith. Our Lord's frequent declarations as to the power of faith to obtain boons from Himself, even when the action is vicarious, as when the friends of a sick man brought the sufferer, himself being helpless, into His presence; or to perform miracles, as when He said that a disciple having faith as a grain of mustard-seed might cast a mountain into the sea,—all these reiterated declarations are in entire keeping with all that was written afterwards by the Apostles, when they had time, as it were, to form a

code of Christian theology; notably they are in accordance with the declaration of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Indeed, it seems strange that a thoughtful, religious man and a divine should be so long, as Newman seems to have been, in discovering the large share which belongs to faith in the conduct of the Christian life. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the phrase "logical cogency of faith," a phrase concerning the correctness of which I have already ventured to express a doubt; but however this may be, I would lay stress upon this point—that the office of faith should be to throw life into that which already is perceived to be probable. Faith cannot float (so to speak) entirely in the air; it must have some foundation upon which to rest; and if it is to be anything different from fanaticism and enthusiasm, it must have some ground of probability upon which to stand. The prayer in the Gospel: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," seems to express as well as can be desired the true character and basis of faith.

It is true, no doubt, that in a certain sense faith gets rid of probability. A matured faith enables a man to say, like St. Paul, "I know in whom I have believed"; and doubtless, when a believer makes his prayer to God, he does not think of Him as a probable God; nor does a disciple of Christ when speaking to other disciples, or when meditating by himself, like Thomas à Kempis, consider the evidence upon which he accepts Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ of God; but the probability must be assumed, the evidence must be taken for granted; the moment you begin to talk about logical cogency, arguments and probabilities must come to the front; as long as the sky is serene and the mind is filled with thoughts of love and devotion, so long faith may be content to forget the ground upon which she rests; but when the storm comes, whatever be the cause of the disturbance, it will have to be considered whether faith has a real ground upon which to rest secure, or whether it resolves itself into a dream.

For, after all, the great question with regard to such doctrines as the being of God, the Divine character of Jesus Christ, the reality of a life to come, must be whether they are probable or not. It may be admitted that such doctrines are incapable of demonstration in the strict sense of the word; but are they probable in the highest degree? Are they of a kind to justify a man who believes them in recommending them to others on the ground of reason and calm judgment? I put on one side all consideration of the probability of the truth of those ecclesiastical miracles concerning which Cardinal Newman took so much trouble, and which have given rise to Dr. Abbott's book; I do not think it is absolutely necessary for a Catholic Christian to hold a strong opinion about them. I confine my thoughts to great cardinal

verities, and concerning them it is not in my judgment derogatory to their high character to conclude that they are *probably true*—in the proper sense of the phrase; and that they so commend themselves to the human soul that it is possible for an earnest man to say, as many have said, "I am as sure as I can be of anything which does not admit of actual demonstration that these things in very deed *are* true." The office of faith is, I apprehend, not to disparage probability, but to change the mere otiose acceptance of a story or a doctrine as probably true, into a firm and perhaps ever-growing conviction that the story or doctrine contains the revealed truth of God.

And hence the general conclusion at which I arrive, and which it is the purpose of this article to recommend and enforce, is this, that probability and faith have been joined together by God, and must not be in any way put asunder. Probability exists in the nature of things. Outside the range of mathematics there are few truths which rest upon irrefragable, indubitable proof. In the whole moral department of human thought there is scarcely a proposition which has not been doubted, and which may not be questioned. In natural science and in history the probable is often the nearest approximation to truth which can be made by the most earnest and most conscientious student. And we reconcile ourselves to the toleration of the probable; we constantly grope towards the light; but we are content to leave much in darkness. It is only when we deal with the highest of all subjects that imperfect knowledge becomes, at least to some minds, intolerable; it is the very mark of man's high spiritual constitution that this should be so. The dissatisfaction with imperfect knowledge, the possibility of doubt with regard to subjects of supreme interest to the human soul, may be perhaps permitted to grow to excess and to become morbid; nevertheless the language of the patriarch, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come into His presence," expresses the feeling of a healthy soul, and seems to commend itself as an inspiration from Him by whom the soul was created; and it is to the soul thus labouring under the combined influence of aspiration after God and dissatisfaction with the evidence of His living presence supplied by probability intellectually considered, that faith commends itself as the spiritual agency required. Faith as a grain of mustard-seed can move mountains; but it must be faith combined with reason, resting upon grounds which an honest mind can approve, otherwise it may be only another name for fanaticism and folly. A rational acceptance of the probable, accompanied or rather inspired by a divine element of faith, may be regarded as constituting the higher life of man, somewhat as body and soul combine to constitute humanity. Each needs the other, and it is when the two co-exist and co-operate without friction or interference that health and happiness result.

H. CARLISLE.

VILLAGE LIFE AND POLITICS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

I.—FRANCE.

IF the opening text of the "Sentimental Journey" appears to animate this paper, it was not in my case, as in Sterne's, a preconception. Intimate with the manifold miseries of English peasant life, and having some experience of their alleviation by an equitable allotment system, I crossed the Channel, with an open mind and a virgin note-book, to study for myself the *petite culture*, which was amongst the bequests, pernicious or beneficent, of the first French Revolution. How far I was justified in adopting Yorick's aphorism as the summary of my investigation will appear from the facts which I distilled and shall record. My travelling companion was M.P. for an English agricultural district, like myself unprejudiced and inquisitive, and we were attended by an invaluable courier,* familiar with agricultural and peasant life in France and Switzerland; an adept in the rural *patois* which might have baffled better French scholars than ourselves. Our plan of campaign was marked by sweet simplicity. We resolved that the districts we were to visit should be within twenty miles of fair-sized towns; that we would seek from our *maîtres d'hôtel* introductions to the village *maires*, who, after submitting with French politeness to our cross-examinations, might direct us to such *paysans* as we desired to see, permitting us to use their names as proof that our curiosity was not impertinent. And when it is remembered that the *maire* of a French commune is not, like an English squire or parson, sent down by Jupiter among the frogs, but owes his royalty to themselves, it will be understood that we were securing the mediation of men at once in sympathy with and respected by the class we wished to penetrate.

* Tourists in search of an accomplished, conversible, self-effacing dragoman, may be grateful to me for the address of Mr. L. E. Barraud, 121 Leathwaite Road, Battersea Rise, S.W.

Our first venture was about twelve miles from Calais, a village of 1500 souls, purely agricultural. M. le Maire welcomed us hat in hand—shrewd, good-humoured, untidy; Madame in blue cotton dress, with *bonnet gaufré*. He is an unusually large proprietor, owning 320 acres, 20 cows, 14 horses. He employs 16 labourers, each renting of him from 2 acres upwards and working them in his spare time. Other villagers hold larger lots on a nine years' lease, invariably renewed if the rent is paid. There are 350 heads of families in the village, every one of whom has land; 300 possess land and cottages of their own. From 13 to 15 acres is the smallest territory on which a man can live without some other work; those who have less eke out their income with job-work. So soon as a man has saved a little money he buys land at about £40 an acre. We saw the Maire's fields, outhouses, yard, large room in which the farm servants were dining; tasted his thin *chablis;* left him to seek lowlier game in the scattered cottages around.

M. Achille Charpentier lives in a somewhat humble cottage; he represents the inferior small proprietor: a fine, erect, brisk, clean-shaven fellow of about thirty-seven years old, with bronzed face and piercing eyes, dressed in corduroy trousers and sleeved cloth waistcoat. He rents 3¾ acres on a nine years' lease, pays £2 per acre rent; the lease being by local custom renewed as a matter of course. He bought his cottage from the tenant who preceded him; has put up a cart-shed, cowhouse, pig-sty; grows wheat and roots in succession; has a cart which cost about £5, a rather melancholy cow, two strong donkeys which draw his light plough and harrow through the thin alluvial soil, three pigs and many fowls. He feeds his cow on roots, on roadside grazing, on a little hay which he mows; with occasional job-work, he gets along very well. We sat in his cottage; sitting-room, 14 by 10 feet, clean and comfortable, with large brick oven built on to fireplace; adjoining bedroom of the same size, with two regular French alcove beds, snug but stuffy; smaller room upstairs. Has a wife, young son and daughter. Lives on soup, very palatable to our taste, potatoes, bacon, meat on church festivals; drink, chiefly black coffee. He is amongst the least prosperous men in the village; but he is young, is saving, is hopeful.

Not far off live an elderly man and wife, whose youthful hopefulness has borne fruit. They have brought up seven children, the neighbours tell us with gesticulations of astonishment, few *paysans* having more than two. They inherited or amassed 12½ acres; have built a capital house—state sitting-room with mirror, clock, carved oak chest; bedroom close by, with its alcoves; second large room above; kitchen, farm offices. The man works his farm with the help of two sons; has a cow and a half-acre of garden; sends to Calais milk,

legumes, greens, leeks, endive; has several hundred pounds in Government stock.

We are in the valley of the Somme; a village of 200 houses, 150 of which, the schoolmaster tells us, are owned by their inhabitants. He introduces us to M. Théodule Gorlier, a man of forty-five. His farm has 32 acres, 16 of them rented; the rest his own. He began with nothing—a turf-cutter at 7*s.* 6*d.* a week with keep. Saved up, and bought a hectare (2½ acres) for £80; inherited 7 acres more on his father's death. Bought a house, three-roomed, with good offices, and a quarter-acre garden, for £120; is well-to-do—a *conseiller de commune*, or member of the parish council. Has two splendid cows, with a heifer; two horses which would fetch about £35 each in England; pigs and poultry in abundance. His wife and two girls, sixteen and nineteen years old, work on the farm; all three sparkling and intelligent, as is the father; enjoying the farm labour, fond of the beasts and the beasts of them. The old mother-in-law sits knitting by the stove; she has money in the savings-bank, or *caisse d'épargne*. So has M. Théodule; he cannot tell his income, but it increases every year; he lets out his horses sometimes of late; and last year he did a little *métayage*, farming a neighbour's land, and taking half the profits. In the French post-office savings banks there are 2,800,000,000 francs (£112,000,000) in 6,500,000 deposits. One sees where the German indemnity came from.

We ask to see some one not so opulent, and are directed to M. Lefevre Philimont, forty-two years old. He farms 9 acres, one of which he owns. He, too, began with nothing; works at wood-cutting, wages eighteenpence a-day with his food. His wife and daughter work the land while he is occupied. He has bought his house; has saved; will soon buy more land.

In these small farms, as on all the other holdings we had seen, the farming was extraordinarily skilful. Not only was the land far cleaner than most farmers' land in England—allotments at home had accustomed me to that—but we were arrested by the dexterous economy in laying out the crops, the unexpected rotations, the use of chemical manures. This was due, we were told, to the Government Agricultural Colleges; and one of these—at Bovés, ten miles from Amiens—we visited. M. Barraud, who had been dreadfully puzzled throughout as to the motive of our researches, obtained for us an introduction to the Directeur, in which, as afterwards transpired, we were described as "deux grands propriétaires anglais, délégués par M. le Ministre de l"Agriculture de la Grande Bretagne pour étudier la petite culture francaise." Mr. Chaplin would be gratified if he knew it. M. Jourdain,

the director of the college, a tall, roughly dressed, very intelligent man of thirty-five, in build and look resembling the master of a commercial school in England, welcomed us with effusion after perusing these credentials. The establishment contains from forty-two to forty-five students, sons of large or small proprietors, without distinction. They enter at fourteen years old, after a rather strict examination in general knowledge, for a three-years' course, paying £15 a year for tuition, board, lodging. There are sixteen free scholarships. The college has three hundred acres of land: the lads, in blouse uniforms, were at work in various parts of it. There are good class-rooms and laboratory, with superior appliances and natural history collections. They give five hours a day to practical work, five to lectures and class-work. Each boy in turn spends a week in the kitchen, a week in taking up and bringing in vegetables from farm and garden. They learn chemistry, botany, geology, physiology, veterinary lore, carpentry, everything that an agriculturist can want. We saw the dairy, which from thirty-five cows sends daily to Amiens 160 litres (quarts) of milk in glass bottles stoppered with glass and india-rubber; the *vacheries* or cowsheds, a man sleeping with the cows in each; the sleek beasts with their names—Numa, Marquise, Colomba, Fanny, Lady—appended to their stalls; the kitchens, forge, machines, workshops, cider-press; the boys' desks, school-books, exercise-books; the large kitchen-garden with botanical beds, the troughs for trout-rearing. The place was a convent confiscated at the Revolution. What a number of problems the Revolution solved! The whole was admirably complete: 700 boys are filling similar establishments in different parts of France; that is to say, during every twelve years 2800 trained farmers are scattered over the country, to spread at home the technical knowledge they have gained. No wonder French holdings, large and small, are scientifically farmed.

We had heard much of the market-gardens round Paris, and we give a day to them, driving out to Asnières. We carry letters to a noted *maraîcher*, but find that he is dead, and his sons are suspicious, sullen, almost rude. We leave them, enter the open gate of a promising enclosure, and introduce ourselves to a cheery M. Colmant, Rue de Mesnil, who, on finding that we are not professionals, gives us a cordial welcome. His garden is only 2¼ acres in extent; ¼ acre is given up to asparagus. From September 1 to April 30 he sends every day to Paris from 200 to 1000 bunches, getting for them on an average through the eight months sixpence a bunch. They grow in frames 50 feet long, 5 feet wide, floored with slates; under these hot air-pipes, above them a shallow layer of earth. The roots are crammed in as thickly as possible, covered with 2 inches of good soil, and the glasses drawn over; in eight days they are ready to

cut, the stocks lasting for two months. He has also 1000 bell-glasses, costing one franc each, for salads. Every year the whole surface of the garden to the depth of 6 inches is taken out, sold to the neighbouring bourgeois for their flower-gardens, replaced by manure from Paris, which we saw standing in large ricks ready to be spread. He employs fifteen men, pays £35 per acre rent on a fifteen years' lease, with right of pre-emption. We sat down with him to calculate his profits. Here is the balance-sheet we made out :—

Wages	£1000	Sale of asparagus	£2550
Rent and taxes	100	Sales from rest of garden	178
Manure	100		
Firing and repairs	200		
Interest on capital	150		
Horses and carts	100		
Sundries	50		
Balance (profit)	1028		
	£2728		£2728

Net profit of £1028 on a little over 2 acres of ground!

Away southward, to the vineyards of the Côte-d'Or, halting, as English travellers do not halt, at Dijon, with its factories of mustard grown in the fields around, its savoury *nonnettes*, its juicy Muscat grapes, and pears as big as vegetable marrows, its delightful botanic garden, its supreme historical associations, condensed into a single chamber of the Palais des Ducs, where lie the tombs or the relics of Philippe le Hardi, Jean Sans Peur, Philip the Good, Charles the Bold. We had glimpsed the vine soon after passing Fontainebleau; the little Chasselas grape grown in gardens, but rare in the fields of wheat, hemp, beet, chicory. Here at Dijon, after a two miles' drive out of the town, we see nothing else, except that in their midst are standard apricots, peaches, pears, with a very few olives, and an occasional *vin d'Italie* (Phytolacca decandra), whose jetty berries are used to deepen the colour of the wine. Carts meet us, bearing immense vats of grapes:

> "Reeling with grapes, red waggons choke the way;
> In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray."

Women are cutting the bunches and filling the baskets; men bring them to the roadside and tumble them into the vats. We drive through village after village, with their roadside crosses, and the "O Crux Ave" inscribed beneath them; the houses everywhere in the perfect order which bespeaks ownership. After twelve miles we begin to ascend the low slopes of the Côte-d'Or, on which are the famous vineyards, Chambertin, Nuits, Beaune, Pommard; low golden-leaved vines stretching far as the eye can reach in the sunny autumn air, distant Dijon marked by a faint cloud of smoke. We drive to the

house of a *vigneron* and large *marchand*, late *maire* of his commune, now *président du conseil d'arrondissement*.* He is away; will be *désolé* to have missed us; his son, who "spiks Inglis," is in England; but Mademoiselle is at home; will send with us the *commis*, or head-manager, entreats us to return to lunch, and meanwhile to recruit ourselves with a sip of vermouth, the local alcoholic bitter. A mile's drive takes us to the famous Chambertin vineyard, stretching in a narrow strip for two miles along the hillside. We stroll among the breast-high vines, finger and taste the purple and the golden grapes, admire the scarlet *ipomœa* twining round the stalks, the blue pimpernel and bloody geranium, the *panet* grass, the skipping, chirping grasshoppers and locusts. When the vines are pruned in April the finest branches are preserved, tied in bundles, soaked in water till June, planted 3 feet deep, bearing in the third year, then good for fifteen years. Monsieur owns 6 hectares (nearly 15 acres); that is all. The whole Chambertin vineyard is only 250 acres; not enclosed, not separated from the ordinary plots adjoining. This little parcel of it yields 35 hectolitres (barrels of 280 bottles) per hectare; a barrel after four years sells for £40—that means £1400 per hectare; £8400 gross receipts in one good year on 6 hectares. Set against this: labour £20 a year per hectare, manure, stakes, interest on capital, possible loss from phylloxera, money idle for two years of growth—still the net profit is enormous.

This is the high-priced grape. Now for the common grape grown by the peasants, out of which *vin ordinaire* is made. M. Jean Rousseau has a comfortable cottage; wife, one daughter of twelve years—the son, of fifteen, just dead of influenza, the poor mother tells us with tears. Jean, with his wife's help, earns in wages 23*s*. a week. He owns two acres, which we went to see; they get from them 20 hectolitres of wine, which sell for £5 to £6 per hectolitre. The gross profit is £100 a year. There are very few deductions. He began without a sou; there were no vines on the land when he took it; he first rented it for £10 a year; bought it out of his profits; is on the way to buy more.

Back to lunch with Mademoiselle; the house an old abbaye, with formal courtyard and quaint overgrown garden. In the drawing-room, reached by an outer stone staircase, is a piano, many books, a portrait of Gambetta, M. le Président's sash of office, his gold medal from last year's exhibition for *vin de Bourgogne*. Mademoiselle is a

* The commune is the village parliament or parish council, re-elected once in five years by all the villagers of twenty years old, in the proportion of one *conseiller* to every hundred of the population. From amongst their number the *conseillers* choose a *maire*. They control sanitation, police, public-houses, or *auberges*, *octroi*, poor relief—everything except church and school, which are managed by the State. A group of communes forms a canton or arrondissement, with its *conseil* and *président*.

girl of twenty-five, in deep mourning for her mother; manners charming, with less consciousness and more *empressement* than an English girl of her rank would show. She takes us to the *salle à manger*. Course after course succeeds: *filets de bœuf*, lamb with garlic, cheese curiously dressed, *confitures d'abricots*, fruit, coffee; wines rising from *ordinaire* to Chambertin, to Pommard supérieure, to special Chambertin of 1870, finished with eau de vie de Marc, a liqueur they extract from the pressed grape-skin, served in lovely little many-coloured glasses. We saw the processes of wine-making, the *pressoirs*, the fermenting vats, the *caves* or cellars. Then, like old Sol Gill, chock full of science—of something else besides, candid folk might suggest—we drove back to Dijon.

Ex pede Herculem! I could only multiply instances supporting those which I have given. I have not described the extensive *métayage* of the Landes and the Bouches du Rhône; nor the tobacco culture of the Lot et Garonne, from which, exclusively through peasant cultivation, is produced, under Government supervision, the French *caporal* and *cantine*, yielding to the small grower a profit of near £30 per acre. My instances, representing the northern half of France, in soil and climate most resembling England, must be taken for what they are worth. But if a sack of billiard balls is brought to me, and a dozen plunges of the hand bring up red balls only, it is fair to conclude that of the remaining balls, all, or nearly all, are also red. And the impression derived from personal inspection was sustained by a mass of hearsay evidence. Questioning everywhere innkeepers, wayfarers, fellow-travellers in hotel and railway carriage, we met with unbroken testimony to the prosperity, freedom, thrift of the labouring peasant, as due to the facility of acquiring land at will and cheaply, consequent on the extinction of great landowners at the Revolution, and the centrifugal distribution of the soil which followed it. The feeling is deeply rooted, not only amongst the small holders, but amongst the moneyed classes. To join house to house and add field to field is reprehensible with Frenchmen of to-day, as with Isaiah twenty-five centuries ago. Said a rich *négociant en lait*, who in England would have become a landlord, but whose agrarian desires were bounded by a house, garden, *enclos*; "Si un riche achète le domaine, c'est la ruine du pays; si la terre est divisée en parcelles, c'est la richesse du pays."

In England the owners of estates above one acre in size are about 300,000; in France they are 7,000,000. In England the average extent of a single farm is 390 acres; in France 10 acres, 4,000,000 owners holding properties of two acres; while farms of 200 acres are so few that they can be counted on the fingers. In

France there are 8,000,000 acres of common land, the exact amount which has in England been robbed from the labourers by successive Enclosure Acts during the last 170 years. In 1880 France *exported* £27,000,000 worth of food; England *imported* £80,000,000 worth. In sixty years 8,500,000 emigrants have left England; less than 500,000 have left France. In England the rural population is 33 per cent. of the population; in France, upwards of 75 per cent. In England, finally, the peasant is miserably housed, underpaid, servile, despairing; in France, he is decent, well-to-do, independent, hopeful. "The bearing of these observations," says the immortal commander of the *Cautious Clara*, "lies in the application of them: that ain't no part of my duty!"

W. TUCKWELL.

THE REVIVAL OF "HENRY VIII."

THE production at the Lyceum Theatre during the first month of the present year of Shakespeare's play of "Henry VIII." will probably present not merely admirable acting to the playgoers, but a great historic picture of the age and of the Court of the "majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome." What the ignorance of criticism calls innovations are often restorations, and the stage-management of the Lyceum will in this respect only follow, with its larger means and opportunities, the example set by the stage-management of the Globe three hundred years before. Sir Henry Wotton, whose poem "The Happy Life" anticipates in its essential points Wordsworth's description of "The Happy Warrior," was apparently one of the spectators on the 29th June 1613, when "the King's Players had a new play called 'All is True,' representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII." The opportunity was given him by King James I., who had relieved him of his diplomatic employments, not relishing, it is said, his celebrated definition of the functions of an ambassador. Sir Henry was apparently one of those critics of whom we have many in our own days, who would bring back the drama to the simplicity of the Thespian recitations. He records the fact that the play was "set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garters; the guards, with their embroidered coats, and the like." All this was little to Sir Henry's taste. "Sufficient, in truth," he adds, "within a while, to render greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous." A higher authority than Sir Henry Wotton had a different view of the range of dramatic art. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesie," maintains

the heresy that "to write up 'Thebes' in great letters over an old door" does not give a sufficient idea of Thebes.

> "You shall have [he says] three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by-and-by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not as a rock. On the back of that comes a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave, while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four shields and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

Sir Philip Sidney, apparently, held that doctrine of the mutual dependence of minds and senses and of the degree in which they assist each other, which Mr. Irving, with as much happiness of expression as justness of thought, set forth at the banquet of the Royal Academy last year, and which he has illustrated in the productions that have made his management of the Lyceum historic. The truth is that in it he has not only followed, and in following developed, the example of his most illustrious predecessors, but has obeyed a general intellectual tendency going far beyond the theatre. The philosophic maxim that a thing cannot be understood in itself alone but only in its relations, of which the scientific equivalent is the doctrine that the study of the organisation involves the study of the environment, has its counterpart in literature and art. In history it is not now sufficient to construct a consecutive narrative, but a scene must be presented. The school of Robertson and Hume—in its way a very good school—has been superseded by that of Carlyle and Michelet. Not only the actors, but the influences which acted upon them—the moving or stationary groups among which they lived; the buildings of the towns; the mountains, lakes, and plains; the furniture of the rooms; the very dress and fashions of the age—are painted. In prose fiction, too, a similar change has taken place. Fielding and Smollett were absolutely indifferent to the "scenery" of their stories; to the surroundings, whether of still or animated life, in which their creatures lived and moved; and, with a few exceptions, the events which they narrate, leave on the reader the impression that they have happened nowhere in particular and everywhere in general. They write up "Bath," as the dramatist of Sir Philip Sidney's day wrote up "Thebes," over an old door. The modern novelist, on the other hand, does his best to exhibit the reciprocal influence of the personages and their environment—of town and country, of habit and vesture, of naked character and clothing circumstance.

To some extent literature and the arts have learned this lesson from the stage; and now the stage is required to unlearn it for itself. It is said that carpentry and costume divert the mind from the play itself. That is a question for each individual observer. If any one finds his mind diverted from the necessary business of the play to

carpentry and costume, the fact may be due to a certain frivolity of temper in himself. He should correct the habit, and cultivate a faculty of closer attention. In the experience of others, the effect of scenery and music, passively filling the eye and ear and so appeasing the senses, is to leave the mind disengaged for its own intellectual work. According to Sir Philip Sidney, the real strain upon "the miserable beholders" of his time was due to the effort to better the miracle of Amphion—*Movit Amphion lapides canendo*—and from the bare word "Thebes" written over an old door, to build up its towers, and people its streets. This was more than Sir Philip felt his feeble powers of imagination equal to. His fancy required the assistance of the carpenter and scene-painter, being unable to convert the bare stage successively into a garden, a rock, a cave, and a battlefield. In an old play, a duellist challenges his adversary to fight at the town's end. They make a step or two on the stage, without quitting it, and with the explanatory remark addressed to the audience, "Now we are at the town's end," proceed to fight. Any one who chooses may contend that this is the true method, and there is something to be said for it. What is indefensible is the half and half method, which conceding something to scenery and historic accuracy, yet does it so grudgingly as to raise doubt and dissatisfaction in the spectator, and by making the accessories the subjects of misgiving and complaint, really diverts the mind from the action, which a complete satisfaction of the senses would leave at freedom for its proper task. If the principle of scenery and accuracy of costume is admitted at all, the magnificence of Henry's VIII.'s Court, the most splendid and lavish of the most splendid and lavish period in Europe, should be represented with corresponding magnificence. That was the background which was in the conception of the author. The first producers of the play, when they set it forth with such extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty as they were able to compass, endeavoured to realise it to the perception of the audience. Mr. Irving legitimately aims to meet a similar expectation with ampler resources. In one respect it is to be hoped that the precedent of 1613 will not be followed in 1892. The play of "Henry VIII." had its baptism of fire: the Globe Theatre was burnt down on the first performance, having been set in flames through the discharge of the "chambers" which announced Henry's masqued visit to Cardinal Wolsey. Happily nothing perished in "the fatal period of that virtuous fabric" but the virtuous fabric itself and a few forsaken cloaks. "Only one man," Sir Henry remarks, "had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out by bottle ale."

"Henry VIII." is interesting as being the epilogue of that great series of English historic plays, of which King John is the prologue,

a series which taught Marlborough and Chatham all they knew of English history, and which Mr. Carlyle declares to be in essence and spirit the truest history of England ever written. "Henry VIII." is also interesting as being, according to most Shakespearean chronologists, the last of his plays. It was first produced in 1613. In what proportion it was Shakespeare's is a question which has been much discussed. Mrs. Kitty, in "High Life Below Stairs," anticipated Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly with the question, "Who wrote 'Shikspur'?" though, unlike them, she did not venture dogmatically to answer her own inquiry. Early in the history of criticism the revising and correcting hand of Ben Jonson was supposed to be visible in it. The latest theory is that it was the joint production of Shakespeare and his younger contemporary, John Fletcher, to whom the passages most commonly admired, the show speeches, the purple patches, are generally assigned. The critical analyst cuts very finely and exactly. The prologue, we are told, is Fletcher's. Act i. scenes 1 and 2, dealing with the arrest of Buckingham, his committal to the Tower, the appeal of Queen Katherine against Wolsey on behalf of the taxed and pilled Commons, and the accusation of Buckingham by his surveyor are Shakespeare's. To Fletcher are put down scenes 3 and 4 of act i., giving the gossip and scandal of the Court and the masked ball at Cardinal Wolsey's, at which Henry first sees Anne Boleyn. Fletcher also, we are told, is responsible for act ii. scenes 1 and 2, in which Buckingham's trial is described, and which disclose Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn and hint at Katherine's divorce. Scene 3 of the same act, in which letters of nobility are offered to Anne Boleyn, and scene 4, the trial of Queen Katherine, are Shakespeare's. Act iii. scene 1, where Katherine is at work with her women, and is waited upon by Wolsey and Campeius, is Fletcher's. Scene 2 of act iii. containing the conspiracy of the nobles against Wolsey, and the intimation of the King's disfavour, up to the stage direction, "Exit the King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering," is Shakespeare's. From this point to the end of the scene, Fletcher's hand is recognised, in the exchange of defiances between the fallen Wolsey and the exulting nobles; the celebrated "Farewell" soliloquy and pathetic confessions and counsel to Cromwell. Act iv. scene 1, the coronation pageant of Anne Boleyn, and scene 2, the vision of Queen Katherine and her farewell speeches to her friends and servants, are Fletcher's. Act v. scene 1, in which the plot against Cranmer is hinted, and Elizabeth's birth is announced to the King, is Shakespeare's. The remainder of the play, act v. scenes 2, 3, 4, 5—containing the King's vindication of Cranmer, and rebuke of his enemies, the christening of the infant Princess

Elizabeth, and the prophetic speech of Cranmer, together with the Epilogue, are given wholly to Fletcher.*

That there are differences of style and thought in the play of "Henry VIII.," corresponding very closely with the distribution of scenes and passages between the two dramatists has long been obvious to careful readers. As far back as 1758, Mr. Roderick, in an essay published in "Canons of Criticism," by Thomas Edwards, Esq., noticed the frequency of lines in "Henry VIII." with a redundant syllable, a postponement of the *cæsuræ* or pauses late in the line, and a conflict of the emphasis of the cadence with the natural sense, all of which, especially the first, are now recognised as notes of Fletcher's style. Mr. Roderick does not appear to have pushed his argument from the versification into an argument *ad hominem*. It was left to the late Mr. James Spedding, the eminent Baconian scholar, to take this further step, and he did so on a suggestion which vastly multiplies his own high authority. In an article on the authorship of "Henry VIII.," published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1850, he says that he had heard it casually remarked by a man of first-rate judgment that many passages in "Henry VIII." were much in the manner of Fletcher. In a later article, Mr. Spedding came to the conclusion that there was no reason why he should withhold the fact that the friend to whom he referred was Mr. Alfred Tennyson. About the same time, a little earlier I think, in his lectures on "Representative Men," which were delivered in England in 1849, and were not then probably new, Mr. Emerson remarked on the signs of two-fold authorship in "Henry VIII." He attributed parts of the play to "a superior thoughtful man with a vicious ear," whose lines are recognisable by their cadence. They are "constructed on a given tune" —he takes Wolsey's soliloquy as an example—"and his verses," he adds, "have even a trace of pulpit eloquence, while the secret of Shakespeare's metre is that the thought constructs the line, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm." The most marked peculiarity of Fletcher's metre, found of course here and there in undisputed passages of Shakespeare, but comparatively rare with him and habitual with his younger contemporary, is the redundant syllable, as it is called, the double or treble ending, lengthening a decasyllabic line into one of eleven or twelve syllables. Mr. J. W. Hales, in a contribution to the "Transactions of the New Shakspere Society," to the various articles in which I am indebted for much of the materials for this paper, has quoted the following thirty-two lines from Fletcher's "False One" (act ii. scene 1), as exhibiting

* The following list exhibits this distribution of acts and scenes:—*Act i.* sc. 1, 2, Shakespeare; sc. 3, 4, Fletcher. *Act ii.* sc. 1, 2, Fletcher; sc. 3, 4, Shakespeare. *Act iii.* sc. 1, Fletcher; sc. 2, Shakespeare and Fletcher. *Act iv.* sc. 1, 2, Fletcher. *Act v.* sc. 1, Shakespeare: sc. 2, 3, 4, 5, Fletcher.

all the marked peculiarities of his versification: (1) the extra syllable; (2) the treble ending; and (3) the full accent on the eleventh syllable:

"CÆSAR. I have heard too much;
And struggle not with garish shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest;
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it:
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you showed to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with you:
Swords, hunger, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishment of kingdoms, and whole ruins
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears
You wretched and poor seeds of sunburnt Egypt,
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror
That you cannot deceive with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his worth with human courtesies:
Go and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Haste round about his pall, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and placet his phenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mong the worthies."

Compare these lines, so far as the versification is concerned, with Wolsey's soliloquy ("Henry VIII." act iii. scene 2):

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers on a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

The identity not merely of the metrical cadence but of the sort of plaintive monotone in the sentiment is complete, and out of "Henry VIII." can hardly be found in any undisputed passage of Shakespeare's of equal length.

The peculiarity of Shakespeare's metre, especially in his later plays in which his versification became his own, and ceased to be modelled upon that of any of his predecessors, was that it was shaped by the thought—the rhythm, as Emerson puts it, following the meaning, with it may be even an excessive disregard of convention. Under this general principle fall the technical peculiarities which critics have described as light endings which allow a slight stress to be laid on the concluding syllable of the line; weak endings on which not even such stress is possible, but which have in reading to be run on with the following line. Of the light endings such lines as

"An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber *when*
These suns of glory," &c.

"I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that *have*
By this so sickened," &c.

Of the weak endings:

"What did this vanity
But minister communication *of*
A most poor issue?"

"This top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, *but*
From sincere motives, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July *when*
We see each grain of gravel," &c.

Professor Ingram, who has worked out with reference to the authorship of "Henry VIII." this question of light and weak endings, which he finds to mark all the works of Shakespeare belonging to his later period, says there are forty-five light endings in the Shakespearean portion as against seven in Fletcher's part, and thirty-seven weak endings in Shakespeare as against one in Fletcher, the number of lines belonging to each in the whole play, if Mr. Fleay's arithmetic be right, being Shakespeare 1146, Fletcher 1467. These peculiarities of Shakespeare's later versification, and that which is known as the end-stopped line, Mr. Ingram is disposed to consider simply as instances of what Mr. Spedding calls the pause test, which groups the versification of Shakespeare according to accents or pauses following the course of the author's thought, and not any mechanical law.

The probability is that Shakespeare's abandonment of rhyme was simply the precursor of those modifications of his metrical system which led him to distribute his blank verse according to the transitions of thought, now running the lines together, and now breaking them up by pauses and accents, after that conversational fashion which, according to Aristotle, naturally falls into iambics. Dr. Abbott notices the contrast between the jarring consonants to which Shakespeare is prone, and the smoothness of Fletcher's style. The contrast goes deeper. The sudden transitions and self-interruptions, the movement of conflicting feelings, the crowding of half-formed thought upon half-formed thought, which mark even soliloquy in Shakespeare and which are still more apparent in the eager exchanges of dialogue, are wholly unlike the long utterances, all in one unvarying key of Fletcher. The Buckingham, and Wolsey, and the Queen Katherine of the parts of "Henry VIII." which are attributed to Fletcher are creatures of one mood only, expressed in the same sweet but monotonous cadence. The Buckingham, and Wolsey, and Katherine of the passages attributed to Shakespeare are creatures of a score of shifting moods, expressing themselves with an infinite variety of cadence, pause and inflexion in the same speech.

It does not follow from what has preceded that "The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.," by William Shakespeare, should be known as "The Famous History," &c., by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher. If there were any positive testimony, however slight, that Fletcher had had anything to do with the play, if there were even a theatrical tradition to that effect, it would raise the evidence of style to a high degree of probability. But every one who has applied "the higher criticism" to contemporary events knows how the discovery of a simple fact may convert moral certainties into ridiculous absurdities. The Fletcher argument applied to a great poet of our own century might establish that Walter Savage Landor had written some of Mr. Browning's poems, and Leigh Hunt others. An author often has a pleasure in being unlike himself. Shakespeare may have chosen once in a way to show that he could write in the style of the young man who was becoming the fashion, that he could beat Fletcher in his own manner. Poets are prone to experiments of style. The one thing noteworthy is that both the Fletcher manner and the late Shakespeare manner are conspicuous in "Henry VIII."; that the passages which the different styles discriminate are easily recognisable, and that the theory of the double authorship, whether true or false, has led to very good criticism of the characteristics of the two poets.

The fortunes of Wolsey were the subject of plays before the production of "Henry VIII.," if the piece acted in 1613 were, as Wotton's description of it makes almost certain, the drama as we now have it.

Plays by Chettle, of which the great Cardinal was the hero, were acted in the lifetime of Elizabeth ; and there is mention of an "Enterlude of King Henry VIII." in the *Stationer's Books* for 1604–5, of all which nothing further is known than the names. That portions of the play, as we now have it, were written during the reign of James I. is probably from the complimentary mention made of that Sovereign in Cranmer's prediction. That its composition was near to the period of its production is inferred by Mr. Watkins Lloyd from the reference to James I. as the maker of new nations, in which he detects an allusion to the colonisation of Virginia, which received a charter in 1612. In the comparison of James to a mountain cedar, extending its branches to all the plains below him, Mr. Lloyd sees a reference to the marriage, a few months before the production of the play, of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine. These interpretations depend on the assumption that the play as it stands comes from Shakespeare's hands alone. On the opposite assumption of the participation of Fletcher, Mr. Spedding conjectures that Shakespeare had written portions of a great historical play, dealing with the story of Henry's reign from the divorce of Katherine to the separation of the English from the Roman Church. His comrades of the Globe wanting a piece with which to celebrate the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the eldest daughter of James I., Shakespeare handed his fragments to them to make what use they could of them, and they put them into the hands of Fletcher to finish as best he might. Considering the funereal character of the Prologue, and the suggestion with which it closes that the events set forth are calculated to make a "man weep upon his wedding-day," the theory of an epithalamic origin of the play seems rather wild. The joyful celebration of Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn was presented on this theory before a bridal pair who knew how that marriage had terminated, and who would find in it a third example, even more terrible than those of Wolsey and Katherine, of the way in which "mightiness meets misery."

All these conjectures, and a host of similar ones by Karl Elze and other German critics, have value as calling attention to certain features of the play, but very little as explanations of them. Its character is such as it would have had *if* it had been written by more than one hand, or by the same hand at different times and in different moods, and with a different purpose. It is, in fact, a play with three different endings ; or three plays with one beginning. The first play terminates with the death of Cardinal Wolsey ; the second with the dying scene of Queen Katherine ; the third with the christening of Elizabeth. It is therefore by no means a good acting play, though its three principal characters afford splendid opportunities for the actor's art. Besides this, it is in the scenes attributed to Shakespeare

a wonderful study of character, a picture of the manners of a period when the old world was passing into the new, a revival of the pageantry and splendour of a Court at a time when in England splendour and pageantry had departed from the Court, a delineation of great men and great controversies in an age of small men and paltry intrigues.

The play extends over twelve years. But Shakespeare, as is usual with him, is little concerned about dates. From 1521, in which the first scene is placed, we pass to 1527, and back again, taking account, at the earlier date, of events happening in 1525, '28, and '29. Wolsey's death in 1530 is made immediately to precede that of Queen Katherine, who lived five years longer to intrigue with the Pope and Emperor against Henry. Both of those events are made contemporary with the coronation of Anne Boleyn, which took place three years after the former, and two years before the latter. The plot against Cranmer in 1544 is fixed eleven years before the actual occurrence. Cromwell, in 1529, is able to inform Wolsey of Cranmer's return from Germany in 1533, and of Anne Boleyn's marriage with the King in the same year. Two Dukes of Norfolk are rolled into one. The peaceful interval of his York residence, between Wolsey's first disgrace and final ruin, is omitted, and there are other inaccuracies. We do not mention these things by way of disparagement. The chain is not the less precious metal because it is tangled. Shakespeare has rights almost as complete over time and space as Nature and History themselves; and if, by transpositions and re-arrangements, he is able to make a history of his own, and to exhibit characters in their working as they acted on others, and were acted on by others and by outward incidents—why should he not do so? His Wolsey, and Henry, and Katherine have something like a real existence of their own, and are probably closer to their originals than the Wolsey, and Henry, and Katherine of Mr. Brewer and Mr. Froude. It is the work of the historian, says Aristotle, to describe things as they are (which, indeed, he is seldom able to do, usually describing them as they could not possibly have been), and of the poet to describe them as they might have been, in the execution of which task he is sometimes able to make a close approach to what they actually were.

Confining ourselves to the three main characters of the play, what is the image of Henry, Katherine, and Wolsey at the opening of the drama which the actors should bring upon the stage? The moody tyrant, who spared no man in his anger and no woman in his lust, and the unwieldy monster who could scarcely move from his chair, was then not even to be foreseen. In 1521 Henry was thirty years old. In personal beauty, in gallantry of bearing, in mental and physical accomplishments, in refined and intellectual tastes, he was the *flos regum*. Sebastian Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador,

describes him, a little more than a year before the date at which Shakespeare brings him before us, as extremely handsome—the handsomest Sovereign in Europe; Francis I. not being a touch upon him—and the best dressed Monarch in the world.

The same ambassador was thrown into ecstasies by his physical accomplishments and his sports, "doing the most marvellous things both in dancing and jumping," very fond of disguising himself and his companions in masks, and of showing off in joust and tournaments, being a perfect master of horsemanship.*

Niccolo Sagudino, the secretary to the Embassy, writing some years earlier, was still more enthusiastic:

> "His Majesty is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes on; above the middle height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg; his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair, combed straight and short in the French fashion; and a round face so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman."

About his legs Henry seems to have been inordinately vain, and even jealous. He appears to have been gratified at being told by Piero Pasqualigo, a Venetian ambassador, that the French king had spare legs, and, on receiving this answer, "he opened the front of his doublet, and placing his hand on his thigh, said, 'Look here, and I have also a good calf to my leg.'"† He played the lute, the organ, and the harpsichord; and he composed music, and could sing from book at sight. He spoke French, Latin, Spanish, and Italian. He discussed theology with Wolsey and More, and medicine with Dr. Butts, with some result, as a manuscript in the British Museum shows.‡ The formality of the Court of Henry VII.—which was not, however, wholly due, as Mr. Brewer thinks, to the precisian character of that monarch and to his ecclesiastic Ministers, Morton and Fox, for under Edward IV. Court ceremonial was even more burthensome—was entirely laid aside by Henry VIII. He was passionately fond of children, says Mr. Brewer, and carried his little daughter Mary in his arms into the presence-chamber among the courtiers and ambassadors, where she was made more of than the Queen herself.§ He had a fascinating openness and cordiality of manner. More described his affability and courtesy to all men as so great that every one left him believing himself to be in special favour with him, just as citizens' wives thought that the image of Our Lady smiled upon them as they prayed to it. No doubt the Henry of 1521 and earlier was not altogether the Henry of 1533 and later, in character and in manner any more than in years. It would task an accomplished actor to mark the gracious beginning and the gradual decline.

* "Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. (1515–19)," i. 91. Venetian Despatches, translated by Rawdon Brown, ii. 313.

† *Ibid.* i. 97.

‡ Brewer's "Henry VIII.," i. 233.

§ *Ibid.* i. 322.

The Queen Katherine of the play is, perhaps, in some respects farther than any other of its leading characters from the historic original. Born in December 1485, the fifth and youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, she was six years Henry's elder, being in her thirty-sixth year at the opening of the play. Giustiniani admits that she is not handsome, but praises her complexion. His colleague, Sagudino, more plain-spoken, says, "She is rather ugly than otherwise." She was religious, says Giustiniani, "and as virtuous as words can express." Erasmus speaks of her as, for her sex, a miracle of literature; and her mother had taken care that all her daughters should be instructed in the domestic arts, spinning, sewing, and embroidery. Cavendish, describing Wolsey's interview with him, at which she was present, says she had skeins of white wool round her neck. Another contemporary speaks of her as "of a lively and gracious disposition, quite the opposite of the Queen her sister" (Joan of Spain, the mad mother of the Emperor Charles V.). It is certain that Henry at first was deeply in love with her, and long remained sincerely attached to her, as his letters to Ferdinand and Margaret of Savoy show. Mr. Brewer thus sums up her accomplishments: "She danced well, was a good musician, wrote and read much, and composed English much better than half the ladies in her Court. Above all, her love and admiration for Henry were unbounded. He was her hero, her paladin." * Her influence over him was shown by the fact that, like a living Empress, she persuaded him to remove a beard of which she disapproved, though he had vowed not to shave till he met Francis I.† Mr. Brewer says that she only took part in politics to please King Henry, but this does not seem to be borne out by the facts. She strenuously supported the alliance of Henry and her nephew, Charles V., opposing the meeting of Henry and Francis I., and even speaking in Council against it. While Henry was engaged in France, she was the directress of the war with James IV. of Scotland. She was always more of a Spaniard than an Englishwoman; and is described as having acted, while Queen-Consort, practically as ambassadress of Spain to England. She spoke Spanish more willingly than English, and Cavendish, who was present, describes her celebrated appeal to the King at the trial as having been made in broken English. She seems to have been a woman in whom princely pride and Spanish punctiliousness gave in her late years, and under the sense of gross injustice, a certain rigid obstinacy of virtue. In her urgent entreaty to the Pope and Emperor to declare and enforce the deposition of Henry she believed his submission would follow, and that she was really promoting his eternal interests and the well-being of England. A docile, submissive wife she certainly was not; nor is there any reason why she should have been. The picture drawn by

* Brewer's "Henry VIII.," i. 115. † *Ibid.* i. 320.

Shakespeare subdues and softens her real character to the pathetic sadness of her fortune.

The hero of the play is, however, Wolsey, and, in its main features, the character drawn by Shakespeare is probably truer than that to be found elsewhere. In 1521, when he is introduced crossing the stage exchanging disdainful glances with Buckingham, he was fifty years of age, and had for eight years been in possession of almost supreme power in England. Giustiniani says that he was very handsome; but the satirists, Skelton and Roy, describe him as marked by the small-pox, "with a flap before his eye," or, as Mr. Brewer interprets it, a hanging eyelid, in which disfigurement he finds the reason of Holbein's giving in his picture of him his side-face only.* Giustiniani remarks that, when he first came to England, Wolsey used to say, "His Majesty will do so and so." This afterwards slid into the phrase, "We shall do so and so." "At this present," he adds, "he has reached such a pitch that he says, 'I shall do so and so.'" His manners to the King and to the members of the Royal House are described as being frank and cordial, partaking rather of the ease of almost equal friendship than of an undue servility, being in this respect the reflection, perhaps, of Henry's own graceful familiarity. To the great nobles, with whom his life was a long struggle, and who vilified him, now as the son of a butcher, now as the illegitimate spawn of Edward IV.—untruths, probably, both, which Skelton combines in the couplet:

> "He came out of the sink royal,
> That was cast out of a butcher's stall"—

he replied with "the scorn of scorn, the hate of hate." To the poor and dependent he was kindly in manner, doing equal justice, and protecting them from oppression in the courts. His diplomatic processes did not always display the distinguished consideration which marks the conduct of like business now. On one occasion he took, it is said, the Papal Nuncio by the throat, and threatened him with the rack, to make him confess his communications with France. He menaced Giustiniani with serious consequences if he wrote anything out of the kingdom without his knowledge, "gnawing the cane which he held in his hand." His personal pomp and display are notorious. The two silver crosses and pillars which were borne before him, the richness of his dress and that of his followers and the tribe of attendant nobles, were the subjects of attack in Puritanic sermons; but Wolsey justified them in argument with one of the divines who had accused him, on grounds which might be used now, that they symbolised the majesty of State, and, if turned into money and given to the poor, would not sensibly relieve

* Brewer's "Henry VIII.," i. 60.

anybody. He showed his courage by remaining in town when others fled from it during a period of pestilence; from the danger of which he endeavoured to protect himself by habitually carrying with him an orange (the interior of which had been removed) filled with aromatic vinegar and spices. His fall, which was not due to his having put the wrong letter into an envelope that he sent to the King—the incident was real, but the person was another ecclesiastic—was not met by him with the dignified resignation which the dramatist attributes to him. He was so affected by his disgrace that "his face," as the French ambassador reported, "is dwindled to half its natural size." On receiving a friendly message from the King, he scrambled off his mule and knelt in the mud, pouring out hysteric thanks; and was too weak to remount the animal. The strange mixture of haughtiness, arrogant self-confidence, generosity, and servility, sinking into abject self-abasement, is sufficiently indicated in the play, though the outlines are softened. But there is reason to believe that the breakdown was physical quite as much as moral. He died worn out, under sixty, because, as Mr. Brewer argues, he insisted on retaining the whole power of the State in his hands when his bodily powers and mental flexibility were impaired.

FRANK H. HILL.

A NEW CAPITALIST.

I.

HE sat with his friend's letter in his hand, now looking at it and realising its phrases, now losing sight of the firm, clear, "wingèd words," in his dreamy and tender memories of their ancient friendship.

They had not met for seven years. And in those seven years it seemed that for both of them their souls had renewed themselves as completely as their bodies. Now they stood utterly apart. Once—then—they had stood so close. He had had but two intimate personal relationships in all his life, and they had both exerted great influence on him. One of them had passed almost away; the other still affected him powerfully. One was that of his old schoolfellow, Jack Daniel; the other was that of Charlie Goulburn, a young Irish-American "Labour leader." He had loved them both and admired them both, though in very different ways. He was not aware of it, but the lines on which he at last prepared to answer Daniel's cordial and even affectionate invitation to come and visit him were laid down more or less under the direct influence of the conscience of the other friend far away.

He wrote at first slowly and with effort, tearing up more than one false start, but at last his actual feeling became clear to him, and the pen raced.

"My dear Daniel," he said——

"My dear Daniel,—Your letter gave me, as you can well imagine, the greatest pleasure. It brought back the full flood-tide of the memories of our boyhood and youth together. You cannot think how vividly some of our last nocturnal walks and talks *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis* still present themselves to me. I can positively *see* us and *hear* us as we wandered about on that peerless summer's night through St. John's Wood (do you remember?), and stood and

watched the dawn break from the upper ground by Primrose Hill. And again, that night down at Ventnor, when we went off for our winter holiday, how the downs were covered with a thin cloak of white snow, glistening faintly in the faint light of the crescent moon and the myriad stars; and then how we tramped all along the shore of the much-resounding sea to Luccombe Chine, and came back in the glorious dawn through the Landslip.

"Ah! those were careless and delightful days, such as neither you (I expect) nor I shall ever quite regain. We seemed to be very close together then, and yet I can see now how far away from one another we were in reality. When we parted that pouring rainy night in Edgware Road I could have cried. You meant very much to me then—I thought, everything. Brought up as I had been, a passionate believer in my *caste*, proud of my ancestral name, a ruthless young Tory, with no redeeming feature but his equally passionate belief in the creed of *Noblesse oblige*, you came to me as a sort of liberator from ideas, fine enough once perhaps, but now effete and harmful. You transformed my silly pride by teaching me the rights of others to work out their own salvation. You made me doubt and deny the heaven-born certainty of the mission of my *caste* to 'lead.' You showed me the physiological absurdity of 'high birth,' and the ridicule of taking mere social observances seriously. And all this (and how much more!) without a hard or cruel word, merely with gentleness, tact, and the indirect influence of your beautiful, kind and serene personality. How was it, then, that, six months after my arrival in the States, I had ceased to write to you and you to me? That in twelve months we had lost all trace of one another? That in a few years I had grown to believe that all the actual product of our friendship was the sweetness of the intercourse of two young souls? Whether it was quite the same with you, I cannot, of course, be sure, but it seems likely enough. I had nothing to teach you—absolutely nothing. You never took Capital and its interests and obligations seriously. The fact of your father's immense wealth, and the little army of workpeople dependent on him, seemed to have little or no effect upon you. How disinterested you were in your philosophic consideration of everything! True, that in those days your elder brother was being trained for the management of the mills and factories, and you purposed to lead the life of the cultured *dilettante*; but your Liberalism—your Radicalism—I might almost say your Socialism (for as such I now recognise at least portions of your criticisms on the Fact Established), often called in question the just existence of the whole thing; and so I received it.

"How is all this changed to-day! Four years ago, in the midst of desperate organising work in Chicago as a Labour agent—or, in your current parlance, I suppose, a 'paid agitator'—I suddenly heard

your name. The Christian name accompanying the surname could leave me in little doubt that it was my old friend who had stamped out, with an utterly ruthless energy, perhaps the most justifiable strike against the tyrannous iniquity of Capital that had occurred in England within the memory of man. By degrees I obtained more and more information on the subject, and it ended at last in convincing me of a horrible view of you. I remember well the evening when I first received the unescapable proof of this. Daniel, I went up into my wretched little bedroom in the icy loneliness of that cruel winter's night, with the blizzard lashing the rickety, trembling house, and lay on my face and sobbed (for I could not cry) over all that dear sweet past of ours, and then rose, with my teeth clenched, and a murderous hatred and scorn of you burning like white-hot iron within me. It was long and long before that passed, and something like the kindly human tolerance we ultimately owe to all who are made of this frail flesh of ours came to me, for you. You see I am just the same vehement, passionate 'partisan' that I always was, save, perhaps, that now I have lost the steady self-control which my training as an aristocrat gave me, and this I sometimes regret a little; for though it was based on the hateful sense of superiority over others, still, in this duel to the death of the possessors and the dispossessed, it is an instrument of the utmost value. Yes, I have grown to loathe and hate and despise my order from recognising its endless harmfulness; but, believe me, that, if it is possible, I despise and hate and loathe even more the order below it—the Middle class, the Bourgeoisie; and this is the one ground of contact between my past and my present. Let me say at least this for my order. There are still men and women in it ready to admit the New Light, and to sacrifice themselves for it. Show to them the iniquity of their former privilege, and they will, many of them, voluntarily renounce it all, and throw in their lot with the exploited sufferers. Abuse the eighteenth-century French aristocrats as you please, but under Louis XVI. they were, many of them, noble and unselfish to a pitch unheard-of in any other dominant class in all history. But your Middle class—your Bourgeoisie? Never, never! At all costs, save sheer 'funk,' they must have their pound (and somebody else's half-pound) of flesh. Oh, I have not lived seven years in the States without realising that the English landlord is an angel of reasonableness and mercy beside the American capitalist; and what is the American capitalist but the apotheosis of the *Bourgeois Imperator?* I have more hopes (small though they be) of our English gentlemen than of our English plutocrats, and of these last, you, my one time friend, have made yourself one of the most—famous. Do you know the reputation you have among the workmen of the period? For such reputations are international now, and the Labour leader of Chicago or Sydney listens to the story of the Capitalistic leader of

London, or Paris, or Berlin. You are more hated and more feared than any one capitalist in England; and this is the man without whose aid and guidance I should, in all human probability, to-day be the titled master of vast landed possessions, a waster of farms in the interests of game preserves, an expeller of men, women and children, for the sake of hares, partridges and grouse.

"My friend (I still call you so, just as I still speak to you with absolute candour, for the sake of the memory of the old time), what should we gain by seeing one another now, and making, as perhaps we should make, the effort to renew the ancient intercourse? Let me recall to you the fact that the very palace (for so I am told it is) from which your letter came to me calls up the most hideous memories. Was it not at the courtyard gates of Felixstowe that a deputation of starving women, with starving children in their arms and at their milkless breasts, came to you at the bitter close of the strike, and told you that, if their husbands could not be taken on again, death stared them in the face? How could I approach those gates, and pass through them, and enter your house as your guest—as your friend?

"No, Daniel, no! Our paths lie in contrary directions, and must, right to the end. A chance gave you the means of writing to me. You took it, and for what you wrote I thank you. It was like a voice coming from the happiest period of my life. I answer you the only way that seems to me worthy of our old relationship, so true, so pure, so noble. Do not think me harsh and Pharisaical. I do not judge you—no, not for a minute. God knows I have had temptations enough in these years of dark and desperate combat, and there have been times when I came near to yielding. For to me, too, beauty and knowledge are very dear—art and music, literature and science. I too would 'fain occupy myself with the abiding.' But *that*, I think, can never be. *That* must be for our children's children, if even for them. But whenever it be, provided only that it be—not for a handful of them—not for a few—no, nor even for many of them, but for *all*—then I should indeed be content! Oh, it is worth fighting and dying a thousand times to possess such a hope!

"My friend, once more, your hand—for the last time. Good-bye.

"GERALD HASTINGS."

II.

Later in the next afternoon, sitting alone in a Russell Square boarding-house, in his bare and comfortless room, and thoroughly wearied out by a hard day's work, Hastings was suddenly aroused by a knock at the door, and informed by the servant-maid that a gentleman had come to see him, and was waiting downstairs. He

followed her heedlessly to the drawing-room, where the gaunt and infrequent furniture looked more than ordinarily characterless and dingy in the one flaring gas-jet that she had evidently just lit. He expected some of his propagandist friends—he did not, in that dreary humour, care to guess which. He found himself face to face with Daniel.

For some moments they stood and looked at one another, motionless and in silence, each recognising how much, and yet (in some way) how little, the other was changed, and then Hastings heaved a deep sigh, and turned his head away.

"Gerald, old man," said the well-known voice, with just the old musical inflection, "can't you trust me?"

Hastings looked at him quickly.

The soft, intensely black hair waved round the olive-hued face with its soft, intensely black eyes, full of a kindly, fearless and simple sincerity, just as of old. The smiling self-security of the beautifully moulded lips and chin was not hid by the slight dark moustache. The physical charm of him, that something which had captivated the English aristocrat schoolboy from the very moment when he first saw his friend—that something, too, of the picturesque and oriental element in the habitually calm, yet intensely resolute nature of the swarthy Northerner;—it was singular how at this moment "the full flood-tide" (as he had said) of all these memories, the sweet and sane physical magnetism, with its spiritual counterpart of serene and perfect sincerity, touched with passion and mystery, caught and overwhelmed him, making him, despite himself, love and believe in his friend once more.

A minute later they were seated side by side on the faded and torturous sofa, talking like two schoolboys, Daniel's arm resting lightly on the other's shoulder.

"Now, Gerald," he said, "I want you to come right off with me. We will get down home in time for dinner, and then we will talk up in a starry turret till the dawn breaks, just as we used to do, and tell one another everything we have been doing and thinking and suffering all these seven years."

After a short struggle with his friend's half-hearted reluctance, Daniel had his wish; led him down to the open carriage that was waiting at the door; put him into it; got in himself, and they drove off rapidly together.

"We have time," said he, "to drive all the way. We shall be in the fields and lanes in an hour, crossing into the sunset, and we shall feel the purity and beauty of things breathe full in our faces again."

"And so," said Hastings, a little dreamily, "you are married. Have you any children?"

"Yes, three; two boys and a girl, though (happily) the girl comes in the middle in point of order."

"Talk to me," murmured Hastings; "tell me about yourself. Do you know what I feel," he added, with vague, sad eyes regarding the stream of foot-passengers, "as I sit here in this luxurious carriage, and watch the pale and piteous faces? Oh, you will have much, very much, to explain to me!"

"Dear man, do you already repent that you trusted me?"

"No, no. I trust you: indeed I do. But it is hard. Perhaps some of those women in shawls there . . . ." The vision of the lugubrious procession to the gate of Felixstowe rose before him.

"Oh, talk to me!" he said quickly. "Tell me all about yourself! What did you do when I left England? Who is your wife? Is she beautiful? Was it she who made you believe in the Established Fact and fight for it? Weak women can do it to the strongest men, just as the fragile ground-creeper grows to strangle the giant tropical tree, and blooms in a wealth of poisonous honeyed blossom in its dying top before both fall in a common ruin."

There was a pause.

Then Daniel said: "I will try and tell you what you want to know, which seems to be the outline of my life since we parted. What underlies this—the spiritual struggle in the dark before I could win my way to any light—we can speak of another time; to-night, if you like, when we are alone."

The carriage, drawn by its two thoroughbreds, passed swiftly along by unfrequented streets, and the roar of the London traffic died away into a continuous murmur, still loud, but not loud enough to muffle the clear melodious voice of the speaker.

"You remember," he said, "that I wrote one or two letters to you at the ranche in Texas, telling you how Oxford impressed me, and I fancy that even then—that is, before I had been there more than a month—I felt I could not put up with much more of it. It was so obviously merely a continuation of Harrow, and I wanted something fresh and new. I wished to face life as a whole by touching it at many points, and Oxford to-day is at best the clever synopsis of academic monotony. My father, chiefly owing to my mother, who had always a blind confidence in me, and to the lethargy consequent on growing ill-health, let me have my own way. I left at the end of the second term, and went to study in Paris. There, a few months later, I lost sight of you. A letter to you at the ranche was returned to me, with the intelligence that you had gone away and left no address; and it was, I see, just about that time that I discovered I was becoming as hopelessly restless and dissatisfied as I had been at Oxford. Renan was a great personal disappointment to me. A teacher of spirituality and an ideal philosophy was visibly ending in gourmandise, and his

epicurean remorse (I mean his remorse for not having been an epicure) was not to my taste. Thus, presently, I found myself in Jena, seeking out Ernst Häckel, as a sort of moral tonic for a relaxed soul. But there, too, I found disillusionment, disgust, and the old unrest. Häckel's limitations are fearful. A scientific Philistine with genius, who speaks of France as a frivolous abode of barbarism, and is training up mobs of young yellow-haired people in the full fervour of this outrageous creed of third-rate Teutonic Chauvinism, could not satisfy me long. Then I went off to Italy and Sicily, with a dear little Jew antiquarian, a Herr Doctor of Jena, and helped him to get together materials for a monograph on the Saracens in Europe, till the old restlessness came upon me once again—not this time in the shape of a personal disgust and disillusionment (it was quite the contrary); but I felt as if I were somehow blindly and unconsciously wasting myself in side-issues, and that the one great subject of my time—the genuine *Zeit-geist*—was escaping me. This made me very dissatisfied and discontented, and the more so as I for long and long utterly failed to diagnose my disease."

He paused, and Hastings listened to him with growing interest.

"Suddenly I seemed to realise myself, and I cannot tell you what joy my discovery gave me. The social problem was the one great subject of my time. It was the one question that entirely deserved and imperiously claimed a solution. Literature, art, and science were all good and to be pursued with all our strength; but what, as it were, gave the keynote to them all was the social problem. Men are, and always must be, the one supremely important subject to man—men as they live and move and have their being in this actual earth of ours to-day. The old solution to the question was—as any clear-eyed and intelligent person could see—utterly inadequate. What was the new solution? *Was* there a new solution?"

Once more he paused.

"It is strange," said Hastings, "how closely, so far, we both developed together."

"Before this, as you know, I had dabbled in Sociology, as I had dabbled in literature, art, and science, though without idea or method. Now I determined to set about it in earnest. And, as in all forms of the acquirement of knowledge, two things are necessary—namely, thought and experience, and that comes to mean good books and seeing things with your own eyes—I determined that I would go into the East-end of London, and still more the South, to study my question on the spot. Well, I had soon the very best opportunities. The religious people—the Salvation Army, and our own Church of England mission workers—received me cordially; and so, after a little suspicion, did the more or less secularising Socialists and Labour propagandists. For I was ready with both hard work and hard cash

(up to a reasonable extent), and the combination is too powerful an one to be long resisted. That was five years ago, and I stopped at it for a year without the break of a day, and should have stopped probably for twice as long but for a series of unexpected events."

"Yes?" said Hastings.

"My father, mother, and brother all died within a few months. The first death I was prepared for; perhaps, even, for the second (for my mother had recently suffered from a severe illness, and she was deeply attached to my father); but my brother's death—and that means the manner and accompanying circumstances of it—administered to me what was in very reality a rude shock. I knew very little about him. We had seemed from our earliest childhood to have little or nothing in common, and had each gone his own way. Lately he had married, and his wife had died in childbed, the baby perishing also. For the last five or six years he had practically managed the whole of the huge Daniel business, and I had not been a soldier, and perhaps I may say a captain, in the Labour army without being well aware how rigorously and inhumanely he had done it. A severe and neglected cold suddenly developed into violent congestion of the lungs, and a telegram under his name summoned me without delay to his bedside. What followed was beyond expression pitiful. The poor fellow, in his fear that he might be beyond words when I arrived, had dictated a letter to me. The moment I entered, the nurse, at his nervously eager command, read it aloud to me in his presence. It was a stern, passionate appeal to my sense of duty as a man, and my sense of pride as a Daniel, to abjure my lazy and cowardly dilettantism—to take on the management of the business, and to preserve it to our name. I was the last of the Daniels. He could not believe I would let one of the first names in the commerce of England—a name known with honour wherever the English flag floated—be extinguished, or (what was as bad) pass into the use and abuse of strangers. Then he began to speak. Neither doctor nor nurse could stop him. He had only a few hours to live, and nothing but his terrific will-power kept him from lapsing into unconsciousness. Many thoughts passed through my mind. I had now arrived at certain distinct conclusions concerning the social problem—conclusions of which I was, however, still somewhat doubtful. Six months ago—three months ago—I should have called myself in practice an out-and-out Labour man, and in theory an out-and-out Socialist. Now I felt that I could not do so with any real sincerity. I still *felt* that I was both the one and the other, but I knew that my interpretation of the words would be very different from that of nine out of ten, or nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, of my comrades. Meantime, my brother's quavering, husky voice went on, abjuring and pleading to my ears, as the devouring seriousness of

his death-struck gaze enthralled my eyes. His insensate pride in our name struck me, of course, as antiquated and absurd, but I felt the pathos of the man's agonising soul, and I am inclined to think that it was just this little extraneous human impulse which tilted the balance. All at once I lifted his hand and said to him, slowly and deliberately, that I would take the business and devote my life to the successful carrying of it on. He gripped me tight with his sharp and bony fingers, smiled, nodded, sighed heavily, half closing his eyes, and was dead."

Once more he paused, and as they rolled on down the country road, their faces faintly lit with the red sunset, he seemed again to live in that singular and significant scene.

"Well?" said Hastings, softly.

Daniel sighed.

"A fortnight later," he said, "I received intelligence from the manager of our largest mills of what he called an *ultimatum* from the men. It was equivalent to a demand for a 10 per cent. rise in wages of the whole of the rank and file, a ten hours' day, and the reform of many abuses of 'discipline.' I had, indeed, no idea of what was really going on around me till next morning, when a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer waited on me with a copy of the last evening's paper, and a request to be permitted to ask a few questions. First, I read the paper. The personal facts were all passably correct.—I learned subsequently who supplied them. It was one of my Labour friends, who owed me everything pretty well but his existence."—(He smiled, amused.) "And so, in the main, as far as I was aware, were the facts concerning the 'abuses' in the Daniel mills. They were all admirably worked up on the usual sensational lines, and I realised like a flash that I was, indeed, as my friend the Interviewer assured me, the topic of the hour. '*What will he do with it?—An East-end Socialist Leader succeeds to the mastery of* 15,000 *workmen!—The Fortunes of the Daniels!*' —and so on. It was very funny. Then the Interviewer set on to me: Were the stories of the 'abuses' in the Daniel mills true? I believed so. I was going to see.—What should I do? I could not tell. I was going to see. And nothing else did he get from me."

Hastings nodded, his brows slightly contracted.

"Well?" he said.

"Of one thing I was resolved. I would do nothing off-hand or in haste. I went myself straight away to Morven, where the trouble had come to a head, and interviewed the manager at length. Then I interviewed a deputation of the men. Then I tried to interview some of the workmen and workwomen separately. The state of excitement in the mill—indeed, in all our mills—was (I saw at once) intense. I think the workpeople had a vague idea that there was about to be a scramble for the Daniel millions, and they all had a right to be in it. In three

days I was facing at first a suspicious and then a savage opposition. Suddenly I was given a week's notice to accede to the men's demands, or there would be a general strike. On the top of this, three of my old London friends—Labour leaders—came down, and at once sought me out. I put the matter clearly before them. They began by demurring a little, asking why I didn't accede to the men's demands before, instead of after, my investigation; but ultimately agreed to do their best to avoid the strike; and late the next night I was told I should be given a fortnight, but that, at the end of that time, I must meet my men, or take the consequences. One of the three ambassadors told me bluntly that there was nothing else to do but capitulate. He had never seen men more resolute and solid, and public opinion was behind them. Meantime the Press had let me drop somewhat, stirring foreign events having happened unexpectedly; but Tory, Liberal, and Radical newspapers, all alike took the same tone of cynical expectation, and in my inmost heart I felt that they would not, from their own point of view, be disappointed."

"Ah?" said Hastings.

"I began my investigation," proceeded Daniel, calmly, "and in the teeth of much opposition, working day and night, carried it through, my three Labour friends sardonically 'assisting' me. At the end, I had three clear days in which to mature my proposals, and I insisted on being left absolutely alone. I knew what a momentous decision I was to make. Several times, I will admit, I felt inclined to throw up my hands, and let the men have their own way in everything. For it was utterly clear to me that they meant fight, and savage fight, on any other contingency. Might not these latest Socialistic conclusions of mine be wrong, and my old practical theory of letting the unions (they had organised a union now) practically administer things in its own fashion, be right? It was a long and severe struggle, and it might have ended either way. But a new event decided it beyond all question. A threatening deputation broke in on me. This was too much. I came down to the great meeting of my men with my proposals, based absolutely on the new, and not on the old conclusions. I had often spoken before in public during the last year in London, but this was obviously something quite beyond all that, and I was quite prepared for violence. Yet I felt strangely dreamy and lethargic. I suppose I was tired out with the stress of work. The silence when I rose was acute—almost painful. I could see nobody. It was not till I was well on in my speech, and the tempest was gathering, that I rapidly regained my self-mastery, and all the faces came out as clearly as in the noontide sun. I began by taking the abuses in 'discipline'—chiefly fines for being late and talking and 'fooling' during work-hours. Many I abolished; others I reduced to merely nominal sums, even for the old wages received. A low,

strong buzzing, distinctly favourable in character, greeted me at the conclusion of the list. Then came the question of salaries. All the overseers leaped up 50 per cent., a few 70 or 80 per cent. All the skilled workmen, the industrial specialists, leaped up in the same way from 30 to 60 per cent. Everything that implied the higher type of work, brain-work, the exercise of thought, judgment, and originality, participated in the rapid rise. Then, without waiting, I took the unskilled, or almost unskilled, workmen and workwomen. I should pay men and women who did the same work precisely the same wages, I said, and I ranked off the divisions before I stated the rise I was prepared to give. At the most it was 7 or 8 per cent.; at the least it was 4 or 5 per cent. At this there was a terrible pause, and then the commotion began. I asked for silence, and began to speak of the improvements in the general conditions of the work-people which I contemplated—houses, schools, libraries, a park, baths, and so on. The uproar kept growing and growing. I still persevered, at moments dominating it, and spoke of a system of pensions. A loud voice called: 'Pensions be d——d. We want higher wages.' That finished it. In ten minutes yells for the strike arose. My London friends gathered round me, shouting and gesticulating their remonstrances. I merely shrugged my shoulders, folded up my papers, and went out. It was folly to stop."

"And on that you fought?" asked Hastings.

"Well, not quite on that. There were many interviews, and I was ready night or day to listen and talk with any of them; but I knew quite well it was useless. The temper of the men was for war, and war they would have. To put it shortly, the Daniel workmen desired three things: the first was to have a grab at the Daniel millions; the second was, if possible, to turn themselves into permanent aristocrats of labour; the third was to pay the rank and file of labour 50 per cent. higher wages, in proportion to the value of the work done, than the captains and colonels. In other words, they intended to sacrifice skill to strength, brain to body, the higher type to the lower. To concede the first two things meant commercial collapse; to concede the last meant the denial of my passionate conviction of what will prove the ruin, social as well as commercial, not only of England, but of all our civilisation. Wherefore, on this issue I was ready to fight them, if needs be, to the bitter end."

"And you fought—and won?"

"And I fought—and won!"

Hastings dropped his face moodily.

"I do not understand your issue clearly," he said. "It seems to me pedantic, and to inflict all that suffering for pedantry was surely criminal."

"Let us discuss the question in the abstract," said Daniel, "up in

our starry turret after dinner. For here we are at the avenue, and the avenue, not being a 'palatial' one, will lead us home in a minute or two."

III.

Some hours later, the two men were lying in easy wicker lounges before one of the bay-windows of the northern turret. The faint glimmer of a single shaded taper left visible the glory of the clear and star-studded night beyond, and, as Hastings said, gave faintly the suggestion of the huge, dark surface of the revolving earth-ball, which seemed to be dipping down over the far eastern horizon, while they followed it towards the line of the swiftly-gliding dawnlight.

"You are very happy here," he said, suddenly, after a long pause; "or you seem so. With such a wife, such children, such a home, and a life-work which satisfies your conscience, I might think of you once more in the same cowardly spirit as I did as a lad, as of one to be envied. I have never seen another man or woman of whom I had anything approaching to such a thought. I may have envied this or that possession of theirs, but themselves never, and it is only my cowardice that ever envied you. Jack," he added, turning his head quickly, "tell me truly and sincerely, as from man to man, from soul to soul, *does* your life-work satisfy your conscience? Do you in your clearest and serenest hours of insight and reason, the inspired moments when no self-deception stands erect and unabashed before one's conscious eyes, do you really believe in the social course you pursued, and are, I suppose, pursuing?"

"Dear man," said Daniel, softly stretching out and putting his hand on that of his friend, which rested on the arm of the chair, "I can only answer you that four years' experience of the results of the social ideas which I have, either rightly or wrongly, conceived—four years' careful observation from within and without.—(You would smile at my mysterious disguises and aliases. I have worked months on end in my own factories, and those of other employers, unknown to any one but my wife.)—It has all the more and more convinced me that humanity at the present moment is menaced with a most terrible danger. It is not anarchy, it is not the 'slavery' of which the Individualists are so afraid—at least it is not in the shape of which they conceive it—and their cure is worse than the disease. The instinct of self-preservation in humanity may be trusted to save us from the suicide of either a red-rampant State Socialism, or from unrestricted competition; but there is something, as I take it, in which this instinct cannot be trusted, and that is universal and triumphant ignorance, and after ignorance, corruption and sloth."

He put down his cigarette in the little tray on the smoking-table at his side.

"I have told you," he said, "that when I had been six months in the London slums, I had become simply an out-and-out Socialist and Labour man. Socialism was the ideal; Labour organisation, first in unions and then as a political party, the practical means at hand with which to forward the realisation of this ideal. It was not pity alone for the suffering of these people that produced this in me. I knew that in some respects their life was little more piteous than that of the lower and even of the central Middle-class above them. In other respects I knew that the masses were absolutely better off. Their life, if they have health and strength, is often less hopelessly dull and soullessly corrupt. They have at least blood in their veins, not mud, and their life is the wild life of animals, with wild animal pleasures and pains; not the slow corroding cark and care and secret viciousness which so often reduce the struggling shopman below the level of even a healthy animalism. Pity indeed played its part in me the more actively that I had no idea of another world than this in which these hapless ones should be compensated by a dispensation of the grim justice Jesus meted out in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Dives in his lifetime receives his good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things; but by-and-by Lazarus is to be comforted, and Dives in anguish. If I could only have discovered pity," proceeded Daniel, "on which to found Socialism, then I should have regretfully realised that Socialism was a dream. But when justice showed me that it also, in its strictest shape, was an integral part of this basis, the matter entered a new phase. I need not, I expect, tell you about this in any detail," he said, raising his hand. "You know the scientific basis of Socialism as well as I do."

"I am not sure of that," said Hastings. "Let us come to some agreement on that before you go further; for it is important. To me Capital is simply withheld wages—a formula as absolute in its way as the main formula of evolution. More and more, as it seems to me, is it becoming clear to us all that, in the domain of social science, Karl Marx's definition of Capital holds precisely the same place as Darwin's definition of natural evolution in the domain of science. When well-known writers on social topics, following John Stuart Mill and the *rococo* political economists, discourse concerning the eternal divisibility of Capital and Labour, they talk as Cuvier did of the eternal immutability of species. One shrugs one's shoulders, and discusses something else. Is this what you mean by the scientific basis of Socialism?"

"Yes, though I should not put it quite in that way."

"And you no longer cherish that amazing blunder of those from whom we should least expect it; of those who gravely assure us that civilisation does not, by the mere legal inheritance of wealth, paralyse the great law of natural and sexual selection. This was an obvious fact to

the slow and sure biological intelligence of Darwin. The non-appreciation of it seems to me an amazing stultification in some of his fellows, who are indisputably dowered with far swifter and more abstract intellects. Science can find no excuse for civilisation in Nature, and surely Herbert Spencer's whole attack on State intervention, because it is based on opposing the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, is one of the funniest samples of a distressing mental obliquity."

"Once more, yes," said Daniel; "though, once more, not quite as I should put it."

"You would put it more politely for Spencer?"

Daniel smiled.

"Probably," he said; "but I should try to avoid some slight confusion of thought which seems to me either expressed or implied in your polemic. However, that is unimportant. On the main point we are clearly at one, which is that Individualism has not a leg to stand upon when it defends civilisation, as we know it, against Socialism, as we prognosticate it, by alleging that the one is 'natural' and contains the great natural force of evolution as the dominant factor; while the other is 'artificial,' and means the sway of dissolution, degradation, and final death. Thus far, we had apparently developed right along the same lines, and I suppose the next question that presented itself to me was the next that presented itself to you too. Granted, the condition of the masses is pitiful; granted, it can be proved to be based on robbery and exploitation, and is therefore radically unjust; what can justify this hideous inhuman sacrifice? Clearly only one thing: the impossibility of abolishing it, except at the cost of the ruin of humanity. If only 30 per cent., if only 20 per cent.—15, 10—nay, even 5 per cent.—can be lifted up to anything approaching a humanly worthy existence, then the 70, 80, 85, 90—nay, even the 95—must, more or less, continue to be virtually sacrificed."

Hastings was looking at him askance.

"And you persuaded yourself in favour of the virtual sacrifice? Oh!"—he burst out, laughing drily—"the modern Annas talks just the reverse of the old one. Culture has taught him that it is better a nation should perish than that one alleged great man should be brought to nought. It was some such rotten gospel of reaction that Thomas Carlyle, the Scotch peasant, who ratted on his order like many another *parvenu*, commercial or philosophic, furbished up, here in England, in the interests of his aristocrat patrons, under the tinsel-shape of what he denominates hero-worship—damn him!"

Daniel laughed in turn, but almost to himself, at his friend's savage outburst.

"A devout person," he said, "was confidentially telling me the other day that he was quite sure Thomas was eternally damned already.

However, you are mistaken as to my powers of self-persuasion in this matter. The great god Expediency did not win my worship on that point. I had the contrary idea. It seemed to me that the danger of the ruin of humanity lay far more clearly in the other direction. No, my friend, I concluded altogether in favour of the attempt to abolish the sacrifice. Moloch, even in his latest revised and amended shape, seems to me somewhat out of date."

Hastings answered nothing, merely raising his eyebrows, and bending his head a little. He thought he had been trapped.

"This," proceeded Daniel calmly, and wishing to dispel his friend's annoyance, "this was more or less my state of mind at the end of the first six months of my social 'Lehrjahr,' and there, owing to circumstances, my direct conscious and scientific pursuit of the subject (if I may so call it) suddenly ceased. The results of my 'Wanderjahr,' or rather 'Wanderjahre,' came pouring in upon me like a flood. It was not so much in the shape of the facts and experiences of my work, though these also played their part. It was rather as a sort of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' (since I am using Goethe's phraseology for it) of all my human dreams, my human hopes and aspirations during those ambiguous years. Socialism had become to me a practical creed, based on Justice and to be erected with Science. It now became to me a religion, with all the poetry of an incalculable future, which, as I take it, is the simple verifiable meaning of what the orthodox people call 'heaven.'"

He paused a moment.

"I am not," he said, "going to expatiate on this now, for it does not concern our subject. I merely mention the fact of this irruption of a portion of my life, the use and significance of which I had before then utterly failed to perceive, and which I had, indeed, come to look upon as a more or less unjustifiable waste of myself. I mention it now to account in a measure for the nebulous condition of what I have called my latest Socialistic conclusions. If I had not been occupied with thought and dream and vision concerning the far future of the race, I should not have been distracted to the extent to which, as it seems to me now, I certainly was, with regard to the path the race must inevitably take if that far future is ever to be realised. Yes," he went on, unconsciously failing in his purpose of speaking only of the actual subject, and undergoing the sweet, irresistible charm which we all find in our favourite day-dreams; "yes, if that craving for an immortality of happiness, for a continuous existence of freedom from the cruel combat which Nature delights in—if that craving is ever to be satisfied, it can only be by the very best combinations of human intelligence and skill. All creatures own that craving. The birds that build their nests long dumbly, even as we weary humans long articulately, for a city that hath foundations. Watching under the

microscope the lowest organisms known to us, I have felt the thrill of pity for these infinitesimal atoms of life which would fain, they too, live and move and have a being. In the chemist's bowls and crucibles I have recognised that the wrestlings of the warring elements prefigured, if they did not anticipate, the actual *nisus* of organic life. And how has Nature always achieved the death and destruction of all she creates? First and chiefly, by the needs of hunger, which inevitably make her children either preyers or prey, which make them all the enemies of other forms of life, and threefold the enemies of their own. Some have limited, or striven to limit, the utter ferocity of this by their combinations. Men, starting from simple aggregations, have advanced to civilised cities, nations, races. But we have always failed, just as the others have always failed, in every grade of organic life and being, because we never could make our combination at once complete enough within, and powerful enough without. China alone, by a crude but resolute effort after an unscientific State Socialism, has shown the world something of what can be done in the way of racial homogeneity, and the power of organised racial perpetuity. With us Assyria waxes and wanes before Babylon; Babylon is lost in Persia; Persia goes down before Greece; Greece before the conqueror of Carthage; Rome before the Goths. The weary heart-sick tale of the ignorant human spider, continuously spinning his continuously ruined web, goes on from age to age, and sardonic and savage Nature, still unsated, contemplates our insane and fratricidal strife, never less fratricidal and insane than at this very hour. She ruins us through our stupidity. As the capitalistic monopolist, in this her true incarnation, exploits the masses of humanity by merely letting them compete among themselves; so Nature exploits cities, nations, and races. The ultimate crisis for humanity lies clearly in the hour when the globe shall become uninhabitable. As the moon is, so shall the earth be. Did the cities, nations, and races of the moon go on competing among themselves to the end? Did they see the beauty of Nature's delusive and fleshly smile on fecund land and sea slowly transform itself into the mocking grin of the hideous skeleton of dry, lightless, and heatless death? And did no suspicion of the trick that had been played on them ever cross their minds? Or did the intellectual *élite* of that hapless stock feel, or even realise and recognise it; but, powerless to control the ineptitude of their fellows, sigh over the '*infinita vanità del tutto*,' and steal away to die? Does that same fate await *us?* Or may we some day discover not only the secret of life and of actual physical immortality, but learn how to arrest the cooling of the earth, or, if that be impossible (though to science all things are possible), migrate to another planet? Who can say?—who can say?"

He paused, looking out into the far and all but cloudless east,

where the first glimmerings of the approaching dawn expanded imperceptibly.

"That," he said, "is one's thought—one's dream—one's vision; the ideal, the heaven of the race, and its realisation, is possible—possible through developments of ever-increasing beauty, and force, and wonder. Who shall say, No? But one thing is certain: the human problem must be settled first. The danger of the ruined web must be permanently averted. Every faculty of man must be bent to the great work. We must have all mankind to choose from. Food and clothing and housing, refuge from sickness and old age, must be an axiom of human existence. The need for individual selfishness must disappear in that of the race. All energy must go out in the training of the spiritual and mental faculties. Only from a superb rank and file can we hope for a superb army from which we can choose our saviours. We have but one single foe—Nature—the deadliest foe of all, the foe who can be conquered only by intelligence, and enslaved only by compromise, and who can hold no other place but that of either victor or vanquished, of either master or servant. Nothing that runs counter to the final settlement of this, the one vital problem of humanity, is to be tolerated. If we cannot read her riddle aright, our Sphinx will surely devour us, just as she has devoured all the others. Let us bring but one test to every question—to every effort after social progress and organisation—to every law, or would-be law, the blind-worm politicians and propagandists present to us. Civilisation as a spiritual and mental unity in infinite variety, but ever as a unity, based on the scientific enslavement of Nature. Two things—the cult, at all costs and all hazards, of intelligence, and the cult, at all hazards and all costs, of the physical satisfaction of the individual; and of these two, if they clash, as ignorance and greed perpetually make them clash, then the first, first!"

"No," said Hastings, softly. "The second—I still feel that. The second."

Daniel smiled faintly, looking before him.

"The second," he said, "stands absolutely to win. Nothing in the long run can stop it. But the first stands possibly, and even probably, to lose. The dominant forces are against it."

Hastings was silent.

"Such, at least, were the results of my latest conclusions," said Daniel, still looking before him. "Labour is already for Labour alone, and it will be more and more so, I think—not less and less. Oh! we pity Labour—we pity the masses—we pity the rank and file. But what is that pitifulness of theirs beside the tragedy of the men of intelligence, the poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, the writers of talent and genius, the scientists, the inventors, the discoverers? Do you say Labour is exploited? Heavens! if Labour is exploited 5 per cent.,

talent and genius are exploited 50 and 500. It is brains we want—it is brains which alone can save us, which alone can help us to solve the deadly riddle of the Sphinx. With brains, I say, all things are possible; without them, little or nothing that is of permanent use. Suppose to-morrow every man was paid the just value of his work. Who, do you suppose, would gain? Whose would be the sudden rises of 100 and 1000 per cent? Why, it is the story of the Morven strike again. Give the masses 7 or 8 per cent. increase of their present wage, and you do them utter and absolute justice. Give the men of talent and genius their increase of 50 and 500 per cent., and humanity is still their debtor. A really clever and able journalist told me that in Australia he found it hard for years to earn as much as a bricklayer. On the steamers along the Australian coast, first-class naval officers, men of the modern scientific education, work harder and earn less than sailors before the mast and the men who load and unload the boats. Labour shows us in Australia, where it is alone yet powerful enough to have anything like a free hand, what it is really after, and the civilisation which it rules will be a hell of mediocrity, pullulating into corruption and decadence; at best a China, at worst an easy prey for the first incursion of a more vigorous stock. It will not advance us one step towards the true civilisation, not to say towards the resolution of the great human problem. Already the Labour men decree that none but a Labour man shall stand by them. Do you guess what that means? It means that the masses are to 'run' talent and genius to-morrow, just as the classes 'run' them to-day, for the profit and pleasure of the 'runners'; and once more the weary, heart-sick web shall be spun by the stupid spider, and Nature shall sit, savage and sardonic, enthroned on our bones, and drinking our blood from her cups of gold, while Time in the grey depths of space waits in his lethargic stupor till she too falls prone in an everlasting oblivion."

There was a long pause, that grew into a silence, before Hastings heaved a sigh and rose slowly to his feet.

"Jack," he said, sadly, standing gazing at the now ever-broadening and intensifying dawnlight, "I asked you to tell me truly and sincerely, as from man to man, from soul to soul, whether your life-work satisfied your conscience. Let me speak to you now as I desired you to speak to me, and as I believe you did speak—as you have just spoken. Do I feel that the cause for which I have struggled and lived, and for which I shall, in all human probability, yet die—do I, any more than you, feel, in my heart of hearts and mind of minds, that it will equal our hope and faith in it? I cannot answer, Yes. That cause, I too feel sure, will win—it is bound to win—because it stands for a newer and truer social idea than that which combats it. Christianity, with all its

faults, limitations, and even vices, conquered the Paganism of Greece and Rome, which was far from being without its goodnesses, splendours, and virtues, for just that reason ; and thus Socialism will conquer Civilisation. Yes, I feel it—I know it. It may take a hundred years—two—three—four—five hundred years. It will conquer in the end. But that it will do all we—all even *I*—hope and trust for in it—ah ! that is another thing. Jack, let me tell you all. I know, I think, the forces that are really driving us forward, as well as you do, perhaps better. I know which of them will become more and more the dominant forces that must mould and fashion the organised life of humanity in the near future. And there are moments—there have been, and doubtless there will be again—when I have been glad that I have lived now, in the dark and doubtful hours of the night, rather than in the full flood-tide of exultant day. That is all I have to tell you—only a bad dream, perhaps a nightmare. I am very thankful for death."

Daniel's arm was round his shoulders.

"Dear man," he murmured, "be thankful also for love."

Hastings flung up his face.

"Oh no!" he cried ; "I don't falter ; I don't repent—I, with the narrow ideals and the bewildered vision of a desperate hope and a despairing faith. Onward, onward, and upward! Who am I? What am I? What does it matter? The idea is the greatest of our time—the hope the most superb, the faith the most intense. That is enough for me."

Then suddenly :

"*Look!*" he said, stretching out his hand, his eyes lit, his mouth smiling.

At one steady impulse the sun had surged above the clear horizon line, and soared, huge, round, blazing, and glorious, into the thrilling blue of the heavens.

They stood together in silence, regarding his splendour.

FRANCIS ADAMS.

LIBERAL THEOLOGY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE following remarks are confined to the Church of England. But that must not be taken as any disparagement of the unity of the Christian churches, or of any efforts to recognise it in practice; in fact, it will be seen that I propose to make such efforts. The position of the Church of England is in many ways so peculiar that, for the present and for many years to come, we must accept the necessity of working out practical problems by means of organisations within the Church of England, parallel to any others that may be working for similar objects outside it. And it may be noted that the Church of England has peculiar advantages for the development of Liberal theology, in her entire stagnation of doctrinal legislation since the sixteenth century, and the paralysis of legislative power which is the result of present circumstances. So many Churchmen say that Parliament cannot change our doctrines except in conjunction with Convocation, and so many members of Parliament refuse to let the House legislate for the Church at all, that we may take it as certain that the Prayer-book, with the Ordination Service and the Subscriptions and the Act of Uniformity, will remain unchanged to indefinite time. And so we gain the right to treat ever-increasing portions of all these as obsolete; and the criterion to decide what parts are obsolete as matter of obligation is to be found, not in the documents themselves, but in the general expectation of the public that the clergy will, or will not, believe this or that part of them. Formally, the second clause of the Athanasian Creed is as binding on the clergy as the first clause of the Apostles' Creed. The difference between them rests only in the fact that a clergyman is required by public opinion to believe the one, and left to do what he likes with the other. In the abeyance of all doctrinal legislation, our business is to

bring public opinion round to relegating all disputed points to the optional division.

This is not the place to define or to defend Liberal theology. Let us assume that there is such a kind of theology, that we know fairly well what it is, that it is the truest kind of theology, that it has a legitimate place in the Church of England. I am writing only for those who admit these assumptions, and I wish to raise the practical question—by what means we are to maintain our position and spread the truth?

We want (1) a distinct recognition of ourselves as a legitimate party, not only beyond the reach of expulsion or prosecution, but with the same claim to ordination of our candidates, and promotion of our clergy to high offices, as High Churchmen and Evangelicals; (2) a continual increase in the number of our adherents, and a continual approximation to our position by those who are not definitely our adherents.

To accomplish these objects, we ought to possess certain definite institutions, of which the three following are indispensable:

(1) A society, something like the English Church Union, or the Church Association, or the Evangelical Alliance (except that this last is undenominational), consisting of persons acknowledging themselves as Latitudinarian members of the Church of England, and organised for the purpose of advancing our doctrines generally, and especially of defending all Latitudinarian holders of offices whose positions are endangered on doctrinal grounds.

(2) Institutions for education, including the spread of literature, the training of candidates for Holy Orders, the religious instruction of other students, and the advancement of theological learning.

(3) Missions to the heathen, preferably by arrangement with the older missionary societies to accept Latitudinarian missionaries supported by us; but, failing this, by means of a new missionary society, avoiding collision with the older societies as they avoid collisions with each other, and working with them so far as they will let us: missions also to the degraded and destitute parts of the English population, conducted in the same way, by alliance with the parochial clergy and existing agencies where they will accept us, by separate agencies where they will not, but always distinctly teaching our principles.

I am aware that this naked and rather coarse-looking statement of objects and methods will meet with much opposition from those to whom it is addressed, the Broad Churchmen themselves. They will say: "We are not and we do not want to be a party," or "We have all we want as it is in the way of freedom and opportunity," or "Even if we are a party, we shall do our work better by pervasive and unorganised influence," or "Our numbers are so small that we

should make ourselves ridiculous by trying to meet the two existing parties on their own ground of public demonstration."

Take the ground of principle first. Are we, or ought we to be, a party? It is a hard thing to acknowledge that we are. We shrink from it. It sounds like a hardening and vulgarising of our most sacred things. If there was nothing else against it, there is Maurice's life-long deprecation of any separation of ourselves as a new sect, after we have spent our strength in breaking down the barriers of the old sects, or any assumption of a "breadth," a "liberality," to dignify us above our fellow Christians. With his words ringing in our ears, how can we label ourselves with a party name?

Yet it must be done. We will not be exclusive, we will not call any man "heretic" or "schismatic," or his doctrine "soul-destroying error," or "betrayal of the Catholic faith"; we will not have anything like a test or a platform; we will not confuse intellectual disagreement with spiritual discord, or human propositions with divine realities; but to secure practical working harmony in the Church of England as it stands, we cannot go on any longer in this state of half recognition. There are some of us who believe definitely and predicably that certain things are true (so far as human language can be "true" in such matter)—*e.g.*, the ultimate universal salvation of mankind, and the spiritual equality of the Christian Churches; and certain other things are false—*e.g.*, the infallibility of the Bible and the exclusive validity of Episcopal ordination. We do not mind co-operating, to any extent that they will let us, with those who do not agree with us, but we must be free to teach as we believe, and to persuade people to join us, and we must have organisations to secure our freedom.

"But we do not want to make converts. High Churchmen and Evangelicals might be anxious to make converts, because they believe that they know something which a man must lose by not accepting; but that is just where we differ from them; we believe that God's grace works as freely by false doctrines as by true doctrines—nay, that the doctrine which is false for one man may be true for another. God by His Spirit has taught us some truth which seems to contradict the beliefs of our neighbours, but how do we know that He is not equally teaching them to contradict us? If we try to convert them, how do we know that we are not leading them to change doctrines that God meant for them for others that He means only for ourselves? Is not the truth best served if we develop our view of it, and make no attempt to secure any adherents?"

I will acknowledge that this is a misgiving which often strikes myself, and that I do not see my way to a conclusive answer. All deep convictions are founded on antinomies, and this is our antinomy. Our theology is true, and we ought to spread it, and yet every other

man's theology is given to him by the Spirit, and it is his duty to spread it. And so, even if our opponents hold creeds that denounce us, it is their duty to denounce, and ours not to denounce in return. Here, as in all other spheres, antinomy need be no hindrance to action. Whatever else we know about other people's truth, we know that we have some truth of our own, and in letting us learn it, God has commanded us to teach it, of course choosing reasonable times and places. As to the antinomy, He will take care of that Himself. If we kept our light to ourselves, on the plea that He has given other light to others, we should be perilously near to the ancient pretension of being an illuminated few, keeping an esoteric truth for ourselves and leaving the many to a lower level of contented ignorance.

I wished to keep clear of theology, but I have been led on to theological ground by the necessity of defending the duty of organisation against a possible objection in principle. It is easier to defend it against the more practical objections. To each of them I simply answer with a denial. It is not true that we have all we want as it is; it is not true that we can do our work best by unlabelled and unobtrusive influence; it is not relevant, even if it be true, that we should only show the nakedness of the land by exhibiting ourselves publicly.

I. It is not true that we have all we want. Our leaders very pardonably think so. Nobody tries to prosecute or inhibit the Master of Balliol, or Dr. Abbott, or Dr. Cheyne, or Mr. Llewelyn Davies, or Mr. Haweis (although it is not so long since Mr. Ffoulkes tried to prosecute Mr. Fletcher, happily without success). They can put what they like into their books and say what they like in their sermons. But obscure people have not the same freedom. Our leaders have driven their own coaches and six through the formularies, but they have established no right of way for other people's coaches and six. Let a curate say in a sermon that our Lord shared the human ignorance of His time, let a teacher in a Church school divide the Pentateuch into strata, and how long will they keep their places? Let a candidate present himself for ordination with "The Kernel and the Husk" for his text-book, and what bishop will ordain him? Let a missionary refuse to teach Hebrew mythology in the place of Hindu mythology, and what missionary society will keep him on its lists? How did our leaders themselves win their light? Was it from their teachers? Was it before their ordination? Have they not either had to unlearn their early doctrines as their knowledge widened, or (more often) to deal with whole regions of thought which their early theology left blank? With a great sum obtained they this freedom. Do they begrudge their successors the hope of being free-born?

And even of our leaders the freedom is, after all, not so very free.

They cannot put all their principles in practice. At least three times within late years a bishop has intervened to prevent a clergyman from preaching in a Nonconformist chapel,* and the incident has got into the newspapers. How many times has the same thing happened and not got into the newspapers?

Further, supposing that we had freedom, we should still have no provision for education. Incredible as it may seem, the Church of England does not possess the smallest institution pledged to give instruction on Latitudinarian principles. All such instruction depends on the accident of individual Latitudinarians holding educational offices. And in the missionary field we have not even that resource.

II. There is some apparent force in the suggestion that we should do better work by silent and pervasive influence. "Consider how the whole Church is saturated with the spirit of Maurice, how kindly everybody speaks of Kingsley and Stanley now that they are dead; how the Descent of Man has become a commonplace of divines, and the inspiration of the Bible is supposed to 'involve a human element.' Wait for the process to complete itself, silently and unseen. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Our work is spiritual. It would be hindered, not helped, by the conventional machinery of societies, with meetings and reports and subscription lists."

To some extent this objection has been answered already. No "silent and pervasive influence" can do the work of protection. Dr. Momerie is turned out of his professorship,† Mr. Haweis is forbidden to preach in a Congregational chapel, before our eyes. Are we to wait for "silent and pervasive influence" to touch the hearts of the Bishop of London and the Council of King's College? And again, what can "silent influence" do for education during the long interval before it reaches the educators?

Not that I would disparage the work of silent influence. If I thought it would cease when we were definitely organised I would almost consent to drop the organisation. Mr. Gore's concessions in Biblical criticism, the Bishop of Exeter's suggestion of mitigations in the lowest hell, are more precious in the quarters where they are found, more prophetic of yet better things to come in the same places, than any directer and bolder work of ours. But there is nothing mutually exclusive in silent influence and definite organisation; in fact, they are mutually helpful. Silent influence does its work where definite institutions are regarded with suspicion or abhorrence. Observe the effect of the English Church Union. It enrols the bolder and more aggressive High Churchmen; and so

* "Who would not weep if Atticus were he?" One of these bishops was Frederick Temple!

† Perhaps Dr. Momerie is a somewhat unsatisfactory martyr; but that makes it more, rather than less, our duty to defend him. It would be a very pleasant sinecure to defend only those victims who did nothing to put themselves in the wrong.

far it makes them, individually, powerless to influence their opponents directly. But, for that very reason, it clears the ground for principles which fall a little short of its own platform. Many hundreds of innocent clergymen preach in surplices, and sing "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and use mystical language about the Sacraments, and "uphold the ancient order of the Catholic Church," * and yet think themselves good Evangelicals, or, at any rate, "Moderate Churchmen," because they do not belong to the English Church Union. In the same way, if we had a Liberal Church Union, "quiet and reasonable Churchmen" would fall gradually into one after another of our ways, and think themselves quite safe from any "rationalistic taint," because they kept out of our society.

III. It is true that we should not be many in numbers at the beginning; and we might be few for a long time. But, however few we were, we should be respected, because we should count distinguished names among us. And I believe that we should find many adherents that we never thought of. An ordinary Church congregation is not the dead flat of high or low orthodoxy that we are tempted to assume. Some of the dullest and worst-informed and least speculative of these parishioners have a dim sense of intellectual scepticism and moral revolt at religion as they know it, and yet they would not for the world break away from it; so long as Liberal theology is contained only in books, it might as well be in Sanskrit for any chance that it has of getting to their ears; so long as it is preached only by isolated individuals, they will dismiss it as "heterodox;" but let it reach them, borne on the living voice and accredited by a Church society, and the longing of their souls will respond.

How would our institutions be constituted, and what work would they do?

I.—Our Society.

Of course it is impossible here to suggest any details of construction. We may assume that, like other societies, we should begin at first with a modest meeting in somebody's study, and then we should send some circulars to eminent persons in sympathy with us, and then we should hold a public meeting in Willis's Rooms, or some such place, and then we should be a full-fledged society. Probably our centre would have to be at Oxford or Cambridge at first, for the sake of working cheaply and having a committee close together; in time we should get a paid secretary and a London office, and everything handsome about us.

* Of course I am expressing no opinions on these doctrines and practices in themselves; I am merely pointing out that they are not Evangelical, and that they are characteristic of High Churchmen. (Will somebody give me an adjective, instead of the impossible "High Church"?)

The society's work would be partly defensive and partly educational.

Defensive work.—Sometimes the dismissal of somebody from an office, whether clerical or lay, could be directly averted by legal process, if the victims had the assistance of a society with funds. But more often the dismissers are within their legal rights. Then the society's defensive action would be not legal but popular and moral. To put it bluntly, we would make a row. A bishop, or a college council, or a body of school governors, or a vicar, would think twice before they subjected themselves to a fire of public meetings, and memorials, and letters in the papers, and articles in magazines. To some extent they are liable to these things now (though I am afraid not so much as they used to be in the days of Stanley), but they can defy them easily, as the expressions of unsupported individuals. As a society, we could multiply ourselves.

And we should impress not only the official, but the popular mind. When an isolated bishop says that the Pentateuch is unhistorical, the man in the street is scandalised, and says that he "ought not to be in the Church," that "if he wants to attack the Bible he should not be paid to defend it," that he "is a traitor to his ordination vows," and so on. But if he is backed by a Churchmen's Theological League, or an Association for the Promotion of Christian Doctrine, with subscribers and a programme and meetings, the man in the street will come round to him. "There are so many of them, they must have something to say for themselves. Everybody cannot think alike, and there have always been parties in the Church." The strong partisans would point, with just as much theoretical cogency as before, to the ordination and consecration services, "Dost thou believe the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" "Wilt thou drive away all strange and erroneous doctrine contrary to God's word?" But the mass of ordinary people would not listen to the partisans, and happily the Church of England is governed ultimately by the mass of ordinary people. We have our precedent cut out for us. Nothing that any Broad Churchman teaches can be more contrary to the letter of the Prayer-book than some statements of some High Churchmen and of some Evangelicals. But nobody minds it, except the readers of the *Church Times* and the *Rock*. It was not always so. In the days of Tract 90 and Mr. Ward's "Ideal" preachers were inhibited and graduates were degraded; in the days of the Gorham case clergymen left the Church, on issues which are now nothing more than the recognised "rules of the game" between the parties. Why is this? Not because High Churchmen or Low Churchmen refuted their opponents, not because the Church has ever officially endorsed the "non-natural sense" or the "hypothetical regeneration," but because both parties stuck in when it was abundantly proved to them that they ought to go out, and the world has acquiesced

that they are too numerous and too good to be turned out, whatever the letter of the Prayer-book may say.*

And this is not to be taken as a mere counting on the lowest motives in the minds of the neutral public. I have purposely put the lowest ground first, the warning to the world that they had better leave us alone, because we are organised and determined, and we have plenty of money to spend. But there is a much more worthy and Christian instinct at the bottom of the general reluctance of religious people to expel a well-organised party from any Church. They feel dimly, though they do not consciously acknowledge, the great dogmatic principle on which the religious existence of Liberal theology depends—the guidance of all men by the Spirit of God in their search for truth. The principle works obscurely in their minds; they do not see how far it ought to lead them; they make room for it by arbitrary delimitations of frontier; as they would say, they "must draw the line somewhere;" but all of them are influenced by it a little. How far it ought to lead them is not a question for the present proposals, in which Liberal theology is not expounded, but taken for granted; how far it does lead them may be stated in a pseudo-scientific form—the amount of an ordinary religious man's tolerance for an "erroneous" doctrine in his own Church varies inversely as its divergence from "the truth," and directly as the members and activity and importance of its adherents. That is, an ordinary man is willing to tolerate a slight "error" held by a few insignificant people, and a grave "error" held by numerous or important people. As we have seen above, our Society cannot hope to be numerous for some time yet, but it can make itself important by activity and organisation, and an even more earthly sign of life—readiness to spend money. There is always something mean and material in the quotation of money figures as a sign of spiritual activity, but we cannot do without it. We must show that we are ready to make sacrifices for the truth, and to those of us who do not hold religious offices there is only one form of sacrifice open, the spending of our money. That is the secret of the respect for subscription lists, which is such an easy prey to the satirist, which lends itself so readily to snobbery and hypocrisy. The Spirit does not work by money, organisation is not a sign of the Spirit; and yet we do well to distrust a cause that calls itself His, if it cannot show its victories of organisation won and its treasures of money spent in His service. As the Quaker said to his neighbour who "felt for" the destitute widow: "Where dost thou feel? Thou shouldst feel in thy pocket."

* The parallel is not formally complete. The Tractarians, in the great days of their battles, had not a formally organised society such as I am proposing. But they had something that practically amounted to the same thing in the local concentration of their leaders within the University of Oxford.

Educational work (apart from the more narrowly "educational" institutions, which come under a separate head). The society would distribute literature. All other schools have their tracts and leaflets. Why have we none? "The Written Book or the Living God—which do you trust?" "Did Revelation stop with the Apostles?" "How can a Clergyman contradict the Bible?" "Can it be True that all Men will be Saved?" "Many Creeds, One Faith." "Where do we Draw the Line?" What hundreds and hundreds of similar titles might be worked up into brief and vigorous appeals, and given away in the streets, interleaved in magazines, and disseminated in all the other ways with which we are familiar! It is a great mistake to think the religious tract has had its day. Like so many humbler things, it works by reiteration. "Only one tract in a million is looked at." Well then, send out a million millions, and that will be a million tracts looked at.

Of course, we must educate by means of public meetings. This is obvious, and requires no explanation.

On one important point we might educate by object-lessons—the equality of the Christian Churches. In fact, by concerted action, it might not only be taught but accomplished—"jumped," as the phrase is. Remember Stanley's discovery that the law does not forbid Nonconformist ministers to preach in churches. It may not be good law, but it is good enough to fight with. Let our society appoint a Conciliation Sunday. On that day let every beneficed clergyman who belongs to us invite a Nonconformist minister to preach in his church, and every non-beneficed clergyman officiate in a Nonconformist chapel (and administer the Communion according to the forms there in use, if the rules of the denomination allow him); then let the bishops do their worst. Let us take it before all the possible courts, and if the courts decide against us let us use the invincible weapon of the Ritualists: let us go to prison for "contempt." After half-a-dozen imprisonments the bishops would desist for very shame, as they have done with the Ritualists. When the next Conciliation Sunday came round it would be taken as a matter of course.

But note in this connection that our society must have nothing to do with the questions of Disestablishment and Disendowment, or Church reform, on one side or the other. We must make it clear from the beginning that our objects are theological only, and that it is in no way a theological question who is to have the Church endowments, or who is to appoint the bishops, or who is to control the parish clergy.

II.—Educational Institutions.

We must be organised for the direct instruction of students, as well as for the general education of the public mind, which is the work of our general society. For myself, I think that this is our most pressing need, and I would propose to supply it before any of the others. Many methods are possible. My own suggestion would be the foundation of institutes at Oxford and Cambridge, beginning modestly, like Mansfield College in its first stage, with lectures in hired rooms and no official status in the University, going on gradually to get our own buildings for public work only, like Pusey House and the present Mansfield College, until we arrived at the full dignity of incorporation and buildings for residence, like Selwyn and Keble Colleges. Of course we should not confine ourselves to the instruction of clerical candidates. We should invite all men, and we should go out into the highways and hedges of the Universities to make aggressions on the hostile and the indifferent; in particular, we should make a resolute effort to interest (we could scarcely hope to convert) the non-Christians of Oxford, who are the least violent and the most resolute unbelievers in the world, and at present are left severely alone by Christians of every school. But our main work must be the training of the future clergy. We might have some initial difficulty with the bishops, but that would not last long, if our candidates were always learned and vigorous (and we must take care to have no others; a Latitudinarian fool would be the worst of fools, in proportion as *corruptio optimi pessima*). A bishop might refuse us once, but he could not refuse us year after year.

III.—Missions.

We must be organised for missions, both abroad to the heathen, and at home to the "submerged." I know that this will seem unnecessary and uncalled-for to some of our number. The false idea of us dies hard, even among ourselves: the idea that we are to be a minority of isolated and distinguished dissidents, living a parasitic life on the basis of institutions worked by an orthodox majority. And when it comes to the direct reclaiming from misery and barbarism, this idea will be urged with especial vehemence. But consider for a moment. Put nakedly, the objection comes to this: "The imperfect truth is good enough for the rough work of converting the masses. When the hard work is done, and they are made into sober and orderly Christians, then let them come to us to be finished off into good Latitudinarians." No, that can never be so; that was the naïve anticipation with which bishops patronised the Salvation Army in its early days; they thought it would be content to make converts

and turn them over to the Church of England. Naturally, nothing of the kind has happened. If the Salvation Army had been willing, the converts would not have consented. The most elementary loyalty requires that a man should give the services of his matured Christian life to the Christian community which gave him his first glimpse of the light. If we made any concession to the idea that Englishmen or heathens must be converted to traditionalism as a preliminary stage to Latitudinarianism, we should be acquiescing in the common reproach that we preach a "kid-glove Gospel," pleasant to dilettante Christians in libraries and drawing-rooms, but futile before thieves and murderers. As Maurice always said, the highest things that we know are not too high for the lowest of human beings. Whatever others can do with a Bible-bound Gospel—surely we can do a thousand-fold more with a Bible-free Gospel; or else, shall we say, "or else ours is a false Gospel"?—no, never that, but we are unfaithful prophets of it, and our lamp will be quenched, and for a season the world will be left to the old alternatives of traditionalism and unbelief.

Of course, it may be said, with some appearance of reason, that our missions are injured too much already by the appearance of division between different bodies of workers, and we should be adding one more element of discord, which would do more harm than the good that would be done by our truer doctrines. Well, if we can avoid it, we will not work as a separate body, at home or abroad. If we can persuade the East-end clergy, or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Church Missionary Society, to accept workers supported by our society (*i.e.*, our general Latitudinarian Society, not special missionary societies, which would then be non-existent) all necessity for any appearance of division will be avoided. Probably this is hopeless, but we must begin by offering it, to put ourselves right with our own consciences; when it is rejected, we must start our separate Latitudinarian agencies. Even then we will not quarrel with any other Christians; they may not acknowledge us as brethren, but we will acknowledge them. We will not go to the places where they are established; when we meet with them, we will honour them; we will declare emphatically that their message is the same as ours, and if we seem to differ, it is one Master who has taught both sides their differences.

In the case of foreign missions especially, there are urgent reasons why we should begin at once, separately if we must, in union with the older societies if we may. For we have to make up a certain leeway. So far, we have had no Latitudinarian missionaries, except the great bishop whose first impulse to Biblical criticism came from the naïve question of his Zulu convert; and some of us have spoken incautiously, in their firm faith that God teaches the heathen by means of their own religions, and given ground for misrepresenting

us as saying that those religions needed no supplementing with the name of Christ. Indeed, a few of us, like Canon Taylor, have reacted from popular religious denunciations, until we have done something more than justice to the Mohammedan and the Buddhist. And perhaps others do extend to the heathen their quietistic reluctance to attempt the change of any man's opinions by human agency. But we know, however difficult it may be to know it in company with some of our other knowledge, that to any and every human creature our Lord Jesus Christ has a unique message from the Father, which to hear and receive is a gain, and not to hear is a loss.

I will not acknowledge that because we have not worked under our own name we have neglected the missionary duty; but we have discharged it by supporting other missionaries. I have given one reason why we should have our own, to prove to our consciences that we do really preach an efficacious Gospel. There are yet other reasons why an explicit declaration of our kind of theology is wanted in Christian missions. (*a*) It is impossible to calculate the waste of missionary force which has been lavished on the attempt to teach the whole Bible. If the convert is civilised, it strains his faith with incredibilities; if he is savage, it overloads his brain with details. (*b*) Liberal theology does not draw a sharp line between Christianity and other religions; to it all religions are more or less Christian. Observe what advantages this gives us; it allows us to meet every man half-way, not to be shocked at any compromise or backsliding or inconsistency, not to require a tribe to give up its feasts or its dances or its images, if it will call them by the name of Christ and purge them from cruelty and obscenity; and if their compromises include things that make it impossible to call them a Christian Church at all, we can recognise every gradation of half-way conversion; unlike the Jewish historian, we can thank God for all those who "fear the Lord, and serve their graven images." (*c*) A good missionary ought to be an anthropologist. He should have that sympathy with the twists and turns of an alien mind, that scientific interest in all institutions, however degrading or cruel, which are necessary for converting the savage not less than for studying him. He can scarcely have these, or can have them only by the gift of an exceptionally flexible and genial nature, like Livingstone, or Steere, or Patteson, if he is bound by the black-and-white certainty that God has commanded this kind of worship and not that, that this kind of conduct and not that is always and everywhere lawful. And besides the general spiritual atmosphere, literal Biblicalism puts a direct barrier in the way of any true theory of ethnology or social evolution. I am not now referring to the animal descent of man, which is not important for the knowledge of post-simian history, but to the Hebrew inversion of social and religious history which is involved in the stories of Adam, and

Abraham, and Moses. Literal Biblicalism, practically disowned as it is by the leaders of theology at home, is still the creed of the great majority of our missionaries. I do not forget that in the stress of real life, especially in such consecrated work, a man's nature works down to the solid rock; the imperfect elements of his creed remain logically unimpaired, but practically inoperative; but even so, I can see that some of our noblest missionaries would have been better anthropologists if they had had sounder theories. (*d*) We should do something to heal the breach which is unhappily caused by the exclusive theories of missionaries who are also High Churchmen. Our acknowledgment of Nonconformist missionaries as our spiritual equals would do much to remove one unhappy appearance of divided front between Christian missions which actually exists, and is not in the merely hypothetical stage of apprehension.

Naturally, we can have no definite test for membership in any of our institutions. We shall profess to be (1) *bonâ fide* members of the Church of England; (2) desirous to promote Liberal theology. Neither of these qualifications is susceptible of more exact definition; but, in fact, every man who joins us will know the sort of thing that he joins. "Only, where shall you draw the line? If one of your members or teachers, or missionaries, says that there is no God, or no future life, what can you do? He may say that he is a member of the Church of England, because he has been baptised and confirmed, and a *bonâ fide* member, because he sincerely desires to remain in it and convert it to his own opinions, and his views are undoubtedly Latitudinarian, and as to their being theology, nobody can define what that is." Well, that is true; a man might do as much as that, and it is better to leave the case unprovided for, and trust to the discretion of our members to deal with it when it arises; either to say that he may stay on with us and hold his office, or that he may stay on with us and hold no office, or that he had better leave us altogether. "But if you contemplate the possibility of turning anybody out of anything under any conceivable circumstances, how are you better than the existing authorities whom you denounce, with their tests and standards? You are 'drawing the line somewhere.'" Yes, it looks like it, but we shall draw it on a different principle. We will not exclude a man because he "does not teach the truth," or "denies the faith"; we will only exclude him on the practical ground that his open co-operation would produce horror and not edification in the overwhelming majority of our members. And if we are paying him a salary, we will continue it until we see that he has found some other occupation, which is the plain duty of Churches in similar cases. We will not say "You must go because you believe so and so"; we will say, if it must be so, "God reveals Himself to us under the form of God, and

to you under the form of no God. We will not say that your view is false, for we believe that it is God's message to you; but we must say, that, at present and until we are more practised in the ways of testless theology, your inward harmony with us is obscured by your outward discord." Of course this looks like a deliberate courting of that "tyranny of men's opinions," which Maurice so passionately denounced as the only alternative to the rigid maintenance of the Creeds. He spoke from history as he knew it; he had no experience, as indeed we have none, of the sweep and swing of the great principle that men who come to opposite conclusions are equally guided by the Spirit. Remembering this we shall be slow to exclude, and our exclusions themselves will be only concessions to a temporary necessity; a time will come when our insignificant societies will have done their work and ceased to be; and in all the many branches of the Church of Christ, men will forget their differences of creed, and remember only their unity in the Spirit.

THOMAS COLLINS SNOW.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

PART FIRST.

IT is nearly half a century since I made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle. In the only fragment of her diary saved from the flames, and published with her "Letters and Memorials," Mrs. Carlyle describes the visit of three Irish law students, who were, moreover, decisive Nationalists, to her husband in April 1845. She had seen Italian, German, and Polish patriots beyond count, but Irish specimens of the genus were altogether new to her; and here were, as she says, "real hot and hot live Irishmen, such as she had never sat at meals with before." On the whole they did not displease her, and one of them had afterwards the good fortune to be admitted by the lady to a frank and cordial friendship lasting to the day of her death. Her description of her visitors may still have an interest for inquisitive readers. Mr. Pigot, mentioned first, was son of the Irish Chief Baron, and afterwards became a successful advocate at the Indian Bar; the person whose name she could not recall was John O'Hagan (afterwards Mr. Justice O'Hagan, recently head of the Land Commission in Ireland); and the third visitor was the present writer. They were introduced to the Chelsea recluse by Frederick Lucas, then editor of the *Tablet*, afterwards Member of Parliament for the County Meath, and one of the leaders of the first Irish party of Independent Opposition.

"The youngest one, Mr. Pigot [says Mrs. Carlyle], a handsome youth of the romantic cast, pale-faced, with dark eyes and hair, and an 'Emancipation of the Species' melancholy spread over him, told my husband, after having looked at and listened to him in comparative silence for the first hour, with 'How to observe' written in every lineament, that now he (Mr. Pigot) felt assured he (my husband) was not in his heart so unjust towards Ireland as his writings led one to suppose, and so he would confess, for the

purpose of retracting it, the strong feeling of repulsion with which he had come to him that night.

"'Why, in the name of goodness, then, *did* you come?' I could not help asking, thereby producing a rather awkward result. Several awkward results were produced in this 'nicht wi' Paddy.' They were speaking of the Scotch intolerance towards Catholics, and Carlyle as usual took up the cudgels for intolerance. 'Why,' said he, 'how *could* they do otherwise? If one sees one's fellow-creature following a damnable error, by continuing in which the devil is sure to get him at last, and roast him in eternal fire and brimstone, are you to let him go towards such consummation? or are you not rather to use all means to save him?'

"'A nice prospect for you to be roasted in fire and brimstone,' I said to Mr. Lucas, the red-hottest of Catholics. 'For all of us,' said poor Lucas, laughing good-naturedly; 'we are all Catholics.' Nevertheless the evening was got over without bloodshed; at least, *malice prepense* bloodshed, for a little blood *was* shed involuntarily. While they were all three at the loudest in their defence of Ireland against the foul aspersions Carlyle had cast on it, and 'scornfully' cast on it, one of their noses burst out bleeding. It was the nose of the gentleman whose name we never heard. He let it bleed into his pocket-handkerchief privately till nature was relieved, and was more cautious of exciting himself afterwards.

"The third, Mr. Duffy, quite took my husband's fancy, and mine also to a certain extent. He is a writer of national songs, and came here to 'eat his terms.' With the coarsest of human faces, decidedly as like a horse's as a man's, he is one of the people that I should get to think beautiful, there is so much of the power both of intellect and passion in his physiognomy. As for young Mr. Pigot, I will here, in the spirit of prophecy, inherited from my great great ancestor, John Welsh, the Covenanter, make a small prediction. If there be in his time an insurrection in Ireland, as these gentlemen confidently anticipate, Mr. Pigot will rise to be a Robespierre of some sort; will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to; and will 'eventually' have his own head removed from his own shoulders. Nature has written on that handsome but fatal-looking countenance of his, quite legibly to my prophetic eye, 'Go and get thyself beheaded, but not before having lent a hand towards the great work of 'immortal smash.'"*

The young Irishmen were greatly impressed by the philosopher and his wife. They did not accept his specific opinions on almost any question, but his constant advocacy of veracity, integrity, and valour touched the most generous of their sympathies, and his theory that under the divine government of the world right and might are identical as right infallibly became might in the end, was very welcome teaching to men struggling against enormous odds for what they believed to be intrinsic justice. The letter of one of the visitors to his wife written next day sufficiently indicates their state of enthusiasm:

* "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by J. A. Froude.

"We dined at Hampton Court yesterday, and spent the evening at Thomas Carlyle's. I have much to tell you of him, but more of his wife. She is one of the most natural, unaffected, fascinating women I ever encountered, and O'H. and P. declare they would rather cultivate her acquaintance than the philosopher's. She is no longer handsome, but full of intellect and kindness blended gracefully and lovingly together. Among a hundred interesting things which she told us, one was that Alfred Tennyson does not, as you supposed, tell his own story in 'Locksley Hall'; that he is unmarried, and unlikely to marry, as no woman could live in the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke which he makes about him from morn till night. Of Miss Barrett she has a low—in my mind, altogether too low—an opinion. She says *she* could not read her, and that Cārlyle (so she pronounces his name) advised the poetess to write prose! Oh, misguiding philosopher, to tell a dove not to fly, or a swan not to swim! We had a long talk about Ireland, of which he has wrong notions, but not unkindly feelings, and we came away at eleven o'clock at night, delighted with the man and woman. She bantered the philosopher in the most charming manner, but philosophers I fear do not like to be bantered. He knows next to nothing, accurately or circumstantially, of Irish affairs. He has prejudices which are plainly of Scotch origin, but he intends and desires to be right, and when he understands the case, where could such an advocate be found before England and the world!"

A month later I had my first letter from Carlyle, and I am moved to publish it and a selection from those which followed, because they may help to realise for others the picture of that eminent man which remains in my own memory. It has been a personal pain to me in recent times to find among honourable and cultivated people a conviction that Carlyle was hard, selfish, and arrogant. I knew him intimately for more than an entire generation, as intimately as one who was twenty years his junior, and who regarded him with unaffected reverence as the man of most undoubted genius of his age, probably ever did. I saw him in all moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and I found him habitually serene and considerate, never, as so many have come to believe of his ordinary mood, arrogant or impatient of contradiction. I was engaged for nearly half the period in the conflict of Irish politics, which from his published writings one might suppose to be utterly intolerable to him; but the readers of these letters will find him taking a keen interest in every honest attempt to raise Ireland from her misery, reading constantly, and having sent after him wherever he went the journal which embodied the most determined resistance to misgovernment from Westminster, and throwing out friendly suggestions from time to time how the work, so far as he approved of it, might be more effectually done. This is the real Carlyle; a man of generous nature, sometimes disturbed on the surface by trifling troubles, but never diverted at heart from what he believed to be right and true.

This was the first letter:

"CHELSEA, *May* 12, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to hear that there is at last a prospect of seeing your book, which I have been in expectation of since the night you were here. Certainly I will look into it; my distinct persuasion is that you must mean something by it—a very considerable distinction for a book or man in these days.

"I have likewise to thank you for your kind purpose of sending me the *Nation*, the first number of which, indeed, I find has safely introduced itself through the Rowland Hill slit in the door this day. As I have very little time, and especially at present hardly read any newspaper, it would be a further kindness if you now and then marked such passages as you thought would be most illuminative for me.

"I can say with great sincerity I wish you well; and the essence of your cause, well—alas! if one could get the essence of it extracted from the adscititious confusions and impossible quantities of it, would not all men wish you and it right well?

"Justice to Ireland—justice to all lands, and to Ireland first as the land that needs it most—the whole English nation (except the quacks and knaves of it, who in the end are men of negative quantities and of no force in the English nation) does honestly wish you that. Do not believe the contrary, for it is not true; the believing of it to *be* true may give rise to miserable mistakes yet, at which one's imagination shudders.

"Well, when poor old Ireland has succeeded again in making a man of insight and generous valour, who might help her a little out of her deep confusions—ought I not to pray and hope that *he* may shine as a light instead of blazing as a firebrand, to his own waste and his country's! Poor old Ireland, every man of that kind she produces, it is like another stake set upon the great Rouge-et-Noir of the Destinies: 'Shall I win with thee, or shall I lose thee too—blazing off upon me as the others have done?' She tries again, as with her last guinea. May the gods grant her a good issue!

"I bid you, with many kind wishes, good speed. And am, very truly yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

From Madame also there came pleasant greetings:

"5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *Sept.* 14, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you emphatically for the beautiful little volume you have sent me, 'all to myself' (as the children say). Besides the prospective pleasure of reading it, it is no small immediate pleasure to me as a token of your remembrance; for when one has 'sworn an everlasting friendship' at first sight, one desires, very naturally, that it should not have been on your Irish principle, 'with the reciprocity all on one side.'

"The book only reached me, or rather I only reached it, last night, on my return home after an absence of two months, in search of—what shall I say?—a religion? Sure enough, if I were a good Catholic, or good Protestant, or good anything, I should not be visited with those nervous

illnesses, which send me from time to time out into space to get myself rehabilitated, after a sort, 'by change of air.'

"When are you purposing, through the strength of Heaven, to break into open rebellion? I have sometimes thought that in a civil war I should possibly find my 'mission'—*moi!* But in these merely talking times, a poor woman knows not how to turn herself; especially if, like myself, she 'have a devil' always calling to her, 'March! march!' and bursting into infernal laughter when requested to be so good as specify whither.

"If you have not set a time for taking up arms, when at least are you coming again to 'eat terms' (whatever that may mean)? I feel what my husband would call 'a real, genuine, healthy desire' to pour out more tea for you.

"My said husband has finished his 'Cromwell' two weeks ago, then joined me at a place near Liverpool, where he remained a week in a highly reactionary state; and then he went North, and I South, to meet again when he has had enough of peat-bog and his platonically beloved 'silence'—perhaps in three weeks or a month hence. Meanwhile I intend a great household earthquake, through the help of chimney sweeps, carpet-beaters, and other like products of the fall of our first parents. And so you have our history up to the present moment.

"Success to all your wishes, except for the destruction of us Saxons, and believe me,

"Always very cordially yours,

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

The calamity to which Carlyle alludes in the next letter was among the heaviest of my life. My young wife and Thomas Davis, the friend I loved best in the world, died within a week:

"CHELSEA, *Oct.* 25, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you accept of this book ['Past and Present'] from me, which probably you have already examined, but may put now on your shelves as a symbol of regards that will not be unwelcome to you?

"For a good while past, especially in late weeks, during a rustication in Scotland, I have read punctually your own part, or what I understand to be such, of the *Nation* newspaper, and always with a real sympathy and assent. There reign in that department a manfulness, veracity, good sense and dignity, which are worthy of all approbation. Of the much elsewhere that remains extraneous to me, and even afflictious to me, I will here say nothing. When one reflects how, in the history of this world, the noblest human efforts have had to take the most confused embodiments, and tend to a beneficent eternal goal by courses *they* were much mistaken in—why should we not be patient even with Repeal! You I will, with little qualification, bid persevere and prosper, and wish all Ireland would listen to you more and more. The thing you intrinsically mean is what all good Irishmen and all good men must mean; let *it* come quickly, and continue for ever. Your coadjutors also shall persevere, under such conditions as they can, and grow clearer and clearer according to their faithfulness in these.

"My wife, while I was absent, received a little book from you with much thankfulness, and answered with light words, she says, in profound ignorance of the great affliction just then lying heavy on you, which had made such a tone very inappropriate. Forgiveness for this—you may believe always that there is a true sympathy with you here, a hearty goodwill for you here.

"When you come to London again, fail not to let us see you. If I ever visit Ireland, yours is a house I will seek out. With many wishes and regards,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

Though Carlyle wrote his letters spontaneously—I have seen hundreds of them without a correction or erasure—he was as painstaking with his proofs as Burke or Macaulay. The next letter was suggested by a desire for accuracy in the topography of Cromwell's Irish campaign:

"CHELSEA, *Jan.* 19, 1846.

"I am about to do what to another kind of man than you I should myself regard as a very strange thing. I am sending you the 'Curse of Cromwell' to get it *improved* for me! The case is, I am very busy preparing a second edition of that book; and am anxious, this being the last time that I mean to touch it, to avoid as many errors as may be avoidable. In the Irish part of the business I could not, after considerable search and endeavour, procure any tolerable Irish atlas; and in spelling out the dreadful old newspaper letters from that scene, which are nearly indecipherable sometimes, I felt now and then my footing by no means secure. Other errors there may be which an intelligent, punctual man, acquainted with the localities, might put me on the way of rectifying; but those of the names of places and such like he would himself rectify. For geographical corrections I see nothing that I can do so wise as depend upon you and your help. . . . . Excuse all this. I would like much to talk weeks with you on these subjects; for it seems to me, as I have said already, Ireland, which means many millions of my own brethren, has again a blessed chance in having made a man like you speak for her, and also (excuse the sincerity of the word) that your sermon to her is by no means yet according to the real gospel in that matter."

This service having been duly performed was graciously acknowledged:

"*March* 12, 1846.

"I have received the annotated sheets this day, and am abundantly sensible of the trouble you have taken, in reference especially to such a matter, which many good feelings in you, in the twilight we yet look at it under, call upon you to hate and not to love! In spite of all obstructions my fixed hope is that just men, Irish and English, will yet see it as God the Maker saw it, which I think will really be a point gained for all of us, on both sides of the water. It is not every day that the Supreme Powers send any *missionary*, clad in light or clad in lightning, into a

country to act and speak a True Thing there: and the sooner all of us get to understand, to the bottom, what it was that *he* acted and spoke, it will most infallibly be the better every way. Nations and men that cannot understand Heaven's message, because (which very often happens) it is not agreeable to them—alas! the sum of all national and human sins lies there, and our frightful doom is 'to follow the message of the *other* place then.' I believe you to be a good man and one of the chosen of Ireland, or I would not write these things to you. Certainly if you could abolish the scene of Portnadown Bridge and other such out of my mind, you would do *me* a real kindness; and indeed it is mostly gone, or altogether gone, out of the memory of England, fierce as it once stood there; but out of the memory of Ireland it ought never to go. Oh no, not till Ireland be very much other than it yet is. And a just and faithful son of Ireland has something quite other to do with it than tell his countrymen to forget it. You by much meditating might understand what it was that Cromwell (a man also lifted far away above all 'rubbish' in his time) did mean, and the eternal Heaven along with him in Ireland. If you cannot, there is no other Irishman yet born, I suppose, that can: and we shall have to wait for him perhaps with terrible penalties for his not being here.

"Some friendly critic upbraids me, on one of these sheets, that I do not admit the Irish to be a nation. Really and truly that is the fact. I cannot find that the Irish were in 1641, are now, or until they conquer all the English, ever again can be a 'nation,' anything but an integral constituent part of a nation—any more than the Scotch Highlands can, than the parish of Kensington can. Alas! the laws of Nature in regard to such matters (what used to be called God's laws) are very different indeed from those written down in books of sentiment, as many a poor Polander and the like finds to his cost. Nay, do not stamp this note under your feet, or at least pick it up again and read my thanks, my real regard for you, and best wishes in all things.

"The printer, I believe, has most of the 'Irish Campaign' in type, but I will profit carefully by your corrections still."

His First Visit to Ireland.

Carlyle had long desired to visit Ireland, and in the summer of 1846 promised that he would soon carry out this design. Here is his letter:

"Chelsea, *July* 22, 1846.

"I am just about escaping out of London, for a little movement and for summer air, of which I have rather need at present for more reasons than one; to-morrow afternoon I expect to be in Lancashire with some friends, where my wife now is; the sea breezes and the instantaneous total change of scene will be good so far as they go. My next goal, for another rest of longer or shorter continuance, must be my native place, Dumfriesshire on the other side of the Solway Frith, where I must aim to be about the first week in August.

"One of my intermediate projects was a short flight over to Ireland, upon which I wish to consult you at present. A swift steamer, I know, takes one over any evening (or, I believe, morning) with the mail-bags: there is

Dublin to be looked at for a day or two, there is 'Conciliation Hall' to be seen, *once;* then *you* are to be seen and talked with, oftener than once if you like; many other things no doubt; but this is nearly all of definite that rises on me at present, and this, if other things go right, will abundantly suffice. In Dublin and all places I get nothing but pain out of noise and display, and insist, even at the expense of some breaches of politeness, on remaining altogether private—strictly *incognito*—if there is any need of putting an '*in*' to it, which sometimes (for poor mortals are very prurient, and run after Pickwicks and all manner of rubbish) I have found there was. From Dublin I could get along, by such route as seemed pleasantest, to Belfast, and then on the proper day a steamer puts me down at Annan, on the Scotch Border, my old school-place; within six miles of the smoke of my mother's cottage; very well known to me, all dead and a few living things, when once I am at Annan.

"This is the extent of my project, which may or may not become an action, though I do hope and wish in the affirmative at present. What part of it chiefly depends on you is, to say whether or not you are in Dublin, how a sight of Conciliation Hall (I want nothing more but a sight with somebody to give me the names) in full work is to be obtained; and what else, if anything, you could recommend to the notice of a very obtuse and lonesome stranger taking a two days' glimpse of such a place. Do this for me if you please, so soon as you find an hour of leisure; my address is 'Mrs. Paulet's, Seaforth House, Liverpool,' whither also, if you could make your people send the *Nation* till new notice, it would save a little time and trouble to certain parties. But that latter point is, of course, not important.

"Mr. O'Connell, I am not much concerned to find, is somewhat palpably deserting 'Repeal,' and getting into a *truer* relation, I suppose, towards the earnest men of Ireland who do mean what they talk. I cannot say any man's word that I hear from your side of the water gives me anything like an unmixed satisfaction, except for most part your own: there is a candid clear manfulness, simplicity, and truth in the things you write for your people (at least I impute them to you) which seems to me the grain of blessed unnoticed wheat among those whirlwinds of noisy chaff, which afflict me as they pass on their way to Chaos, their fated inevitable way; but the wheat, I say to myself, will grow. So be it. Expecting a word from you soon,

"Yours always truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

I welcomed the project cordially, and received further details when he had already set out on his summer excursion.

"SEAFORTH HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, *Aug.* 6, 1846.

"Your hospitable and most friendly message found me here the day after my arrival. Travelling suits me very ill, only the fruit of travelling is of some worth to me. Heaven, I think, among other things, will be a place where one has leave to sit still.

"The Belfast steamer, it turned out on inquiry, sailed only once a fort-

night; the first day too early for my limits, the second too late. Belfast therefore was out. There remained then Dublin, and perhaps a run to Drogheda, and back again to Liverpool; which did for some days seem possible; but new perversities arose from another side, unforeseen or but half foreseen; and on the whole I have to decide that Ireland for the present is impossible; that I must embark for my mother's this night. To-morrow morning my address, if I prosper, will be 'Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, N.B.,' to which place, if you can again trouble your clerk to direct my copy of the *Nation*, or failing that, to return to his old Chelsea address, it will be a kind of saving of trouble. I by no means give up my notion yet of seeing you and a glimpse of Ireland before returning home, but I must attack it now on the other side, and after a variety of Scotch movements, which are still much in the vague for me. My wife stays here for a few days longer with some relations in the neighbourhood, and after that, I hope, will join me in Scotland; but her health at this moment is far from good, and her movements are and must be a little uncertain. She still remembers you with true interest, and is far enough from standing between me and Ireland; she rather urges me thither, did not laziness and destiny withstand. This with many real regards and regrets, and with real hopes too, is all I can say of my Irish travels at present. You shall certainly hear of me again before I return.

"For the present (though this was not one of my motives) it has struck me you might be as well *not* to have me or any stranger near you! A crisis, and, as I augur, perhaps a truly blessed one, is even now going on in your affairs. For the first time I read a Conciliation Hall debate last week; the veracity and manfulness, the intelligence and dignity seemed to me to be all on one side, and the transaction, though beneficent, was to me a really tragic character. But the *divorce* of earnest valour from blustering and incoherent nonsense is a thing that did behove to come. May a blessing follow it! Much *may* follow.

"Your always,

"T. CARLYLE."

In the autumn he wrote from Scotsbrig, where he was on a visit to his mother, that his arrangements were nearly completed, and again a little later to announce the day of his arrival in Ireland.

"SCOTSBRIG, *August* 29, 1846.

"I am still here, lounging about, with occasional excursions, in a very idle manner, for some weeks past; one of the saddest, most mournfully interesting scenes for me in all this world. The moors are still silent, green, and sunny, and the great blue vault is still a kind of temple for one there; almost the only kind of temple one can try to worship in these days. Otherwise, the country is greatly in a state of *degravement*, the harvest, with its black potatoe-fields, no great things; and all roads and lanes overrun with drunken *navvies;* for our great Caledonian railway passes in this direction, *two* railways, and all the world here, as elsewhere, calculates on getting to Heaven by steam! I have not in my travels seen anything uglier than that

disorganic mass of labourers, sunk threefold deeper in brutality by the threefold wages they are getting. The Yorkshire and Lancashire men, I hear, are reckoned the worst, and, not without glad surprise, I find that the Irish are the best in point of behaviour. The postmaster tells me several of the poor Irish do regularly apply to him for money drafts, and send their earnings home. The English, who eat 'twice' as much beef, consume the residue in whisky, and do not trouble the postmaster. If there were any legislator in this country, he would swiftly and somewhat sternly, I think, interfere in the matter: a poor self-cancelling 'National Palaver' cannot interfere. 'Parliament in College Green!' O Heaven, you ought daily to thank Heaven, that that is for ever an impossibility for you! I would like also to show Exeter Hall and the Anti-Slavery Convention a glimpse of these free and independent navvies on the evening of monthly pay-day, and for a fortnight after. But enough of them and their affairs.

"I am now looking homewards; but have not yet by any means given up my purpose to have a glance at Ireland first. On the contrary, I am now busy making out an eligible route. One or two on closer investigation have been renounced; my view at present is towards Ayrshire, towards some of the Western Scotch ports. Glasgow, at any rate, will not fail to offer a steamer, but I do not, except on necessity, care to see Glasgow at present. One way or other I think it likely I may be in Ireland, on some point or other, in a week hence. You shall hear from me again, with more minute specifications, in not many days.

"If Dundrum be, as I fancy, a clean sea village, it might be possible to procure, what I find for most part very unattainable away from home, a lodging with a *quiet bedroom*, in which the wretched traveller might hope for natural sleep. All else is indifferent but that; and that, too, has generally to make itself indifferent. But if such were the case, I might very pleasantly stay two or three days beside you, and bathe in the Irish Sea, before I went further. In any case I mean to see you there, to have a considerable colloquy with you, if I can. My next address will be Dumfries (Mrs. Aitken, Assembly Street), but after Wednesday I shall not be sure of getting it at once. Pray let the *Nation* henceforth be sent to Chelsea as heretofore, where my wife will now in two days be. I wish I were there myself, and my travels well over.

"Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE."

"DUMFRIES, *Sept.* 2, 1846.

"On Friday, the day after to-morrow, I propose to set out for Ayr; and ten miles beyond that, at Ardrossan, expect to find a steamer which will land me at Belfast early next morning, some time between 4 and 6 A.M., of Saturday. I hope to see Belfast, and get very swiftly out of the smoke of it again. So far is clear prediction, if the Fates will; after that I am somewhat in the vague; but do confidently expect to find some coach that will carry me to Drogheda that same day, and calculate accordingly on passing the Saturday night at Drogheda, *sleeping* or not as the Destinies appoint. From Drogheda to you, by aid of railways, &c., I think there cannot be above two hours: some time on Sunday, at some place or other, I flatter

myself, we shall have met. My ulterior movements shall remain undecided till I have rested for a day.

"Drogheda, as Cromwell's city, and twice besieged in that war, is a place I could look at for some hours with proper interest, especially if I had an intelligent monitor to tell me what to look at, but that I fear is far too great a luxury to hope for; I must try to do the best I can without that. In any case I will call at the Post Office, and if a letter from you lie there waiting me with any indication as to Drogheda, and more especially as to yourself, and how I can best see you, it is like to be very welcome indeed. No more in such a hurry as this."

Dundrum was not, as Carlyle supposed, a watering-place on the coast, but a village on a slope of the Dublin mountains, where I was then spending the summer. It contented him, however, and he met there, among other notabilities, most of the writers and orators on whom their contemporaries bestowed the soubriquet of Young Ireland. He was evidently pleased with some of them, and he won their respect and sympathy in no limited measure. We brought him to Conciliation Hall, where he saw O'Connell, and to as many of the lions of Dublin as it was possible to interest him in, and after a brief visit he sailed away to England, leaving many enthusiastic friends behind. The relation of these young Irishmen to Carlyle was somewhat different from the relation existing between him and thoughtful young Englishmen. He did not teach them to think as *he* thought, but he confirmed their determination to think for themselves. As they were not idlers nor fops, but serious students, they welcomed his dictum that work done was the best evidence of life and manhood, and that any toleration of shams or false pretences was fatal to self-respect. I can confidently affirm that his writings were often a cordial to their hearts in doubt and difficulty, and that their lives were more sincere, simple, and steadfast because they knew him.

W. E. Forster.

The year after his visit the famine which sprang from the potato blight of 1846 was raging in Ireland. He sent me the report of a young Quaker intrusted with the distribution of a relief fund contributed chiefly by the Society of Friends. It exhibited such practical sense and generous sympathy that I read it with much interest, little foreseeing that the young man would, in a few years, become a stern ruler of the country to which he was a benevolent visitor.

"Chelsea, *March* 1, 1847.

"Dear Duffy,—Here is a paper which has come to me to-day from the writer of it, a very worthy acquaintance of mine, which as a small memorial of me for the moment, a small drop of oil on huge waters of bitterness and tumult, I send you to read. Forster is a young wealthy manufacturer, who migrated some years ago from Devonshire or Cornwall to Yorkshire for taking up that trade, and was recommended to me by John Sterling; I

have ever since liked him very well. A Quaker—or rather the son of a Quaker, for he himself has little to do with what is obsolete, a most cheery, frank-hearted, courageous, clear-sighted young fellow:—the Quakers, some months ago, made a special subscription for Ireland, and decided, like prudent people, on seeing with their own eyes their money laid out. Forster's father and self were of the deputation, for that end, or, for aught I know, were the sole deputation; and this is the report they have given in. Read it, I say, and enjoy five minutes of a Sabbath-feeling—not too frequent with any of us in these times.

"It is long since I heard anything direct from you; nay, in the *Nation* itself I now find but little of you; only here and there, in some genial, honest, patient *human* word (as in the paper on *Emigration* last week) do I trace your hand, and with all my heart wish it speed. The aspect of Ireland is beyond words at present. The most thoughtless here is struck into momentary *silence* in looking at it; the wisest among us cannot guess what the end of these things is to be. For it is not Ireland alone; starving Ireland will become starving Scotland and starving England in a little while; if this despicable root will but *continue* dead, we may at last all say that we have changed our sordid chronic pestilential atrophy into a swift fierce crisis of death or the beginning of cure; and all 'revolutions' are but small to this—if the potato will but stay *away!* Your Irish governing class are now actually brought to the Bar; arraigned before Heaven and Earth of *mis*governing this Ireland, and no Lord John Russell or 'Irish party' in Palace Yard, and no man or combination of men can save them from their sentence, to govern it better, or to disappear and die. The sins of the fathers fall heavy on the children, if after *ten* generations—surely, I think, of all the trades in the world that of Irish landlord at this moment is the frightfullest; the Skibbereen peasant dies at once in a few days; but his landlord will have to perish by inches, through long years of disquieting tumult, dark violence, and infatuation under yet undeveloped forms; and *him*, if God take not pity on him, nobody else will pity! Either this, it seems to me, is inevitable for the Irish landlord, or else a degree of manfulness and generous wisdom, such as one hardly dares to hope from him—from him, or from those about him. It is really a tremendous epoch we have come to, if the potato will not return! And then, as I said, our Scotch landlords, and then also our English, come in their turn to the Bar—not much less guilty, if much more fortunate—and they now will have a ravelled account to settle! But England and they are fortunate in this, that we have already *another* aristocracy (that of wealth, nay, in some measure that of wisdom, piety, courage)—an aristocracy not at all of the 'chimerical' or 'do nothing' sort, though not yet recognised in the Heralds' books, or elsewhere well; but an aristocracy which does actually guide and govern the people, to such extent at least as that they do not by wholesale die of hunger. That you in Ireland, except in some fractions of Ulster, altogether want this, and have nothing *but* landlords, seems to me the fearful peculiarity of Ireland. To relieve Ireland from this; to at least render Ireland *habitable* for capitalists, if not for heroes; to invite capital, and industrial governors and guidance (from Lancashire, from Scotland, from the moon, and from the Ring of Saturn); what other salvation can one see for Ireland? The end and aim of all true patriotism is

surely thitherward at present! Alas! you must tell Mitchel that I read with ever greater pain those wild articles of his, which, so much do I love in them otherwise, often make me very sad. Daniel O'Connell, poor old man now nearly *done* with his noisy unveracities, has played a sad part in this earth! All Ireland cries out, 'You have saved us.' But the fact is very far otherwise. Good Heavens, when I think what pestilent distraction, leading direct to revolt and grape-shot, and yet unsounded depths of misery he has cast into all the young heroic hearts of Ireland, I could wish the man never had been born! Mitchel may depend on it, it is not repeal from England, but repeal *from the Devil*, that will save Ireland. England, too, I can very honestly tell him, is heartily desirous of 'Repeal,' would welcome repeal with both hands if England did not see that repeal had been forbidden by the laws of Nature, and could in the least believe in repeal! Ireland, I think, cannot *lift anchor* and sail away with itself. We are married to Ireland by the ground plan of this world—a thick-skinned labouring man to a drunken ill-tongued wife; and dreadful family quarrels have ensued! Mitchel I reckon to be a noble, chivalrous fellow, full of talent and manful temper of every kind. In fact, I love him very much, and must infinitely regret to see the like of him enveloped in such poor delusions, partisanships, and narrow violences, very unworthy of him. 'Young Ireland,' furthermore, ought to understand that it is to them that the sense and veracity of England looks mainly for help in a better administering of Ireland; to them (and not to the O'Connell party, who are well seen for what they are), to them, in spite of all their violence, for it is believed that there are among them true men. This I can testify as a fact on rather good evidence. Adieu, dear Duffy; I meant but a word, and here is an essay!

"Ever yours,

"T. CARLYLE.

"The Chapmans were to send you a book they had been reprinting of mine. I suppose it arrived safe. Read the *Tablet* of yesterday, and forgive the editor for some nonsense that now and then falls from him; this is *sense*. These poor priests in Cloyne: weeks ago when I read the report of their meeting I said to myself, 'Thank God for it. This is the first rational utterance of the human voice I have yet heard in that wide howl of misery and folly which makes the heart sick!' May all the priests in Ireland with one accord do the like, and all true Irishmen join with them. Adieu."

A little later he sent felicitations on an event of high personal importance to me.

"CHELSEA, *March* 15, 1847.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I am delighted to hear of your good fortune! From a phrase in your former letter I had been anticipating something of this kind, which now it seems has happily arrived. I noticed the young beauty, among the others, that day in Bagot Street; but had I then known what was coming I should have taken a much closer survey. Pray give her my best regards; my true wishes that this new union may be blessed to you both, that you may have many happy, and, what is much more, many brave and noble years together in this world. If it be the will of the Fates I shall

be right glad to make farther acquaintance with this lady, perhaps under better auspices, some time by-and-by. The site of your new house (for we went by so many routes to Dundrum) is not at present very clear to me; may I know it better, one day, and see with satisfaction what a temple of the Muses, and stronghold of the heroisms and veracities, you have made of it, even in these dark times! A man in all 'times' makes his own world: this in the darkest condition of the elements is a gospel that should never forsake us.

"I am very idle here at present; but surely, if I live, shall not always be 'idle.' The world, mainly a wretched world of imposture from zenith to nadir, seems as if threatening to fall rapidly to pieces in huge ruin about one's ears; it seems as if in this loss of the poor Irish potato the last beggarly film that hid the abyss from us were snatched away, and now its black throat lay yawning, visible even to fools! How to demean oneself in these new circumstances is rather a question. We shall see *Bocca stretta, occhi sciolti.*

"I will say no more about 'Repeal' at present. The 'Coxcombs in London' are a dreadful sorrow to us all, and every honest soul of us is straining as he can to get rid of *them* in some good way—to change them and their windy spouting establishment into some real council of Amphictyons. But we know also that already they are not 'the Government,' except in name merely; that already the real *Government*, and even the Acts of Parliament, for every locality, rest truly with those that have power in that locality—in Ireland with the Irish aristocracy, for example; the more is your woe! Do you think *they* are precious to any good man here? Adieu.

"T. CARLYLE."

HIS SECOND VISIT TO IRELAND.

Three years later, Carlyle paid a second visit to Ireland. To make the conditions and circumstances of this new journey intelligible some brief explanation may be convenient. In the interval the political and personal fortunes of his Irish friends had undergone a tragical reverse. The generous young men who surrounded him in 1846 were for the most part State prisoners or political refugees in 1849. A famine, which had twice decimated the agricultural population in a country which produced a superabundance of food for all its people, drove men to abandon further reliance on petitions and remonstrances to a deaf oracle. The European revolutions of 1848 indicated another possible remedy for intolerable wrongs, and in the midsummer of that year a national insurrection was attempted. In the forlorn and dispirited condition of the people it failed utterly, and the men responsible for the attempt, some of the very men, indeed, who had welcomed Carlyle to Ireland three years earlier, were convicted of high treason or treason felony, and were transported beyond the seas.

For my part, I had been four times arraigned for the same offence

as my friends, but it proved impossible to attain a verdict. The curious story of my escape has been already told in detail.* It may be stated in a sentence. Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant, honoured me with his special enmity, and to procure a sure and speedy verdict against me, so overstrained the criminal law that, by the skill of my eminent counsel, the instrument was shattered in his hands. After ten months' close imprisonment, during which the steam was three times kindled in the frigate designed to carry me into penal exile and had to be three times extinguished amid considerable public laughter, which seriously discomposed official and judicial persons, I was admitted to bail, to come up if required for another trial at the next Commission.

During my imprisonment, Carlyle wrote to me with affectionate sympathy. He was far from approving of an Irish Revolution, or believing one possible; but it may be assumed that he was of opinion I had not done anything in furtherance of that object unworthy of a man of honour.

"CHELSEA, *October* 21, 1848.

"DEAR DUFFY,—It was not till last night that I could discover for myself any distinct plan of attempting to convey a word of sympathy to you, in this the time of your distress; and I know not still for certain whether the small enterpise can take effect. If this bit of paper do reach you within your strait walls, let it be an assurance that you are still dear to me; that in this sad crisis which has now arrived, we here at Chelsea do not find new cause for blame superadded to the old, but new cause for pity and respect, and loving candour, and for hope still, in spite of all! The one blame I ever had to lay upon you, as you well know, was that, like a young heroic all-trusting Irish soul, you had *believed* in the prophesying of a plausible son of lies preaching deliverance to your poor country; and believing, had, as you were bound in that case, proceeded to put the same in practice, cost what it might cost to you. Even in this wild course, often enough denounced by me, I have to give you this testimony, that your conduct was never other than noble; that whoever might show himself savage, narrow-minded, hateful in his hatred, C. G. Duffy always was humane and dignified and manful; nay, often enough, in the midst of those mad tumults, I had to recognise a voice of clear modest wisdom and courageous veracity, admonishing 'Repealers' that their true enemy was not England after all, that repeal from England, except accompanied by *repeal from the Devil*, would and could do nothing for them; and this most welcome true voice, almost the only such I could hear in Ireland, was the same C. G. Duffy's. Courage, my friend, all is not yet lost! A tragic destiny has severed you from that one source of mischief in your life. Let this, though at such a hideous cost to you, be welcome, as instruction dear-bought but indispensable! By Heaven's blessing, this is no *finis* in your course, but the *finis* only of a huge mistake, and the beginning of a

* "Four Years of Irish History." By Sir C. Gavan Duffy. London: Cassell & Co.

much nobler course, delivered from that. I mean what I say. The soul of a man *can* by no agency, of men or of devils, be lost and ruined but by his own only; in all scenes and situations this is true, and if you are the true man I take you to be, you will find it so yet. Courage, I say; courage, patience, and for a time *pious silence!* If it please God, there is yet a day given us; '*all* days have not set,' no, only some of them.

"Dear Duffy, I know not whether you can send me any word of remembrance from the place where you are, but rather understand that you *cannot*, nor is it material, for I can supply the word. But if now, or henceforth at any time while I live, I could be of any honest service to you, by my resources or connections here or otherwise, surely it would be very welcome news to me. Farewell for the present. My wife joins in affectionate salutation to you. That autumn evening on the pier at Kingstown, with your kind figure, and Mitchel's in the crowd, yes, it will be memorable to me, while I continue in this world. Adieu.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

After my release from prison, I spent a few weeks in London, and saw much of Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, and their closest friends. I do not think his second visit to Ireland was projected at that time, but shortly after my return home he mooted it in a letter.

"CHELSEA, 29*th May*, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—There has risen a speculation in me, which is getting rather lively in these weeks, of coming over to have a deliberate walk in Ireland, and to look at the strange doings of the Powers there with my own eyes for a little. The hot season here—of baked pavements, burning skies, and mad artificialities growing ever madder, till in August they collapse by sheer exhaustion—is always frightful to me; and during this season, from various causes, is likely to be frightfuller than common: add to which, that I have fewer real fetters binding me here than usual—nothing express at all but an edition of 'Cromwell,' which the printers, especially after two weeks hence, may manage for themselves; in short, all taken together, I incline much to decide that I ought to give myself the sight of one other country summer, somewhere on this green earth; and that Ireland, on several accounts, has strong claims of preference on me. I do not expect much pleasure there, or properly any 'pleasure'; alas! a *Book* is sticking in my heart, which cannot get itself written at all; and till that be written there is no hope of peace or benefit for me anywhere. Neither do I expect to learn much out of Ireland; Ireland is, this long while past, pretty satisfactorily intelligible to me—no phenomenon that comes across from it requiring much explanation; but it seems worth while to *look* a little at the unutterable *Curtius Gulf* of British, and indeed of European, things, which has visibly broken forth there: in that respect, if not in another, Ireland seems to me the notablest of all spots in the world at present. 'There is your problem, *yours*, too, my friend.' I will say to myself: 'Then, see what you will make of that!' In short, why shouldn't I go and look at Ireland, and be my own (*Eternity's*) Commissioner there? Wm. Edward Forster,

the young Quaker whom you have seen, offers to attend me for at least two weeks, from the middle of June onwards; and, in truth, day after day the project is assuming a more practical form. Probably something really *may* come of it.

"My preparations hitherto do not amount to much; yet I am doing, under obstructions, what I can. Yesterday, not till after much groping, I did at last get a tolerable map of Ireland (the Railway Commissioners', in six big pieces). I have examined or re-examined various books; but, unfortunately, find hardly one in the hundred worth examining. Sir James Ware's book (by Harris) is the one good book I have yet seen. Flaherty says 'Camden saw England with both eyes, Scotland with only one, and Ireland *cæcus*, with none'—nevertheless, Camden is yet by far my best guide in historical topography: indeed he, the very Apollo of topographers, has rendered all others vile to me, unendurable on any ground that he has touched. I have also read the life of *St. Patrick*—Jocelyn's absurd legend; the dreary commentaries of poor Bollandists; and St. Patrick's own *Confessio* (which I believe to be genuinely his, though unfortunately it is typical, not biographical); and one of the few places where I yet clearly aim to be is on the top of Croagh Patrick, to wish I could gather all the serpents, devils and *malefici* thither again, and rolling them up into one big mass, fling the whole safely into Clew Bay again! St. Patrick's Purgatory too (but the real one, —in Lough Erne, I think); the Hill of Tarah likewise,—and if I could find that Castle of Darwasth (or Ardnochar and Horseleap, in W. Meath county) where the native carpenter, when Hugh de Lacy was showing him the mode of chipping and adzing, suddenly took his axe, and brained de Lacy—I should esteem it worth while. The famishing Unions,* I of course want especially to see; this of itself, I suppose, will take me into the 'Picturesque' department, which, on its own strength, I must not profess to regard much. What remarkable *men* have you in Ireland? *There* is a very wide question. But, in fact, I am still, as you perceive, in a dim inquiring condition as to this tour, and solicit help from any likely quarter. Aubrey de Vere has undertaken to put down on paper his notions of a set of Irish *notabiles* and *notabilia* for me: one of the purposes of this letter was partly to try whether you perhaps would not contribute a little in the same way, or in any other way? Write me a word as soon as you have leisure, on this and on other things.

"[John] Forster was greatly pleased with you both, and perhaps there may be an abatement of nonsense in one small province of things by reason of that visit. What you are deciding on for your own future course will be very interesting to me, so soon as it has got the length of being talked about. We send many kind regards to Mrs. Duffy, last seen as a *Naiad*, then vanishing in the dust of the Strand,—Eheu! In Bagot Street there is a beautiful sister, whom I remember well, and always wish to be remembered by.† No more; paper and time are done.

"Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

* The Poor Law Unions, where the famine was most aggravated.

† Mrs. Callan, a woman of remarkable gifts and accomplishments, to whom Carlyle, as will be seen, sent friendly messages for more than forty years.

A second letter on the same subject refers to my conditional promise to accompany him on his excursion, the condition being that I was not in prison at the time fixed for the journey, for my bail terminated on the 12th of July, little more than a month from the date of his letter.

"CHELSEA, *June* 8, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your comfortable, kind, and instructive letter. I like well to fancy you fishing in the clear waters about Bray, in the still valley of the Dargle, in this weather, and do imagine that whatever else you may catch, there is a real chance of your achieving, in such scenes and employments, some addition of health and composure both to body and mind. Fear nothing for the '12th of July'; there is, I suppose, not the slightest purpose on the part of the official persons to try that operation again; they know too well that if they did, they have not the least chance to succeed. If it pleases Heaven, you shall *have* passed victoriously through that most dangerous experiment, dangerous not from Monahan* alone, or even chiefly, as I read it, and a new and clearer course will henceforth open for you, not to terminate without results that all wise men will rejoice at. You have an Ireland ready to be taught by you, readier by you just now than by any other man; and God knows it needs teaching in all provinces of its affairs, in regard to all matters human and divine! Consider yourself as a brand snatched from the burning, a *providential* man, saved by the beneficent gods for doing a *man's* work yet, in this noisy, bewildered, quack-ridden and devil-ridden world; and let it, this thought, in your modest ingenuous heart, rather give you fear and pious anxiety than exultation or rash self-confidence—as I know it will.

"Certainly I mean to avail myself of your guidance, of your proffered company, if it will at all suit; and we will take 'the three weeks' in whatever quarter your resources can best profit the common enterprise. Meanwhile, as to time—though I feel that there ought now to be no delay on my part (for in fact I must soon go to Ireland, or elsewhither), there has yet been no day fixed, and my speculations and inquiries, which still continue, yield me scattered points of interest all over Ireland; but except the 'famine districts,' which one must see, but would not quite hasten to see, there is no point I am decisively attracted to beyond all others; so that the voyage hitherto is still *in nubibus* as to all its details. As to the day of its commencement, which is the first indispensable detail, A. de Vere advises that I should wait a little till the cholera abate in those sad regions. I myself think of coming by steam from London at once, speculate on starting second Thursday hence, sometimes (in sanguine moments) even *first* Thursday! To-morrow I am to consult with Twistleton (an excellent man, who loves Ireland, whom you would have loved had you known him); to-day I go for the *Penny Cyclopædia* affairs you spoke of. I read *Fraser* too, with the map; and much else. I must see Glendalough, Ferns, Enniscorthy,

* The Irish Attorney-General.

Doneraile (Mouser's House there); in fact I am getting fondest of Wexford I find. Write to me what *your* times are, so far as they are fixed.

"Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

But to get a philosopher afloat on seas which he had not explored was no ordinary enterprise, and it needed several additional despatches before he set sail.

"CHELSEA, *June* 16, 1849.

"Ever since Sunday last I have had a despicable snivelling cold hanging about me; fruit of these grim north winds, which we enjoy here in the grey condition with almost no sun. Add to this a most wearisome miniature painter, who (with almost no effect) has cut out the flower of every morning for me; and has not yet ended, though he is now reduced to after-dinner hours—and, in fact, may end when he like, for he will never manage his affair, I perceive.

"So that I have been obliged to give up Thursday *first;* but do now definitely say *Thursday come a week;* barring accidents, I mean to sail on that day (ten A.M.) in the steamer for Dublin from this port; when the steamer will arrive, you can perhaps tell *me*, for I do not yet learn here, having hitherto been no farther eastward than the office in the Regent's Circus in prosecution of my inquiry. Expect me then, however, if accidents befall not, and if with utmost industry I do not fail to get these innumerable ragtaggeries settled or suppressed in time for that morning, 'Thursday come a week,' which I think is the twenty-eighth of the month, is announced as my day of sailing. Mrs. Carlyle purposes, in a day or two after, to set out for Scotland and some secluded visiting among friends. Forster *may* now, for what I know, appear in Dublin about the same time; his perennial cheerfulness, intelligent, hearty, and active habits would render him a very useful element in such an expedition, I believe. But at any rate I am delighted that you go with me, and I really anticipate a little good from the business for myself and for all of us.

"Twistleton, whom I see again to-morrow, will furnish the introductions you suggest. If the agent of any English estate, or indeed, I suppose, of any chief Irish one, could prove serviceable, most probably some of my friends here could procure it for me; but that, at any rate, can be managed from Ireland quite as well. Of Irish aristocrats I remember only Stafford O'Brien, Lord Bessborough, Castlereagh, &c., none of whom, by the aspect of him, had much promise for me. I suppose the Imperial Hotel is as good as any? Please say, and consider of tours, and of methods, &c., for two persons, and for third Kildare, Maynooth, &c., and then southward along the coast. Three days in Dublin, or even two.

"Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

"CHELSEA, *June* 24, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Your Dublin agent for ships is right, and I am wrong: for Dublin the days of sailing are Wednesday and Saturday (if one looks narrowly, with spectacles, into the corners of the thing); and what is more, their *hour* of sailing seems to be variable, sometimes so early in the morning

as would not suit me at all! Add to which, I am sunk over head and ears in a new avalanche of Cromwell rubbish all this day (the *last*, I do hope, of that particular species of employment!), and I have barely time to save the post, and send you a word *postponing* the exact decision. On the whole, Holyhead and the railway still survive. My attraction for the other route was partly that I might see once the southern shores of England; also that I might be left *entirely alone*, which, for two days in a returning Dublin steamer, I calculated might well be my lot. Alone, and very miserable, it will beseem me to be, a good deal in this the most original of my 'tours.' Brief, on Monday I will try to settle it, and then tell you.

"Forster does not come with me; will join me when I like after, &c. &c. I mean that *you* shall initiate me into the methods of Irish travel, and keep me company so far as our routes, once fixed upon, will go together. Your friendly cheerfulness, your knowledge of Ireland, all your goodness to me, I must make available. Define to yourself what it is you specially aim towards in travelling, that I may see how far without straining I can draw upon you.

"People are giving me letters, &c.; Aubrey de Vere has undertaken for 'six good Irish landlords,' vehemently protesting that 'six' (suggested by me) is not the maximum number. He wishes to send me across direct to Kilkee (Clare County), where his friends now are. A day or two of peace at some nice bathing-place, to swim about, and then sit silent looking out on the divine salt flood, is very inviting to my fancy; but Kilkee all at once will not be the place, I find.

"Twistleton brought his successor Power down with him last night; I hoped Power might have been an Irishman; but I do not think he is. Twistleton is decidedly a *loss* to Ireland, I reckon, as matters now stand; a man of much loyalty, pious affection, stout intelligence, and manful capability every way.

"I have read a good many of your friend Ferguson's 'Irish Counties,' which is slow work, if one hold fast by the map; but is very instructive. I wish these articles existed as a separate book.* I would take them with me as the best *vade mecum* on such a journey. Have you got the book 'Facts from Gudore'? I never could see it yet, but consider it well worth seeing. Irish songs you also remember.

"A Mr. Miley, a Catholic priest of your city, was to have come to me one day; but I think the unfortunate painter must have deterred Lucas and him; at all events, they did not appear.

"Enough for this day; on Monday a more definite prophecy, as to time at least.

"Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

"CHELSEA, *June* 26, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—On Wednesday, by the *Athlone*, or by something else better if I fail in the *Athlone* (of which you shall have notice); expect me, therefore, not later than that day; and so let one point, the preliminary of all, be fixed at last.

* Probably Sir Samuel Ferguson's topographical papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

"A stock of letters, to be used or not, for Dublin and other places, especially for the ruined West, is accumulating on me; in Dublin I have a Dr. Stokes, Dr. Kennedy, Chambers, Walker, and various military and official people; certainly longer than 'two days' will be needed in Dublin if I am to get much good of these people; but I will make what despatch proves possible.

"You have your 'routes' in a state of readiness that we may be able at once to get to business. At present, Maynooth, Kildare town, and then some march across to Glendalough, or through Wicklow, is figuring in my imagination; after which, Wexford, Ross, Waterford, &c. But in my present state of insight all hangs in the clouds. I wish only I were fairly among the hills and green places, with the summer breeze blowing round me, and a friendly soul to guide and cheer me in my pilgrimage. Kildare, I repeat, for St. Bridget's sake--Bridekirk (her kirk, I suppose) was almost the place of my birth; and Bridget herself, under the oaks 1400 years ago, is for her own sake beautiful to me. One Fitzgerald, a Suffolk Irish friend of long standing, offers me introduction to some specifically Irish family of his kindred in that region—on the Curragh itself, if I remember. We shall see.

"All kinds of business yet remain for me, and not a minute to spare. People say the Queen is coming to look at Ireland, foolish creature!

"Yours ever truly,
"T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle reached Dublin on the 3rd of July, and spent a week in accepting hospitalities from a few of his original friends of 1846 who remained, and from various official personages, to whom he brought introductions from London. He left behind some hasty notes of his Irish journey, which have unhappily been published since his death. He gave them to his amanuensis soon after they were written; they passed through several hands, and finally reached a firm of publishers, who printed them, and sent proofs to certain of Carlyle's friends for consideration. I recommended that the proposed volume should be suppressed, out of respect for his memory; but Mr. Froude, who could speak with more authority in the premises, was of opinion that the publishers were free to do what they pleased with what had become their property, and he saw no objection to their giving it to the world. Carlyle describes himself as setting out from Scotland, "in sad health and sad humour," and this temporary gloom discolours the book. Though he is universally courteous in his reference to the friends to whom I presented him in Dublin and during the subsequent journey, some of them country gentlemen, barristers, and doctors, who a few months before had been political prisoners, or inscribed in the Castle list of suspects, he writes of notable persons of both sexes in Dublin who received him with lavish hospitality with a licence of language which I am persuaded he himself would neither have justified nor sanctioned had he lived to see it in print.* There is nothing which a man might

* This is the book known as "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849." By Thomas Carlyle. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1882.

not have written to his wife or friend without offence, but much quite unfit to be launched into publicity.*

Carlyle was at this time past fifty years of age, had a strong, well-knit frame, a dark, ruddy complexion, piercing blue eyes, close-drawn lips, and an air of silent composure and authority. He was commonly dressed in a dark suit, a black stock, and a wide-brimmed hat, sometimes changed for one of soft felt. A close observer would have recognised him as a Scotchman, and probably concluded that he was a Scotchman who had filled some important employment. There was not a shade of discontent or impatience discernible in his countenance; if these feelings arose they were kept in check by a disciplined will. It must be remembered that by this time his life had grown tranquil; he had outlived his early struggles to obtain a footing in life, and a hearing from the world; he had written the "French Revolution" and "Cromwell," and his place in literature was no longer in doubt. A number of young Englishmen, beginning to distinguish themselves as writers or in public life, recognised him as master, and one of the show-places which distinguished foreigners were sure to visit in London was the narrow house in a little street off the Thames, where the Philosopher of Chelsea resided.

This is the aspect he presented among men to whom he was for the most part new. But I must speak of his relation to his fellow-traveller. If you want to know a man, says the proverb, make a solitary journey with him. We travelled for six weeks on a stretch, nearly always *tête-à-tête*. If I be a man who has entitled himself to be believed, I ask those who have come to regard Carlyle as exacting and domineering among associates, to accept as the simple truth the fact that during those weeks of close and constant intercourse, there was not one word or act of his to the young man who accompanied him unworthy of an indulgent father. Of arrogance or impatience not a shade. In debating the arrangements of the journey, and all the questions in which fellow-travellers have a joint interest, instead of exercising the authority to which his age and character entitled him, he gave and took with complaisance and good fellowship.

I do not desire the reader to infer that the stories of a contrary character are absolutely unfounded. But they have been exaggerated

* A curious pedigree of Irish discontent might be extracted from Carlyle's experience on this journey. He was the guest in Dublin, Kilkenny, Cork, Galway, and other towns, of men who were embodiments of a passion which had quite recently exploded in an unsuccessful insurrection. The introductions he brought from London were sometimes to men who were sons of noted rebels of a previous generation, who had conspired with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone for separation from England Dr. Stokes, President of the College of Physicians, and a Professor in the University, he notes as "son of an United Irishman." Sir Alexander MacDonnell, Chief Commissioner of Education, as "son of an United Irishman, too"; and in a young Fellow of the University he recognises the Laureate of '98. He even encountered the Irish discontent, which was ripening for an eruption twenty years later, in the person of Isaac Butt, not yet an avowed Nationalist. "I saw, among others, Councillor Butt, brought up to me by Duffy: a terribly black, burly son of earth; talent visible in him, but still more animalism; big bison-head, black, not *quite* unbrutal: glad when he went off 'to the Galway Circuit' or whithersoever."

out of reasonable relation to fact, and have caused him to be grievously misunderstood. He was a man of genuine good nature, with deep sympathy and tenderness for human suffering, and of manly patience under troubles. In all the serious cares of life, the repeated disappointment of reasonables hope, in privation bordering on penury, and in long delayed recognition by the world, he bore himself with constant courage and forbearance. He was easily disturbed, indeed, by petty troubles, if they interfered with his life's work, never otherwise. Silence is the necessary condition of serious thought, and he was impatient of any disturbance which interrupted it. Unexpected intrusion breaks the thread of reflection, often past repair, and he was naturally averse to such intrusion. He had sacrificed what is called success in life in order to be free to think in solitude and silence; and this precious peace, the atmosphere in which his work prospered, he guarded rigorously. At times he suffered from dyspepsia, and critics are sometimes disposed to forget that dypspepsia is as much a malady, and as little a moral blemish, as toothache or gout, and the sufferer a victim rather than an offender. I shall have occasion to return to this subject later, and I am content to say here that I have often seen a "brisk little somebody critic and whipper-snapper in a rage to set things rights" show more temper in an hour than this maligned man in an exhausting journey of weeks.

We travelled slowly during a great part of July and August, through Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, in journeys of many hours at a time, made in the carriages of our friends, in railway trains, stage coaches, or Irish cars. There were opportunities for continued talk, which I turned to account in a manner which Carlyle describes in his "Irish Reminiscences." Two or three extracts will sufficiently indicate how the daily *tête-à-tête* was employed.

"Waterford car at last, in the hot afternoon we rattled forth into the dust. . . . Scrubby ill-cultivated country. Duffy talking much, *that is—making me talk*. Kilmacthomas, clean, white village, hanging on the steep decliningly. Duffy discovered; enthusiasm of all for him, even the policeman. Driver privately whispered me he would like to give a cheer. 'Don't, it would do him no good.' . . . Jerpoint Abbey, huge distressing mass of ruins, huts leaning on the back of it—to me nothing worth at all, or less than nothing if *dilettantism* must join with it. Rest of the road singularly forgotten; *Duffy keeping me so busy at talk*, I suppose. 'Carrickshock' farm on the west, where '18 police,' seizing for tithes, were set upon and all killed some eighteen or more years ago. And next? Vacancy, not even our talk remembered in the least—*probably of questions which I had to answer*. Duffy, &c."

Sometimes we seem to have got on dangerously explosive topics. "This afternoon was it I argued with Duffy about Smith O'Brien; I infinitely vilipending, he hotly eulogising the said Smith," or "Sadly weary; Duffy reads Irish ballads to me, unmusical enough," where his

temporary mood probably influences his judgment. But the talk was chiefly of eminent men whom he had known. When I named a man in whom I was interested, he spoke of him forthwith. When I named another he took up the second, and so throughout the day. I knew that one of his most notable gifts was the power of making by a few touches a likeness of a man's moral or physical aspect, not easily forgotten. His portraits were not always free from a strain of exaggeration, but they were never malicious, never intentionally caricatured; they represented his actual estimate of the person in question. It has been said of him that he had a habit which seemed instinctive of looking down upon his contemporaries, but it must not be forgotten that it was from a real, not an imaginary eminence. He insisted on a high and perhaps impossible standard of duty in the men whom he discussed, but it was a standard he lived up to himself, and it only became chimerical when it was applied indiscriminately to all who were visible above the crowd. His own life was habitually spent in work, and belonged to a moral world almost as far apart from the world in which the daily business of life is transacted as the phantom land of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is sometimes forgotten how completely posterity has pardoned in Carlyle's peers characteristics which are treated as unpardonable crimes in him. His sense of personal superiority was not so constant or so vigilant as Wordsworth's, though the poet was perhaps more cautious in the exhibition of it; Burke was far more liable to explosions of passion, and Johnson harsher and more peremptory every day of his life, than Carlyle at rare intervals in some fit of dyspepsia.

Of his manner, I ought, perhaps, to say a word. In a *tête-à-tête* he did not declaim but conversed. His talk was a clear rippling stream that flowed on without interruption, except when he acted the scene he was describing, or mimicked the person he was citing. With the play of hands and head he was not a bad mimic, but his countenance and voice, which expressed wrath or authority with singular power, were clumsy instruments for *badinage*. But his attempts were more enjoyable than skilful acting, he entered so frankly into the farce himself, laughing cordially, and manifestly not unmindful of the contrast his levity presented to his ordinary mood. Though he commonly spoke the ordinary tongue of educated Englishmen, if he was moved, especially if he was moved by indignation or contempt, he was apt to fall into what Mrs. Carlyle calls "very decided Annandale."

I made notes of his talk daily, and finally offered them to him to read. He playfully excused himself, but tacitly sanctioned the practice, which I continued down to his death. It is more than forty years since the earliest notes were written. I have omitted many which time has rendered obsolete, but otherwise they remain as they were set down on the day of the conversation. I more than once medi-

tated destroying them as they had answered their original purpose, which was simply my personal instruction, but when I considered what would be the worth of Bacon or Burke's impression of his most notable contemporaries, I shrank from destroying Carlyle's judgments on men, concerning many of whom the world maintains a permanent interest. What most of us enjoy with the keenest relish in the memoirs and correspondence of men of letters is their judgment of each other. We can rarely accept it without reserve, but what Montaigne thought of Rabelais, what Ben Jonson thought of Shakespeare, Rousseau's private opinion of Voltaire, Samuel Johnson's estimate of Fielding and Richardson will always be memorable. Even Byron's rash judgment on Wordsworth and Keats, Southey's contempt for Shelley, or, to come lower down, Brougham's estimate of Macaulay, or Macaulay's estimate of Brougham are only *obiter dicta* in criticism, but are tit-bits in literary gossip. We do not regard Fielding as a blockhead and a barren rascal because Johnson pronounced him to be so, or Wordsworth as a poetical charlatan and a political parasite on the authority of Byron, and when Brougham declares that Macaulay could not reason, and had no conception of what an argument was, or when Macaulay affirms that Carlyle might as well take at once to Irving's unknown tongue as write such an essay as "Characteristics," there is no harm done except to the critic himself, but we would not willingly lose even the splenetic judgments of men of genius much less judgments which are often profoundly wise and always substantially fair like those uttered by Carlyle.

WORDSWORTH.

On our first day's journey, the casual mention of Edmund Burke induced me to ask Carlyle who was the best talker he had met among notable people in London.

He said that when he met Wordsworth first he had been assured that he talked better than any man in England. It was his habit to talk whatever was in his mind at the time, with total indifference to the impression it produced on his hearers; on this occasion he kept discoursing on how far you could get carried out of London on this side and on that for sixpence. One was disappointed perhaps, but, after all, this was the only healthy way of talking to say what is actually in your mind, and let sane creatures who listen make what they can of it. Whether they understood or not, Wordsworth maintained a stern composure, and went his way, content that the world went quite another road. When he knew him better, he found that no man gave you so faithful and vivid a picture of any person or thing which he had seen with his own eyes.

I inquired if Wordsworth came up to this description he had heard of him as the best talker in England.

Well, he replied, it was true you would get more meaning out of what Wordsworth had to say to you than from anybody else. Leigh Hunt would emit more pretty, pleasant ingenious flashes in an hour than Wordsworth in a day. But in the end you would find, if well considered, that you had been drinking perfumed water in one case, and in the other you got the sense of a deep, earnest man, who had thought silently and painfully on many things. There was one exception to your satisfaction with the man. When he spoke of poetry he harangued about metres, cadences, rhythms and so forth, and one could not be at the pains of listening to him. But on all other subjects he had more sense in him of a sound and instructive sort than any other literary man in England.

I suggested that Wordsworth might naturally like to speak of the instrumental part of his art, and consider what he had to say very instructive, as by modifying the instrument, he had wrought a revolution in English poetry. He taught it to speak in unsophisticated language and of the humbler and more familiar interests of life.

Carlyle said, No, not so; all he had got to say in that way was like a few driblets from the great ocean of German speculation on kindred subjects by Goethe and others. Coleridge, who had been in Germany, brought it over with him, and they translated Teutonic thought into a poor, disjointed, whitey-brown sort of English, and that was nearly all. But Wordsworth, after all, was the man of most practical mind of any of the persons connected with literature whom he had encountered; though his pastoral pipings were far from being of the importance his admirers imagined. He was essentially a cold, hard, silent, practical man, who, if he had not fallen into poetry, would have done effectual work of some sort in the world. This was the impression one got of him as he looked out of his stern blue eyes, superior to men and circumstances.

I said I had expected to hear of a man of softer mood, more sympathetic and less taciturn.

Carlyle said, No, not at all; he was a man quite other than that; a man of an immense head and great jaws like a crocodile's, cast in a mould designed for prodigious work.

Francis Jeffrey.

After a pause he resumed. As far as talk might be regarded as simply a recreation, not an inquiry after truth and sense, Jeffrey said more brilliant and interesting things than any man he had met in the world. He was a bright-eyed, lively, ingenuous little fellow, with something fascinating and radiant in him when he got into his drawing-room tribune. He was not a great teacher, far enough from that, nor a man of solid sense like Wordsworth, but his talk was

lively and graphic, though, when one came to consider it, it was not in any remarkable degree instructive or profitable. It was pleasant and titillating, at any rate, like the odorous perfume of a pastille *aux milles fleurs*.

I remarked that, having started in life with the traditional estimate of Jeffrey as the king of critics and so forth, I found his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, when I hunted them out with infinite pains, thin and disappointing.

Yes, Carlyle replied, his speculations and cogitations in literature were meagre enough. His critical faculty was small, and he had no true insight into the nature of things; but the *Edinburgh Review* had been of use in its time, too; when a truth found it hard to get a hearing elsewhere, it was often heard there. At present the great Review was considerably eclipsed, and the influence with which it started into life was quite gone.

Browning and Coleridge.

I begged him to tell me something of the author of a serial I had come across lately, called "Bells and Pomegranates," printed in painfully small type, on inferior paper, but in which I took great delight. There were ballads to make the heart beat fast, and one little tragedy, "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which, though not over disposed to what he called sentimentality, I could not read without tears. The heroine's excuse for the sin which left a blot in a 'scutcheon stainless for a thousand years, was, in the circumstances of the case, as touching a line as I could recall in English poetry:

"I had no mother, and we were so young."

He said Robert Browning had a powerful intellect, and among the men engaged in literature in England just now was one of the few from whom it was possible to expect something. He was somewhat uncertain about his career, and he himself (Carlyle) had perhaps contributed to the trouble by assuring him that poetry was no longer a field where any true or worthy success could be won or deserved. If a man had anything to say entitled to the attention of rational creatures, all mortals would come to recognise after a little that there was a more effectual way of saying it than in metrical numbers. Poetry used to be regarded as the natural, and even the essential, language of feeling, but it was not at all so; there was not a sentiment in the gamut of human passion which could not be adequately expressed in prose. Browning's earliest works had been loudly applauded by undiscerning people, but he was now heartily ashamed of them, and hoped in the end to do something altogether different from "Sordello" and "Paracelsus." He had strong ambition and great confidence in himself, and was considering his future course just now. When he first met young Browning, he was a youth living with his parents, people

of respectable position among the Dissenters, but not wealthy neither, and the little room in which he kept his books was in that sort of trim that showed he was the very apple of their eyes. He was about six and thirty at present, and a little time before had married Miss Barrett, the writer of various poems. She had long been confined to a sofa by spinal disease, and seemed destined to end there very speedily, but the ending was to be quite otherwise, as it proved. Browning made his way to her in a strange manner, and they fell mutually in love. She rose up from her sick bed with recovered strength and agility, and was now, it was understood, tolerably well. They married and were living together in Italy, like the hero and heroine of a mediæval romance.

I asked him did he remember a little poem of Coleridge's called, "The Suicide's Argument"; it had the most astonishing resemblance to one of Browning's various styles, and in a smaller man would suggest palpable imitation.

This was the poem:

"THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes; what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned, as 'twere sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!"

He replied that Browning was an original man, and by no means a person who would consciously imitate any one. There was nothing very admirable in the performance likely to tempt a man into imitation. It would be seen by-and-by that Browning was the stronger man of the two, and had no need to go marauding in that quarter.

I said I thought the stronger man would find it hard to match "Christabel," or "The Ancient Mariner," or to influence men's lives as they had been influenced by "The Friend," or "The Lay Sermon" in their day.

Not so, Carlyle said, whatever Coleridge had written was vague and purposeless, and, when one came to consider it, intrinsically cowardly, and for the most part was quite forgotten in these times. He had reconciled himself to believe in the Church of England long after it had become a dream to him. For his part he had gone to hear Coleridge when he first came to London with a certain sort of interest, and he talked an entire evening, or lectured, for it was not talk, on whatever came uppermost in his mind. There were a number of ingenious flashes and pleasant illustrations in his discourse, but it led nowhere, and was essentially barren. When all was said, Coleridge was a poor,

greedy, sensual creature, who could not keep from his laudanum bottle though he knew it would destroy him.

One of the products of his system, he added, after a pause, was Hartley Coleridge, whom he (Carlyle) had one day seen down in the country, and found the strangest ghost of a human creature, with eyes that gleamed like two rainbows over a ruined world. The poor fellow had fallen into worse habits than his father's, and was maintained by a few benevolent friends in a way that was altogether melancholy and humiliating. Some bookseller had got a book called "Biographia Borealis" out of him by locking him up, and only letting him out when his day's work was done. He died prematurely, as was to be expected of one who had forgotten his relation to everlasting laws, which cannot by any contrivance be ignored without worse befalling. His brother, he believed, had long ceased to do anything for him. The brother was a Protestant priest; a smooth, sleek, sonorous fellow, who contrived to get on better in the world than his father or brother, for reasons which need not be inquired into. He had the management of some model High Church schools at Chelsea, and quacked away there, pouring out huge floods of the sort of rhetoric that class of persons deal in, which he tried to persuade himself he believed. These were about the entire outcome of the Coleridgian theory of human duties and responsibilities.

I inquired if he had ever seen a sonnet by Coleridge not included in his poems, but published in "The Friend," entitled "The Good Great Man." In my judgment it might be confidently placed beside the best sonnets of Milton and Wordsworth; if Robert Browning had written it of Thomas Carlyle, it would do honour to them both. He had not read it, and I recited it from memory.

"How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

"For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain;
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends,
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."*

Yes, he said there were bits of Coleridge fanciful and musical enough, but the theory and practice of his life as he lived it, and his doctrines as he practised them, was a result not pleasant to contemplate.

* Speaking of this little poem several years afterwards with Robert Browning, he pointed out a fact which had escaped me, that though in structure and character it is a sonnet, it might be technically denied that title, as it has a line more than the legitimate number.

Reverting to Browning, I told him that I found it difficult to induce my friends to accept him at my estimate. One of them, to whom I lent "Sordello," sent it back with an inquiry, whether by any chance it might be the sacred book of the Irvingite Church, written in their unknown tongue? If it had a meaning, as I had assured him, was there any good reason why the problems of poetry should be more abstruse and perplexing than the problems of mathematics?

At a later period (1854), speaking again of the Brownings, I asked him if he had read "Aurora Leigh." I found graphic character painting and charming bits of social philosophy in it, and a style as easy and flowing as the best talk of cultivated people. What it wanted, I thought, was what her husband was strongest in, dramatic power. The feeble old Puseyite and the peasant girl, the woman of fashion and the woman of genius, spoke the same epigrammatic or axiomatic language. If it were reduced to half the length it would probably have twice the chance of living.

Carlyle said he had read little bits of "Aurora Leigh," in reviews chiefly, and did not discern anything in it which suggested the probability of its living beyond its little day. It furnished rather a beggarly account of this nineteenth century, with which one might guess future centuries would not concern themselves much. She went extensively into Fourierism and phalansteries, things likely to be altogether forgotten, and which would make the reading of the book a task as difficult to the next century as Spenser's historical allegories or Dryden's theological ones were just now. But she did not want a certain bright vivacity and keen womanly eye for the strange things transacted in the theatre of the world neither. If it was too big, that was not an uncommon fault of books just now. After a pause, he went on to say that he often reflected what an old Roman or a vigorous Norseman would make of modern sentimental poetry, or of such a windy phenomenon as Shelley.

CARLETON.

I recalled an incident at one of our recent breakfasts in Dublin, the by-play of which had escaped him. He was speaking of Shelley, and declared he was a poor shrieking creature who had said or sung nothing worth a serious man being at the trouble of remembering. D. F. MacCarthy, a young poet, who was an enthusiastic Shelleyite, was in great wrath, but controlled himself out of respect for the laws of hospitality.* William Carleton,† who was present, took up Carlyle's dictum, and declared that this was what he had long been saying to these young men, but they would not listen to him. MacCarthy, who had great humour and readiness, and who was persuaded that Carleton

* D. F. MacCarthy, the translator of Calderon and author of "The Early Days of Shelley," &c. † Author of "The Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

had never taken the trouble to read either Shelley or Carlyle, looked at him reproachfully a moment, and said, "Surely, Carleton, you would not disparage Shelley's masterpiece, 'Sartor Resartus?'" The ripple of laughter with which the company received this sally put Carleton on his guard; he looked round the table with his keen natural wit, divined the state of the case, and escaped the ambuscade. "Ah, my young friend," he said, "it would be well for Shelley if he could write a book like 'Sartor Resartus.'"

Savage Landor.

I spoke of Savage Landor. Landor, he said, was a man of real capacity for literary work of some sort, but he had fallen into an extravagant method of stating his opinions, which made any serious acceptance of them altogether impossible. If he encountered anywhere an honest man doing his duty with decent constancy, he straightway announced that here was a phenomenal mortal, a new and authentic emanation of the Deity. This was a sort of talk to which silence was to be preferred. Landor had not come to discern the actual relation of things in the world, very far from it. But there was something honourable and elevated, too, in his view of the subject when one came to consider it. He was sincere as well as ardent and impetuous, and he was altogether persuaded for the time that the wild fancies he paraded before the world were actual verities. But the personal impression he left on those who casually encountered him was that of a wild creature with fierce eyes and boisterous attitudes, uttering prodigious exaggerations on every topic that turned up, followed by a guffaw that was not exhilarating; rather otherwise, indeed.

I said he dropped his paragons as abruptly as he took them up. The first edition of the "Imaginary Conversations" was dedicated to Bolivar and Sir Robert Wilson; to Bolivar because he accomplished a more memorable work than any man had ever brought to a termination in this universe, and to Wilson for prodigious military achievements and heroic personal virtues. John Forster told me that Landor erased these dedications because he had altered his mind about the men, and regarded Bolivar, in particular, as an impostor, crowned with laurels for winning battles at which he was not even present.

Yes, Carlyle replied, this was his method of procedure. He was not inflexible in his opinions, but he was inflexible in his determination to be right, which, when one came to consider it, was the more manful and honourable method.

I suggested that it was a serious deduction from the "Imaginary Conversations" that they had the dramatic form without the dramatic spirit. He made Romans, Saxons and Sandwich Islanders talk the same balanced periods, and approached the heart of a subject by the same slow Socratic method. And he sometimes destroyed the illusion of his work by putting sly sarcasms on Pitt or Byron, Napoleon or

the Pope, into the mouths of Greeks and Romans, or of Englishmen of quite a different generation.

Yes, he said, even in the windy rollicking Noctes of *Blackwood* you met human beings whose sayings belonged to the speaker, and were not to be confounded one with another; but the "Conversations" were all more or less Landor. There were fine touches of character in his statesmen and poets which Wilson or Lockhart could not match, astonishing liveliness and vigour, too, and a far wider horizon of human interest.

I inquired whether literature was not merely his pastime, taken up by fits and starts?

He replied that Landor had been drawn into literature by ambition; he found it did not altogether succeed with him; his merits were far from being acknowledged by all mankind, which soured him in dealing with his fellow-creatures.

After a pause he went on. Landor, when he was young, went to Italy, believing that England was too base a place for a man of honour to dwell in; but he soon came to discover that Italy was intrinsically a baser place. For the last ten years he lived near Bath, coming rarely to London, which he professed to hate and despise. He had left his wife in Italy, giving her all his income except a couple of hundred pounds to get him a daily beefsteak in England. She was not a wise or docile woman, and he could not live with her any longer. He was about to remove his children that they might be properly educated, a task for which he esteemed her in no way fit, but the eldest son snatched up a gun and declared that he had come to a time of life to form an opinion on this question, and by G—— he would shoot any one who attempted to separate his mother and her children—so Landor had to leave them where they were.

I inquired if his wife were the Ianthe to whom so many of his poems were addressed. Carlyle said he thought not; Ianthe was probably a young girl at Bath, whom Landor counted the model of all perfection, and whom he got a good deal rallied about in London, other people forming quite a different estimate of her gifts.

Odds and Ends.

He fell into a pleasant gossip on trifling things, and suggested that going the whole hog was probably a phrase of Irish origin. Hog he found was a synonym in Ireland for a tenpenny piece when that coin was in common use in the country. It might be assumed, without much improbability, that an Irishman who began to give his friend a treat in a frugal spirit gradually warmed to the business, and at length, in an explosion of hospitality, proclaimed his intention of magnanimously spending the entire coin. In this sense, going the whole hog had a plain significance; but in the other it was hopeless nonsense. I told him that I thought I had recently chanced on the

explanation of another perplexing phrase, Hamlet's test of his own sanity—that he knew a hawk from a handsaw. A plasterer who was working for me called to the boy in attendance to bring him his hawk, which it appears is the name of the sort of pallet on which a plasterer carries mortar. Knowing a hawk from a handsaw in this sense was a natural enough test of intelligence, like knowing a hatchet from a crowbar.

Was there any evidence, he inquired, that the word was in use in the reign of Elizabeth? This was an indispensable basis for my hypothesis. The hawk and the heronshaw of falconry seemed a more natural comparison in the mouth of a young prince than one taken from the tools of an artisan. Speaking of the significant sayings of notable men, I happened to quote Lord Plunket's phrase: that to the unthinking history was only an old almanac. He said the phrase, if anybody cared to know, was not Lord Plunket's at all, but Jimmy Boswell's, who said to Johnston that somebody or other would reduce all history to the condition of an old almanac, a mere chronological series of events. I answered, laughing, that the currency of Jimmy Boswell's book in Ireland sixty years ago was an indispensable basis for any theory that called in question Plunket's originality. Speaking of the difficulties foreigners find in mastering colloquial English, he mentioned a blunder of Mazzini's, who called Scotch paupers "Scotch poors." I told him a kindred story which a friend of mine, who visited Dr. Döllinger, brought home with him. "There is a prodigious multitude of infidels in Germany, I fear," said my friend. "Yes," replied the professor, "infidels are numerous, but there are a good many 'fidels' also." He had been smoking all day, and I suggested that one who suffered so much from sleeplessness and indigestion ought not to smoke, or at any rate to smoke so constantly. He replied that he probably did himself some slight injury, but not much. He had given up smoking for an entire year at the instance of a doctor, who assured him at a period when he suffered much that his only ailment was too much tobacco. At the end of the year he was walking one evening in the country, so weak that he was hardly able to crawl from tree to tree, when he suddenly determined that whatever was amiss with him that fellow at least did not understand it, and he returned to tobacco, and smoked since without let or hindrance. In latter days he had got in London a bunch of Repeal pipes, as they were called, which were by far the best he had ever met with; but he could not get a further supply in Dublin, though he had made careful inquiries. I laughingly assured him that these excellent Repeal pipes were strictly reserved for true believers, and I would get him a supply if he qualified in the ordinary manner.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

(To be continued.)

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ITALY.

AFTER the remarkable and important articles on Italian affairs recently published by both the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it seems almost superfluous for me to approach the subject. My excuse for so doing is that mine is a neutral country, quite apart from the rivalries and ambitions of great Powers, and whose sole interest in foreign politics is the maintenance of peace, the further development of economic relations between nation and nation, and the general progress of humanity. It follows, therefore, that what I say, failing any other merit, will, at all events, possess that of impartiality.

In the two articles which Signor Crispi wrote in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW,* his object was to prove that the recent policy of Italy and her adhesion to the Triple Alliance had been compelled by the fact that France was, and ever had been, hostile to a united Italy, and had never really recognised Rome as its capital. Signor Crispi is here both right and wrong; in other words, it is essential very carefully to distinguish between different periods and currents of ideas.

It is, of course, obvious that an event so important as the establishment, on the confines of France, of a united realm of the first magnitude, involving the suppression of the temporal power of the great head of the Catholic Church, could not be similarly appreciated by all Frenchmen, or more particularly by all parties. The unity of Italy, with Rome as capital, has always found, and still finds, enemies in all devout Catholics and Ultramontanes. This, of course, can excite no surprise. It was opposed also by what I will call the *political* party—that is to say, by those who place themselves, as Signor Crispi does on behalf of his own country, at the point of

* June and August, 1891.

view of the possible rivalries of nations and of the balance of power. It is quite clear that France—then in the enjoyment of complete unity, and the first military nation in Europe—was comparatively far stronger when her neighbour Germany was split up into twenty little separate States, not unfrequently rivals, and at all events incapable of united action, and when Italy was also divided into principalities. Thiers constantly referred to this state of things in his speeches. Not only Liberal-Conservatives like Thiers, but Republicans such as Eugène Pelletan, and Socialists such as Proudhon, also expressed the same opinion. All, while anxious to see Italy delivered from a foreign yoke, were desirous that in her own interest, as well as in that of France, she should form a federation and not a united State. And, at the present day, in view of the existing situation, and from a French standpoint, might they not well maintain that they discerned the future clearly? It cannot, therefore, be denied that two powerful and influential groups in France were opposed to the unity of Italy.

But, on the other hand, the great majority of the French people were in favour of it; and this in consequence of two orders of ideas which are very prevalent in the country. Without going so far as to adopt Gambetta's famous motto, "Clericalism is our great enemy," the *bourgeoisie*, the workmen, and even the peasantry, are, as a rule, anti-clerical. This general sentiment is a legacy of the Revolution, easily explained by the horror which any recollection of the former state of things inspires. The great mass of the French nation, therefore, applauded the fall of the temporal power, and the mere notion of France taking up arms to defend it would have appeared monstrous and absurd.

In the second place, at that period, France considered herself the patroness of all oppressed nationalities. She was fired by a noble enthusiasm for the independence of Greece, of Italy, and later on of Hungary. She would have delivered Poland from Muscovite rule, at any cost, in spite of German opposition and the risk of a war with united Europe. There were popular movements and insurrections, with cries of "Vive la Pologne," not only under Louis Philippe, but as late as the Second Republic. What Frenchman was not moved by the perusal of Silvio Pellico's "Le mie Prigioni," by George Sand's "Orco," and by the verses of the poets who depicted the sufferings of Italy? Who did not long to see the hard and cruel Austrian domination in the land of Dante and Petrarch come to an end? Such feelings as these, which were favourable to Italy, and we may even say to Italian unity, were still very general in France even after 1870, although the people had in vain hoped for some assistance in their troubles from the other side of the Alps. It was known that Victor Emmanuel had shed tears, and even gone so far as to insult

his trusted Minister, Sella, when it was proved to him that the Italian army was wholly incapable of taking the field in time. The generous, though wholly futile, effort of Garibaldi, who attempted to come to the rescue of Bourbaki's army when it was already completely disorganised, was not forgotten.

How has it happened that the natural friendship between two sister nations has been replaced by such very different feelings?

The reason is certainly not, as Signor Crispi and many other Italians of note with him maintain, the fear lest France should support the Pope, and even reconquer his States for him by force of arms; it is, in part, the occupation of Tunis by French troops, for the purpose of chastising the Kroumirs. This is a very important point, which I will endeavour to prove later on.

But the true and serious cause of the existing ill-feeling between France and Italy lies still deeper. We may seek it in the position which Italy took in Europe, after she became a united kingdom. Definitely liberated and unified, after 1870, she was admitted to a place beside England, France, Germany, Russia, and Austro-Hungary. She became the sixth Great Power, and had a voice, with the others, in regulating the politics of our continent.

It would have been wiser to refuse this onerous and perilous honour. Happy the small States which have no such weighty responsibility! But it was too much to expect such exceeding wisdom from either the king or the country. Although taking her seat amongst the *Dii Majores,* Italy might still have kept somewhat in the background, and only interfered in the deliberations of the Powers in order to defend the rights of the people, or in humanitarian questions, abstaining for herself from any recourse to arms, and letting it be clearly understood that all her resources and all her activity were to be devoted to home affairs. This attitude, which is very similar to that adopted by the United States when they take part in any congress or conference of the Powers, would have placed Italy in the same sort of position as, for instance, Spain. I have spoken to this effect very frequently, and many years ago, to eminent Italian statesmen of different parties; and all, without exception, including that great Parliamentarian—so prudent, so moderate, so far-seeing—Minghetti, repudiated any such notion with the utmost indignation, as wholly unworthy of regenerated Italy. They argued that she was now a Great Power, and as such, must accept the burdens with the honours. To be nothing but a Belgium or a Switzerland, with a population of 30,000,000,—never! It was a duty to herself, her dignity, and her past history, to have the right of interference in international affairs, to contribute to the maintenance of the equilibrium of Europe, and, more particularly, in the Mediterranean, and to prevent the preponderance of one or other

of her neighbours from threatening her own security. It was, therefore, essential that she should be possessed of a large army and a powerful fleet, and also of colonies.

Italy was eager to give her opinion, even on the most delicate questions. For example, before the English were obliged to occupy Egypt, in order to save it from anarchy, on the refusal of France to have anything further to do with the matter, it was proposed to form a sort of protectorate of the three Powers—France, England, and Italy. The failure of this scheme, which was at the time amply justified by the very considerable interests possessed by all three States on the banks of the Nile, was a cruel disappointment for Italy, for which those who recollect the incident have never consoled themselves. It would have been a satisfaction to Italy to be completely entangled in the Egyptian wasp's-nest, from which even France preferred to withdraw.* Every one beyond the Alps, at that period, seemed to be attacked by that mania for greatness, designated so appropriately by the much regretted Jacini as *mégalomanie*, which led every Italian to be anxious that his country should play an important part in the affairs of the world.

Besides, the one special object, common to all Italian statesmen, of maintaining the equilibrium in the Mediterranean, sufficed alone to create, sooner or later, antagonism and difficulties in their relations with France. France, powerfully established on the two shores of this inland sea, with her thirty-eight million inhabitants, her almost exhaustless finances, her innumerable army and excellent fleet, must inevitably occupy a preponderating position. It is clear, therefore, that if Italy wishes to maintain a chimerical equilibrium, she can only do so by seeking alliances, and more particularly that of England, who also considers that she must have her share of influence and power in the Mediterranean.

We may, then, repeat that the idea of equilibrium in the Mediterranean, which Italy, so far, has ever laid stress upon as a matter of vital interest, implied a latent antagonism with regard to France. An unlooked-for incident rendered this antagonism open.

I have been informed, on good authority, that in the conferences

* It may be recollected that M. de Freycinet appealed to the Chamber for a vote of credit for the purpose of sending a small body of four thousand troops to Egypt, to act in concert with the English in maintaining order there. The offer of co-operation came from the Cabinet of St. James's. The great interest of France in Egypt, particularly in the Suez Canal, was an ample justification for such interference. Nevertheless, after a brilliant and cutting speech by M. Clémenceau, the Chamber of Deputies rejected the Bill by an overwhelming majority—416 votes to 75—and M. de Freycinet resigned. Frenchmen now bitterly regret this vote of July 29, 1882, and yet who can say that M. Clémenceau was not right? There is nothing more dangerous than a *condominium*. This was well proved by the occupation of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia and Austria conjointly. What special advantage would it be to France if, at the present moment, her red trousers were mounting guard at Cairo in company with English red coats? The point of interest for the world in general, and also for French trade and finance, is whether order and security are established in Egypt. If England be willing to take upon herself the *rôle* of police officer, why envy her so ungrateful a task?

which preceded the Berlin Treaty the representatives of Italy felt themselves very much shut out, their colleagues displaying great coldness towards them, and even at times a lack of goodwill. This treaty, and especially its immediate results, provoked in Italy feelings of violent resentment. The general irritation was deep and lasting. Austro-Hungary received Bosnia and Herzegovina; England, Cyprus; Russia, the liberation of Bulgaria and access to the mouth of the Danube; and France, (this was the very nadir of bitterness and humiliation) Tunis; whereas the young realm came away empty-handed.

It may be asked, "What did the Italians expect? Did they suppose that Austria would give up the Italian district of the Tyrol; or that Albania or Tripoli would be taken from Turkey for her benefit?" Such ideas could not be entertained for an instant. They hoped, perhaps, for Tunis, but France would never have permitted that. It is certainly somewhat hard for Italy to see the Regency henceforth annexed to Algeria, but is it not very natural that it should be so under existing conditions? It is argued that it is a permanent menace to Sicily; but is not Toulon still more threatening to Genoa, and in far closer proximity?

Besides, in the event of war it is certain that France would never make her basis of operations in Africa, where she has little or no resources, whereas on her own coasts she is abundantly provided with men, arms, munitions, and provisions of all kinds. The Italians, however, could not and would not listen to any argument. They were so deeply irritated that their exasperation bordered on fury. It was beyond description, and quite general; it was shared by the most devoted friends of France, and by men renowned for their moderation.*

The most cruel trial of all for Italy, however, was that she could count on no support in her resistance to France. Russia was inconsolable at being obliged by the other Powers, including Italy, to give up the treaty of San Stefano. Austria could not pardon the Irredentist claims. And as for the two natural allies, Germany and England, it was—oh mockery!—Lord Salisbury and Prince Bismarck who offered Tunis to France, the former with the view of giving to that Power a compensation calculated somewhat to deaden the notions

* I found this to be the case, not only from letters received from Italy, but from a visit to the country which I made just at that time. I give one little example out of several which struck me. At the banquet which the city of Turin offered to the Institute of International Law, in September 1882, I was seated next to one of the chief authorities. Glancing at the *ménu*, I observed that there were only Italian wines. I remarked casually to my neighbour that I was very pleased to have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the wines of the country. "We shall drink no more French wines," he replied; "she has refused to recognise our rights, and has humiliated us. Her desire is to see us wholly crushed, but we will show that we can defend ourselves. Even our women will take up arms." I had called forth, most involuntarily, an explosion of indignation and anger which absolutely amazed me.

of revenge, and the latter in order to create a cause of dissension and hostility between Italy and France, of which it would not be difficult for him to reap the advantage.

Italy, not accepting the *rôle* of a disinterested nation which would see the power of its neighbours increase without either fear or jealousy, naturally felt a most ardent desire to get out of her isolated and exceptional position. About this time strange and disquieting negotiations, which were going on between Rome and Berlin, induced the Italian Government to throw itself into the arms of Bismarck. We must here recall an incident of 1881–1882 which Signor Crispi wholly ignores in his two remarkable articles. Prince Bismarck, who shortly before had urged a revision of the Law of Guarantees *against* the Pope, now asked for its revision *in favour* of His Holiness. M. de Schloezer was despatched on an official mission to the Vatican, bringing to the Pope a most amiable and reassuring message. A telegram from the Italian Foreign Minister to the Italian Ambassador in Berlin betrays the uneasiness felt at the Quirinal. The Pope and his surroundings were quite elated. They even went so far as to hope that Germany might restore some States to the Papal See.*

Prince Bismarck, in thus siding with the Papacy, or in seeming to do so, secured three great advantages. He obtained the votes of the extreme Catholics in the German Parliament in support of his economic reforms. By putting an end to the *Kulturkampf* he lessened the hostility of the clergy in Alsace-Lorraine, and, lastly, he obliged Italy, standing alone and threatened as to Rome, to have recourse to himself. It was the trick of the forced card.

Could the Italian Government possibly do otherwise than seize such an opportunity as was then offered of abandoning her isolated position, which she recognised as fraught with peril, and securing the alliance of Germany, instead of the threatening hostility exhibited by Prince Bismarck in the ecclesiastical question?

Her position was transformed by this alliance as by magic. It had been most painful and dangerous, and it was now excellent. She felt herself thenceforth strong, and well supported as against France; and all uneasiness as to foreign interference in the Roman question vanished. One might well ask the French statesmen—who were themselves so eager to seize the first occasion of escape from their

* The situation was so strained, and there was, at this moment, such a general belief in the active interference of Germany in favour of the Pope, that I endeavoured to show the obstacles which stood in the way of any such step. I depicted the hopes indulged in by the Vatican in the following terms: "Those who are admitted to see the Pope describe him as looking quite joyful. Those who are immediately about him look mysterious in order to conceal their too great joy and their secret hopes. 'No,' they whisper, 'it will not be to-morrow; but great things are plotting. Rome is doomed; Sella admits it: the Pope will again be king. He will be delivered by the hand of barbarians, who will drive out the usurper.'"—(Article in the *Revue de Belgique*, February 15, 1882).

isolation, who have recently displayed so much enthusiasm for the understanding with Russia, in spite of their former infatuation for Poland—whether, taking into consideration the critical condition of Italy, they would not have acted as she did? Every one recollects King Humbert's visit in 1882 to Vienna, where the Triple Alliance was discussed and approached through Signor Mancini, the Foreign Minister of Italy, and Count di Robilant, the Italian Ambassador at Vienna. I knew Signor Mancini personally, and I have not the smallest hesitation in affirming that he was a sincere friend of France. He was a staunch supporter of the peace and arbitration principle, and would have refused to sign any treaty with an aggressive object. If he adhered to the Triple Alliance, he did so, in the first place, because he was convinced that its result would be the maintenance of peace; and, secondly, because it appeared to be the only safe course for Italy to adopt at the time.

The mere recital of these well-known facts proves that the conduct of Italy throughout this matter is to be explained not at all by any fear of French interference in favour of the Pope—a thing no one even thought of at that period—but, on the contrary, by the advances made to the Vatican by Germany through M. de Schloezer's mission, and by the threatening attitude which Prince Bismarck assumed in 1881–82 towards the Quirinal. The action of Italy is far more easily justified and explained in this way than by reference to the chimerical fears and apprehensions to which Signor Crispi attributes it. Frenchmen themselves, if they will but reflect, will be the first to recognise this fact.

The Italians complain bitterly that the French, who are so hard on their own clergy at home, have never by any public act recognised the occupation of Rome by Italy, as the Emperor William did, for instance, when he accepted King Humbert's hospitality at the Quirinal. We must however be just, and admit that the object of the Triple Alliance is to maintain the *status quo*, and that this *status quo* means that France shall leave Alsace-Lorraine in the hands of Germany. Some Powers may, of course, congratulate themselves on a treaty the effect of which is to lessen the chances of war; but one cannot expect Frenchmen to do so. As Italy forms part of the barrier against the presumed designs of France, the latter very naturally endeavours to seek means to weaken Italy. The Roman question and the claims of the Pope attain, in a measure, this result, and, under certain circumstances, might become a formidable weapon in her hands. It would certainly be too much to hope that she should part with this. It is quite as natural now that France should not be willing to abandon the means at her disposal for holding her own against the Allied Powers, as it was in 1881–82 that Italy should join the Triple Alliance.

In the treaty which handed over Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia, there was a stipulation that the wishes of the inhabitants of the exclusively Danish portion of Schleswig should be duly respected, a clause which has never hitherto been observed. Can Germany reasonably ask France to give her adhesion to a state of things directly contravening a formal article of the Treaty of Nikolsburg, which, moreover, she is not called upon to see fulfilled, as she did not interfere in it?

Although France did not choose to abandon a means of pressure which even Germany retained in her own hands until after the Triple Alliance was concluded, there was not the slightest real danger of the French Government defending the interests of the Temporal Power. Such a course could only have presented itself if the monarchy had been restored, and with a view to giving satisfaction to the clerical party, to whom the return to power would have been due. Napoleon III. acted in this way in spite of his sympathy for Italy. But, even in such a case, the restored monarchy would almost certainly have hesitated to adopt such a policy on account of the resistance it would have met with both at home and from Germany, which would have been interested in supporting Italy. Hence we see that, previously to 1882, there was nothing to fear on this score; and it is, certainly, not any such purely imaginary danger which could have induced the Italian Government to ally itself to Germany and Austria.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that since 1882 the situation has been completely altered. The French Republic is not likely to commit the egregious blunder of attacking Italy, as Italians, by some singular aberration, seem sometimes to imagine it will do;* but the question of the Temporal Power is a thorn in the side of Italy, and, as Italy forms part of the barrier opposed to the claims and aspirations of France, the latter is not likely to give any assistance towards the extraction of the thorn, or the smoothing away of a difficulty which she might some day manage to turn to her own advantage.

Having explained the manner in which Italy, aspiring to become a Great Power, was drawn on in spite of herself, and, one might even say, constrained and forced to enter upon the Triple Alliance, one is led to inquire why she did not withdraw from it after the

* During the summer of 1889, at the period of the Paris Exhibition, the Italian Government seriously believed, at a given moment, that the French fleet was about to surprise La Spezzia, and destroy the arsenals there. It was thought right to inform the English fleet in the Mediterranean, which sailed at once to Genoa, to follow the course of events, and be on the spot ready for any emergency. It appears that the explanation of this singular adventure is as follows: The fleet at Toulon had been given, as a subject for tactical study, "an attack on La Spezzia." Some non-official person informed of this had taken the matter seriously, and told the Italian Minister of Marine, who, in his turn, did not think it impossible, there being at that time a deep conviction in Italy of the evil designs of France. This incredible story is, nevertheless, perfectly true.

circumstances had entirely changed, and particularly last summer (1891) when her relations with France were on a much more satisfactory footing, in consequence of the friendly attitude of the newly formed Cabinet of Di Rudini?

Here, again, I think we might safely leave the conduct of the Italian Government to the judgment of any impartial Frenchman. In the first place, there is the consideration of the point of honour, which at the present moment will be better understood in Paris than anywhere else. With the Franco-Russian agreement on the point of settlement, Italy cannot, without being accused of cowardice and exposing herself to just attack, abandon her allies in view of the serious danger which henceforth threatens them.* In addition to this, the question of Rome, which was pressed by Germany in 1881–82 and which determined Italy to enter upon the Triple Alliance, still remains, and it is far more to be feared that this cause may be espoused by Germany and Austro-Hungary than by Republican France.

It must not be forgotten that Austro-Hungary is at heart clerical, as are the Emperor and his Court; and that Francis Joseph could not make up his mind to return the visit King Humbert paid him at Vienna for fear of wounding the Pope. If he were openly to support the Papacy, the majority of his subjects would fully approve—at all events he would meet with no serious resistance.†

* True, the renewal of the Triple Alliance was signed last summer (1891) before the French fleet went to Kronstadt; but, according to information received from what I believe to be a perfectly reliable source, the Italian Government was informed of the pending negotiations and of the Franco-Russian understanding. In addition to this, the Marquis di Rudini was anxious that public opinion should be fixed as to an accomplished and inevitable fact, in order to avoid the excitement and agitation which any uncertainty as to the situation might have provoked. M. Giacometti, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says that the Marquis di Rudini yielded to pressure from England when he signed the renewal of the Triple Alliance; but any such intervention would be in direct opposition to the policy of the English Cabinet during the last few years, and it is highly improbable that Lord Salisbury would take any such course.

† In order to prove how threatening and uncertain the situation is in this quarter, we have but to recall the agitation and uneasiness provoked in the Italian Parliament by Count Kalnoky's reply respecting the Roman question, when the following telegram was handed in:—

"VIENNA, *Nov.* 20.

"Giving an explanation as to the Roman question to the Austrian delegation, Count Kalnoky so treated it as not to wound the Catholic party. At the same time he was exceedingly careful in no way to offend Italy.

"Taking into consideration the very legitimate susceptibilities of Catholics who form the great majority of the Empire, the Minister would wish the head of the Catholic Church to enjoy that complete independence which is necessary for him.

"But, on the other hand, the Government also desires that there should be peace between the Papal See and the Kingdom of Italy. The Austrian nation also wishes to be at peace with the Italian nation.

"We have concluded a political alliance with Italy, which forms the basis of our policy.

"This is why Count Kalnoky refuses to reply to certain questions addressed to him, which he could not answer without hurting the feelings of the Italian nation. No one has at present solved the problem.

"The Foreign Minister was much applauded, and his budget adopted."

The uneasiness at Rome was certainly of very short duration, for Count Kalnoky very quickly reassured the Quirinal, which probably already knew very well what to think of the state of affairs. But the serious point remains that public opinion in Austria should compel the Chancellor of the Empire to make such declarations as these.

The situation is not the same in Germany, where the great majority of the population is Protestant: but, in point of fact, the Emperor William does as he chooses as regards foreign policy, and any interference in favour of the Pope would ensure him the gratitude of all the clergy of Alsace-Lorraine and of the Catholic party in Parliament, which would be well worth consideration. All this constitutes a formidable arm against Italy, binding her almost irrevocably to the Triple Alliance. Had she not alienated the friendship of France with respect to Tunis, had she not assumed as a mission the maintenance of the equilibrium of the Mediterranean, she might certainly have refused to join the Alliance; but, having once signed it, it is very difficult indeed for her to disengage herself without dishonour, or indeed without serious peril.

Whatever French and German Ministers may choose to say on the subject, it is certain that the visit of the ironclads to Kronstadt, and Admiral Gervais' reception there by the Czar, did not contribute to render the maintenance of peace more assured. Nothing, of course, is altered in the general situation of Europe. It was already clear that Russia would not allow France to be crushed by the Triple Alliance, and that, on the other hand, France would come forward to assist Russia. As Bismarck remarked once, when some one was speaking to him of the Franco-Russian Alliance, "*There is no question of any such thing, but it is an accomplished fact.*" Only the change is this: that France, henceforth sure of support, will be more exacting and less conciliatory towards Germany and Italy than before. The condition of affairs is therefore more strained and uncertain. As the best Foreign Minister Italy has ever possessed, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, remarked to me last autumn, in a conversation on the chances of war, at Santena, where we were visiting the tomb and souvenirs of Cavour: "One must always count on the unforeseen. Incidents—here lies the danger in certain situations."

Neither Signor Crispi, in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, nor M. Giacometti in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, nor, in fact, the majority of Italians, appear to realise that the Roman question must necessarily be weighed in the balance and influence the decisions of the Italian Government.

M. Renan, in his interesting volume on Marcus Aurelius, predicts that Catholicism, like paganism, will die out in remote country villages and wastes, deprived of all culture and light, and Liberals everywhere consider the Papacy as of no account. It may be that, contrary to Macaulay's views on the subject, such is the destiny reserved for the Catholic faith in the twentieth century. But it is an undeniable fact, nevertheless, that the Pope and the clergy, of whom he is the absolute master, are a great power, and are not by any means to be ignored. Mr. Stead demonstrates this in his recently published

"Letters from the Vatican," with an enthusiasm hardly justifiable in so good a Protestant, but with a very clear perception of the real state of things. By means of his bishops and priests the Pope controls the votes of more than one-half of the population in Belgium and in Spain, of perhaps a quarter or a third in France, and of three-quarters in Ireland, Lower Canada, and the Tyrol. He has in his hands whole provinces of certain Protestant or schismatic empires, as, for instance, the Rhenish provinces and Alsace and Lorraine in Germany, and Poland in Russia. There may, therefore, at any moment come a time when either a Sovereign or a Minister may find it to his interest to purchase the support of the Pope by doing him a service, and supporting his claims. Did not the Ministers of Protestant England negotiate with Leo XIII. in order that he might exert his influence and moderate the violence of the agrarian movement in Ireland? In Germany the Catholic party have more than one hundred votes. Would it not be a temptation to a Minister depending on a Parliamentary majority to secure these votes for his party? A Pope interfered in favour of the Government in the "Septennate" question, and his assistance gained the day. When one reflects that the seamless coat of Christ exhibited at Treves has attracted a million and a half of pilgrims, it is impossible to deny that there is still a very considerable latent force in fanaticism.

Such facts as these are not satisfactory to the supporters of liberty and liberal ideas; but it is far better, as they are undeniable, to look them well in the face than to ignore or forget them. As the Pope lays claim to Rome, and exercises all over Europe great influence in political complications, this is certainly a very possible danger, and must necessarily be a source of constant pre-occupation for the Italian Government. If one reflects well on this, then the line of conduct followed by Italy becomes much more comprehensible.

Unfortunately it is not in her power to modify this situation. It is true that, by always acting with great prudence, maintaining firmly the Law of Guarantees, and assuring complete liberty to pilgrimages, as the Marquis di Rudini has recently done in his excellent speech at Milan, it is possible to put the danger on one side; but it is not in the least likely to disappear for many years to come. Projects of conciliation have been proposed in different quarters, and particularly by the eminent Stefano Jacini, and by Senator Lombroso, only too early lost to his country. All these schemes are alike vitiated by one defect, which is independent of the will of men. They involve two irreconcilable principles. On the one hand, the Pope cannot formally give up all claim to the temporal power which his predecessors and the faithful in general hold indispensable to the exercise of his ministry; and, on the other hand, the King cannot possibly restore Rome to the Holy See without risking his crown.

The present situation must therefore be prolonged until, in course of time, the suppression of the temporal power be accepted as naturally and definitively as that of the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany at the commencement of the present century.

Besides, it is worthy of remark that the Italian clergy are not in the least likely to create difficulties by violent opposition or open hostility. Not a single Italian prelate has dreamed of sending to his Government abusive communications such as the Archbishop of Aix, M. Gouthe-Soulard, published in the French papers against the Minister of Justice. True, the Italian priests deplore the antagonism between the Vatican and the Quirinal; but they are generally good patriots; they love their country, and would bewail an invasion by a foreign foe, even if it were made under the pretext of restoring to the Pope his lost provinces.

Wherever the King, "the usurper," arrives, the dignitaries of the Church make no difficulty about receiving him. I am told that the majority of the Bishops share the opinions of His Grace of Cremona, a learned prelate much interested in the social question, who demonstrated recently in very sensible language that it was the duty of the clergy to abstain from political struggles. He said:—

"The priest in such cases has nothing to win and everything to lose. If he conquer in the electoral battle, his vanquished opponents, with their friends and connections, will unite together against him, eager for revenge, and, in order to combat this opposition, the minister of a 'God of peace' is forced at times to seek allies among those who do himself and his cause but little credit. If the priests be vanquished, the conquerors boast that they have gained the upper hand over the Church, which comes in for her share of insult, and they spare no means to avoid a future defeat. Hence, either victorious or vanquished, the priest is placed in a most painful position. And this is not all. Oh! you vicars and incumbents of our parishes, after these electoral struggles, in which you have taken an active part, can you expect or hope that either the victors or the vanquished will come to church, to the celebration of mass or to listen to your sermons? Can you believe that they will present themselves at your tribunal to confess their sins and receive your counsels, that they will send for you on their death-beds as their spiritual advisers and respected fathers in God? To imagine this you must be profoundly ignorant of human nature; and what I myself have witnessed, with my own eyes, prevents my entertaining a doubt on the subject. Our parishioners will accept remonstrances from a priest who keeps strictly within the bounds of his spiritual ministry, but not from one who has opposed them in the political field, because they consider that in such a case he has usurped a position not justly his due.

"If we combat the laity in the forum and in the municipal elections, the latter consider it but their right to attack us in our temples and on religious matters. The priest ought to be the friend and father of all his parishioners, of the good in order to make them better, and of the bad to bring them back into the straight path. He should bring to all alike messages of peace and the consolations of religion. How is he to do this if, in electoral warfare, he has openly contended with those who to-morrow perhaps may stand in need of his spiritual assistance?"—("Il Clero e la Società Moderna" di Monsignor Jeremia Bonomelli, Cremona, 1889, pp. 46–48).

We must admit that the Italian clergy understand far better than those of Ireland, Canada, Belgium, or the Rhine provinces, and even than those of France (although the latter are far more reserved than the others in political matters) that their sacerdotal functions should render their mission wholly pacific and exclusively spiritual. True, there are in Italy, here and there, and more particularly about the Vatican, some few fanatics who would unhesitatingly condemn their country to fire and sword for the purpose of restoring the Papal States,* but if the demon of war, like the devil when he tempted our Saviour in the desert, were to present himself to Pope Leo XIII., saying, "You have but to lift your finger and a foreign army, either from France or Germany, will cross the Alps, disperse the Italian troops and, after disastrous but decisive victories, restore your power and drive the usurper from Rome," I cannot bring myself to believe that he who claims to be, on earth, the representative of the "Prince of Peace," would not refuse to reconquer his crown at such a cost. The danger then, if such there be, does not come from the Italian clergy, but from without. It behoves, therefore, the Government of the Quirinal to be very guarded and more prudent than ever.

The speech recently delivered on this subject at Milan by the Marquis di Rudini is worthy of all praise. He said:—

"Our ecclesiastical policy, the honour and the strength of Italy, henceforth traditional, will be most scrupulously maintained: the unfortunate incidents which have recently occurred, for which a few excited and misguided persons may be held responsible, will in nowise cause us to deviate therefrom. An event of such trifling importance could not possibly lead to a discussion of the fundamental statutes of the realm, or to any attempt at a modification of the Law of Guarantees of which long experience has proved both the wisdom and the necessity. Italy will not lessen by an iota the respect she owes to liberty of conscience and religious toleration so gloriously professed by our land. Pilgrims from all portions of the globe, safe in the security granted them by our laws, may continue to visit Rome to pay their respectful homage to the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom we, who feel safe as to the present and absolutely assured as to the future, can fearlessly guarantee complete freedom, while we, at the same time, tender him sovereign honour."

When once Italy, threatened as she ever is more or less by the Roman question, decided to play the part of a Great Power and to constitute herself the guardian of the Mediterranean equilibrium, a considerable army and navy became essential to her, even at the risk

* When Mr. Stead went to Rome for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any hope of the Vatican taking the lead in the social movement and accepting the idea of enthroning an Anglo-Saxon as the head of the Catholic Church, he travelled with a prelate who was also going to the Eternal City. The latter made no secret of his expectation that a foreign army would ere long invade Italy, chase away the "usurper," and re-establish the Temporal Power. Mr. Stead was surprised and indignant at this call for war and onslaught coming from a minister of Christ. This was not the only delusion dispelled by his journey. (See "Letters from the Vatican.")

of overtaxing her population, creating a deficit in her Budget, and necessitating constant loans; but even admitting such a policy, which is open to so many objections, still the Italian Government might certainly have spent far less than it has done—more particularly on its war vessels. Here again *megalomania*—the desire to "do the great"—had the upper hand. It was deemed necessary to have the largest ironclads in the world, costing from five-and-twenty to thirty million francs apiece, without any consideration of the immense and probably useless expense of constructing these enormous vessels,* just at a period when the progress made in such matters is so incessant that a vessel built to-day and thought perfect will in a very few years be considered out of date and set aside as of no good whatever.

Millions of money have also been expended in fortifying certain positions, including Rome; and it is now proposed to build forts in Sicily, because France has erected some works at Biserta. Is all this likely to be of much avail? To begin with, such a coast-line as that of Italy cannot be defended at every point, and an enemy would of course choose to land just at a spot where no forts were constructed. Secondly, recent wars have very clearly proved that separate points of attack are an error, that the important matter is to concentrate the entire force on one given spot. Everything now is decided very rapidly; we saw this in 1866 and 1870. It is perfectly certain therefore that France, whose attack is the event always dreaded, could never spare two or three of her army corps to occupy Sicily, Naples, or even Rome. Let us imagine for a moment one of these places, or even all three, occupied by France—what advantage would she have gained? For, conqueror or conquered, when peace was concluded she would retain none of them. It is perfectly certain, on the contrary, that she would assemble all her forces at the passes of the Alps and the Vosges—more particularly the Vosges, because, at a pinch, she might allow her southern provinces to be invaded. Her one aim would be to defeat the Germans; all the rest would be of comparatively small importance. Italy may be reassured, and need have no dread of a landing, which would have not the slightest influence on the decisive encounters of the campaign.

* Being myself quite incompetent in this matter, I merely repeat what I have been told by distinguished English naval officers. They say that these huge vessels with their hundred-ton guns, such as the *Italia*, the *Duilio*, the *Lepanto*, &c., are so exceedingly complicated in construction that on every cruise, however short it may be, some part of their machinery gets out of order. Their iron plating and their speed not being in proportion to their mass, two or three bold and rapid enemies would take the risk of sinking them, and the more so that they are armed with only a very small number of immense guns, so that their assailants would have every chance of suffering little from their fire. The only way in which the Italian navy could play any important part in a campaign would be in conjunction with a Great Power, Germany or England for instance. It would have been wiser, therefore, to have left to these iron and steel countries the work of building the ponderous war vessels, and Italy could have supplied the lighter and more rapid cruisers which may, in all probability, prove of chief utility in future naval combats, and of which at all events the Italian merchant navy would have supplied her with excellent elements.

Deficits in the Budget and an overwhelming taxation were not the only deplorable results of the general arming; it led also to Protectionism. It was a mistake to suppose that Signor Crispi commenced the tariff war for the purpose of holding his own against France. Italy was led to adopt protective duties by the following argument, which I have heard used very frequently and long ago by Italian statesmen and economists. "In order to maintain our political position in Europe we need very considerable resources. Experience has shown that if the country continue to be chiefly an agricultural one, it cannot supply this need. It is therefore necessary for Italy to develop industrially, so as to be on a par with other great nations. Heavy protective duties are indispensable for the attainment of this result. Italy must not be dependent on other countries for her rails, her machinery, her arms, or her cloth and woollen goods. She will never raise sufficient to defray her unavoidable expenses by the sale of oranges and macaroni."

The colonial enterprise in the Red Sea may also be attributed to this commercial policy combined with a sort of *megalomaniacal* aberration. A country that by Protection creates for itself a fictitious industry must also find for that industry favourable outlets. Besides, the Great Powers were dividing Africa among themselves. Even little Belgium was taking possession of a vast empire there. Italy must have her share too. Massowah would compensate in a measure for the cruel disappointment at Tunis.

To my great surprise, I discovered that so wise and far-seeing a politician as Minghetti, without being enthusiastic on the subject, was nevertheless by no means opposed to the new colony, and for very special reasons. He argued thus:—"A great country cannot concentrate all its activity upon itself. The desire to expand and spread, inherent in a population of vivid imagination, will, if no wide prospects be opened to them, become embittered and engender discontent and corruption. The malice of opposing political parties, finding no outlet, will endanger free institutions. The Far West in America, and the colonies in England, act as safeguards against the dangers of democracy." My reply to this argument was, "Doubtless; but your Erithrea is not yet equivalent to India, *plus* Australia, Canada, and South Africa!" The real fact is that Massowah is not a colony, but a parched up coast, where the only water to be had is distilled sea-water. By exaggerated taxation to force every year hundreds of Italians to quit their homes, depopulating the rural districts, and reducing small landowners to starvation by the exactions of the Treasury—and all this, for the purpose of occupying a point on the Red Sea, where there is ceaseless fear of attack only to be revenged by an impossible war, where causes of litigation, like that of Livraghi, arise, in which the health of soldiers and the morality

of officers are equally compromised—this is surely one of the most prodigious anti-economic follies of our day.*

The example of Atjeh really ought to have been a warning to the Italian Government. In the Treaty of November 2, 1871, England gave up to Holland all right of protection over Atjeh and Sumatra, but, at the same time, the Dutch Government undertook to put down any acts of piracy the inhabitants of Atjeh might commit. Hence a war, which commenced in March 1873 and which still continues. At the cost of very severe conflicts the Dutch have been successful in possessing themselves of one single point on the sea coast, Atjeh, and of the surrounding territory within gun-shot. But they could take possession of nothing further inland without a prolonged war, which would simply ruin the Exchequer. In order to retain this point, a mere fort, they have spent about £20,000,000, which has led to a deficit in the Budget, not only of their wealthy and admirable Indian colonies, but also of the mother country. For them, however, there is an excuse to be made. They had assumed the moral obligation of guaranteeing safety in the Straits. In the case of Italy there is nothing of the sort. She has thrown herself into this wasps'-nest entirely of her own free will.

Here, again, the Marquis di Rudini, while exceedingly careful not to ruffle the *amour propre* of his fellow-citizens, gave a very sensible view of the condition of affairs:—

"Spontaneously and freely [he said, speaking at Milan] we have limited our occupation to the triangle, Massowah, Asmara, Cheren, and have thus been enabled to reduce our military expenses, and lessen the burdens of the Italian ratepayers by about ten million francs a year. A state of ensured peace is absolutely essential for the establishment of a colonial system properly corresponding to the economic object we should have in view. The Government cannot open to the public gaze new and grand attractions in far-off climes. We shall make no war like that against King John, and shall establish no protectorate over Ethiopia. We will be satisfied with a state of honourable peace, which is all we need and all we desire."

The Marquis di Rudini also demonstrated very clearly and strikingly what an extraordinary contradiction it would be for Italy on the one hand to ruin herself in defence works in Europe, and to create, on the other, vulnerable posts in Africa.

"Our views are modest [he said], and such as they should be when there is no desire for a great initiative in politics, and no wish to saddle Italy,

* In 1886, there were 14,508 prosecutions, and 11,737 judgments for executions. The numbers of sales per 100,000 inhabitants in the different districts were as follows: In Northern Italy, 6·21; Central Italy, 11·27; Southern Italy, 36·84; Sicily, 55·91; Sardinia, 855·17, and for the entire realm, 40·54. Out of 11,715 properties thus sold, 9875, *i.e.*, 84·29 per cent., were adjudged to the public domain. We see then that the Treasury itself is the most active agent in the disorganisation of property, and is the great enemy of family well-being. It is suggested to help Sardinia: the first thing to do is to reduce the taxes, which are making first beggars, and then brigands, of the inhabitants.

for the defence of her African possessions, with heavy sums which would be far better employed in defending Italian territory."

The conclusion these very just remarks naturally point to is of course the evacuation of Massowah, unhesitatingly and without delay; but hitherto no country except England has had the courage to display such wisdom and foresight as she gave proof of in giving up the Ionian Isles to Greece and the Transvaal to the Dutch in Africa.

In concluding this short study of Italian foreign affairs I should like quite briefly to sketch the Utopia of an economist who is also an old friend of Italy, that is to say, to show what might have been her line of conduct and her present position, if she had been able to steer clear of *megalomania*. Her unity once secured and confirmed, after 1870, she would have restricted herself to an attitude of complete reserve. Imitating Switzerland, or—if such a comparison be humiliating—the United States, she would have interested herself solely in her own affairs. She would have refused all active intervention in the regulation of European matters, save always to raise a perfectly disinterested voice in support of freedom, justice, and the rights of oppressed populations. She would on no account have committed herself to the perilous chimera of a balance of power in the Mediterranean, which could only lead her to antagonism with France, and consequently to the need of allies in the event of such antagonism culminating in conflict. She might then have accepted, without satisfaction probably, but also without bitterness, the occupation of Tunis by France and of Cyprus by England, considering that those countries when better governed would open new markets to her trade, and that, under any circumstances, these were great steps in the path of progress at which all true friends of humanity could but rejoice.

Situated, as she is, beneath the sheltering rampart of the Alps, and entirely removed from the arena of future wars, she had nothing whatever to fear for her own safety, even less than Spain beyond the Pyrenees, for she has no Cuba—and Cuba may one day lead Spain into difficulty with the great Transatlantic Republic. Every cultivated man in Europe would have been most friendly disposed towards Italy, the cradle of civilisation, poetry, and art in Europe, the beautiful land, the Eden of our continent, which no one who has visited it can ever forget. None of her neighbours would have thought of invading her for the purpose of conquering one of her provinces; neither Austria to reconquer Lombardy, nor France for Piedmont: it is unnecessary to demonstrate this.

Certainly the Roman question would not have been solved;—its very nature renders a solution impossible; nothing but time can smooth difficulties there;—but it would have been much less

menacing than it is now when an occasional word or sentence pronounced in Berlin or Vienna is sufficient to rouse excitement and uneasiness, and even now and then a crisis, in Monte Citorio. It is perfectly clear that, with the state of tension now existing among the European Powers—Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other—neither one side nor the other would have chosen, for the sake of restoring the Temporal Power, to place Italy in the ranks of a future opponent. Even a restored monarchy in France would not have dared to take such a step, however violently urged on to it by the clergy. It would have been to the interest of every country to keep in the good books of a nation whose assistance, at a given moment, might turn the scales in favour of the nation she chose to support.

Italy might perhaps have felt herself isolated, as at the Berlin Congress; but what of that? She would have needed no ally, as she would have asked for nothing, and interested herself solely in her home affairs. In such a position as this, Italy would have required neither fortifications nor a powerful fleet, nor a great army ever on the defensive, nor colonies. All that would have been necessary would have been the nation armed—in other words, a military organisation similar to that of Switzerland, with perhaps a rather more numerous artillery and more extensive staff. Such an army would have been ample to protect the peninsula, as the shape of the territory, being elongated and covered with mountains, favours resistance to invasion. We may remember how the Spaniards, who were entirely destitute of military organisation, finally succeeded in repulsing beyond the Pyrenees the famous troops of Napoleon under the command of his best generals.

Instead of constantly increasing her debt and raising her taxes, Italy could have considerably reduced both. Her funds, giving an interest of from 4 to 5½ per cent., thanks to repeated conversions, would now have been above par. The forced currency could have been abolished without difficulty, and a sound metallic circulation easily maintained. She would not have been drawn into the adoption of protective duties, nor committed that sin against humanity of tearing Italian workmen away from the enjoyment of their beautiful climate to pack them in the unhealthy atmosphere of workshops and factories. She would not have been compelled to create fictitious industries, which are always in greater or less danger, and which only exist by the help of an unjust tax levied on the consumers. The peasantry would not have been obliged to flee from a soil taxed at from 25 to 35 per cent., where they cannot possibly, with the hardest labour, make enough to subsist on, after paying the claims of an insatiable treasury.

Millions of money would not have been thrown away in the Red Sea. If there had been a superabundance of riches they might have

been utilised in colonising the deserted regions of Sardinia, Sicily, and Calabria. Agriculture has certainly progressed; but its progress would have been still more considerable; for the population, instead of being reduced by emigration, would have increased much more rapidly, improving the country districts, and bringing into towns a healthy and normal development instead of the sort of enforced swelling attributable to ill-advised and ruinous speculations. We should then have seen realised in its true sense and vigour that well-known proverb: "Faites moi de bonne politique et je vous ferai de bonnes finances."

What is done, however, is an accomplished fact. We cannot expect Italy at once to reverse her policy and follow the counsel of economists, which would certainly have been in a measure the course taken by Cavour; but it would not be impossible to steer gradually nearer and nearer to this ideal, and resolutely to abandon the pathway of "megalomania." This appears to be the endeavour of the present Ministry, if we may judge by the Marquis di Rudini's famous speech at Milan, and by the financial statement of that eloquent economist and eminent financial authority, Signor Luzzatti, the Minister of the Treasury, who holds in his hands the keys of the resources of the State, and upon whom, therefore, the decisions and movements of the other Ministers must, perforce, in a very great measure depend.

We have shown that it is impossible for Italy suddenly to withdraw from the Triple Alliance without cowardice and dishonour, and this point will be perfectly understood in France; but she might, perhaps, be able to obtain from her allies the permission to communicate to the Cabinets of England and the Elysée the conditions of the secret Treaty, so as to prove clearly to them that its sole object is the maintenance of peace; and, at all events, in her relations with France she might show a friendly, and, I may add, a sisterly spirit, such as becomes two sister nations, alike in blood, civilisation, and origin.

When the unity of Italy was first recognised, English statesmen said that it would be an element and guarantee of peace for Europe. It depends upon herself to justify this prediction.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

[Since this article was written, its celebrated author has closed his career. As an old and constant contributor to this REVIEW, his loss is and will be deeply felt. His calm and impartial views, his luminous judgment, and his wide range of information, marked him out as a writer to be read and relied on in the great international questions which the present upheaval of society is more and more pressing to the front.—Ed. CON. REV.]

REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

I THINK it was Bolingbroke who, when asked what Marlborough's faults had been, replied: "He was so great a man, I had forgotten he had any." Such will be the verdict passed on Cardinal Manning by all who knew him. If signs in love are more than proofs, as Coventry Patmore somewhere says, so also are they in religion. The proofs of Cardinal Manning's pieties are known to all—they are official. But the signs were shown in his most unrecollected moments to his intimates. His idlest words were from this point of view more edifying than even his pastorals. A noble figure was his on the platform and in the pulpit; but where he was at his best and greatest was in his own armchair. There used to be an impression that the Cardinal was nothing if not a diplomatist. Assuredly he had worldly as well as heavenly wisdom—a prudence which is a Cardinal's as well as a cardinal virtue. But none of the common devices of the diplomatist were his—he smiled at them in Italian ecclesiastics. It was the frankness and not the reticence of his conversation that took me by surprise when he permitted me to pass with him what were I think his idlest hours at Archbishop's House. "After nine there will be no interruption," was a hint he gave me quite early in our intercourse, and "Come to me with the bats" is the burden of nearly two hundred notes I have been looking through, all precious as proceeding from his hand. At that hour I found him with the cares and prayers of the day done, weary indeed, yet wakeful and alert. I think he liked, not indeed to put aside the ecclesiastic, for that was second or even first nature to him, but to talk to a layman whose interests were not exactly ecclesiastical, who did not possess "a liturgical soul," and whose conversation was—not all in Heaven. My deep attachment to him was, I suppose,

apparent through a certain freedom of speech which he never sought to curtail. There is a form of mania in which a man called upon to admire, say a shelf of precious glass, feels constrained to sweep it down with the wave of his arm. The same impulse it was that nearly overmastered an imaginative traveller—or he thought so—to tickle, instead of kissing, the Pontifical foot. Most of us regard, in one way or another, this sort of incongruity as the soul of wit. Thus possessed, I more than once committed what I thought the Cardinal would regard as vagaries of speech, often to be astonished by his ready assent. "Stop a bit, stop a bit," or "Jockey of Norfolk, not so fast," he would sometimes say, where a conventional Cardinal must surely have been indignant or grim. This liberty of speech which he allowed to others he also took for himself, having moods in which he spoke with a sort of serious jest. This was not the only trait he had in common with Blessed Thomas More.

In the inner room at Archbishop's House, where Cardinal Manning received his more intimate callers, there hung, opposite to where he sat, a portrait of St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. This was the Cardinal's favourite saint and model archbishop. When the centenary of English Sunday Schools was commemorated, a monument was erected by Nonconformists, and on it was inscribed the name of Cardinal Borromeo, as that of the pioneer of the Sunday School. That incident, which delighted the Cardinal, suggests at once the kinship between the two men, which was close at every turn; and when Manning returned from Rome as a priest in 1854, he founded the community of Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, with whom he lived until he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Westminster in 1865. There his library of old days remains, row on row of Anglican divinity. From his beloved Oblates he chose his confessor, of whom he wrote in terms of the most tender affection in the last letter he ever penned. One day in Milan, St. Charles Borromeo was playing cards with two of his priests (perhaps the only thing in which the Archbishop of Westminster never wished to imitate him), when the talk turned on the moments of death, and on what each would do if he, then and there, heard the last summons. "I would flee to the church," said one. "I would call on the name of the Lord," said another. "And I," said St. Charles, "would go on with the game." Such was the spirit in which this Oblate on the throne of Westminster undertook every task, the lightest, of his life. In the love of God and man he performed his indifferent actions, talked politics and read newspapers, went each afternoon to the Athenæum Club, and lectured before the Royal Society, loitered in the House of Commons and wandered among the crowds at Marlborough House garden-parties; nor would he have flinched to meet at any moment the messenger which came to him at last so calmly—almost collusively.

The Borromean anecdote had its match. This time it was Cardinal Manning and two of his priests who made choice, when each was asked what he would be were he not a priest. "A doctor," said one, still dreaming of the set service of man. "A temperance advocate," said another, with becoming solemnity. "And I," said the Cardinal, "Radical member for Marylebone"—just then politically the rowdiest of metropolitan areas. To him the service of his Creator and of his fellow-creatures was identical, so that he never thought it necessary to talk piety in order to feel he had been clerical. He had all his model's sanity of sanctity. The one played cribbage for the glory of God, and the other for the same cause discussed with Sir Charles Dilke the limitation of electoral areas in the Redistribution Bill (of which he saw one of the advanced drafts prepared for the Cabinet); the Education Act with Mr. Forster, whom he greatly respected; the prevention of cruelty to children with the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, in whose praise, as in that of many Dissenters, he was firm; the iniquity of theatres with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes—"his only fault one that cures itself—his youth"; the most painful of all subjects with Mr. Stead; the Land League with Mr. Michael Davitt; standing armies with Lord Wolseley; ancient Scandinavia with Mr. Paul du Chaillu; local option with Sir Wilfrid Lawson; vivisection (which he loathed as Browning loathed it) with Miss Frances Power Cobbe; the Salvation Army with General Booth, to whom he made a public profession of attachment; art with Mr. Ruskin, who took him to exhibitions in Bond Street; and nationalisation of the land with Mr. Henry George, whom I took to him one Sunday afternoon, and silently listened while one said that his love of our Lord led him to love man, and the other that his love of man led him to love our Lord—the Mount, whence came the Sermon, being the beginning of the spiritual journey of the one and the end of that of the other. These came and went, and sometimes heard no more pious speech than a "God bless you"; but they were none the less conscious that they had held converse with a fervent Christian. He needed no catch-words, and used no shibboleths to reach the heart of hearts. It was said of him once that he was photographed for the Church's glory, and there was, in a simple and beautiful sense, a subtle truth in the saying.

This absence of direct preachment never led any one, the most foolish, to suppose he was indifferent to dogmas—Christian and Catholic. What his own life of devotion was, that he wished the lives of all his clergy to be. Beautiful and inspiring were the addresses he gave them—then was a time when his Master's name was on his lips at every breath, as it was always in his heart. Between no man's words and acts was there ever so complete a parity. He denied himself the indulgences he ceded to others. The cigarette,

which has penetrated everywhere, even into a convent during a "ladies' retreat," got no entrance into Archbishop's House. The cigar was a waste and indulgence beyond words; and though he had been an athlete at Harrow he did not like his clergy to care for sports. "I do not like a priest to run after a piece of leather," he said, with characteristic summariness of thought and speech, when he heard of a clerical football player. Yet he took a five-bar gate when he went to Ushaw College in the sixties.

That his great heart had pastoral disappointments, both in his clergy and in his laity, he did not conceal, as well as great and more abiding consolations. He measured their and our corn in his own bushel. He rated us by his own standard, and his standard, like his rank, was the highest of all—that ideal blending of rank with real pre-eminence which the world needs to have recalled to it now and then. He saw, for instance, the havoc made by the drink traffic. It confronted him as he walked the streets by day; it haunted him on his narrow bed at night, when the voice of a drunken singer floated in on his loneliness, and was interpreted by his sensitive ears into sounds which he did not hear, but which cried to Heaven—the sob of the wifehood and the motherhood of England, the wail of the beaten child. And when men told him calmly (I give the statement from his standpoint only) that they feared spiritual pride dogged the steps of teetotalism, he had no patience left in him. He asked for water, and they gave him the sour wine of pedantries. I think it was not altogether without a qualm that he allowed the sherry he had renounced to be put on the table at that open early dinner at Archbishop's House; but a bishop must, by the Gospel rule, be "given to hospitality;" and how does he know, anyway, that there is not among his guests one to whom St. Paul himself would command a little wine for the stomach's sake? So there the hated decanter stood, and there, if nowhere else, a guest had an approach to experience of what may be called furtive drinking; for he was unwilling to meet the eye of his host while his lips touched the banned liquid. Perhaps the Cardinal felt it necessary to give to Rome and the world this practical proof that he was not a Manichæan—a heresy hinted against him by those who thought it unbecoming for a Cardinal Archbishop to talk teetotalism on a Sunday afternoon from a cart on Clerkenwell Green. These were content to take the Ten Commandments as they stand, without seeking to remove the main stumbling-block in the way of mankind's keeping of them. Many of his clergy, however, as is well known, joined the temperance movement, and became his effective lieutenants.

As he did not think there was one law for the clergy and another for the laity in matters of self-denial, his disappointment at the absence of enthusiasm for teetotalism among educated laymen was

second only to his disappointment at the absence of it among the mass of his priests. "I have piped and they have not danced," he said one evening. "There is not one gentleman who will give up one glass of sherry to help me in the battle." Once, when he made as though he would weep over the indifference of Babylon, I gave the serviceless offer of my own adhesion. "No," he said, "not now. You must get your wife's permission." It was one of the privileges of Cardinal Manning, denied to most men, to be influential by mere personal example; and never did he forget or minimise this added obligation. *A propos*, one sometimes wonders what reforms might be effected, might be even fashionable, if some prince had taken him for his tutor or his model.

What fashion might effect in England, nationalism is resolved to effect in Ireland—happy to be socially governed by a more progressive force than ours. "Ireland sober and Ireland free" was the magical combination which the year 1889 inscribed on many an Irish banner. The Archbishop of Dublin sent all the preliminary papers to Westminster, and the heart of the English Archbishop gave a leap of delight. In that moment he forgot the sorrow that had accumulated with the years, his sorrow over each Irish name he encountered in the records of the London police-courts. When he scanned his *Times* (this he did every morning, and lived in London—thus defying Mr. Ruskin's complete recipe for demoralisation), he looked nervously down the reports of the police-court cases, and whenever his eye caught the name of a son or, worse luck, of a daughter of Erin, his face moved with a strange emotion. These were the sheep of his pasture. But he was not only the spiritual shepherd of the flock—he was the Englishman who felt a political debt to Ireland, a social debt to her exiles, a personal and religious debt to her Catholicism. No better news could come from Ireland to Archbishop's House than that which announced the addition of teetotalism to the watchword of the movement of freedom.

But the Cardinal did, as a rule, bring down to a personal issue the principles on which he was in conflict with others. There were times when he had a sharp tongue for foes and for dissentient friends, to whom, nevertheless, he would have done any kindness at any sacrifice of his own personal comfort—the last thing he ever considered. "What can you expect," he asked of a dignitary who did not take his advice in a moment of some emergency, "brought up as he was in a hen-coop, as I call the ——?" and he named a community he truly loved and admired; and shortly afterwards he told me he had gone out of his way to show special kindness to the very noble-hearted bishop whose affairs had occasioned the epithet. "Yes," he would say of his flock, when they did not rise to some great occasion, "I never forget they are my *sheep*." And yet another

animal served at times the purpose of a flitting comparison: "Ever since I became a Catholic, I have found it necessary to cultivate a great devotion to Balaam's ass."

A briefer pang, but a severe one while it lasted, was that which he suffered from the estrangement between his own sympathies and those of probably the bulk of his clergy on the publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." The great Cardinal, away in his barrack-like palace, saw only two things—first, the wrong done to womanhood, and to that only more appealing thing—womanhood in childhood; and, secondly, the good intentions of Mr. Stead. "I say to you" (and he never spoke more solemnly) "we are up in a balloon. Our priests have become machines for administering the sacraments. There was a time when there was grace, but there were no sacraments; now there are sacraments, but where is grace?" It was a mood of the moment, and whence came it? I think from the attitude taken by an ever-faithful friend, who had followed his leader into teetotalism, and had given him a personal service which few men devote to another. "Read that," said the Cardinal, handing him a *Pall Mall* in 1885. "I have no permission to read evil which it is not necessary for me to know," was the instant reply. So the Cardinal was for the moment in high dudgeon. Once, when I had said it was consoling to find that even Cardinals had human sensitivenesses, "No," he said, with a sweet gravity; "no; it is very disappointing." I hold to my own opinion still. It is not spiritual pride, but spiritual despondency that one most encounters in the world; and it is some comfort, at any rate, to find that when these saints are scratched there is blood below—yet to know they are the very Elect notwithstanding.

His manners with ladies were always charming; and his bow, when he took off the hat of more than Quaker brim, was a homage the most gracious ever made. It was not often that he permitted himself a mere compliment; when he did so it was only because a neat phrase carried him away. "You have given me a book which has kept me awake, and I bring you a book to send you to sleep." The book which had *not* kept him awake was a volume of poems of a tone he hardly caught. The book to send the poet to sleep was a collection of his own sermons. This reminds me that he told me that the last time he had seen Dr. Whewell, whom he greatly admired from his youth, was in a church where he himself was preaching. Whatever compliment he felt in having the omniscient mathematician as a hearer vanished as he watched him fall into a tranquil slumber. Mr. Bright, by the way, he once saw amongst his audience in a church in Rome; but he did not get much comfort out of him either. "I liked it all," said Bright when next they met, "except your sermon." It was on a theme the most misunderstood—the Blessed Virgin.

His indifferent attitude about his books was quite real—a genuine conquest of his humility over his sensitiveness, and it was all the more to his merit inasmuch as they never had the recognition they deserve. He must have known very well how good they were; though few others found it out. It cannot be said that a paper like the *Athenæum* does less than justice to the secular authors of the day. If it errs, it errs as it ought to do, on the side of kindness. But a paper like the *Athenæum* may be said to have had no cognisance of Cardinal Manning's works. The same strenuous thought in the same strenuous language, on almost any other subject, would have made a reputation, and those MSS. written across large foolscap on his knee (as St. John wrote his Gospels, he said, with the look which gave his words their meaning) would, for novelist or for historian, have won fortune and applause. The back seat to which the Christian public of England relegates serious religious literature is a little puzzling perhaps; and certainly those who grudge the Churchman what advantages he gains from his cloth may be consoled to think that he encounters, as an author, a prejudice which, in some instances, and certainly in Cardinal Manning's, is less than just.

Once in writing to a lady a letter which lies before me, the Cardinal advanced a theory of the relations between reader and author which will not find a general acceptance. An author usually spends the more time on his writings that the reader may spend the less. "Read that book slowly," wrote the Cardinal; "it took me long to write it, and I feel sure it needs time to read it." But when the lady said she would not read it, he did not, as most authors would of readers so unruly, despair of her. "It is a good sign," he wrote, "that you cannot read that book. The law is not made for the just man, and that book is not written for the children of the household. You have by grace what it has by reason." The number of requests made to him by authors of books, big and little, for prefaces, passport-letters in fact from Archbishop's House to the hearts of the faithful, was legion. But "Manning of Balliol found time for everything" to the very end. The bare list of publications bearing this *imprimatur* would fill columns. When he had to refuse, he did so with a gentleness which made even the refusal a favour. I heard both from the refuser and from the refused the story of one such episode. It was a pamphlet in which the zealous author undertook to prove from the Gospels the Pontiff's right to the temporal power. Said the author: "I have been to the Cardinal to ask him for a preface. I had written beforehand, sending the proofs; and, directly I got into the room, the Cardinal thanked me, and said, 'I have written a little on that subject myself, but you take a higher line.'" The narrator was so delighted, that he almost forgot he had come away without

even the faintest hope of an Archiepiscopal preface. A day or two after, the Cardinal, not knowing I knew either of the applicant or his application, told me of both. "But," I said to him, 'stop a bit. I have written a little about that myself. But you overstep the line where I cannot follow you.'" This is what he meant to say—what, in effect, he said; for the preface was never written; but how much sensitive consideration framed the version he had provided for the eager author! The story is characteristic; and it supplies a key which was sometimes requisite to interpret and reconcile his speeches.

All sorts and conditions of women had recourse to him: the very simple, the very sophisticated. One of the first class, I remember, was a charming girl, who, though she thought "every one goes to Heaven, except, perhaps, people who steal," was not wholly happy in her Protestantism, and she asked the Cardinal to recommend her some daily spiritual exercise. "Say every day," he told her, "'Oh Lord, my heart is ready,' as the Psalmist says." She was anxious to do as directed, but she could not make up her mind whether she ought to say "as the Psalmist says" as part of her daily prayer; and I imagine her, in her scrupulousness, still giving Heaven the benefit of this piece of literary gossip! It is Lord Beaconsfield who speaks of a lady of gay celebrity putting off her cap and bells at his Eminence's feet; and there was truth behind the fiction. The routine of his life brought him into relation most often with the devout elderly lady—the mother of a flock, each one of whom the Cardinal-Archbishop would know by name, and be consulted about, as to the profession of Jack and the engagement of Jill. The experience was all the more vivid by contrast, when there came to him some great lady from the inner world of fashion, floating in a cloud of perfume, having first dropped from her hand the last French novel. The type startled him at first; but he, who was so ready to remind us that the habit did not make the monk, became equally persuaded that gay feathers did not mean a heart incapable of discipline, and that even heights of holiness could be spiritually attempted—though the outer foot wore the last vanity in shoes from the Burlington Arcade. No one—not Dr. Badenoch even—ever suspected His Eminence of using scent; but there came a time when I found twice or thrice in succession even the large rooms filled with perfumes of Piesse. A little later the conversion of a lady of fashion was announced. Never was passenger for St. Peter's bark in the hands of a more skilful pilot than was a great lady in the hands of this great man; and to his task he brought not merely skill but affection. Of these neophytes he spoke, if he spoke at all, with paternal tenderness. One such was so clever: she had written so sensibly and well—just a letter to announce her conversion to an illustrious personage, who suggested in reply that he saw behind hers an Eminent hand—"which was quite

untrue," said the Cardinal, "though I own I may have changed a phrase here, or added a phrase there." I thought it was not a very bad instance, after all, of the illustrious personage's perception. Whatever the Cardinal's tact, it never hid the truth at any rate from the tactful. Generally he went straight to the mark. "I have been doing something you would not approve this afternoon, voting for the Marriage with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," said the Prince of Wales to him one evening. "I know you have, sir," said the Cardinal, not apologetically. "You disapprove that very much?" asked the Prince in appeasing tones. "I do, sir," was the straight reply.

Another type of woman had a great attraction for him—the Protestant young lady, whose piety has, more and more of late years, taken so practical a turn. He met, one after another, these maidens, each animated by a serious intention to make some one less wretched. A young man who had interested him, and who had two accidental associations with him—for he, too, was of Balliol, and his father lived in the house at Totteridge once occupied by the father of the Cardinal—fell ill, and his wife wrote to tell his Eminence. The aged man of eighty set out immediately to see the sufferer, a journey of an hour or two each way to a pasture of which he was not the spiritual shepherd. I happened to see him just after his return, and I cannot forget the glowing words he used of this Protestant lady—the daughter of a Scottish gentleman, who had left her home, he said, and had come to nurse in a London hospital for the sake of God and her fellow-creatures, and who had been married thence as if from her home. He said he thought all this self-denial wonderful in young women outside the Church. But the perfection of all womankind he found in his beloved neighbours, the Sisters of Charity, in Carlisle Place. Personally, he had not much sympathy with the contemplative Orders of either men or women. What captivated him most was the woman who worked in the world yet prayed in the cloister, who went about doing good—the leaven of holiness in the school and the slum. The Sisters of Nazareth came next in his affections; and of the Community at Hammersmith he said, wishing to cap my own praises, "They are unspoiled Irishwomen, and you cannot easily beat that." Those who are curious to know the Cardinal's preference in female beauty may care to hear that the only woman's face I ever heard him express an opinion on was that of "Princess T——" among Lenbach's fine portraits. I had turned over the leaves showing more brilliant beauties; but when we came to this he said: "That's pretty." I think it was because the lady has her eyes cast down. For equally ascetic reasons he liked the high foreheaded, colourless Madonnas better than all the mundane magnificences of Murillo.

In most questions his liberality was beyond expectation. He was never afraid of being compromised in the cause of charity. About Padre Curci, when he had been expelled by the Jesuits, and was even out of Papal favour, he once unbosomed himself to me. "I have put my purse at his disposal in his necessities," he said, "and I tell you this, that you may tell it when I am gone,"—a phrase which he not unfrequently used, and which I have regarded as an obligation in cases where, otherwise, my pen would run through passages. "They would burn him in Rome," he added, smiling, "if they could; and they would burn me too." An American lady, with a literary reputation less than her deserts—she, whose "Signor Monaldini's Niece" is among the few delightful contemporary novels—wrote another book in one of whose heroes the Cardinal recognised Padre Curci; and the portrait, though he thought it overdrawn, delighted him. He came upon it by a chance. Her books had been hailed, in a newspaper he was supposed to control, as a glory, where a glory was somewhat needed, to the Catholic literature of America; whereupon some one complained to the Cardinal, sending a copy of this particular book, with sentences carefully marked as certainly improper. "Profoundly pure," was His Eminence's verdict on the impeached passages. He heard occasionally of ladies whose lives were made a burden to them by horrors they sometimes listened to in sermons, and who were forbidden by confessors to hear them. "Has it come to that? Well, I do not wonder," he said. Fantastic sermons, which violate Gospel reserve, and which profess to reveal more of the mind of our Lord than did inspiration itself, were a great cross to him. "Poor things," he said once of a Community who had asked him to preach, and in whose tone he thought he perceived a certain sophistication; "I fear they were disappointed, for I found nothing better to preach about than the crucifixion." He had a great desire that his flock should love what he called "the music of the English Bible," and he published at his own cost St. John's Gospel, in a form which made it available for the pocket. There was no medal or scapular which he regarded as an equipment more heavenly. He was less rigid in regard to trivial art in churches; I never heard him re-echo Savonarola's protest against the tawdry robes of crudest dye and the tinsel jewellery of the customary Madonna: "I tell you she went about dressed as a simple young woman." Yet Savonarola and he had most things in common; and they would not have differed so greatly either in the inventory of things to be heaped on the bonfire which the one lighted in Florence—and the other willingly would have lighted in Bond Street. One favourite phrase of his in certain of his moods was really a paraphrase from Savonarola: "In the catacombs the candlesticks were of wood, but the priests were of gold. Now the candlesticks are of gold." It was

the more effective because the Cardinal left, as Savonarola did not leave, the antithesis to complete itself. It was by such phrases—slightly piquant, he knew them to be—that he kept his faithful clergy ever on their mettle.

The friendship between the Cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was characteristic of the eddies of both men's dispositions, and of the changes of the times. Begun at Oxford, where already both bore the mark of their predestination to greatness, and both had the profound impress of piety, it was continued through the years which saw Manning settle into Churchmanship, and Gladstone into Statesmanship—two *rôles* they might easily have interchanged. And when there came, in 1845, that crisis of the Anglican Church in the minds of a large group, the secession of Newman, it was Manning who preached to Gladstone the quieting doctrine that the freaks of individualism in her sons could not be pitted against the great corporate teaching of the mother Church of England. Perturbed in spirit, the politician left London behind him, and in the calm atmosphere of a Sussex rectory propounded this question: "Are all these conversions, capped by Newman's, so many separate testimonies to the truth of the Roman Church, or is there any one trait held by these men in common to account for their conversion?" "There *is* one trait," said the Archdeacon oracularly, "a want of truth." I tell the story as it was told to me. But it had an authentic sound to any one familiar with the ready-made-reason moods from which riper years did not wholly deliver him; and when I asked him, in the eighties, if it was true, he said that, though he had forgotten the words, they no doubt represented a general feeling he had that "Tract 90" was unstraightforward, and all these converts might, at a moment when the rising hope of the Church party needed a terse reply, be taken as tarred with the "Tract 90" brush. In 1889 I taxed Mr. Gladstone's memory as to the episode, but found it a blank until he heard the whole story, when the incident came back to him, except that he questioned the geography, thinking that it took place in London, not at Lavington. When Manning and Hope-Scott seceded together five years later, Gladstone said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes.

The Irish University question, which wrecked Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1873, was the first great rock of offence set by circumstances between the two friends. For the Archbishop of Westminster was credited with influencing Irish and Catholic opinion, in and out of Parliament, to reject the proposals which, on the other hand, politicians of the Fawcett school attacked as concessions to Popery. Between the two stools the Minister of State fell, and when the Churchman and Statesman met in the street, one looked in another direction. The Statesman indited pamphlet after pamphlet to assert that the Vatican Council had tampered with the civil allegiance of Catholics, pamphlets

in which it was so easy and pleasant to eulogise Newman, if only to set off a silence as to the merits of Manning. Even then, when Manning winced for the words of his friend, his thoughts went back affectionately and admiringly to the Gladstone of other days—the Gladstone of Christ Church, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the splendid type of all he most worshipped—talent and piety. "You surprise me," said Lord Beaconsfield, when Manning had been comparing the calm, broad, balanced Gladstone of that day and the Gladstone of later years; "I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman." By the time Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eightieth birthday the Cardinal was able to write to him about the eighty stairs they had climbed together, a letter which had no hint of anything but the old trust and the old affection.

The temporary estrangement between the Cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was, as may be supposed, watched with some interest, and turned to some profit, by Lord Beaconsfield. The portrait of Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" did not please its prototype. Very different, he thought, was the spirit shown in the delineation of the Archbishop of Tyre in "Endymion"; and there had been a good deal of communication between the novelist and the sitter during the interval between the two works. When asked by the Cardinal why he called himself a Tory, Lord Beaconsfield replied: "Because the word Conservative is so long."

And long—"the word is like a knell"—is the epithet which must already be applied to these Reminiscences. I, therefore, close, without exhausting, them. Fragmentary (his favourite word), unorganised as they are, they reveal points in the temperament of this great Churchman, which could not be easily gathered from his formal writings or his official acts. He had a great desire to be known as he was; and those who possess broad human sympathies will not wonder at it; for there was nothing narrow or artificial in him. He was the exact contrary of what superficial bystanders represented him to be—the Marble Arch(bishop) of profane jest. The most humble of men, he was not without an imperiousness all his own, which well became him. When he was eighty, letters of congratulation poured in upon him in varying keys of homage—all save one. His elder sister, who still thought of him only as a younger brother, wrote to remind him that not by the length of a man's years, but by the way they are spent, will he be judged in another world. "I hope I never forget that," said the Cardinal; "and yet what I have done is nothing, and I go empty-handed to my Redeemer." Only a little while before his death he told me of his sister's age—"ninety-three, and with all her faculties"—a welcome precedent. In his own unworldly way he loved the world and all the people in it. He did not want to die; but none was ever so submissive to the summons. "When you hear I

have taken to my bed, you can order my coffin," he said to me; "in that I shall be like Lord Beaconsfield." Wearily and reluctantly he climbed the stone stairs for the last time, just after signing a business letter to the Vatican in the Italian he had economised time at Balliol by learning while he shaved. He had borne the burden of a long day; and he leaves a memory that must illuminate those who come after him in the work which remains for them to do.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

SO great and humble a man as Cardinal Manning had necessarily a special side visible to each person who came in close contact with him, and even small contributions to a complete picture of him are not without value. I have been accustomed to think that he showed me a blithe and cosy human friendship which must have been rare. He treated me as a good old uncle might treat a niece whose ways were not his, but were interesting and entertaining to him, and merited his respect also. Anything further from the "contempt for women," which one or two rash newspaper correspondents have attributed to him, could not well have been imagined, than his gentle fun and serious help and advice. I grant, his advice was always given with an air of authority belonging to his position, but the authority vanished like a mist the moment it was not acknowledged, and he would add: "Am I not right? Don't you agree with me?" The fact is, his personal humility as a Christian man, his trained deference as an English gentleman, his devoted desire for the truth and the right, his sense of his ecclesiastical dignity and his firm stand on the Church's foundation, made a combination of perfect simplicity of manner, and left him free from personal considerations about himself, as well as about those with whom he was conversing. They were either souls needing his help, or fellow-workers consulting with him, and equal in view of the work. I suppose that few came into close relationship with him without finding that he felt it to be his duty to show them what he saw as truth; but, so far as I know, he was content not to try to impose himself on their convictions. He gave me the impression that liberality as to others was as strong as conviction for himself. He even had a certain amused sense of the horror in which he knew himself and his Church to be held by people for whom he had respect.

My personal knowledge of Cardinal Manning dates only a few years back. I was in London about a case of peculiarly insolent ruffianism on the part of a bad man. His crime could not be punished by law, nor by publicity; but it went hard with me that it should

pass quite scot-free. My usual counsellors were far away, and I went to the Cardinal to see what he thought could be done. I proposed a certain course. We talked the case over, and then the Cardinal said: "I don't know *you*. I don't know whether you have courage to do it. I don't know whether you will do it well." I said I had courage, and would take his suggestions as to how to do it. He said: "Well. Let us talk about other things, and then we'll see." And for an hour or so we talked about common friends, about modes of work for the troubled, and about non-personal religious topics. I had known so much of him through others, that I was not surprised to find how sweetly, genially humorous he was—in fact, half-chaffing on some subjects, while burning with indignation on others. He finally said: "I think you can do this, and I think it will be a good thing to do. God bless you. Take this blessing, at least, as the blessing of an old man." I think his rich and beautiful voice almost always sounded in the ears of a departing visitor: "Come and see me again." He loved to have people come to him for advice and help, and perhaps loved it most keenly if he knew that they were stepping across some barrier. He certainly stepped across many a barrier to meet me, as he always did, after that first time. I carried out the plan, pleased him, and he wrote to me: "What you did was contrary to the prudence of this world, but in accordance with the prudence of the next. Good will come of it; at all events, a voice has spoken to him in God's name, and His word does not return void. For the present, what you have done is enough."

I did not see him again for some time, and when I went I shall never forget his appearance as he came in. His attendant, Newman, always confused me with another lady, and I suppose he had taken in no clear message as to who I was. The old man came in, holding one side of his long coat across his chest, drawn up to his full height, and looking as severe and distant as could be. He was a mediæval ecclesiastic all over. But when I made a few steps forward to meet him, face and figure all relaxed, and smiling, he said: "Oh! it's *you*, is it? Well? What mischief is on foot to-day? What commands have you for me?" At the end of my business he said: "Have you seen So-and-so (a recent 'vert to the Catholic Church) lately?" I said I had, and that I was charmed to see what his Christianity could do for an Agnostic. "Yes, that is a true conversion. That is a true conversion—a conversion as you Methodists understand it, too." And presently he seemed to think this was his first good chance with me, and said, "And when are you coming nearer?" "I am not likely ever to come nearer in the sense I think you mean," I said; and he urged on me the benefits of confession. I must say that I did little but parry the attack, because I could not bring myself to say plainly what I thought. He seemed too good and gentle to be opposed. But he gave me a book

of his, and asked me to discuss it with him later on. The next time he saw I was unwilling, and said nothing till we had said good-bye. Then came a pause, and "Well?" I said, "No. I only came to you for the business we have settled." "Very well, very well. But you know you need guidance." I avoided the whole question, and for a time or two he left all such personalities alone. Then he gave me a little book on the Office of the Holy Spirit, and pressed me for comments on it. At last I frankly told him that his dignity and kindness about other things made it painful to speak plainly, but that I agreed with his book as far as he could quote Scripture in support of his teaching, but that he presently came to his doctrine of the Church, and had no quotations, and that then I differed. He said gently, "You do not see your need of confession and of the Church, but it is there." I said, "No. You suggest to me means by which to get what I have already, peace with God through Jesus Christ, and access to God by the Holy Spirit. You have really nothing better to offer me. And I can say this freely to you because you understand life as no ordinary priest can. You have lived a complete life, and understand. You know that I have all I need." He said quickly, with a sharp look at me, "Are you content with yourself, then?" Of course I said no, but with the faith and doctrine I had received. And I added again: "You *know* I have what satisfies my soul's needs." He paused, nodded his head repeatedly, and then said: "I know that I think that you would always follow the truth." I said, "More than that. You know that I see the truth differently from you, and that I have what satisfies me, while you have what satisfies you. Forgive me; I must speak plainly when you press me." He turned to me, and said very solemnly: "The Church has a doctrine of the intention of the heart. You have that intention of the heart. God bless you, God bless you." Then he reverted to the practical business result we had previously come to, and sent two or three messages by me to fellow-workers.

He used, with a smile, to ask me about the health of a lady of his own age whom he knew to be an anxiously zealous Protestant, and sent messages which I durst not deliver. I always felt his quiet, underlying sense of Christian fellowship with her to be strong, though he knew that to her he represented "the Scarlet Woman" in England.

Perhaps one of the most amusing conversations I ever had with him was after I had seen some evictions in Ireland, and had made friends with some priests over there. I went to tell him all about it, and he spoke with great warmth of appreciation about the English Protestants who had been over to cheer the hearts of the Irish. I said it was strange that English Catholics did not go. He said they were not in sympathy. I asked why he did not tell them to go, since it must stir their sympathy. "They *won't* go,"—he repeated

again and again;—"it's no use. They won't go." "Then," I said, "why don't you tell their confessors to send them for penance?" He laughed heartily, lifted his hands, and let them fall on his knees: "A capital idea! I will," he said.

I have been struck with his readiness to do things which a man of his age, to say nothing of his dignity, would not generally do. He would get up and go and put a little coal on the fire, saying, "We shall get quite cold sitting talking here." He gave me a delightful sense of enjoying the not being on ceremony or professional with me. After that one frank talk, he seemed to feel homeish and chatty, and never again did more than give me a little book and bless me. I once urged him to express publicly his opinion on a matter on which he felt bound to silence almost complete. He said, "You understand I am tied and pledged." I said, "It is of great importance. Can you say nothing more?" He said, "Well, what could I say? What do you think I could say?" I suggested one thing after another that seemed to me possible. "No, no." Till, at last, I got a phrase which he felt would do, and he said, "Now, you must be quiet and content with that. I can go no further. I am bound."

Last summer I thought that in his remarks on the Encyclical he had fallen into the almost universal clerical error of laying the burden of parental responsibility on mothers. I wrote to him, saying plainly that I thought that the clergy generally said this sort of thing naturally, because if they returned to the earlier doctrine that it is incumbent on fathers to teach their children as they walk in the way, they would have to practise what they preached, and society pressed in the opposite direction. I begged him, from his freer position, to set the example of a better doctrine, and to try to stir fathers up to do their share. I told him I despaired of true doctrine until women took their place in pulpits and on platforms. He quickly replied:

"I began reading your letter without knowing from whom it came, and I said to myself, 'Hey-day, here is a fine lady scolding! I wonder who it is.' I then looked at the end, and wondered no longer.

"What can be more unjust than you?

"I was writing not against the women, but against employers. Mothers are partly driven into work, as you say, by the selfishness of fathers and the temptation of employers.

"What have I been doing for twenty years but preaching to fathers, in pledging them to total abstinence from drink, and in binding them to spend all they earn on their homes, by which the mothers can live a domestic life? Even the context of what you quote contains all this. But you ladies are torpedoes, and not legislators or preachers.

"There! I have had my revenge.

"But how can our people have homes until the land laws and the house property laws have been revised?

"I hope you are getting a good holiday."

I was, of course, much delighted with this letter, but it turned

out that he was just as much pleased with it as I. I went to call on him with a friend who wanted to be introduced to him, and he came into the room where we had waited, holding out both hands, and saying eagerly, "Did you get my letter? What did you think of it?" I told him I had been charmed by it, though I did not think it an answer. He at once began, chuckling, to explain the controversy to my friend, and was quite full of amusement. Our errand was to ask him to write a paper for the *Review of the Churches*, on re-union, and my friend was going about the matter diplomatically; but as soon as he saw what it was, he at once said, "I should like to write on that for you." Then he talked earnestly on the subject, quoting a correspondence with an Anglican clergyman, who had said that Anglican clergy would be able to join the Roman Catholic Church, if she would recognise their orders, dispense with celibacy, and—I forget the third point. "That's rather a large order. It's asking a *good* deal," he said.

He ended a conversation that was hurried, because he had a bishop waiting for him, by repeating his invariable line of talk on this subject, to the effect that formal union was far off, and that one could not see how it is to come, but that united work for the objects we can see alike upon is the true road to the end, as it is the only practical way of expressing our desires for unity. He welcomed any union among the sects as a sign of a deep desire for union, and as a promise for the future of the whole Church.

Like all who came in contact with him, I feel myself to have parted temporarily from one of my dearest friends, but only as friends part to live in different countries. It is such child-like souls as his really was that make almost visible to one the family life of heaven and earth as one and undivided. He had thought the Father's command was to obey a Church without questioning its authority, and he acquiesced like a child. His deepest sympathies seemed to me always to be for untaught and neglected children. If this seems to leave out of sight the "astute Churchman" view of him, I can only say that there is no diplomacy like perfect simplicity, and that always has seemed to me to be his diplomacy.

SARAH M. SHELDON AMOS.

SEVEN and a half years ago—through a work in which we were both specially interested, the children's sections of the Criminal Law Amendment Act—I first came to know the great man who has just left a church without its brightest ornament, and a country without one of its noblest sons, and whose life has been to me ever since

that day like some beautiful sacred song. I had been warned against him by a valued friend as "the prince of proselytisers," and had a strong constitutional and principled dislike to his Church, and at least very negative feelings towards ecclesiastics in general; and now I met the man. "Well," said he, almost swinging his hand into the grasp of mine, "you are going to work for suffering children; God bless and help you!" His princedom in his church, his long black crimson-edged cassock, his crimson tiara, his cross of gold, his intellect and learning, his history, were all lost in a sweetness and sanctity which I had never met before save in humanity's holiest, most perfect childhood. His sacred seriousness, his spontaneous delight, his absorption in what I had to say, his intense righteousness, the evident aims with which he lived, the human warmth and colour which illuminated every feature of his wonderful face possessed me with liberty and joy in his presence. I had but one thought in coming away from him:—the splendour of a true man. He was the man who is man's instinctive choice. Often have I seen him since that day, but neither then nor at any subsequent visit to him did I ever for one moment feel that I was in the presence of a great ecclesiastic—much less of a little one. There were such persons hung in painting upon his walls. The intense simplicity of his nature, together with the extraordinary vastness of the sphere of its sympathies, pities, and solicitudes, constituted that same kind of dignity, that pure majesty, which compelled the child of Heth, "even the children of Heth," to answer Abraham, saying, "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us."

He was a king. His robes and jewels, and shields and heraldry, and tower of strength were that his great mind and heart went out to his race. He was at the summit of all the humanity you had known. Your reverence for him sprang from the glimmer of himself in you. There was a deep, tender fear in it which was akin to worship, and which tended to make men of no religion and men of every variety of religion kneel for his blessing as Jacob's sons knelt for Jacob's.

To this personality was added the subtle suggestion of his coming to you from a still larger world than the vast world of men. In all his bearing was the saying: "I am a stranger and sojourner with you." He was a son of the living God and Father of all. Men, rude and refined, of his Church, of no Church, and of all Churches, while revering and loving him for himself, had their unbelief put a little to shame, or their faith gladdened, by the subtle, luminous power in which his strong, clear faith and joy in his God and theirs, bathed him, and, for the moment, them. They had seen none such wonderful manhood. The sense of eternal things which filled his presence men, to their surprise, felt in a degree haunting themselves. They had glimmers of a nimbus around his venerable head which made

them, perhaps, dimly understand why painters had gilded aureoles around the heads of those saints which hung upon his walls.

Yet not the humblest docker, not the youngest child, not the hardest unbeliever, found in him any "greatness," as earth's great personages are great. He had the gentleness, the deference of a father pitying his children. He was aware not in the least that he was a Cardinal-Archbishop: to be of service to you seemed the special object of his life. It was thus that "My son," as he used to address an earnest man, seemed so well to become his lips. Yet was his pleasure in his service so child-like, that his heart seemed to bound and sing with the enjoyment of the thought that he could be anything of a helper to the helpless among men.

From first to last my acquaintance with him was almost wholly in his relation to suffering children. I am fain to think that, as their friend, he loved me. It was in those years when the need of the Society for whose existence I worked—The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—was still unrecognised, whilst its success was still doubtful, whilst its proposals for legislation were generally resented as "grandmotherly," its statements of reasons for such legislation "sensational" and "hysterical," whilst national opinion upon its existence and aims was adverse or dead—it was then that Cardinal Manning allowed me to find in him a friend, and made me feel the strength which comes from such a man's homage to one's cause. By a true instinct he rejected alike the doubts and the censures which at that time were almost universal, and in various and subtle ways, by sacred sympathy and encouragement, and by a wide and statesmanlike view of the matter, sustained the faith and zeal necessary if the cause was not to prove too great and die. When urging patience in those days, the Cardinal said in his own persuasive way: "Child-life and home-life have not been thought about in England. We have to make them thought about. The age is busy and superficial. Such work will take time. Nothing that a nation needs deeply does it suddenly espouse." At another moment of disappointment he said to the same worker: "There is room for only one true fear in a man. That fear is that he may be wrong. When that has been banished, there is no room for any other." Whenever he observed in the paper that either I or the Society had had a snub, he was sure to send a little note, "Come and see me." On one occasion he said, referring to a case which had recently been dismissed by the Westminster magistrate: "Nothing is more to be dreaded in a work like this than that we should allow the weaknesses of human agencies to divert our attention from the righteousness of our mission. And do remember," he added, "that magistrates cannot be expected to administer the law beyond the requirements of public sentiment. Nothing is so likely to make an earnest man unjust to officials as that

he should be disheartened. St. Paul could work for his Lord, and yet respect the officials whose duty it was to send him to prison." When the first essay was made to interest the thinking part of the nation in the cruelties from which so many of its children suffered, he joined with me, a comparatively unknown man, in writing an article in this REVIEW, thus lending the influence of his great name to a cause as yet unpopular. When the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was before Parliament, he went down to the House twice to use his influence in the lobby with some of the members he knew, from whom, he feared, support for it was not probable. To the same influence the Society owes some of its most influential supporters. To its two last annual meetings he promised to come if his doctor would permit him to do so. The previous winters had both been spent indoors. When the time for the meetings came he was still unwell. On one occasion, when urged to go and winter in the South of France, and follow the good example of Mr. Spurgeon, he said: "When my Father opens His door, and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall the child not be waiting on the step?"

His interest in children was like his character—an all-round one and of the most genuine and simple kind. "I like to go into the parks on Sunday," he said on one occasion, "to see the children and talk with them; and I give them my blessing." Then, with a pleased smile he added: "Nobody can say that I am proselytising in that." Referring on one occasion to a depressed remark I had made to him on the small results of the past year's work: "Only seventy cases!" he exultingly exclaimed. "Small result! Think of seventy little children's tears dried, and seventy little children's pains stopped! We can never say that that is nothing. It is glorious!" In a still more solemn voice, he continued: "A child's needless tear is a blood-blot upon this earth." A worker for the Society, after a tour in Ireland, called upon him at his request to tell him the result. On hearing that the Catholic priest and the treasurer of the Irish Church Missionary Society, Parnellite and McCarthyite, Orangeman and Home Ruler, had met together on our platform, and had joined in forming our Aid Committees, he clapped his hands and exclaimed: "How happy the old prophet would have been! The good days are coming. It is the little child that will be their leader. People will find their brotherhood in little children."

What this great man did for suffering children he could not help doing. The sinister motives which have been attributed to him by persons who did not know him are to me, who have had the privilege of his intimacy for seven and a half years, unjust and impossible. His zealous Roman Catholicism was but the image and superscription of that pure golden humanity, to which each needless tear of a child was a blood-drop. With the ecclesiastical kingdom to which he gave his

allegiance I have no concern here. Before all things he was a grandly human being. To him the cause and service of the little and weak was what to too many ecclesiastics is the cause and service of the great and the strong. Whatever was his own desire in the matter, the power of his life served, not Romanism, but religion. It was in spite of his alien Church, alien in name and in habits of thought to English life, that he won Englishmen's love. They travelled after him, led by his personality, not by his creed. The English are first political, then religious; and all their political traditions, as well as all the institutions their politics have created, place a bar against Romanism, which no personality, however great, can remove.

His influence was like that gracious influence of a noble woman which all men feel without becoming women, or even adopting their costume. It was created and it was limited by what in him was common to our best humanity, and which every human being by virtue of humanity must feel. The Church to which he belonged gave him titles; but these, though extending the range and opportunities of the fascination of his influence, did not constitute the source of it. Neither the mitre nor the crown, but the common heart of mankind transfigured, marks the true master of men. The Pope may create twenty cardinals; he cannot create one Manning, for grand titles do not make grand men. A bishop's throne may have a bishop's empire, but only a bishop's. Manhood alone can have empire over men.

Though most of what he said to me was said to make my hands stronger to do the special work I had to do, and which, had he had time, his own hands would have gladly done, now and again conversation slipped into more general topics, when, so utterly simple was he and so open, that what some would call the trifles of his personal life would come up in his conversation, which all unconsciously betrayed how full of happy and prosperous virtue he was. On one occasion he told me this story in slow periods, in which every word was a reality: "I was going down that street," pointing out of the window to a double row of mansions that were being built, "and I met a little boy going along his happy way, with poor dress, but a lovely, thoughtful, pale, open face, and I stopped him for the pleasure of speaking to him. 'Well, my little man, how are you, and where are you going with that little bundle in your hand?' He told me 'there'—pointing to one of the houses being built, 'to his father.' 'What is your father?' I asked. 'A carpenter, sir,' he replied." Then the Cardinal added slowly, "I was awed and startled! I had met a carpenter's son! My Lord was once a little servant like that boy. Oh, Mr. Waugh," he exclaimed, almost in tears, "what depths of love were in Christ!" He then in the simplest way disclosed that he had at once returned home and sent all that he had then to give to some institution for the

children of the poor. "I feel at times," he said, "ashamed to own anything." I saw in that moment how intense upon him was the power of the life of our Lord.

Never was a man less of a bigot. He had a heart for all reality. We differed *toto cælo* in our ideas of the Church. As the name is generally understood, I had no Church. The source of my religion began and ended with the Nazarene. I had no Church history, no Church creeds, save the history once enacted in Galilee and Judea and the creed of the Gospels. The four lives of the Nazarene by four of his friends were my library of faith. My pope, my cardinals were, therefore, Christ and his Twelve. My apostolical succession was to such men as had by direct contact with our Lord caught some of His holy fire. On one occasion when I had respectfully put my position to him he said: "Well, you are making me your confessor, and I give you absolution, for you need it; you are not following Christ as much as you think you are. Follow Him enough and you will find that out."

When walking in the New Forest some years ago I came up, here and there upon the road, with little knots of country people in their Sunday best wending their way to a village church. They were going, I found, to the funeral of "the housekeeper at the Hall." I turned into the church, attended the service, and followed to the grave. I did not know the woman, but I found that she had been greatly loved and was bitterly mourned by the whole country side, which had ceased labour and gathered to weep at her grave. Humanity mourned when she died. I found myself joining in its tears. When the lingering company had gone away, I said to the gravedigger: "She was much beloved, it seems." "Ah, sir!" he sobbed with difficulty, his aged, wrinkled face crumpling up as fresh tears started, breaking his sentence. Then taking his shovel, he continued, as he began to shovel back the earth: "This is the hardest job I've had for many a day."

Those Hebrew "women from Galilee" and those English labourers from the Forest had the same kind of reason for their tears at the tomb. Humanity wept at both. And it was humanity that wept at the tomb of the Cardinal. Our common race was bereaved. The mystic power of man "renewed after the image of Christ" is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Remembering the great woe of this great city and of the whole land at his grave it is well to reflect that though place and power play their part in this complex life of ours, empire belongs only to Christ and to the Christ-like soul, be its circle great or small. It is not an Atlantic alone that possesses the properties of the sea; each wave and ripple breaking around the children's feet paddling upon its shore possesses the same. Its very spray is salt. Nor is it greatness of name and

vastness of sphere that constitute the power of a Christian. His power is that his nature is impregnated with the race-loving spirit of Christ. The soul may be as unconscious of its properties as the sea is of its properties, but it has them all the same; and by whatsoever Church-name that soul is known: Greek, Roman, or Anglican, be it a diocesan dignitary, or a "housekeeper at the Hall" among farms and labourers, the Christliness of its disposition and behaviour will be the measure in which men will find in it "saving health."

Once I was warned by a well-known statesman against putting ecclesiastics on my Society's committee. I said: "But we have already one on it, Cardinal Manning." His reply was: "Oh, Manning, he is not an ecclesiastic; he belongs to us all!"

That the supremest humanity is king among men, this is the lesson of the great life which the nation mourns, and which it will see no more.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

I CANNOT refrain from adding to the foregoing papers a few recollections of my own. For some years past I have, like many others, been admitted to Cardinal Manning's friendship, and found ready access to him. Many an hour's conversation I have had with him—often on a Sunday evening, when he seemed to be at leisure for general and discursive talk. Several friends, notably Dr. Paton and the late Dr. Hatch, I have had the pleasure of making known to him; for he seemed desirous of meeting every one worth knowing. He never tried to convert me: indeed we did not go much into ecclesiastical argument; recognising our different points of view, we were ready to discuss the secondary questions on which differences are not vital. I remember that early in our acquaintance the Cardinal, who had undertaken to write an article for this REVIEW on the question of the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to the House of Commons, sent to ask me to go down and talk to him about it. I found him with the MS. just finished, the sheets scarcely dry. He read over the whole to me, challenging me to concur with, or dissent from, each proposition, and breaking into a gentle smile when—as was generally the case—I intimated strong dissent. I thought the article very good as a statement of opinion, but untenable as an argument.

I once congratulated him on his long life, as giving time for his motives and career to display themselves in their true light. He assented, referring very feelingly to the unpopularity and misconception he had had to go through; how he had been under a cloud for twenty or thirty years, but had in the end lived through it.

I have never met with any one who seemed to me a more thorough

Bishop; not merely carrying with sedulous attention and grave responsibility, though with a masterful sense of certainty and ease, the cares of his own diocese and Church, and—to his own feeling at least—of the religion of his country, but always ready to undertake the guidance of any individual soul in need, caring for the one, and lavish of thought and time in each case—a confessor as well as an overseer. He meditated deeply on the state of Christianity in England—of course with a bias; thought highly, on the whole, of the aristocracy, spoke often in words of solemn warning of the perils of our pursuit of money, but recognised the deep-seated belief in God of the bulk of the people. There was much Catholic truth, he would say, among the Methodists, and he held that the Salvation Army, sadly defective as it was, was nevertheless seriously preaching the fear of God.

I was abroad during the early part of the Dock strike. On returning, I went to see the Cardinal, who told me what he had been doing. I suggested that the Bishop of London, having put his hand to the plough, had looked back. "Yes," he said, with a sort of wicked smile, "and I am not sure whether any other of my episcopal brethren were in England at the time."

Some years ago Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, wrote some articles criticising the theological position of Cardinal Newman. Cardinal Manning, reading these, spoke to me of his great interest in them, and expressed a wish to meet Dr. Fairbairn. Accordingly, he came to my house one afternoon to meet Dr. Fairbairn and my friend Dr. Paton. Mr. Lilly was also present, and some members of my family. After tea the conversation naturally turned on the Roman Catholic question, and in the most friendly and generous spirit, as might be expected from the temper of the men, a general argument of the deepest interest was held, Dr. Fairbairn propounding questions to bring out the points, the Cardinal replying, and Dr. Paton interposing remarks and questions now and then. The Cardinal did not bind himself to Cardinal Newman's positions, and indeed expressly disclaimed to have so studied his books as to know his views; but he treated the belief in God as a necessity of his existence, and deduced from it the belief in Christianity—*i.e.*, the Catholic Church. His argument was, to the minds of some present, somewhat out of date, founded rather on the lines current in the Tractarian times than on those which are adjusted to modern history and philosophy. But he more than frankly admitted to saving grace Christians outside the Roman Catholic Church, basing his view on the doctrine of extraordinary grace, the result of the grace of the Church, and shining out beyond her pale. The whole conversation was strenuous; Drs. Fairbairn and Paton, both coming, as they explained, of the blood of the Covenanters, were firm, though fraternal, themselves holding High Church doctrine, though of a different order. I remember especially one passage. The Cardinal was asked to define

the specific Roman Catholic theory of the Church, and, settling himself to the task, spoke for two or three minutes. At the close of his sentences we all three, with one voice, accepted his definition absolutely. This may show either the underlying similarity of Christian creeds or the difficulties of definition; but it was very striking. There was no difference as to the ideas of the Church and Catholicity; only as to the realities which corresponded to them. The conversation was at last broken off by the Cardinal having to leave. Rising from his chair, he grasped Dr. Fairbairn by the hand, and, with the greatest warmth, said how glad he was, in spite of what he must consider imperfections, to be able to recognise him as a brother in Christ. Dr. Fairbairn, with like feeling, replied how happy he was to be able so to regard him, without even speaking of imperfections, and even happier to be in a position to acknowledge him as a teacher called to his office, like himself, by the Master, and possessed therefore of the same right to serve Him. It was a mutual benediction, and a scene I shall never forget.

P. W. B.

THE LABOUR PARTY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

July.

ON the 6th June Parliament was dissolved. The writs were issued on the 8th, returnable on the 11th July. The usual fuss and activity among politicians and political men-of-all-work ensued, and the usual amount of political calculations and prophecies were hazarded; but nobody was prepared for the development of a new force which appeared with singular precision of action early in the elections. This was what is well-known as the Labour party. It is not easy to define its true relation to the labouring classes, and it is certain that its triumph displaced much truer representatives of the body of workers than some of the new men. It is equally certain that political schemers in no sense identified with the manual workers succeeded by cajolery in getting the support of the mass of the Labour party. Only in a few electorates was the movement completely and exclusively successful. The city of Sydney is divided into three large electorates—East, West, and South Sydney. The West contains a vast number of working men connected with the shipping and the wharf traffic, and the trades and handicrafts dependent upon these classes. Among the candidates were the Postmaster-General, Mr. Daniel O'Connor, and Mr. Francis Abigail, formerly Minister of Mines, both believed to be very popular with the classes preponderating in this great division of the city, and both several times returned on former occasions. This electorate returns four members to Parliament. The most notable appearance of the Labour party was in four men, bunched together for these four seats, with no special manifesto of principles and with little exposition of political aims by word of mouth. Nor were they personally known beyond their own class circles and the trades unions to which they all belonged. "Union is strength" and "shoulder to shoulder" were

amongst their catch-cries; and their fellow-workmen joined in one demonstration which had a striking effect. They mustered with bands of music, flags and symbols, and formed a torchlight procession for some two miles through the streets, the four Labour candidates walking abreast with the motto, "All of us, or none of us!" This served in the place of eloquent speech or powerful argument, and on the polling day the four Labour candidates swept the electorate clean, the old members and the new supplicants for favour all disappearing from the field. In one of the populous suburbs, containing four seats, the same sweeping change was effected by four unknown men. Henceforward, all through the elections, seats here and there were steadily won by Labour candidates. The most curious feature of this political Labour movement was that in nearly every case the candidates were accepted on trust. Nothing was known of them by the bulk of the electors, and to all appearance nothing was desired to be known.

We have been accustomed to regard a seat in Parliament as the prize of useful activity and honourable ambition. At least, preparation of some sort has been deemed necessary to secure the prize. But not so in the Labour triumph. No evidence of public service or of ability was needed. The man succeeded best who had visibly done least to entitle him to success. But it may be fairly surmised that in most cases the aptitudes of the man had been made known in the business of trade societies, and that he was not selected as a candidate on trust, or without sufficient knowledge, however blindly he may have been chosen as a member of Parliament by the bulk of the electors afterwards. The assembly consists of 141 members, and of these fully thirty are Labour representatives, not one of whom has a record of service except in connection with strikes and trades unionism.

Some of the anecdotic incidents in the Labour triumph are worthy of record. One young man was feeding a stone-crushing machine up to the eve of his election; another was following his trade as a plasterer when he was seized upon as a candidate. In several instances the candidates had been but a short time in the country; in other cases they had been shifting about from one calling to another, with no settled occupation. In one case the candidate had been sentenced to a severe term of imprisonment in connection with the recent strikes, and he would have been in prison at the time of election had it not been for the merciful interposition of the royal prerogative. These instances are not mentioned for the purpose of disparagement, but rather to illustrate the advent of the Labour party by what can hardly be considered less than features of romance. In point of fact, the circumstances to which reference is made serve to show the genuine identity of the new members with the classes of labour.

There were doubtful men in the new party, as I have already said, and the party themselves soon took steps to eject the unclean intruders. They were not admitted to the party's *caucus* meetings, and were in fact disowned with as much politeness as was compatible with decision. The Labour members united compactly enough; appropriated a range of seats as far removed as possible from the Ministerial and the Opposition benches, and took possession of one of the ante-rooms as their own against the other members.

This was the state of things when the new Parliament met on the 14th July. It is understood that overtures had been made by influential members of the Opposition to a gentleman newly elected to assume the lead of their party, but, as he declined, Mr. Dibbs was again elected to the post. Lord Jersey opened Parliament for business on the 15th, and the Speech announced measures for a reform of the electoral system, the establishment of local self-government, the constitution of courts of conciliation for the settlement of trade disputes, and other important business, including the draft Bill of the Federation Convention. The adoption of the Address in reply was duly moved and seconded, when Mr. Dibbs rose and moved an amendment to the effect that the House had no confidence in the Government. The Labour members were in their place to a man, and they attentively listened to the indictment, but did not appear to be greatly impressed. The efforts to win their support displayed some desperate spasms of injured virtue, and there was violence enough to do service for the absence of veracity. One charge against me was that in sending troops to prevent bloodshed in the northern collieries at a time of a general strike, I had sent a Gatling gun to shoot down the people. One of the Labour members turned up a volume of the Official Reports, and read out that Mr. Dibbs, then in Opposition, approved of my course of action, except that he complained that I had not taken it a week earlier; and this member put the case with almost grotesque emphasis, that the difference between me and Mr. Dibbs was that I sent the gun, and that Mr. Dibbs would have sent it sooner by a week. Personally I had nothing to do with sending this gun; it became my duty in my capacity as Minister to instruct the commandant to send a military force to Newcastle, and the gun got there amidst the military details of the movement, of which I had no knowledge whatever. I explain this circumstance because the charge has been made against me time after time, with the object of exciting the angry passions of men against me, and when no graver charge could be found.

Returning to the attitude of the Labour members on their first Parliamentary trial—I replied to Mr. Dibbs very shortly, declining to defend the Government or to appeal to any section of the House for consideration, and inviting a clear decision one way or other in the

interest of the country. Whatever they did, I asked that some party should be allowed to proceed with the public business. The debate proceeded, and the grossest appeals were made to the prejudices and passions of the new members to support the adverse motion, to step in and save the unhappy country from ruin. But soon one of the Labour members rose in his place and said that his party had considered the situation, and had decided to vote as a body against any change. They had nothing to do with the past and the wrangles of old parties; they were there to press on the public business, and they believed they could get most out of the present holders of office. After this announcement, the Oppositionists were furious in their attacks upon the new members. They who might have been hailed as the saviours of the country, were now reviled as its worst enemies. No term of reproach was too bitter to be flung at them. But the Labour party stood it well. They gave evidence of a self-restraint and a close observation and a steadiness of purpose which old stagers in political warfare might emulate with much advantage to themselves.

It is too soon to form a definite opinion of the manner and methods of the new party in the present Parliament. Many of them are beyond question men of good capacity for Parliamentary work. They speak pointedly and tersely on questions under debate, are seldom prolix or pretentious; and they appear to give a studious examination to all matters submitted for consideration. It can hardly be otherwise than that they will lose something of their separate party character as time familiarises them to the company into which they are thrown, and they find that men whom they meet every day express many of their views, though not professing to be the special representatives of labour. Naturally and unavoidably, causes of disagreement will arise among themselves, and the incidents of public life will incline many of them to lean more towards men outside their own party than to their newly found comrades. The processes of change, which are often unconsciously felt, will operate upon the minds of the Labour members as upon the minds of other human beings, and it would not be safe to forecast the position of the Labour party at the end of the present Parliament.

One consequence, altogether beneficial, of the advent of the Labour party in Parliament, will be to compel attention to questions affecting the condition and prospects of the masses of the human family. In Australia, the majority in every Parliament is composed of men who have had to force their own way in the world, and who ought to be well acquainted with the condition of the working population; but it is not often the case that the man who mounts upward by his own energy and perseverance in industrial pursuits bestows much thought upon his fellows who are less successful in the struggle. It is flattering to his self-love to think that his prosperity is due to his own merits,

and he displays a pride in his possessions which it is not always pleasant to look upon. He is too busy with himself, and what is his, to trouble about the welfare of others. Let them do as he has had to do. But the men elected, not because they have emerged from the ranks of Labour, but because they are of the ranks of Labour, and whose mission is to labour in Parliament for Labour's sake, are not likely to place any object above the improvement of the condition of their own class. Their eyes will be watching for any sign of genuine help, and, knowing the source of their strength, they will not fail to turn it to the best advantage for their fellows. Though they may form friendly relations with men apart from their own groove—and the really good men among them are sure to be attracted by the goodness in others—still the loadstone of their political lines will be the elevation of the toiling masses.

Henceforward we shall have, taking distinct shape with increasing dimensions, the party of Labour to be reckoned with in all our political calculations. What the electors have learned, they will never unlearn. Though it is impossible now to forecast what this young political party will exactly do, it is easy to foresee, however individual members may fail or fall away, that its strength will be renewed at the polls; the weak timbers will be replaced by sound timbers, and if these again disclose evidence of weakness, stronger still will be sought to replace them. And if the artisan and the farm labourer acquire a true discernment of the needs of the State, and cultivate the faculty to apply right remedies for admitted wrongs, their co-operation in solving the hardest problems in human progress will be welcomed by all true men and women.

POSTSCRIPT.

December.

The foregoing sheets were written five months ago. The Labour party, which started in such close order and with such circumspect steps, slowly yielded to the influences of political demoralisation, and, after an all-night sitting, it split asunder like a badly built ship in a gale of wind a few minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of 11th December. It cannot be said with truth that a Labour party as understood at the time of the elections now exists in the Parliament of New South Wales. The main bond of union was an agreement "to sink the fiscal issue"; that is, to refuse to enter upon any change of tariff until certain reforms claimed as urgent were obtained. The Government which met the present Parliament had submitted to the late assembly before the dissolution a comprehensive Bill to establish local self-government in the country districts, and a Bill to recast the electoral system, abolishing plural voting, extending the franchise in several directions, and providing for the self-registration

of electors. It is desirable to note that this was before the advent of the Labour party, and before the Labour party had been dreamt of. The same measures somewhat revised were re-introduced in the new Parliament, together with a Bill to establish courts of conciliation and an authority to conduct cases of arbitration in dealing with trade disputes. When these measures with others were announced in the Governor's speech, the Labour members, to use the language of some of them, declared that the speech "embodied their platform," though in fact the principal of them had been submitted to the previous Parliament. As the work of the Session began in earnest, it was curious to observe the idiosyncrasies and individual leanings of many of the men so unexpectedly raised to the position of law-makers. That period of silent observation and patient study, which we used to read of as the sure sign of a capable mind fresh to Parliament seeking to mature its inherent powers, had not even a beginning. The gentleman fresh from the shearing of sheep was as ready to try his shears in a complicated Bill on a difficult subject as he was in the industrial arrangements of the wool-shed. One gentleman announced that he did not come into Parliament to be guided by precedents, but to make precedents. To give a new form to the poet's idea, the Labour members were prepared to rush at anything which philosophers or angels might fear to touch. One grand piece of legislative wisdom and enlightenment was to give the elective franchise to the paupers in the Government asylums; and one of the many members, not of their class, who pandered to them for the sake of using their thirty votes, Mr. G. H. Reid, used this language in support of the brilliant proposal: "The inmates of the asylums are in a better position to form an infinitely sounder and more unbiassed judgment upon the political questions of the day than are those who affect to despise them." Of course, no one despised the unfortunate sufferers, but political capital had to be made somehow out of this new development of political reform; and the motion was carried against the Government and the better sense of the House. Another of the worthy group who sought to flatter and cajole in order to use the Labour members, actually proposed to give the political franchise to the prisoners in the gaols. It thus soon became obvious that a new order of political sycophants had been engendered in the Legislature—the men of noble ambition who sought to live politically on the Labour members.

One of the planks in the Labour platform was a Bill for the better regulation of coal-mines. A measure of this character was among the Bills of the Government before the Labour party came into Parliament, and those among the party who were acquainted with coal-mining expressed themselves generally satisfied with the Bill; but when it got into committee they carried a provision to make the

legal day's labour, not eight hours, but virtually seven hours and forty minutes, with severe penalties for non-compliance. When the Bill came out of committee a motion was made for its recommittal to reconsider this clause; the debate was warm and protracted; Mr. Edmond Barton, the Attorney-General in Mr. Dibbs' new Ministry, moved the adjournment of the debate, which was supported by the Minister in charge. Though hardly any of the leading members of the Dibbs opposition approved of the clause or the course pursued, still the Labour members and their new friends, the manipulators, contrived to defeat the motion for adjournment, which meant time for further consideration. On that defeat the members of the Parkes administration decided to tender their resignations. The Electoral Reform Bill, the Seats Redistribution Bill, and the Coal Mines' Regulation Bill were all approaching their final stages in the assembly, and they were all swept away by the rash and inconsiderate proceedings of the Labour members and their new allies.

Mr. Dibbs was sent for, and he succeeded after negotiations extending over some days in forming a Ministry. But in a very short time the new Government sustained three demoralising defeats. One of the most inexperienced members on the Ministerial side proposed a grant of £100,000 to be distributed in rewards to successful prospectors for gold. The Government vigorously opposed the spendthrift motion, one of the Ministers, Mr. Copeland, who is admitted on all hands to be a man thoroughly acquainted with gold-mining, declaring that no payable gold-field had ever been discovered by these Government rewards. By the Labour members, aided by the most reckless men on both sides, the motion was carried in the teeth of the new Ministers. In a makeshift Electoral Bill, which took the place of the lost measure, the new Ministers proposed that the elections should take place in three batches, which would unquestionably be the wisest arrangement to meet the difficulties of the widely differing circumstances of the country districts, where in many instances it is a day's journey from one polling-place to another. The proposal was strongly supported by the Attorney-General, one of the ablest men in Parliament; but the Labour members and their allies carried an amendment in favour of all the elections, throughout the vast territory of 310,700 square miles, taking place on one day. The new Ministers proposed to withhold the franchise from the military, arguing the case with much force and at considerable length; the Labour members and their irresponsible allies carried an amendment, without much attempt at argument, to give the franchise to the military. This is the treatment the new Government received within a few days of being sworn; and I am afraid much coarser slices of humble pie are in store for them.

In the meantime, Mr. Dibbs had announced the intention of his

Government to bring in a Protectionist tariff of a much severer type than any hitherto attempted in New South Wales. In due time the Treasurer made his statement, and explained his new taxes. The same day the new duties were collected at the custom-house in anticipation of legal sanction. With singular want of judgment the gentleman leading the Opposition precipitately broke in upon the financial debate—after two speeches from his own side, and, without allowing me, as head of the late administration, an opportunity of speaking—with a resolution not of direct condemnation, but artfully framed, as he thought, to catch the block vote of the Labour party, who in their elections had agreed "to sink the fiscal issue." It was easy to foresee what this would lead to. The Protectionist members of the Labour party had already been gradually brought within the atmosphere of the Protectionist camp. They were under the tutelage of the most skilful managers; perhaps without suspecting it themselves. The injudicious cross debate came on, and consumed three days; the crucial division followed, when the Protectionist members of the Labour party, with one or two exceptions, broke through all their agreements, forgot all their professions, and voted straight for the Protectionist Ministry. Thus the cause of Protection was won in the first struggle by a narrow majority; and thus the Labour party of New South Wales was shattered to pieces.

As members of Parliament, I have no desire to convey the impression that the Labour members are the worst. Far worse are they who have designedly sat amongst them, poisoned their minds, and employed every adroit endeavour to turn the Labour vote to their own sinister account. The bulk of the Labour members are well-meaning, respectable men. The result so far only proves that no man can learn to make laws, any more than he can learn to make shoes, without some sort of preparation.

HENRY PARKES.

WHITE AND BLACK IN NATAL.

NOW that Natal is apparently on the eve of obtaining Home Rule, or, to use the colonial phrase, "Responsible Government," it would be well if the Native Question could be placed on a more satisfactory footing. It is a question that must, sooner or later, be faced, whether we like it or not. It is at the root of half the difficulties from which the colony is now suffering. And unless it be speedily dealt with, it will undoubtedly come to the front—as shirked difficulties have a way of doing—in a form which makes it harder to deal with than ever.

It cannot fail to strike a dispassionate observer that, in a great part of the discussions to which the recent "scramble for Africa" has given rise, the native races of the continent are treated as a factor which, "for the purposes of this investigation, may be disregarded." Now it is precisely this factor that England cannot afford to disregard. Whether these natives—Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, and the rest—be destined to melt away before the mere presence of the white man; or to furnish a convenient, and practically inexhaustible, supply of cheap labour; or to be, as the permanent peasant population of the continent, the natural friend and ally of the white man in the future; there they are, and they have to be reckoned with. If they are going to die out (which is by no means likely), they have vitality enough to make the process a long one, and they must be provided for, in one way or another, while it lasts.

Now, what is the present status of the Natal natives? Are they, like the American Indians, "a people without law," termed, by a grim irony, "wards of the State"? Their position is somewhat better than that of these unfortunates, yet, as we shall presently show, it is far enough from being a satisfactory one.

Natal was annexed by the English in 1843. It was then inhabited by portions * of one hundred odd tribes, each of which was governed by its own chief. These chiefs were not—and this is a fact which must be strongly emphasised—irresponsible despots. They ruled according to tribal law as preserved and orally handed down by the old men, and were held accountable for any deviation therefrom. A mistake on this point has given rise to several fatal errors in colonial policy.

By a Government ordinance issued in 1849 it was enacted that "the Lieutenant-Governor of this district shall hold and enjoy, over all the chiefs and natives in this district, all the power and authority which, according to the laws, customs, and usages of the natives, are held and enjoyed by any supreme or paramount native chief, with," in addition, "*full power to appoint and remove the subordinate chiefs or other authorities among them.*"

This last sentence clearly implies that the power of the native chiefs was not unlimited, and in particular that they did not exercise the special faculty indicated. It also shows that the limitations to their power were recognised by early Colonial Governments. Yet, practically, the Lieutenant-Governor, in his function of Supreme Chief, is the most irresponsible of despots. As Bishop Colenso wrote in 1874, "The natives of Natal, 350,000 of the Queen's subjects, may at the present time be 'eaten up,' beaten, killed, transported, with or without trial, at the mere will of the supreme chief."

If proof of this assertion be needed, it may be found in an authoritative utterance of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. That functionary, in 1874 (in answer to a claim put forward by Bishop Colenso on behalf of Langalibalele), said, quoting from a Cape official handbook, "The paramount chief is above all law in his own tribe; he has the power of life and death, and is supposed to do no wrong." The Acting Chief Justice, too, in connection with the case, ruled that the Supreme Chief, under the ordinance of 1849, was possessed of plenary despotic powers. How this theory was acted out in practice may be seen in this very case of Langalibalele, and in the arbitrary "repatriation" of Zibebu's people, to which we shall recur presently.

As the Governor rules the white population under colonial law, so the Supreme Chief is supposed to mete out justice to the natives under their own law, except in the case of serious criminal charges, "crimes which may be deemed repugnant to the general principles of humanity recognised throughout the whole civilised world." How does this system work in actual fact? When the colony was first annexed, and the powers of the native local chiefs limited by law,

* They had been broken up, and parts of them dispersed, in consequence of 'Tshaka's wars.

the Government appointed white magistrates and administrators to decide both civil and criminal matters in accordance with the tribal law. But these men knew little or nothing of native custom and tradition; they were forced to learn by inquiry from the natives, and the latter having then no written language, all their knowledge was orally acquired. Thus, when a magistrate had, in spite of difficulties, become tolerably familiar with the laws current in one section, he might be transferred to another, where the customs were different. For though the main principles of law were the same, each of the hundred tribes, already mentioned as living in Natal, differed as to detail. Thus endless mistakes arose. The natives, knowing their own law, could not tell what to make of the white chiefs' decisions, which were so manifestly at variance with it, but had perforce to submit. The continued transference of the magistrates, and the increase in their numbers (there are now over twenty), added to the confusion, and the state of things became simply indescribable.

The same state of things, to a great extent, prevails at the present day. The local magistrates, in whose hands is the administration of native affairs, are not, on the whole, a very first-rate body of men. They are not for one moment to be compared with our Indian collectors, political agents, and district magistrates. The office is not, in the estimation of the Government (if we may judge by the salary attached thereto), one requiring consummate ability, wide experience, or a high standard of character. As a matter of fact, it is too often the resort of the half-educated youth in search of a career. It is somewhat of a satire on the Government that the friends of a young man with no special aptitudes and no capital—not even enough to start him on a farm or fit him out for the trek to Mashonaland—should speak of getting him a "Government appointment" as the natural thing to do under the circumstances.

What does such a man know—or care to know—of native laws and customs? His knowledge of the language—even if he is considered independent of a clerk and interpreter—is seldom sufficient to guard him against gross blunders of one kind and another. A case comes up before him for decision under native law. He is utterly in the dark as to its merits; he is probably patient and conscientious beyond the average if he takes the slightest degree of trouble in getting at the bare facts. His method is a sufficiently simple and easy one. He asks the nearest available native—as likely as not his own personal attendant—what is usually done in the tribe under the circumstances. The "boy" in question may or may not be an unimpeachable authority on points of law and usage; at any rate, supposing him to be thoroughly well up in all the traditions of the elders, he can only be so as regards his own district, which may be miles away. The chances are that his answers, even if

correct, will be utterly inapplicable to the case in hand; but that is all one to the magistrate. He has often, with the amused contempt of the superior race, watched a circle of elderly natives, seated on the shady side of a kraal, talking long and earnestly, and marking off their points one by one with a bit of stick in the dust. He has wondered, half-pityingly, what those old fellows can find to jaw about all day long, and supposed that to "jaw" about nothing in particular is the common attribute of all half-rational beings. Yet these same despised greybeards could—did he condescend to ask them—enlighten him on many a knotty point of Kaffir judicature, for they are doing nothing else but handing down the knowledge of the law, recalling cases that happened in their young days or were remembered by their fathers, and discussing precedents. Probably the Homeric Nestor and his contemporaries were given to doing the same thing. But the magistrate is not likely—even were he aware of this fact—to send out and ask the opinion of a parcel of old niggers sitting under the kraal fence. It is much less trouble to take that of the "boy" who blacks his boots and runs his errands; and so his decision is delivered, perhaps between two "supjes," and the puzzled suitors are left to make what they can of it. They may appeal, if they like—and sometimes do—and the process is endless, for as a rule no two Courts will find alike.

The above is not intended to describe any individual, but to illustrate the evils possible (and not infrequent) under the present system, to some one or other of which the best-intentioned officials are liable.

When this method of procedure becomes known, the natural consequence follows. The magistrate's "boy," whatever good qualities he may possess, is but human; so are the suitors. When they find out the source whence the magistrate's law is derived, are they to be branded as depraved beyond the rest of mankind if it occurs to them that this source may be so manipulated as to obtain decisions in their favour? Hence more complaints and plentiful grounds for appeal.

It might be supposed that even the dullest and least competent of these representatives of British law and order could hardly help acquiring in process of time a sort of rough rule-of-thumb working knowledge of native laws, which, imperfect as it might be, would be better than none. But, alas! the magistrate, like his "boy," is no more than human, and experience has demonstrated the necessity of frequent removals, if local ties are not to interfere with the administration of justice; and whatever knowledge he may have acquired in one district is soon rendered comparatively useless by his transfer to another. The result is that state of utter confusion already referred to. The obvious reply to all this is: Why not codify the native law?

It is much to be wished that some trained lawyer, of adequate linguistic attainments, and sympathies wide enough to enter into native modes of thought—in short, with every facility for collecting information *direct*—would volunteer for the task. Such a man would be rendering the world a service such as rarely comes within the power of one individual. Doubtless the qualifications required are as rare as they are valuable; and men like the late Sir Henry Maine are not to be met with every day. Yet amid the mass of unutilised knowledge, the energies seeking in vain for an outlet, and the intellects wearying themselves over insoluble problems and then concluding in despair that the world offers no work worth doing, that meet us at the present day, there are surely, somewhere, powers which might be less worthily employed than in such an enterprise.

We must not, however, overlook the fact that the attempt has, to a certain extent, already been made. Mr. W. Y. Campbell, a member of the Natal bar, was so struck by the "miserable state of things" (so described in his own words) which we have just been endeavouring to put before the reader, as to set to work on a "Draft Code of Native Law and Custom, Civil and Penal," forming the foundation of the code which became statute law in 1890.* This is really an excellent piece of work, as far as it goes; Mr. Campbell, who knows the natives well, and has attained a rare proficiency in their language, having brought the industry of years to bear upon it. It must inevitably serve as the basis for any future attempts at legislation. But it is vitiated by one fatal flaw: it assumes throughout that the position and authority of the Supreme Chief are by native law and custom those of an irresponsible despot. And this, though Mr. Campbell himself asserts† that "native polity is in its essence a pure democracy, the chiefs holding power during the pleasure of the people." If native testimony to the same effect be required, we have it in Cetshwayo's answers to questions on Zulu law‡ before the Capetown Commissioners, than which nothing could be clearer. As a matter of fact, a native Supreme Chief knows that failure on his part to interpret and express the will of his people (when he cannot lead and guide it), renders him liable to prompt removal by the assegai; and the irresponsible Supreme Chief, "above all law, and supposed to do no wrong," is a mere invention of the white man—a myth, without foundation in fact, which has grown up, no one can tell how.

* It should also be mentioned that in 1875 the Colonial Office sent out to Natal a Bill "to provide for the definition of Native Law." The Board created, in consequence, made some meagre attempt in that direction; but the Draft Code which resulted (and is circulated as a small fly-sheet among the administrators of native law) has no binding force, being habitually overruled and set aside by the present judge of the Native High Court, or Court of Appeal.

† Draft Code, notes to ch. viii. p. 55.

‡ Printed (with Report of Cape Commission) in 1883.

But the Supreme Chief, whatever his impossibility in theory, is an accomplished fact. Like Frankenstein's monster, he has no business to be in existence at all; but there he is. He can—and may at any moment, if considered "necessary"—order a levy of forced black labour—a *corvée*, in fact—and compel hundreds of natives to leave their homes and crops, which may need all their attention, and work, willingly or unwillingly, on the sugar plantations of the white men. What is to be done with him? Rather, let us ask, What has hitherto been his practical efficiency and effect? Is it fair to expect perfectly just and moderate conduct from a man so circumstanced, even though he did not, in addition, combine in his own person (as he does at present) the offices of Governor of Natal and Governor of Zululand rolled into one?

For answer, let us glance at the present state of Zululand. Before we invaded it, in 1879, it had given absolutely no trouble for thirty-five years. From that date till 1884, to quote the words of the Secretary of State in the latter year, its condition was "one of chronic war." During that interval (and indeed until the annexation in 1887) we neither gave the Zulus our form of government, nor let them keep their own. We began by setting up thirteen independent chiefs, of whom Zibebu—to be mentioned presently—was one. The effect of this step may be inferred from the fact that the thirteen are usually known in the colony as "the Kilkenny cats." At the same time a large section of Zululand was cut off and added to the Transvaal, and afterwards, in 1886, another dismembered piece was handed over to the Boers, under the transparent disguise of being erected into the temporarily independent "New Republic." Not till February 1887 was a British protectorate declared over what remained of the unhappy country. Somewhat later it was fully annexed, and the natives were informed by proclamation on Jubilee Day that they were now subjects of the Queen.

Being as yet only conquered country, Zululand possesses no legislature; and the Supreme Chief (*i.e.*, the Governor of Zululand, who, as already stated, happens just now to be also Governor of Natal) makes laws as to him seems good, in the simplest way imaginable, viz., by issuing proclamations, which are circulated through the country in the most haphazard fashion. Originally published in English in the *Natal Gazette*, they are sometimes translated, and read out to a larger or smaller assembly of Zulus. Sometimes, however, a native deputy, unable to read, is merely informed in a general way of the contents of the proclamation, and then sent round to tell his people about the "new laws." Proclamation II., *e.g.* (June 21, 1887), which would have taken time and trouble to translate (being eight or nine blue-book pages in length), was disseminated by the latter process. Considering that this proclamation defined the powers of the Supreme Chief and the jurisdiction allowed to be retained by the native chiefs,

that it appointed courts and regulated their procedure, this method, to say the least of it, seems peculiar. No wonder if the Zulus, who in many cases only became aware of the existence of a law through being fined and flogged for transgressing its provisions, should consider the benefits of annexation somewhat doubtful. As the *Inkanyiso* * puts it, in a style which is a refreshing change from discreet official paraphrases: "Cases between natives have hitherto been tried neither by the law of white people nor by that of black, but by the mere will of whoever gives the decision."

Instances of the working of this kind of law, or rather no law, might be multiplied indefinitely, and by their very number fail to create the impression due to their importance. Yet it would not be easy, we think, to find one more flagrant than the removal of Zibebu. The story has complications which render a clear statement in small compass difficult; but, briefly, it is this:

Zibebu and his people formerly occupied tribal lands mixed up somewhat intricately with those of Cetshwayo's immediate followers, the Usutu, of whom they had originally formed part, in such a manner that no definite boundary line was possible. There was an old feud between Zibebu and the Usutu, which led to continual troubles; and after Cetshwayo's death, in 1884, his brother Ndabuko drove Zibebu out to take refuge in the "Reserve" under English protection. The change was apparent at once. The land enjoyed, in Zibebu's absence, unbroken peace for three years. In 1887, for some reason or other, it was officially determined to restore Zibebu to the land whence he had been driven out. This, for reasons already mentioned, would have been difficult in any case; but these very lands, as it happened, had a year before been given to Dinuzulu's people (the Usutu) by the Governor himself. They had been planted and built over, and the new crops were about half-grown. Into this district marched Zibebu with 1100 armed men backed up by a white magistrate and eighty mounted police. The inhabitants were summarily evicted to make room for him—their growing crops (in many instances) destroyed, and their stores of food plundered. People who were engaged in removing their property were then and there flogged without trial (which is illegal) for not having been, in the magistrate's opinion, quick enough about it. Yet no resistance was offered. When it is remembered that the Usutu numbered at least 4000 fighting men, the force with which the eviction was accomplished seems a ridiculously small one. It could never have taken place so quietly had the Usutu not been convinced that it was carried out by order of the Government, and been exhorted by Ndabuko to submit to the will of the Queen who had given them back Cetshwayo.

* A small newspaper started in Natal for the benefit of the comparatively few natives who can read.

Only in the fourth month of this lawless violence the chiefs sent a respectful message to the Governor, protesting against the doings of Zibebu's people, and expressing their conviction that "the Governor could not be aware of them."

The answer received was friendly,* and promised them redress. When, therefore, Zibebu, shortly after, proceeded to gratify an old-standing hatred by the wanton murder of Umsutshwana (one of Cetshwayo's old councillors), along with some dozen of his people—including two or three women and a child—it was only natural that the Zulu chiefs should think he had acted without the Governor's authority. They took measures accordingly, assembled their fighting men, and routed Zibebu at a single blow. This victory was the crowning act of the course of "high treason" which has led Dinuzulu, Ndabuko, and Tshingana into exile at St. Helena!

On the trials at Etshowe we need not dwell here. Things may truly be said to have been conducted "neither by the law of white people nor by that of blacks"; and when we comment on the *Punica fides* of ancient history, or disapprove of the way in which the Romans treated their barbarian subjects and allies, it will be well for us to remember those passages in our own conduct which to later generations may well appear, to say the least of it, equivocal.

The Pass law of Natal and Zululand is, on the whole, a pretty good specimen of what a law should not be. By it a native, crossing the border from Zululand into Natal, is forced to obtain from a resident magistrate a pass *out of* the one country, and, immediately after crossing the border, a pass *into* the other. Each of these costs a shilling, and failure to procure them is punished by a fine of £1, and sometimes—legally or not—by a flogging. The process has to be reversed on returning; so that a native, to whom four shillings may be no trifling expenditure, has to think twice before entering Natal to seek work or see a relation. Local magistrates sometimes improve on the practice by issuing, of their own authority, passes between one district of Zululand and another; but for this there is no legal warrant.

The ostensible object of the law is to prevent theft; it is really a piece of reactionary class legislation copied from the Dutch, and revived in Natal for a particular purpose, so patent to the public eye, that the Bill by which it was first introduced was known in the colony as the "Colenso Extinction Bill." It was, in fact, intended to prevent the Zululand natives from coming in to seek help and advice at Bishopstowe.

Acts of oppression *may* be accidental and isolated; laws like the

* "Zibebu and his people have received permission to return to their old tribal lands, and to re-occupy them. If Zibebu and his people have gone beyond this permission, they have done wrong."

above can scarcely be otherwise than the outcome of a radically wrong state of things. But when the violent and oppressive acts can be shown to be the direct consequence of an existing system, what more need be said to show that the system is a vicious and mischievous one? Can the unlimited power which allows of such arbitrary acts on the part of a colonial governor, as the "repatriation" of Zibebu, be a safe possession? Lord Knutsford apparently thinks not; he finds the chief objection to Responsible Government in Natal in the excessive powers which, by the Constitution Amendment Act of 1891, are proposed to be vested in the Governor as supreme chief. But are not these powers equally dangerous—perhaps even more so—when exercised from Downing Street, where the difficulties of the Native Question may be said to increase (in reality, if not in appearance) as the square of the distance? The colonists would certainly reply in the affirmative; indeed, they have already done so. But Lord Knutsford, in his reluctance to allow the powers in question to pass from the hands of the Colonial Office into those of an independent colony, has now, it appears, awakened to the possibility of dispensing with the Supreme Chief altogether. To have thus brought him to realise even a part of the danger involved, is no small achievement on the part of the colonists. Let us hope that they will not fail to complete their victory, and justify the position they claim, by accepting his suggestion that this obsolete despotism should come to an end.

The matter must be settled one way or another, and that without delay. From tidings recently received, it appears to be intended once more to force Zibebu among the northern Zulus, and this although many of his followers are perfectly content to live on the lands allotted to them in the south. Of the bloodshed, misery, and ruin entailed by such an incredible piece of infatuation, we in England can form no idea.

What is the meaning of that passage in Moodie's "Ordinances" which lays down, as one of the three "absolutely indispensable conditions" under which Natal was first occupied as British territory—"*That there shall not be in the eye of the law any distinction, or disqualification whatever, founded on mere difference of colour, origin, language, or creed, but that the protection of the law, in letter and in substance, shall be extended impartially to all alike?*" Apparently the same as that of the famous clause in the Declaration of Independence—till the American nation interpreted it afresh, thirty years ago. Face to face with this question, we are in the same position as they were with regard to that of slavery—we must solve it, and solve it in the right way, or it will destroy us.

HARRIETTE E. COLENSO.
A. WERNER.

LORD KNUTSFORD AND COLONIAL OPINION ON HOME RULE.

IN the issue of the *Standard* of the 13th of January, 1892, Lord Knutsford is reported to have stated at a Primrose League meeting, held the previous day at Petworth, that:

"With regard to this question of Home Rule, we must consider the position of the Colonies, which were united to this country by ties of sympathy and of self-interest. They were looking to see how the statesmen of this country conducted themselves at this crisis, and if through weakness and weariness they gave way on this question, then the Colonies would begin to ask themselves whether it was to their interest to continue united to a country whose statesmen had shown themselves so much below the mark."

If this report is accurate, Lord Knutsford must be unaware of certain facts with which it is a matter of public importance that a statesman holding his lordship's present office of Secretary of State for the Colonies should be acquainted. I therefore venture to set out here the following facts for consideration:

(1) During the Session of 1882, the following joint address to Her Majesty the Queen was unanimously passed by both Houses of the Dominion Parliament of Canada:

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled, desire most earnestly in our own name, and on behalf of the people whom we represent to renew the expression of our unswerving loyalty and devotion to your Majesty's person and Government.

"I. We have observed, may it please your Majesty, with feelings of profound regret and concern the distress and discontent which have prevailed for some time amongst your Majesty's subjects in Ireland.

"II. We would respectfully represent to your Majesty that your Irish subjects in the Dominion of Canada are among the most loyal, most prosperous, and most contented of your Majesty's subjects.

"III. We would further respectfully represent to your Majesty that the Dominion of Canada, while offering the greatest advantages and attractions for those of our fellow subjects who may desire to make their homes amongst us, does not receive that proportion of emigrants from Ireland which might reasonably be expected, and that this is due in a great measure in the case of many of our Irish fellow subjects who have sought foreign homes to their feelings of estrangement towards the Imperial Government.

"IV. We would further most respectfully represent to your Majesty that in the interests of this your loyal Dominion, and of the entire Empire, it is extremely to be desired that your Majesty may not be deprived, in the development of your Majesty's possessions on this continent, of the valuable aid of those of your Majesty's Irish subjects who may feel disposed to leave their native land to seek more prosperous homes.

"V. We desire respectfully to suggest to your Majesty that Canada and its inhabitants have prospered exceedingly under a Federal system allowing to each province of the Dominion considerable powers of self-government, and would venture to express a hope that, if consistent with the integrity and well-being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority are fully protected and secured, some means may be found of granting the expressed desire of so many of your Irish subjects in that regard, so that Ireland may become a source of strength to your Majesty's Empire, and that your Majesty's Irish subjects, at home and abroad, may feel the same pride in the greatness of your Majesty's Empire, the same veneration for the justice of your Majesty's rule, and the same devotion to and affection for our common flag, as are now felt by all classes of your Majesty's loyal subjects in this Dominion.

"VI. We would further express a hope that the time has come when your Majesty's clemency may, without injury to the interests of the United Kingdom, be extended to those persons who are now imprisoned in Ireland charged with political offences only, and the inestimable blessing of personal liberty restored to them.

"We pray that the blessings of your Majesty's reign may, for your people's sake, be long continued."

To this address an answer was returned through the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the effect that, in matters pertaining exclusively to the United Kingdom, Her Majesty could only consider the advice of the Imperial Parliament.

(2) When Mr. Gladstone brought his Home Rule Bill into the Imperial Parliament in the Session of 1886, the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., the leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament of Canada, proposed in that Parliament that an address be presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the Commons of Canada practically reaffirming the address of 1882. It was, however, objected that the address of 1882 had been somewhat snubbed on grounds to which the Commons of Canada had no constitutional right to object, and accordingly the following amendment to Mr. Blake's motion was moved and carried :

"That all the words after the word 'that' be struck out, and the following added instead thereof :

"The Commons of Canada desire to express their deep and abiding interest

in the prosperity and happiness of their fellow subjects in Ireland, and their adhesion to the sentiments expressed in the joint address to Her Majesty of both Houses of the Canadian Parliament passed in the Session of 1882.

"That in such address, Parliament suggested that Canada and its inhabitants had prospered exceedingly under a Federal System, allowing to each Province of the Dominion considerable powers of self-government, and expressed a hope 'that if consistent with the integrity and well-being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority were fully protected and secured, some means might be found of meeting the expressed desire of so many of Her Majesty's Irish subjects in that regard.'

"That in answer to the said address the then Secretary of State for the Colonies was commanded to state 'that Her Majesty will always gladly receive the advice of the Parliament of Canada, on all matters relating to the Dominion and the administration of its affairs, but with respect to the questions referred to in the address Her Majesty will, in accordance with the constitution of this country, have regard to the advice of the Imperial Parliament and Ministers, to whom all matters relating to the affairs of the United Kingdom exclusive appertain.'

"That this House, having reference to the tenor of the said answer, does not deem it expedient again to address Her Majesty on the subject, but earnestly hopes that such a measure or such measures may be adopted by the Imperial Parliament as will, while preserving the integrity and well-being of the Empire, and the rights and status of the minority, be satisfactory to the people of Ireland, and permanently remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country."

(3) During that Session of 1886, and since, a large number of public meetings have been held in Canada in support of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland; and I would observe that the opinion of the Commons of Canada is particularly important, for they speak from experience. In the year in which Her Majesty the Queen came to the throne, Canada was in rebellion against her rule, avowedly because the Imperial Parliament refused them a Parliament and Executive of their own; shortly afterwards they obtained the power of self-government, and now it is admitted that no more loyal population is to be found throughout Her Majesty's vast dominions.

(4) I now pass from Canada to Australia. Unfortunately, Australia was not united in one Commonwealth, and therefore possessed no single Parliament able to speak in her name. Each colony must, accordingly, be considered separately.

I will take first that of New South Wales. Throughout the colony a very large number of public meetings was held in the late spring and early summer of 1886, all of them in support of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The most significant of these was held at Sydney, the capital of the colony, on the 28th of June. According to the reports of the local papers, the hall was crowded, as many being turned away from want of room as gained admittance. The meeting was presided over by Sir John Robertson, ex-Premier of the colony. The then Premier of the colony, Sir Patrick Jennings, proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. John Woods, an Ulster Protestant, and carried unanimously:

"That this meeting of the citizens of Sydney and colonists of New South Wales, in public meeting assembled, heartily approves of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone's policy of self-government for Ireland."

The Hon. E. Barton, Speaker of the House of Representatives of New South Wales, proposed the second resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Copeland, M.P., Minister for Lands, and carried unanimously, as follows:

"That this meeting hereby expresses the conviction that the establishment of the Irish Parliament would not only promote peace and prosperity in Ireland, but also add to the stability of the Empire, and this conviction is justified by the satisfactory relations existing between the self-governing colonies and the mother country."

At this meeting the following letter to the secretary was read from Sir Henry Parkes, who afterwards became Prime Minister of the Colony:

"*June* 18, 1886.

"My Dear Sir,—I wish to be distinctly understood in the matter of the meeting to support Mr. Gladstone. I thoroughly believe in the sound policy of placing Ireland on a footing of political equality with England and Scotland. My chief apprehension of Mr. Gladstone's measure is that it may fail by leaving Ireland still in a subordinate position. But still, as it is accepted by the Irish leaders, I should, if I were in the House of Commons, give it a warm support. I have the utmost faith in Mr. Gladstone's motives and in the wisdom of his present course of action, and I am willing to take part in a public meeting to support him at this crisis, if the meeting is of a representative character. "Yours faithfully,

"Henry Parkes."

(5) I will now consider the opinion of the Colony of Victoria. The expression of opinion is not to be found in resolutions of the Parliament, or in statements by the leading statesmen of Victoria; but an extraordinary number of public meetings in favour of Mr. Gladstone's policy was held in the colony in the summer of 1886.

The first of these was held at Warrnambool on May 6, Mr. Murray, the member for the town in the Colonial Legislature, proposing the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:

"That this meeting of loyal subjects of the Queen, comprising Australians and Colonists of mixed countries and creeds in Warrnambool publicly assembled, believing in the soundness and justice of the principle which accords the fullest measure of liberty to the subjects, and believing also that the general application of that principle is the only means capable of permanently cementing different communities under one flag, earnestly desires to see the Bill for bestowing Local Government for Ireland, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, passed into law."

Besides this, a warmly congratulatory telegram was sent to Mr. Gladstone, and the following resolution passed unanimously in regard to the resolution I have already quoted:

"That the foregoing resolution being prompted by the experience and enjoyment of Local Government in Australia, this meeting thinks it not unreasonable to ask that Irish privileges shall be no less than those accorded to the Australian Colonies."

As Lord Knutsford must be aware, beyond comparison the largest town in the Colony of Victoria is Melbourne; here, therefore, the largest number of public meetings was held.

On May 31, the Melbourne University Union passed a resolution in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

On June 12, a mass meeting was held at Melbourne, Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, ex-Premier of the colony, in the chair, at which were present six members of the Colonial Parliament, expressing in a series of resolutions, which were carried unanimously, approval of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

On July 4, at Hotham, a suburb of Melbourne, a public meeting was held, which again expressed unanimous approval of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

A few days afterwards, at Richmond, another suburb of Melbourne, a public meeting in the Town Hall adopted the following resolution :—

"That it is the duty of every liberal-minded man in Richmond to sympathise with Mr. Gladstone in his efforts to settle the affairs of Ireland."

On July 8, in South Melbourne, a public meeting was held, at which it was unanimously decided :

"That it is the duty of every citizen of South Melbourne to support Mr. Gladstone in his endeavours to extend justice to Ireland."

On July 9, a public meeting was held in Fitzroy, another suburb of Melbourne, unanimously adopting a similar resolution.

On July 12, a public meeting was held at Clifton Hill, another suburb of Melbourne, at which a resolution was unanimously adopted to support Mr. Gladstone in his policy of Home Rule for Ireland.

Public meetings in favour of Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule for Ireland, and at which resolutions in support of that policy were carried unanimously, were held at Garvoc—where, indeed, a resolution was passed which is worthy of Lord Knutsford's consideration :

"That this meeting, knowing the advantages of self-government, and being aware of the feeling of loyalty which prevails in the colony, does not think the granting of autonomy to Ireland would tend to disintegrate the Empire,"

and at Camperdown, at Kilmore, at Hamilton, at Shepperton, at Geelong, at Horsham, Nagambie, Ballarat, Gordon, Penshurst, Ondit, Creswick, and many other places in the colony.

On the other hand, I fail to find one public meeting held on the other side, or one resolution carried against Home Rule for Ireland, or one resolution in favour of it lost at any public meeting in the Colony of Victoria.

(6) As Lord Knutsford is no doubt aware, the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria are by far the most important, both in population and wealth, of the colonies of Australia, still it may be worth while mentioning that the only two other self-governing colonies in Australia expressed themselves in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

At Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, a great public meeting was held in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886.

At Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, on July 4, a great public meeting was held, at which a resolution in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy was carried unanimously.

Before leaving Queensland, I desire to point out that in November 1888, Lord Knutsford advised the Queen to appoint Sir Henry Blake Governor of the colony. Such vehement protests were made, however, by all parties in the colony, that the appointment was cancelled, The Secretary of State at Brisbane telegraphed to the Agent-General of Queensland in London as follows:

"Referring to your telegram of the 19th October, inform the Secretary of State for the Colonies that Sir Henry Blake's appointment is not acknowledged to be satisfactory; its announcement has been received with general astonishment and indignation. His career should not have marked him out as fit for governing a colony possessing responsible government. A more unfortunate appointment could not have been made. Sir Samuel Griffith authorises me to join his protest with mine. Thus all sides in politics are represented."

Sir H. Blake's career, which stirred up so much opposition to his appointment, was the following:—He joined the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1859, remained an officer of it till he was made a resident magistrate in 1876, and was selected in 1882 as one of the five special resident magistrates to concert and carry out measures for the pacification of a large part of Ireland.

(7) I will now proceed to indicate the opinion of the Colony of New Zealand:

A great meeting was held in the town of Napier on July 8, 1886. The mayor of the town presided, and a telegram was read from the Hon. Sir Robert Stout, then Prime Minister of the colony, as follows:

"I wish your meeting success. I believe that there are only two courses open in dealing with Ireland—either local self-government or coercion. I feel sure that the former is the only statesmanlike course."

A telegram was also read from Sir George Grey, who was at one time Governor of New Zealand, afterwards went into the Colonial Parliament and became Prime Minister of the colony, and is now regarded as the "grand old man" of New Zealand. The telegram is as follows:

"In 1868 I proposed a measure for Home Rule nearly identical with the present English proposal, except that it retained Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, which became a Federal Congress, and justified the proposals thus: Ireland had given to England great statesmen, great generals, brave soldiers and sailors, great lawyers, poets and historians. Our colonies had been ruled and legislated for by eminent Irishmen; and surely this people may have, if they so desire, a Legislature such as each colony possesses. I wished Ireland should be one province or state of a great Federation; Dublin would then be a great capital, a great Legislature would sit there, and round it would naturally group themselves the most eminent

men of Ireland of every class and order, instead of drifting away to London. Dumb Ireland might then speak again; its people, raised from misery, could then unite to make their country prosperous; and they could not be otherwise than grateful to England for having so blessed them. This is still the hope of my old age. Cannot we all work for this great end of the common good?"

At the meeting two resolutions were carried unanimously; the first was:

"That this meeting desires to congratulate Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, on entering the fiftieth year of her reign, and hopes that she may continue for many years to reign over a United British Empire."

The second ran as follows:

"That this meeting congratulates the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone upon the recognition by him of the right of the Irish Nation to a fair measure of self-government, and on the earnest endeavour made by him to meet the just demand of the Irish representatives in the House of Commons."

(8) The only remaining group of great self-governing colonies in the British Empire is that of South Africa. These colonies were at the time peculiarly occupied with their own Constitutions and relations, and had little time or energy to expend on external matters. I have failed to find, however, a single expression of opinion adverse to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy given by any statesman or public meeting in South Africa, while it is well known that the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, who is now the most prominent statesman in South Africa, is enthusiastically in favour of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, and since 1886 subscribed ten thousand pounds to the funds of the National League.

I have only quoted the expressed opinion of the larger colonies. I have confined myself to these because the experience of Heligoland, which up to the time of Lord Knutsford's occupancy of the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies was a portion of Her Majesty's Dominions, indicates that his lordship attaches little importance to the opinions of the inhabitants of the smaller colonies even in the matter of their own government.

The expressed opinions which I have quoted seem to me to be inconsistent with the statement made in his lordship's speech, which I quoted at the beginning of this letter. I have put myself to some pains to ascertain if any colonial public meetings or any colonial statesmen have expressed opinions adverse to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, but have failed to discover any. I am, however, only a private individual, and therefore I venture to ask Lord Knutsford if, with the infinitely superior sources of information on the subject at his command, his lordship is able to inform me of any.

E. J. C. MORTON.

THE UNHEALTHINESS OF CITIES:

ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

THERE can be few subjects of more interest to dwellers in large towns than the improvement in the sanitary conditions under which they are compelled to live. Indeed, such improvement is of national importance. For, as an ever-increasing proportion of the population yearly gravitates to the towns, the future physical, mental, and moral condition of the people largely depends upon the healthiness of the surroundings amid which the children are brought up. It is readily acknowledged that of late years an immense improvement has taken place in these surroundings, as is evidenced by the decreased rate of mortality, and the comparative absence of serious epidemics, known to have their origin in grossly defective sanitation. At the same time, it is foolish to rest content with our present attainments; for not only is the mortality of our great towns very much larger than it should be, but it is unquestionable that life in urban districts lacks vigour and healthiness as compared with life in the country.

In considering the subject of the health of large towns, it will be convenient to speak especially of London; for it is evident that, if an urban province, such as our giant Metropolis, can be successfully dealt with, smaller towns can more easily be brought to perfection. Until this year the protection of the public health of London has been the object of about thirty Acts of Parliament, beginning with Michael Angelo Taylor's Act (57 Geo. III. c. 3), and ending with the Infectious Diseases Notification and Prevention Act of 1890 (53 & 54 Vic. c. 34).

Speaking generally, these have swept away the main obstacles to the healthy flow of life in the great Metropolis; but much yet remains

to be done, and the Public Health (London) Act, which came into force on the 1st of January of this year, is a considerable step in the right direction.

Sewer Gas.

One of the most potent causes of unhealthiness, and one to the deadly nature of which it is a chief object of this paper to draw public attention, is the gas generated within the sewers, which is now permitted freely to mix with the air we breathe through the grids in the streets, and, without doubt, causes an incalculable amount of sickness, destroys much valuable life, and causes a general deterioration of the health of the dwellers in large towns.

There are under the thoroughfares of Greater London about 2500 miles of sewers, carrying away the sewage of over 4,500,000 of people, and as these sewers are also constructed to carry away the storm water, they are, in normal circumstances, only partially filled, the space remaining being available for the accumulation of sewer gas.

As the sewage travels through the sewers it gives off a highly poisonous gas, the greater part of which can only escape either (1) into the street through the grids, (2) into the houses where the plumbing is defective, or, failing these, (3) into the ground surrounding the sewer. In certain states of the atmosphere the gas rises through the grids, and thus the air in the streets, and in a lesser degree the air that enters open doors and windows, is impregnated with the poison, which, although it may not generally be in sufficient quantity to cause actual disease, none the less attacks the health by a secret sapping process which undermines the constitution, injuriously affects the whole physical condition, and thus renders the body an easier prey to infection or contagion. Hence the malignant forms which diseases, not directly resulting from the poison, often assume; hence, also, pale faces and that low condition of health especially to be noted in town-bred children.

When heavy rain or other atmospheric action seals the outlets of the grids, or when they are blocked by street refuse, the sewer gas is still more mischievous, for then its pressure on the house drains and the "disconnecting trap" is intensified, and this trap becomes powerless to arrest it. The "water seal" is passed, and, except in buildings with the best and latest scientific plumbing, the sewer gas is enabled to attack us—not when we are up and about, on the alert, braced by exercise, but when we are sedentarily employed; when we are resting from our labours; when our circulation is sluggish; in short, when we sleep metaphorically or physically.

The gas from sewers that have been blocked or closed is more poisonous than that from sewers through which there is a free flow, partly because in the former case it is more highly charged with fermenting organic matter.

It is only in recent years that the character of this enemy has been discovered, or rather its powers recognised and appreciated. Probably only within the last ten years has the necessity for air-tight sanitary pipes within or beneath the house been realised, except by very few, and it is no exaggeration to say that for one house in London provided with efficient air-proof sanitary pipes there are fifty that are more or less reservoirs for sewer gas. Even in the best arranged houses the sewer gas is only kept from entering (through the water traps of water-closets, &c.) by a current of air through the pipes. This current should be maintained not only through the pipes themselves, but through the backs of the traps inside the house, for wherever there is a check or *cul de sac* there gas will accumulate, and eventually enter the otherwise guarded house.

It ought to be remembered that not only is it necessary that ordinances for the sanitation of houses should be made, but also that the continued maintenance of the sanitary condition should be looked after. And here it may be permitted parenthetically to remark that in London, where the removal of excreta is so vast a problem, it was until this year a sufficient compliance with the Act (18 & 19 Vic. c. 120, s. 81) that a newly erected house should be provided with a "privy and ash-pit" only, even though a sewer and water supply were at the door of the house. This evil the new Public Health Act seeks to correct in favour of what was before only the alternative—a water-closet.

In the "Health of Towns Report," vol. i. p. 139, a case is cited at Clapham where the cleaning out of a privy produced in twenty-three children violent vomiting, purging, headache, twitching of muscles, and intense prostration. Two of the children died in twenty-four hours. It is to be hoped that the doom of privies is sealed in large towns where superior appliances are available.

Those who have followed us thus far will have somewhat realised the deadly nature of sewer gas, the extreme difficulty of keeping it out of our houses, and the fact that the more this is done the greater the amount we shall have, under present circumstances, to contend with in the sewers and streets. The gas cannot be allowed to—in fact, it will not—remain in the sewer, and its speedy removal is the great problem to be solved. Some sanitary authorities have sought an outlet for it through pipes carried up the face of every house. This plan is useful in so far that it serves to relieve the house drains from pressure; but it is useless, or practically so, to clear the sewer. Where there are a multitude of outlets of approximately equal height, there can be no current of air of sufficient force to cleanse the sewer; and, besides, one outlet would tend to counteract the effects of another. In fact, a system of short circuits—to borrow a phrase from electric science—would be established, fatal to the general system. Further, it cannot be too strongly pressed on the attention that mere outlets

are useless without suitable corresponding inlets for fresh air. We want a strong current—Kingsley's "wind of God"—to blow through the sewers, especially through those which are in the low-lying lands, where the gradient is flat, and the gas clings along the crown of the sewers, coiling as a serpent until it escapes from a grid and strikes a passer-by with its venom. We have said especially the low-lying lands, but houses on the hilly suburbs of London have their peculiar and special danger in the fact that the sewer gradients are steep, and when the gas rises to the upper end and into the unventilated house branches, it presses with great and often irresistible force on the house-traps. What can be done to get rid of the evil? It is no exaggeration to assert that if we could get rid of sewer gas from streets and houses in towns, the health, and therefore the happiness, of the inhabitants would be largely increased.

The end to be desired is, that the sewers should be made the means of carrying away, not only sewer gas, generated within the sewers themselves, but all impure gases from the streets, and also, if possible, from the houses where the plumbing or drainage is imperfect. If we can attain this end, sewers would become gas exhaust conduits, and would be used as purifying, instead of remaining, as now, polluting agents.

Attempts to attain this end have been made by erecting at the highest point of a sewer an outlet ventilating pipe, and at its lowest end an opening ostensibly to admit fresh air, but it has been found, from experiments conducted by Mr. Santo Crimp, that the wind passing over this lowest opening has either drawn the sewer-gas out of it, or has passed into the opening, and driven the gas upwards or downwards in whatever direction it may have been blowing. It is clear, therefore, that openings of this nature are not sufficient. Again, in a paper read at the recent Congress of Hygiene in London, Mr. R. Read states that sewers have been connected to factory chimneys, and that velocities of from 500 to 2000 feet per minute can be obtained by such connection, but the effect of this powerful exhaust is stated to have been only local.

As a result of his experiments, Mr. Crimp is of opinion that "the wind is the only agent which produces measurable movements of sewer air in an ordinary system of sewers," and that the fullest use should be made of the wind in effecting the proper ventilation of sewers; and Mr. Read concludes that no suction, whether natural or artificial, at the upper end of a sewer, is sufficient to overcome the friction of the downward flow of sewage combined with the influence of the wind when in the same downward direction.

It is hardly credible that either the wind or sewage friction can overcome the velocities produced by the furnace shafts referred to, and if their action has been found to be but local, it must have been

that there were inlets for air within the length affected by the suction. These may have been inlets constructed as such, or the air may have come through the porous bricks or joints of the sewer, and to this porosity we shall refer later on.

Accepting the view, that the wind is a powerful agent whose assistance should at all times be invoked, we venture to suggest a means by which it can be utilised to assist a current always in one direction. And first let us deal with low-lying districts, where sewer gradients are sometimes almost level. In these sewers there is generally a quantity of sewage with a regular flow. At the *upper* end of any given length of such a sewer an *inlet* for fresh air should be provided by means of a large pipe or shaft, taken up above the surrounding buildings and fitted at top with an open-mouthed cowl, so constructed that its mouth shall always face the wind, similar in principle to ventilators used on board ship for conveying fresh air down to the stoke-hole, &c.

At regular intervals grids should be fixed in the street in such a way that no gas could pass from the sewer to the road, while air could pass from the road to the sewer. To insure this the grid should be fitted into the top of a stoneware gulley (like a deep bucket), to receive any solids from the street. In the side of the gulley near the top a valve should be placed, and from this a pipe should be taken to the sewer. The valve would prevent the action of the wind except in the direction of the sewer current. The large volume of wind in the sewer would, by creating a partial vacuum in the grid branches, ensure a constant suction through them.

At the *lowest* point of the length of sewer in question a hollow tower or shaft should be erected, say at least half as high again as the surrounding houses. Within the tower a furnace of smokeless coal or coke should be kept always burning, through which the gases from the sewer must pass. Acting in concert with the wind inlet at the other end, not only would the intense heat in the tower serve to induce a powerful current, such as would effectually draw the whole sewer gas, the impure surface air of the streets, and a great deal of ground air (of which we shall speak hereafter), but these gases, passing through the furnace, would be purified of all deleterious matter by the destruction of all organic germs, and the effluent from the tower would be absolutely harmless. On the syphon principle, the branch drains from houses would be relieved of all sewer gas pressure, and if after experiment it were found to be safe and not to interfere with the sewer ventilation proper, the house disconnecting traps might be removed, in which case the draught through the sewer would draw down the impure gases generated in the house drains. In short, the current of our most improved modern system of drain and soil pipe ventilation would be reversed, the top of the soil ventilating pipes becoming the inlet for

fresh air, and the top of the sewer tower the outlet. The downward direction of ventilating a low-lying sewer would have the great advantage of inducing the air-current in the same direction as that in which the sewage would be flowing. It would thus tend to accelerate the liquid flow of sewage, and so to scour the sewer. This would be no small gain in itself, because it is obvious that where the air current is strong and is in opposition to the sewage current, the latter is retarded, the heavy particles of sewage are more readily precipitated, and thus the sewer becomes a long cesspool, and of course a source for the generation of sewer gas in great volume. The effect of the strong air current on water, and the denser particles carried along with it, may be observed at any time where a strong wind is blowing with or against a river stream, tidal or otherwise.

In regard to high land, where the sewer gradients are so steep that in normal conditions practically little sewage remains in the sewer, the outlet towers should be at the *higher* end of the main sewer, and the inlet at the lower. The friction of the sewage flow in such a case need not be taken into account; the upward current of air would preponderate, and should be assisted.

It only remains to add on the practical side that the number and position of air inlets to a sewer would have to be regulated to suit its sectional area, and the length ventilated by any one tower, the principal object to aim at being as far as possible to maintain an *uniform draught* throughout.

On the æsthetic side—one of great importance—it need hardly be said that the towers should not be ugly. They might and ought to be made an ornament to the Metropolis, as picturesque as the minarets of an Oriental city.

Lastly, on the financial side, the cost would be nothing as compared with the benefit conferred on the community at large by a successful solution of the problem of the hour.

London Fog.

It is not necessary to describe the misery of a London fog to any one who has been compelled to reside in the Metropolis during a few days of its prevalence. The painful irritation to the eyes, the choking sensation in the chest, together with the general depression of spirits, and many other ailments, are the lesser sufferings that few who are exposed to it escape. But it is not yet realised what an amount of serious illness or how many deaths one week of London fog causes. It may be accepted that every ten days of this terrible visitation kills 2,500 people, and if we calculate nine serious cases of illness to each death, we have 25,000 people laid upon beds of sickness.

To a certain extent the cold that always prevails during these dense fogs may be credited with a portion of this sickness, but not to any great extent, as neither fog nor cold in country places produces any such change in the death-rate. There can be little doubt that the extreme discomfort, as well as the deadliness of the London fogs, arises from the poisonous gases with which the damp air gets saturated, and increasingly so the longer the fog lasts. The smoke which gives the fog its yellow appearance, and is so dirty and unpleasant, is not injurious, being only carbon; probably, indeed, it prevents the poisonous gases from doing more harm.

The fog, it is needless to say, is caused by atmospheric conditions which keep the lower stratum of the air comparatively stationary, and prevent smoke from rising, as it ordinarily does, even when there is no wind to move it. Consequently, the air in our streets remains to a great extent unchanged during the prevalence of a thick fog, but it by no means remains in the same state, for the gas generated in the 2500 miles of sewers is rising through the grids and mixing with the air, which is also being corrupted by the emanations from the millions of men and animals that live in the Metropolis. It is difficult to realise how foul must be the condition of the air Londoners breathe after two or three days of fog, and the wonder is, not that so many are sick and so many die, but that so few do so. The poisonous fog so deteriorates the vigour of life that, in addition to its directly injurious influence, it renders the system incapable of resisting the cold. To prevent these fogs seems impossible; the draining of marsh land would possibly do something to mitigate them; the discontinuance of the use of open fires, or the general use of smokeless fuel, would make them less unpleasant; but they would remain as poisonous as ever.

The adoption of the sewer-tower system, whilst it might do little to remove the fog, would, as we have shown, tend to deprive it of its poisonous constituents, which would be drawn down the grids, leaving the air above the streets comparatively wholesome.

Poisonous Ground Air.

In an earlier part of this paper reference has been made to "ground air," a name given to the poisoned air contained in the crust of the earth itself, which is a source of danger too little realised, though long known to science.

The danger from this ground air is chiefly owing to the large proportion of carbonic acid gas which it contains, experiments made by Pettenkofer showing that this is twice as much as that in water taken from the same place underground, and this air is also impregnated with the emanations from putrefying matter in the land.

It must further be borne in mind that overlying the impermeable clay which extends under the greater part of old London is a vast quantity of subsoil water, deep below the main sewers, partially arising from the accumulation of centuries of cesspool and open culvert drainage, and the ground above is more or less charged with the gaseous exhalations from this drainage. To this has to be added the sewer gas escaping from the defective joints of our drains, or through the porous material of which our sewers are constructed. This poisoned ground air passes into our houses, factories, and workshops, through the lowest floors, and also through underground walls. It only needs a slightly higher temperature in a building to set up a current of foul air, and we then breathe poison only less deadly than the sewer gas of which we have already spoken.

This fact has been demonstrated by the exhaustive experiments made by Pettenkofer and by Marker and Shultze. For example, it was shown that in a room with the external temperature at 32°, the internal being 34° higher, all openings in the walls being sealed, 1066 cubic feet of air per hour passed through the walls and floor into the room and up the chimney. Again, with a difference of only a few degrees between the external and internal temperatures, it was found that the air passing through a superficial yard of walling per hour varied from 4·7 cubic feet for sandstone, 7 and 7·9 for brick, 10 for tufaceous limestone, to 14·4 for mud.

In his address to the Royal Meteorological Society in November 1890, Mr. Baldwin Lathom pointed out that rain passing into ground displaces the ground air, and this is driven to escape into our houses, "the porous passages to which are open, while those outside are sealed by the falling rain." He adds that certain diseases are more rife while the ground is filling with water and expelling ground air, and are *least prevalent* when the current of air is inwards to the ground.

Pettenkofer further observed that at 15 feet below the surface the quantity of carbonic acid gas was greater than at a depth of 5 feet during all the year, excepting June and July, when the proportions were reversed. The explanation possibly is to be found in the fact that in June and July the heavy rains saturate the ground, and prevent the ready diffusion or oxygenation of the ground air through the surface of the earth, and, being confined, the higher stratum of ground air becomes abnormally charged with the deadly gas, in which condition it ultimately escapes into our houses through the floors and underground walls. This may possibly explain why certain diseases are more rife during the saturation of the upper ground than when it is dry.

But no direct effect has hitherto been given by the Legislature to the obvious teachings of the danger from ground air. It is true that the Act of 18 & 19 Vic. c. 120, s. 103, required that an underground room, "in which any person passes the night," should, *if*

it be in a separate occupation from the rest of the house, be effectually "secured against the rise of any effluvia from any sewer or drain." Not, it will be observed, against "ground air" as such. Bye-laws made by the Metropolitan Board of Works sought to secure this statutory protection by requiring a layer of "good concrete"—whatever "good" may mean—to be laid over the site of a house; but not even this where the house stood on gravel or sand, or on "virgin soil"—an elastic term, which apparently meant everything but "made ground." The new Public Health (London) Act has varied the phrase in the old Act, and it now reads "secured against the rise of any effluvia or exhalations," but this only applies, as before, to the *separately occupied* underground room. New bye-laws, recently made by the County Council, make "good" concrete compulsory over the sites of all houses and buildings, whatever be the nature of the soil, and also require that "every enclosing wall of habitable rooms, or their appurtenances, or cellars, which abuts against the earth, shall be protected by materials impervious to moisture." This is quite new, no vertical damp-proofing having been previously required by law. Thus in effect we now get a partial protection against the vertical rise of ground air into all buildings, and against its lateral passages into some buildings, but we get none against the lateral percolation through the side walls into underground work-rooms and warehouses, the walls of which are often composed of bad bricks and worse mortar, hardly better than the "mud wall" of the German experiments, through which the air passes as through a sieve.

A coating of asphalte or other impervious material over the external vertical surface of a wall, and the horizontal surface of the concrete, would effectually shield us from an enemy in our buildings as dangerous as it is insidious, as costly in the toll it levies on human life and health as its exclusion is inexpensive. It is impossible to estimate how much ill-health could be accounted for by the lack of this most simple precaution.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that any portion of a building, and particularly any underground portion, in which people not only sleep but work, should be proof against both foul air and damp; that the "porous passages" to our houses, both from base and sides, should be sealed, and no longer be the inlet for poisonous ground air; and if drains or sewers under or around a house be still imperfect, or be made of bricks or porous materials, the exhaust system of ventilation advocated for our sewers would tend to draw the ground air into and through the drains, and so relieve the pressure on the house.

Jerry Building.

But having purified the air we breathe by shutting out or abstracting deleterious gases, the healthiness of the house itself may be considered

and here we naturally think of the "jerry builder," a name given to the inferior speculator, who, with little credit, less money, and no reputation, builds probably 75 per cent. of the houses inhabited by the poorer and lower middle-class population. It has often been said that for this bad building the leasehold system of land tenure is responsible. That may be true in a limited sense to be explained later on, but the real reason why a jerry builder builds ill is not because he knows that the house will pass from his or his executors' hands in eighty, or ninety-nine, or nine hundred and ninety-nine years, but because he simply builds to sell or otherwise realise at once.

Who and what is the average jerry builder? He is very often a workman who aspires to be a master—in itself an honourable and praiseworthy ambition. He may have been a very good journeyman carpenter or bricklayer, and may have a general knowledge of other trades. He takes a piece of vacant land at a ground rent, with perhaps a peppercorn rent for twelve months. He prefers to rent rather than buy the land, as the latter involves a capital outlay for which he is not prepared. He sees his way to put on this land within the twelve months, for which he pays no rent, four or five houses, and if he can succeed in erecting them cheaply, and can let them at a good rent, he is able either to obtain a mortgage for more than they have really cost him, or to sell them at a price based, *not on the cost*, but on the rental. He generally gets some one, frequently the freeholder, to agree to advance him money as the work proceeds. Armed with the agreements as his credentials, he goes to the merchants, who, seeing that money will be forthcoming, are tempted to deliver goods on credit. He builds of course with the cheapest—that is, the most inferior—materials within the law or the agreement, and if his houses let or sell, he may realise a good profit; if they do not, he becomes bankrupt, and the merchants lose their balances. He himself is no worse off than at the outset, and during the building period he has not only paid himself out of the money advanced wages superior to those he earned as a journeyman, but he has been his own master, with leisure not necessitating a loss of wage. Larger and more mysterious profits are sometimes made by the very cunning, who manage to pay little to the merchants, and to appropriate the advances made ostensibly to pay for material and labour.

But, it will be said, is not the quality of the work under the control of the landlord's architect or surveyor? In theory, yes; but were the surveyor to exact the letter of the agreement, the builder could not erect the houses so as to remunerate himself, for the public will not pay more than the customary rent for similar houses, which rent has been regulated by the inferior quality of the average house. In that case the land would remain uncovered, and the creation of the ground rents (the primary object of the landlord developing an estate)

would cease. A certain amount of control is possible, and the surveyor has to use his tact to exercise as much as is consistent with the attainment of the chief end of his employment, and with getting the houses completed when once commenced. But, irrespective of this difficulty, and with every desire on the part of the surveyor to ensure essentials, upon which the public officers are also bound to insist, neither he nor they can control a dishonest builder, who, when their backs are turned, will, for the sake of a small saving, do that which is most reprehensible.

To effectually control these builders stringent laws are requisite, and these should be enforced by the police. Under the Building Acts it has been found necessary to insist upon what kind of bricks, mortar, and (under the London Council General Powers Act of 1890) what kind of plaster shall be used. It is time to enforce these provisions, for on examination of jerry-built houses we may find frequently that, except for the external walls, bricks are used which are little better than half-burnt clay, absorbent as blotting-paper. We also find timber, sometimes, not only so slight that if a dance be given the floor must be shored up to prevent a catastrophe, but frequently sappy to the extent of becoming in a few years dangerous. We may find mortar and plaster made with road scrapings, containing straw, dung, vegetable mould, and half-burnt clay that has been manufactured with the refuse of dust-bins. But the law has been least explicit in regard to the plumbing and general sanitary appliances.

It is very strange that, although the statute of 18 and 19 Vic. c. 120, sec. 81, insists in general terms on the providing for each house of a privy or water-closet, with, as the case may be, an ash-pit or a "suitable water supply and water supply apparatus, with suitable trapped soil-pan and other suitable arrangements, so far as may be necessary to ensure the efficient operation thereof," there has hitherto been but little control over the many loose interpretations of this enactment, and so long as one water-closet in the house complied with the Act quoted, there appears to have been nothing to prevent others in the same house being constructed or fitted in disregard of everything that is now recognised as necessary to health. In this category of course are included the gas-proofing of all conduits of soil, which is as elementary a requisite as the ventilation of all such conduits.

The new Public Health (London) Act has remedied the lax provisions of its predecessor, and it gives power to the County Council to make bye-laws on these subjects, and so long as these are reasonable and sufficiently elastic to permit and encourage the use of future inventions and improvements the public should support the efforts of the Council to secure the object of the Act.

Sanitary House Planning and Construction.

Having dealt with the chief causes of the unhealthiness of our large towns, so far as these are remediable by the intervention of public authority, it may not be out of place to add a few suggestions regarding the healthy planning of houses, and in this connection not the least important are general rules for placing the necessary sanitary appliances for getting rid of "waste" of every kind from our inhabited houses. First, as regards appliances: whether they be water-closets, sinks, or baths, they should be placed adjoining external walls, where daylight and fresh air can readily be obtained, and never be placed where there is not direct ventilation—that is, a means of passing a current of fresh air through the chamber in which they are contained. Where possible, it is good to have all these appliances in an annex, separated from the house or factory by a passage, with its own windows; but this is not always possible in crowded parts of London.

Again, it is desirable, where cost is little object, that all chambers containing these appliances should be heated to a temperature in excess of the rest of the buildings, and that from each chamber an upcast flue, heated to insure its performing its function, should be provided. These chambers would then act as pumps to withdraw from the rest of the house impure air, following the law that a current of air will always be towards the higher temperature.

At present, in 99 per cent. of cases, the chambers in question are the coldest parts of the house, and from them the impure air and bad odours are drawn by the higher temperatures into living and sleeping rooms, to the manifest injury of the inhabitants. It seems like slaying the thrice slain to say that cistern, sink, and lavatory wastes should not on any account be directly connected to drains, chiefly because of this very danger of upward suction from the cold drains to the warm house.

Another caution to be borne in mind is that all cisterns should be well covered, to exclude vermin, dust, and the possible contact of impure air with the water we drink.

Soil-pipes from water-closets should be connected directly to drains. There have been writers who have advocated the contrary, because of the foul gas in the drains, and the possibility of its passing *vid* the soil-pipe into the house. This danger should, as we have elsewhere said, be rendered impossible by avoiding all pressure on the water seal of the apparatus, and to have a soil-pipe in crowded London disconnected at the bottom from the drain is to have a small open sewer—for such the soil-pipe is—under one's very nose. The sense of smell indicates the vital danger of such an arrangement.

The drains should be water-tight, laid as far as possible in straight

lines, with manholes at each end for inspection and sweeping. They should have fresh air constantly passing through them, necessitating an inlet as well as an outlet pipe, and so long as the sewer contains dangerous gases the house drains should be rigidly shut off from it by a water-trap. Every soil and waste drain should, where possible, discharge into a manhole, so as to be readily accessible.

The necessity for air and damp proofing of underground rooms has already been stated. Another source of danger is the familiar "air-space" constantly found beneath the floors of underground rooms. To carry these floors wood beams or joists are almost invariably used, and to prevent their rotting and generating a filthy fungus, exhaling a nauseating odour, the Public Health Act requires that "the space beneath" shall be "sufficiently ventilated to the outer air," but in practice it is generally impossible to obtain any current of air at all. Every such space is also a harbour for disease germs and vermin of all kinds, and becomes a reservoir of stagnant air, breeding putrefaction. Such an air space is not only not required, but should be avoided, if not prohibited. The wood floor (wood being desirable as the cheapest form of warm floor for a room used by human beings) should be laid direct on the concrete, preferably in a bed of bituminous material, and all danger would be prevented. It is also of importance to avoid so constructing the upper floors of dwelling-houses as to make them receptacles for dust and disease germs. Even the open-jointed floor boards of our upper rooms allow of the accumulation of this source of evil. Of course, where expense is not so much an object, it is better from a sanitary point of view to have solid floors of concrete and iron, with solid wooden coverings, than the usual open floors consisting of wood joists.

In a large building recently erected in London by one of the writers, the solid concrete floors have been floated smooth with a coat of cement on which it is intended to lay a covering composed of cork in lieu of floor boards. Where open joists in any form are used it is desirable that the flooring should be dust-proof, either by having the boards tongued together, or by laying them in two thicknesses, overlapping the joints. Of course, parquet is but a superior way of carrying out the latter system. In like manner, cement skirtings to floors, and architraves around doors and windows, "run" on to the solid brickwork, are, from the same point of view, preferable to wooden ones with spaces behind, and they are infinitely more free from draughts. Similarly, brick partitions are preferable to lath and plaster. In short, wherever there is an unventilated hollow space hidden from light there is a source of danger to health, and that house is most sanitary which is most free from such hollow spaces.

In the design of houses it should be borne in mind that windows should be made large enough to give adequate light—there can hardly

be too much—to all parts of the room; that the top of the window should be, within reason, as near as possible to the ceiling; and that, unless there are other means of ventilation, the upper part of the window should in all cases be made to open.

This subject of ventilation, by which we understand the renewing of fresh air in the chamber, is of vital importance, and, so far as one branch of it is concerned, was ably dealt with in an interesting article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of June last. The writer pointed out the injury to health which results from the disposition to shut out fresh air for the sake of warmth. Few better works can be done by those who have influence, not only with the working but with all classes, than to educate them to a realisation of the impossibility of enjoying health without a plentiful supply of fresh air both in their workshops and sleeping-rooms—ay, and in their drawing-rooms.

With the poorest class on the borders of subsistence, alas! such teaching is, we fear, an impossiblity; we shall hardly persuade them to admit cold fresh air to invigorate their bodies, already only too keenly alive to the pangs of hunger and cold. Nothing is more pitiable than to visit a room, the home (!) of a poor family, say of foreigners, in Whitechapel, literally on the borders of starvation. Who that has entered such a room, and seen the pinched countenances and the emaciated figures of almost naked children, breathing air that for a robust, well-fed person is almost stifling, could venture to teach anything? Before the victims of abject misery like this we must be silent on laws of health, but with all other people let us be constant in forcing upon them this most simple and excellent truth, that God offers in abundance and without price a food as essential to their well-being as any that can be procured by money—viz., fresh air.

How difficult it is to make persons, even of high intelligence, realise the importance of fresh air! We may go into a drawing-room, and find an atmosphere that is as dangerous as if the inmates were inhaling a poisonous drug; the moment the door is open the room is felt to be healthy, or the reverse. In the former case there is no close smell, but a freshness which is pleasant, however warm the room may be. In extreme cases, at the other end of the health barometer, on entering the room the air feels close; there is a disagreeable odour and a hot sensation to the nostrils; the breath is "caught," and there is a sense of oppression. Shortly stated, this oppressive atmosphere is caused by the respired air, charged with organic matter, not having been carried away and replaced with fresh atmospheric air. In this atmosphere there is of necessity a partial reconsumption of the air poisoned by having already passed through the human body, with the result that the inmates of the room are enervated, they feel the least current of fresh air as a draught, and by rigidly excluding it as far as they can they make the conditions worse.

The healthy atmosphere in a room is one in which the air is changed to the extent of 3000 cubic feet per hour per adult inmate. The air admitted need not be cold; warmed air, so long as it is fresh, is, of course, preferable to cold air in winter; but in some way the air must be brought in if we are to continue in health. There are various ways of doing this: one is by admitting cold air so that it is directed upwards towards the ceiling, where the air of a room is at the highest temperature: the cold stream is then heated in its passage as it falls to the lower level for breathing. But in large rooms, to utilise at its best this current, there should be in the skirting outlets communicating with a heated upcast flue, which will draw away the heavy air near the floor. In cases where there is heating by hot-water coils, the cold air may be brought in at or near the floor-level and passed through the hot-water coils, the outlet for vitiated air being in or near the ceiling, to a heated upcast flue. In larger rooms or buildings for public assemblies it may be necessary with either of these systems to use a fan, either to propel fresh air into the room, or to draw away the vitiated air. The great desideratum in the admission of fresh air is to cut it up into very fine streams, something in the way water is cut up in passing through the fine rose of a watering-can. It has been found that air admitted through a tube or orifice of equal sectional area throughout, enters as a cold draught; but if the inlet be through a series of small truncated cones, the smaller section outwards, the larger inwards, with a wire-gauze on the inside, the current is so cut up and diffused that the draught is not felt. By analogy, a mass of water entering through a narrow canal drives all before it and cuts a channel for itself, but the same quantity passing over a large surface of ground gently irrigates it. Another important point is not to let the passage of the air be at too great a velocity; the gentler the flow the better.

Having then made provision for the inlet of external air, we should seek to make the external source of supply as pure as possible. And first, the erection of a dust-bin—the bricked receptacle, with its wooden cover, familiar to all—must not be allowed; instead there should be provided a movable galvanised iron receptacle, which can be bodily taken to the dust-cart. In the City of London the house refuse is daily collected, and it would be well if that practice were general throughout a much wider area of crowded London.

Under another heading a means has been suggested of withdrawing the carbonic acid gas and other deleterious matter from the house drains and ground. We now wish to suggest how to purify the atmosphere itself where it impinges on our house walls. First, it must be remembered that sunlight is the greatest purifying agent, and wind is another of almost equal rank. In planning a house, one or other of these agents should have free passage to all the walls

in which there are windows, and, if possible, internal areas, or "well-holes," should be avoided; but where these are necessary, and they frequently are, it is very advantageous to obtain a passage at the bottom from the main air thoroughfare at front or back into the area, so that the air may circulate. If the area is sealed at the bottom and only open at the top, there is danger of stagnation, and stagnation is the mother of decomposition. Care should be taken also to have windows or air inlets on at least two sides of a house, so that free cross currents of air may be obtained, else there will again be a liability to a condition bordering on stagnation. In a paper entitled "Health of the Nursery and School," by Dr. W. Squire, stress is laid on this point. He says: "Movement of air through a room is a first essential of ventilation." For this reason, houses back to back, which are also enclosed at the sides, are objectionable, and in laying out estates should be avoided. For the same reason, narrow streets, which are not thoroughfares, are bad; indeed, these are forbidden in London by enactments, the latest of which (the London County Council General Powers Act, 1890) requires that a road, passage, or way shall directly communicate at both ends with a public thoroughfare. In passing, we would remark that large quadrangles open at one end only are not condemnable, and it would be a *reductio ad absurdum* to press a sound rule to their extinction.

To revert, however: not only is it desirable to ensure a through current of air in the street on which a house fronts, but we should endeavour to get a through current at the rear as well. Section 14 of the Metropolitan Management and Building Acts Amendment Act of 1882 is framed with this object, but its end would be better gained were it enacted that "every new domestic building shall, unless the County Council otherwise permit, have directly attached thereto, and in the rear or on the side thereof, an open space, exclusively belonging thereto, of ten square feet in area for every foot of frontage of such building, but in no case shall such space be less than 100 feet in area, and in no part of less width than 10 feet between the rear wall of such building and the rear boundary of the site." In corner buildings the frontage of least length should be deemed to be the frontage of the building. Where there are no habitable rooms in the basement which would be interfered with, the existing exemption respecting building over this area to a height not exceeding that of the ground floor storey appears to be a reasonable concession to the exigencies of business in London; but if in the basement there are rooms used for sleeping or working, they should be in every case directly lighted and ventilated from an external air space, be it the street or the internal area.

In conclusion, it only remains to summarise the important subjects to which it has been our endeavour to draw attention. These are:

1. The extraction from our sewers and streets, and the destruction, of the deadly sewer gas now poisoning the air of London.
2. London fog as affected by sewer gas.
3. The dangerous properties of ground air, and its exclusion from our houses, factories, and buildings of public resort.
4. Jerry building, and the necessity for stringent laws to prevent it.
5. Suggestions for sanitary house planning and construction:
   (*a*) Safe positions for water-closets and other sanitary appliances. Gas-proofing of drains and soil-pipes.
   (*b*) The avoidance in houses of hollow spaces, which allow of the accumulation of dust, vermin, and disease germs.
   (*c*) The importance of changing the air in rooms, and of securing the access of sunlight or wind to all windows; also some rules of constructive planning to secure this end.
   (*d*) The necessity for air inlet to the bottom of internal areas.
   (*e*) The necessity for through currents of air at the rear as well as the front of buildings.

Much that has been said is old, but so is most truth. It is none the less desirable that we should be invited to reflect again on its teachings. That which is new we commend to the consideration of the thoughtful public in general, and of those persons in particular who from their official or representative position are specially responsible for the welfare of their neighbours.

The scheme for purifying the air from sewer gas by means of wind currents, assisted by scientifically arranged exhaust towers containing smokeless furnaces to consume all unhealthy emanations, has, we believe, never been effectually tried. If successful, of which there is little doubt, the health of London and other large towns adopting the system would at once be greatly improved; diphtheria, typhoid fever, and other kindred diseases, would almost disappear, and many others would assume a mild instead of a malignant form. The London fogs, though still dark and dirty, would cease to be deadly, and a more vigorous state of health might be expected both among children and adults. As health is the chief element on which happiness depends, Londoners would become not only a healthier, but a happier community. To attain such an end any practical scheme is well worth the most careful examination and the test of experiment.

FRANCIS PEEK.
EDWIN T. HALL.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN PERSIA.

[THE eminent Oriental statesman, scholar, orator, and reformer who contributes this article, the substance of which was lately delivered in French, at Queen's House, by the request of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, belongs to one of the Afghanistan tribes. He has travelled all over the world, and from the time when he took an active part in the wars between the father of Abdul Rahman Khan and Sheer Ali, he has devoted himself zealously to reform both at Teheran and Constantinople, travelling incessantly throughout Europe in order to acquire the elements of our civilisation, and leaving no stone unturned to adapt the modern idea to the needs of Asiatics. He is a man of cosmopolitan sympathies and encyclopædic learning, with a special gift for languages, which enables him to preach his doctrines in many tongues; and above all he is a man of action. For some time he was a member of the Council of Public Instruction at Constantinople, where his ardent spirit, his hatred of corruption, and his large philanthropy at last got him into trouble with the authorities. He then visited Persia, where he holds high rank as Ulema and "Son of the Prophet," by virtue of which dignity he has the privilege of remaining seated in the presence of the Shah. For some time he was treated by his Majesty with high distinction; but again his enthusiasm for reform, coupled with his vast authority with the people, got him into difficulties with the Shah's Ministers; and, after a most brutal arrest, banishment, and imprisonment—from which he has but recently escaped—the adventurous Moolah finds himself for a season the honoured guest of Prince Malcom Khan, the late Persian Minister at the Court of St. James. His paper speaks for itself: he is here to push the claims of an oppressed and outraged people, with whom we have increasingly important political and commercial relations—upon the diplomatic consideration of those European statesmen who have the intelligence and penetration to see that England's Imperial interests in the East are closely connected with the safety and independence of Persia. The Sheikh is fifty years of age, in prime vigour, and in the full flush of his first important victory over cruelty and corruption in Persia, as evidenced in the abolition of the iniquitous and unpopular Tobacco Régie or concession to Europeans, an abolition which has been extorted from the Shah entirely by the brave and concerted action of the Moolahs, who have encouraged the people to stand together in resisting

this latest form of Imperial robbery, until the Shah perceived that further resistance on his part was not only impolitic but impossible.—H. R. H.]

THE Reign of Terror?—Yes, it has come. My country is laid waste. Persia is decimated. Her irrigation works are ruined. Her soil unplanted. Her industries undeveloped. Her people scattered. Her noblest sons in prison, tortured, bastinadoed, robbed without pity, murdered without trial, by the Shah and his Vizier. This man, lately the son of his cook, is now the absolute disposer of the life and property of those who remain alive and have anything left. The England which received the Shah with all honour, supposing him to be bent on progress and civilisation, must at last be undeceived, and the sooner the better. Truth is stranger than fiction. No accounts of the horrors now going on in Persia can be overstated: not a tenth part will ever leak out—underground dungeons, torture-rooms, devils in human shape, greed, avarice, unbridled lust, unscrupulous violence, and the Shah himself the careless spectator or interested perpetrator of the worst crimes that sully human nature, and defile the page of Eastern history. I come from Persia; my friends lie there in dungeons. I speak that I know; I am not an obscure individual. My title, "Son of the Prophet," may serve to signify to all Europeans that I am known and well accredited throughout the dominions of the Shah, recognised in my high religious dignity by the Shah himself and all his Ministers and ambassadors and upholders of our holy religion, and accepted as one of the chief teachers of the people. I have come over here to tell all Europeans who are interested in Persia—I will not say in humanity—that the grievances of my countrymen can no longer be hid; that they concern Russia and England, for to Russia and England the Persian turns, knowing well that both these great nations have interests in Persia, and that it can be for the interest of neither to see Persia depopulated and ruined; for, whilst neither Russia nor England will be permitted to conquer Persia, both for their own sakes should aid her to development. Let it be known that under the present Shah we have no law, and of late, I may add, no government. In former times the Grand Vizier used to stand between the Shah and his people; he represented, and to some extent respected, the interests of both; he was a high noble, and sometimes a great Minister and a great man; he mixed on equal terms with the high Persian aristocracy, who exercised a kind of feudal authority, and lived in a sort of patriarchal state on their well-cultivated lands. Now all that is changed; the Shah has ruined the nobles, seized their wealth, crushed their authority, scattered their people. The Vizier is a man none of them care to sit at table with, he is of the dregs of the people; he respects no one, and is respected by none; he robs openly for the Shah and himself. Another Minister is so illiterate that he cannot sign his name. Such is the "Court";

the old strain of Persian aristocracy is almost extinct, a few hide away, some are banished, some are in prison, some are dead—all are degraded, crushed, lost to Persia.

Then I say there is no law. A patriarchal government without a written code is tolerable; but neither law nor government, only cruel, rapacious, unscrupulous and sleepless tyranny, that is not tolerable; yet that is our lot. The Persians have borne much; they are, like most Eastern nations, accustomed to high-handed rule of thumb and rough dealing, and some spoliation; but the over-bent bow has snapped at last. They cry out for redress. The insurrections the *Times* makes so light of are evidences of a fire that smoulders, and is ready to burst out all over Persia. The attitude of the people at this moment means European protection or Persian revolution. One stifled cry is ready to burst from the heart of every Persian: it is "Justice! May we not live, untortured, unrobbed? If not, it is better to die." The other day a Persian gentleman, overcome, driven mad with the misery of the times, forced himself before the Shah and committed suicide in his presence. If complaints are not universal it is due to the fact that over-caution, bred of past experience, has become a characteristic of the Persian people, and of late another cause has operated. The Shah's Government, especially since his Majesty's reception in Europe, have industriously circulated the report that the present unfair system and the Shah's personal power are guaranteed and fully approved of by Russia and England. "What use," say the Persians, "if those all-powerful nations help the Shah to rob and murder, and doubtless get a share of the spoil in the way of concession to banks and tobacco dealers—of what use for us to rebel? We are murdered, lost, if England is for the bastinado, slavery, torture, assassination without trial, and robbery without redress. The great countries, the Queen, the Emperor of Russia, are after all not the friends of progress, justice, liberty. They look as if they too were great banditti, like our Shah."

This is what the Persians say, hoodwinked by the Shah's Ministers. They are also whispering,—and that opinion, too, is gaining ground, as it is the only one which explains the facts,—"The Shah is no longer responsible for his actions." By a strange fatality, he has chosen a Vizier who is also not responsible. Brandy, hashish, and the lowest women and men have done their work. The Shah is ruined in mind and body. The Shah must be deposed. That is what, for the first time in the Shah's reign, the people of Persia are now saying. Why has it come to this? Why has it *not* come to this before? I will tell you. For years the people have been hoping that the Shah will fulfil some of his many promises, and give them some law and the elements of justice. These were years ago formulated in many admirable State papers addressed by Prince Malcom Khan to the Shah, and the Shah seemed to approve and fully countenance all

the ideas of his eminent Minister, who has occupied the most exalted diplomatic positions, in almost all the Courts of Europe, for thirty years.

I, Sheikh Djemal ed Din, on my return from Europe, also endeavoured to formulate the modest and reasonable aspirations of the people exactly in the sense suggested by Malcom and approved by the Shah. The people gathered around me as about their deliverer. "A code of law! a code of law!" was all their cry; "no matter what, only some law; we have no law, no courts of justice, no security of life and property; let us be taxed, squeezed, and oppressed in moderation; but let us have some law and we will submit!" The Shah still smiled; Ministers, mudjtahids, officers, merchants, every one began to scent the sweet odour of coming liberty. The dream was short-lived. The Shah suddenly drew in. The stormy tide must be stemmed—and stemmed at once. He saw his absolute tyranny would be checked. A dark frown succeeded the transitory smile. The frown was permanent. Soon came words, soon came actions. The *Times* calls this the "*Shah standing firm.*" The Shah tottering to his fall would be a truer description of his attitude. I, Sheikh Djemal ed Din, and Son of the Prophet, was suddenly arrested, simply because I had formulated propositions approved by the Shah himself—most moderate, most possible—the minimum of concession, most wise, and in full accord with all that was respectable and intelligent in Persia—a description which unhappily excluded the Shah and his present Ministers.

Now you must remember that until lately we not only enjoyed a patriarchal aristocracy, interested in the cultivation of their lands and the welfare of the people, and a noble body of teachers and preachers, intent on learning and education; but also *sanctuaries*, or places to which those persecuted or out of favour at Court might flee; and these sanctuaries have always been respected by our rulers. Well, the Shah has destroyed and desecrated this ancient and pious institution. There was one sanctuary especially sacred, not far from Teheran. To that, on hearing of his Majesty's displeasure, I had retreated; but to such a despot nothing is sacred. Three hundred of my devoted disciples were with me; we lived there, studying, praying, working, believing, watching. In the middle of the night the sanctuary was violated by the emissaries of the Shah. I was seized, well-nigh stripped in mid-winter, and hurried away over the frontier. All Persia seethed with indignation and fury. It meant a blow to reform, to justice, to the national hopes and aspirations. The Shah was afraid. His Vizier diligently published that I had been escorted with all honour by my own wish to the frontier; that special supplies of money and stores had been despatched after me that I might lack no comfort. Lies!—I was half naked, half starved, in chains

till I escaped to Bagdad; I came to England; I resolved to tell the shameful story, not for myself, but for my people. Allah! let the light shine in on the dark places of the earth. I do not know your language, but in broken French I have spoken to some of your people. I now write, and friends help me to produce my cause in your generous and liberal REVIEW.

I continue. My companions, some of the best, most learned, and honoured in Persia, were now thrown into prison. They had done nothing, made no revolution, only reminded the Shah of his formal promises, which were daily most grossly violated by the Vizier and his governors and soldiers. Three hundred of my companions now languish in dungeons, from which they are pulled at intervals to be bastinadoed—their feet beaten into a jelly (these are refined students, men of brain and heart, and some are nobles and ex-Ministers, and the best blood of Persia)—others have their ears cut off, their eyes taken out, their noses slit, their joints wrenched, and so they linger and so they die. As I write news comes to me: my dearest and oldest friend has had his head cut off without accusation, without trial, or defence of any kind. So I am entitled to speak of all this at first hand. The African slave trade, the worst atrocities of the past, pale before what is at this moment going on in Persia under the very shadow of the English and Russian legations. But facts, dry facts, are needed. Remember, then, you law-abiding English, that up to the present time there has never been a single line of written law for the guidance of such departments as the criminal, civil, municipal, or in any of the revenue branches—never been any equitable government at all: everything centres in the Shah. And suppose he is mad, or generally drunk, or both—what then? I tell you nothing rules him but the passing whim of the moment. That is what it has come to at last, and his example is faithfully copied by his Government and Ministers, koyemakams, sub-mudirs, &c. &c. Justice is therefore non-existent. The Minister who is in power to-day may be called upon to undergo the bastinado, the burning by red-hot iron, or other torture to-morrow. Punishment for supposed misdeeds and mutilation of the various members of the body is the order of the day; so no one is ever sure of his ears, nose, hands, feet, or head, not to mention his property or liberty.

This is the present reign of terror; do you think this a misnomer of the situation I am describing? Under such a system it would require demigods to steer clear of the grossest abuses; but when creatures below humanity—drunkards, maniacs, dullards, and debauchees—are entrusted with it, a reign of terror is the only possible result.

We suffer in Persia bodily from the abuse of power, but that abuse is the direct consequence of the constitution of power in Persia.

Behold what takes place: a man is desirous of obtaining the governorship of a certain province, say Khorasan or Aidarbjau. His first step is to lay at the feet of the Shah his *pishkash* (offering), the amount of which varies, according to the post sought for, from thirty to one hundred thousand tomans—a toman equals, roughly speaking, seven shillings. He then has to guarantee the raising of a sum representing the annual revenue of the particular province exceeding that of the previous year—*i.e.*, the amount for which the late governor was responsible; at this stage, and if he is not outbidden, or the Shah does not demand more, the applicant for power succeeds in obtaining the curt consent of the Shah expressed in the word "Bali"—all right! Armed with this powerful disyllable from the lips of the shadow of Allah, the aspirant to office has next to conciliate the Ministers, whose approval can only be bought by more sums of ready cash, or *pishkash*. Having at last succeeded in receiving his appointment, he becomes suddenly transformed into an irresponsible tyrant and oppressor. It is his turn now to receive *pishkash* from the underlings who seek places in his train, and in the case of a governor of a province his retinue generally amounts to three hundred. He has his chamberlains, his secretaries, his pipe-bearers, his body-servants, his ferrashes (military servants), his executioners, his master of the horse, grooms, cooks, and the rest. From the chamberlain down to the stable-boy each in turn has to make his offering to the newly appointed governor, who of course appoints the highest bidder. Everything being thus pleasantly settled, they proceed to their destination, and the province then becomes a scene of sub-robbery and spoliation, the heavy hand being only lifted when nothing more can be discovered to steal.

How is it likely to be otherwise? No wise Vizier, to ensure tenure of office, to support the nobles in their beneficent influence; no nobles to support; no check upon the rapacity of the governors, or the cupidity of the Shah—how can it be otherwise? Remember, no governor, nor any single person in his employ, ever receives a farthing in salary or wages. That is, and has been from time immemorial, the method of the East. Up to a point the people are content and take it as a matter of course, but the system is only tolerable when tolerably worked. The people expect to be ground down—granted, but within limits; and in old days there were popular governors who remained long in power, and bad governors who were complained about and dismissed, and a Vizier who listened to reason. But now all this temporising has given way to unbridled extortion. The governor aims, of course, not only at getting enough to cover the *pishkash* he has had to give for his appointment, but enough to live on sumptuously whilst in office, and a round lump on departure to enable him to pay upon some future occasion.

Now these officials, from the governor downwards, are quite un-

certain as to the length of time they may be permitted to retain their posts, for, in the case of a higher bidder presenting himself, they at once receive their dismissal; no consideration of fitness being entertained nor the good of the people in the least consulted. In order to prolong their term of office they are constrained to send periodically additional sums of *pishkash* to the Shah and his Viziers.

In the absence of any rule for the imposition of taxes or tithes, or for the payment of penalties, the Governor and his subordinates naturally extract and squeeze as much as they possibly can out of the people.

Now, what has been stated regarding the case of a governor equally applies to minor governors and sub-governors, lieutenants, mudirs, and others. The amount of *pishkash* to the Shah, Viziers, and principal governors varies according to the extent and capacity of the province, division, or town. It is, in fact, systematic extortion all round. Promotion amongst officers in the army is on the same plan. They have to outbid each other, and their pay is spasmodic and uncertain. Private soldiers would consider themselves lucky if they got one or two months' pay in the year. The only way they can live is by robbing the people and shifting for themselves. These burdens, with their attendant horror of false imprisonment and torture, fall heavily upon the shoulders of the Persians when they submit, but worse is their fate now if they venture to remonstrate. There is no friendly Vizier, no wise Shah, no interceding nobles, no just and long-established governors. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the oppressed Persian nation, once amongst the proudest and most enterprising in the world, should for the time be such an apparently abject race. Descendants of warriors and conquerors are now only fit to be tillers of the earth, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and right glad of the opportunity of being allowed to do even that unmolested. The sons of our nobles, I say, are ready to be employed in any of the meaner capacities in their own country, about what was once their own lands, in order to obtain their daily bread. This boon, however, they are often unable to secure. Many are driven out by hunger, whilst the few who still possess any property live in hourly dread of being deprived of it; but they are few and far between. As to the majority, they live continually insecure, not only in the possession of the good things of this life, but of life itself.

Our wives and daughters are at the mercy of the Shah and his minions; our girls are violated by the police without redress; our treasure extorted under torture by the soldiers. Fathers are afraid to tell their sons where lie the buried jewels, and the hoard of gold coins bricked or tiled up. In a moment our shops are broken up and the merchandise scattered; our wives and children wander like

beggars along the highways, and drop and die in the caves, or swell the pauper crowds in Constantinople or Bagdat. Poor and mean, squalid, timid, secret, and panic-stricken is the small remnant of Persians who remain. Is it the fault of Persia, land of the sun; land of the date, the pomegranate, the barley, and the wheat; Persia, with her coal-mines, and none to work them; her wealth of iron, and none to smelt it; of copper, of turquoise; her wells of virgin petroleum; her arable land, so fertile that one has but to scratch the soil and harvest after harvest springs as fast as one can reap; and her so-called deserts which need but the restoration of her irrigation works? But all is undone, ruined, blackened, curst. I wander through a land of sparse and rapidly decreasing population; deserted villages, now silent, untenanted, lonely, wrecked hamlets; bones whitening by the wayside, bones of emigrants who have never emigrated. Thousands of us during these last years of the Shah have been compelled to take refuge in the Caucasus and the Transcaspian countries, while thousands more are to be found in the streets of various towns in Turkish Arabia, Anatolia, and as far as Turkey in Europe. At Constantinople I met Persians with delicate hands employed in the meanest capacity, such as water-carriers, street-sweepers, drovers, &c. It will be found, on examination, that the number of emigrants out of Persia exceeds one-fifth of the total population!

I have now to make a terrible and incredible admission: the moral of which should strike home to those thousands of English men and women who received the Shah with such acclamations. However *bizarre* it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that after each visit of the Shah to Europe he increased in tyranny over his people. Probably this may be more or less due to his arrogant estimation of his individual power and importance, based upon the flattering receptions which he received in Europe. The result is that the masses of Persia, observing that after each European tour the Shah became more intolerant and despotic, naturally but ignorantly attributed their increased sufferings to European influences, and hence their dislike of Europeans became yet more intense, at the very moment when a *rapprochement* might easily have been effected, and when, more than at any previous time, Persia stood in need of the kindling and liberalising influences of wisely directed British statesmanship.

England does not know what a blow is being dealt to her prestige in the East. She has at present done nothing to disabuse the minds of Persians of those erroneous notions which at this moment distort their judgment.

The real or affected ignorance of your English press on the true condition of Persia is another source of confusion and annoyance to those who desire her welfare. You depend, for instance, on

certain wires from Teheran. Nothing could be more misleading at the present moment. Those wires are filtered through the Imperial Bank. The bank means the interest of the shareholders. The legation and the bank echo the views of the Ministers for the time being about the Shah. For them Persia is well governed—the masses are content, the Shah is the father of his people, the concessions to Europeans, especially the Tobacco Régie, merely graceful attempts to fall in with European ways and foment the *entente cordiale* between distant peoples or friendly allies. Here and there may be a few malcontents; no doubt these must be put down with "a firm hand." The Shah, patient and kind as he might be, would not be trifled with. A deep-seated revolt, ready to break out, and which has already broken out, north, south, east and west, is described as "a local difficulty with the police." Look at the way in which quite lately your newspapers have treated the furious indignation with which the tobacco concession has been received in Persia. You simply don't grasp the situation. Your journalists, for instance, make uncommonly light of the extraordinary action of the "chief priest at Kerbala," who has forbidden the faithful to smoke in order to show the contempt and hatred with which the Persians view the detested monopoly in tobacco granted to English speculators by the Shah, and sold by the Shah for a larger sum. One would think the English press really did not know what the monopoly meant, or who the "chief priest at Kerbala and the chief merchant at Teheran" really were. And as to the Shah's "great firmness" in exiling one and defying the other, one would really suppose that "folly" and "firmness" were, in the journalist's estimation, convertible terms.

Well, then, first as to the tobacco monopoly. The prescriptive and inalienable right of the Persian to sell his tobacco or other wares to whom he will, was grossly violated by the Shah when he sold, or allowed his venal Ministers to sell, the tobacco monopoly to a foreigner. The Shah soon saw his mistake, but having pledged his word he dared not offend the European speculators, who hide under the ægis of your legation at Teheran. Nevertheless, as I write news reaches me from Teheran that arrangements have been made—the Shah, "who stood so firm," getting alarmed at the action of the "chief priest at Kerbala," and the Tobacco Régie has been cancelled. As to the "chief priest of Kerbala," he is practically a Persian Pope, the presiding power at Kerbala. His Anathema means far more than the excommunication of the King of Italy by Pius IX. or Leo XIII. In short, it is the undisguised opinion of all who know Persia, and are not taken in by the telegrams, that the Shah is hurrying blindly to his fall, which will be hastened by one mad act after another, unless he gets frightened and yields inch by inch.

I come now to this last point, What made the Persians believe that England meant to help them? I pray you, did not your Ministers a year or two ago urge upon the Shah a firman granting security of life and property to his subjects? Did not the Shah issue such a firman, and, after considerable pressure and long debate and hesitation, frankly communicate it to the Powers? Did not Her Majesty upon hearing this express to Malcom Khan her profound satisfaction, and was not your Minister at Teheran regarded as a party to the transaction? All Persians believed that a firman thus issued and *communicated* to the European Powers gave the Powers, England first and foremost, the diplomatic right to insist upon its due observance, or at least to demand the explanation for any gross violation of it. Well, what followed? I, Sheikh Djemal ed Din, soon after became the natural and respectful mouthpiece of the people's joyful aspirations. I am received with favour by his Majesty, my words are approved, the regeneration of Persia is at hand; law is to be given, life and property are to be safe, our wives and daughters protected from outrage, our bread-winners from cruel and ruinous exactions—all is going well. Suddenly I am seized, banished, imprisoned; my friends are imprisoned and tortured, without explanation, without trial. After this, the people's eyes were opened; they felt they could place no reliance on the Shah and his promises. But their eyes were then turned to the Powers, to England first and foremost. Now would the British Minister, at least, certainly speak one little word at Teheran, if only to ask for some explanation of so gross a violation of the blessed firman. But no, not a word! Persia still waits for a message at this crisis. But you are afraid of your pockets. The bank interest might go down if any rumour of disagreement between the Shah's Ministers and your diplomatists at Teheran got wind. Therefore you are all as mum as mice, as the saying is, at Teheran; and as for your Parliament, it cares for none of these things—who knows or cares about Persia? You gaped at the Shah, he was amusing and a novelty. But the Persian people you exploit. Still it is not believable to them that England intends to do nothing, not so much as lift her voice—England, so ready to help Garibaldi—so willing to sacrifice untold wealth in order to put down the slave trade. Yet England refuses a word of remonstrance or advice when the firman to which she has been made a party through communication is torn to pieces before her eyes.

I come here to ask your people at this crisis to get questions asked in Parliament about the "alleged" atrocities—that is the word, I believe—now going on in defiance of the Shah's own firman in Persia. Your Minister would then be instructed to approach the Shah's Ministers, and ask for an explanation on behalf of Her Majesty's Government. The moral effect of such an action would be immense, so great is still the prestige of England.

But the Shah thinks you don't care how he acts, and if you will not or dare not help us anyhow, Russia is on the alert. If, at the present moment, she does not want to get direct to India, she is at least obliged to get first to the Persian sea-board, and for the furthering of this project she will certainly not hesitate to avail herself of the present disposition of the Persian people. You stand by helping yourself to odds and ends—here to tobacco, there to bank shares; you prove neither the open friend nor the open foe, and Persia, who cannot believe you foe, but almost doubts you friend, waits and waits for a word from you, which would cost no ships, no money, and would not really endanger your banking or your trade; a word from a free, powerful people on behalf of a beleaguered and enslaved, but noble, active-minded, and capable people. This is all we want at present; but that word must come soon, ere more victims are immolated in prison, more hearts broken, more resources squandered, more thousands banished; change, change, any change would be for the better. That is what Persia demands. The word will out which has been smouldering in a million ruined homes, but now rolls like the roaring of the sea full of ominous thunder and of irresistible rush; its echo has at last reached England: "Change the Government, or dethrone the Shah!"

SHEIKH DJEMAL ED DIN.

THE GENIUS OF PLATO.

ALL true criticism of philosophic doctrine, as of every other product of human mind, must begin with an historic estimate of the conditions, antecedent and contemporary, which helped to make it precisely what it was. But a complete criticism does not end there. In the evolution of abstract doctrine as we find it written in the history of philosophy, if there is always, on one side, the fatal, irresistible, mechanic, play of circumstance—the circumstances of a particular age, which may be analysed and explained; there is always also, as if acting from the opposite side, the comparatively inexplicable force of a personality, resistant to, while it is moulded by, them. It might even be said that the trial-task of criticism, in regard to literature and art no less than to philosophy, begins exactly where the estimate of general conditions, of the conditions common to all the products of this or that particular age—of the "environment"—leaves off, and we touch what is unique in the individual genius which contrived after all, by force of will, to have its own masterful way with that environment. If in reading Plato, for instance, the philosophic student has to re-construct for himself, as far as is possible, the general character of an *age*, he must also, so far as he may, re-produce the portrait of a *person*. The Sophists, the Sophistical world, around him; his master, Socrates; the Pre-socratic philosophies: the mechanic influence, that is to say, of past and present:—of course we can know nothing at all of the Platonic doctrine except so far as we see it in well-ascertained contact with all that: but there is also Plato himself in it.

—A personality, we may notice at the outset, of a certain complication. The great masters of philosophy have been for the most part its noticeably single-minded servants. As if in emulation of Aristotle's

simplicity of character, his absorbing intellectualism—impressive certainly, heroic enough, in its way—they have served science, science *in vacuo*, as if nothing beside, faith, imagination, love, the bodily sense, could detach them from it for an hour. It is not merely that we know little of their lives, (there was so little to tell!) but that we know nothing at all of their *temperaments;* of which, that one leading abstract or scientific force in them was in fact strictly exclusive. Little more than intellectual abstractions themselves, in them philosophy was wholly faithful to its colours, or its colourlessness; rendering not grey only, as Hegel said of it, but all colours alike, in grey.

With Plato it was otherwise. In him, the passion for truth did but bend, or take the bent of, certain ineradicable predispositions of his nature, in themselves perhaps somewhat opposed to that. It is however in the blending of diverse elements in the mental constitution of Plato that the peculiar Platonic quality resides. Platonism is in one sense an emphatic witness to the unseen, the transcendental, the not-experienced—the beauty, for instance, which is not for the bodily eye. Yet the author of this philosophy of the unseen was,—Who can doubt it who has read but a page of him? this, in fact, is what has led and kept to his pages many who have little or no turn for the sort of questions Plato actually discusses:—The author of this philosophy of the unseen was one, for whom, as was said of a very different French writer, "the *visible* world really existed." Austere as he seems, and on well-considered principle really is, his temperance or austerity, æsthetically so winning, is attained only by the chastisement, the control, of a variously interested, a richly sensuous, nature. Yes! The visible world, so pre-eminently worth eye-sight at Athens just then, really existed for him: exists still—there's the point!—is active still, everywhere, when he seems to have turned away from it to invisible things. To the somewhat sad-coloured school of Socrates, and its discipline towards apathy or contempt in such matters, he had brought capacities of bodily sense with the making in them of an *Odyssey:* or (shall we say?) of a poet, after the order of Sappho or Catullus; as indeed also a practical intelligence, a popular management of his own powers, a skill in philosophic yet talkable Greek prose, which might have constituted him the most successful of "Sophists." You cannot help seeing that his mind is a storehouse of all the liveliest imageries of men and things. Nothing, if it really arrests eye or ear at all, is too trivial to note. Passing through the crowd of human beings, he notes the sounds alike of their solemn hymns and of their pettiest handicraft. A conventional philosopher might speak of "dumb matter," for instance; but Plato has lingered too long in braziers' workshops to lapse into so stupid an epithet. And if the persistent hold of sensible things upon him thus reveals itself in trifles, it is manifest no less in the way in which he can tell

a long story,—no one more effectively! and again, in his graphic presentment of whole scenes from actual life, like that with which *The Republic* opens. His Socrates, like other people, is curious to witness a new religious function:—how they will do it. As in modern times, it would be a pleasant occasion also for meeting the acquaintance one likes best:—*ξυνεσόμεθα πολλοῖς τῶν νέων ἀυτόθι*: "We shall meet a number of our youth there: we shall have a dialogue: there will be a torchlight procession in honour of the goddess, an equestrian procession: a novel feature!—What? Torches in their hands, passed on as they race?—Aye! And an illumination, through the entire night. It will be worth seeing!"—that old midnight hour, as Carlyle says of another vivid scene, "shining yet on us, ruddy-bright through the centuries." Put alongside of that, and, for life-like charm, side by side with Murillo's Beggar-boys, (you catch them, if you look at his canvas on the sudden, actually moving their mouths, to laugh and speak and munch their crusts, all at once,) the scene in the *Lysis* of the dice-players.—There the boys are! in full dress, to take part in a religious ceremony. It is scarcely over; but they are already busy with the knuckle-bones, some just outside the door, others in a corner. Though Plato never tells one without due motive, yet he loves a story for its own sake, can make one of fact or fancy at a moment's notice, or re-tell other people's better: how those dear skinny grasshoppers of Attica, for instance, had once been human creatures, who, when the Muses first came on earth, were so absorbed by their music that they forgot even to eat and drink, till they died of it. And then the story of Gyges in *The Republic*, and the ring that can make its wearer invisible:—it goes as easily, as the ring itself round the finger!

Like all masters of literature, Plato has of course varied excellences; but perhaps none of them has won for him a larger number of friendly readers than this impress of visible reality. For him, truly (as he supposed the highest sort of knowledge must of necessity be) all knowledge was like knowing a *person*: and the Dialogue itself, being, as it is, the special creation of his literary art, becomes in his hands, and by his masterly conduct of it, like a single living person; so comprehensive a sense does he bring to bear upon it of the slowly-developing physiognomy of the thing—its organic structure, its symmetry and expression—combining all the various, disparate, subjects, of *The Republic*, for example, into a manageable whole, so entirely that, looking back, one fancies this long dialogue of at least three hundred pages might have occupied—perhaps an afternoon.

And those who take part in it!—If Plato did not create the "Socrates" of his dialogues, he has created other characters perhaps as life-like. The young Charmides, the incarnation of natural, as the aged Cephalus of acquired, temperance; his Sophoclean amenity as he

sits there, pontifically, at the altar, in the court of his placid house; the large company, of varied character and of every age, which moves in those dialogues, though still oftenest the young in all their youthful liveliness:—who that knows them at all can doubt Plato's hold on persons, that of persons on him? Sometimes, even when they are not formally introduced into his work, characters that had interested, impressed, or touched him, inform and colour it, as if with their personal influence, showing through what purports to be the wholly abstract analysis of some wholly abstract moral situation. Thus, the form of the dying Socrates himself is visible pathetically in the description of the suffering righteous man, actually put into his own mouth in the second book of *The Republic:* as the winning brilliancy of the lost spirit of Alcibiades infuses those pages of the sixth, which discuss the nature of one by birth and endowments an aristocrat, amid the dangers to which it is exposed in the Athens of that day; the qualities which must make him, if not the saviour, the destroyer, of a society which cannot remain unaffected by his showy presence.—*Corruptio optimi pessima!* Yet even here, when Plato is dealing with the inmost elements of personality, his eye is still on its object, on *character* as seen in *characteristics*, through those details, the changes of colour in the face as of tone in the voice, the gestures,—the really physiognomic value, or the mere tricks, of gesture or glance or speech,—which make character a sensible fact. What is visibly expressive in, or upon, persons; those flashes of temper which check yet give renewed interest to the course of a conversation; the delicate touches of intercourse, which convey to the very senses all the subtleties of the heart or of the intelligence:—it is always more than worth his while to make note of these.

We see, for instance, the sharp little pygmy bit of a soul that catches sight of any little thing so keenly, and makes a very proper lawyer. We see, as well as hear, the "rhapsodist," whose sensitive performance of his part is nothing less than an "interpretation" of it, artist and critic at once: the personal vanities of the various speakers in his dialogues, as though Plato had observed, or overheard them, alone: and the inevitable prominence of youth wherever it is present at all, notwithstanding the real sweetness of manner and modesty of soul he records of it so affectionately. It is that he loves best to linger by: to feel himself in contact with a condition of life, which translates all it is, so immediately, into delightful colour, and movement, and sound. The eighth and ninth books of *The Republic* are a grave contribution, as you know, to abstract moral and political theory, a generalisation of weighty changes of character in men and states. But the observations on the concrete traits of individuals, young or old, which enliven us on the way; the difference in sameness of sons and fathers, for instance; the influence of servants on their masters; how the minute ambiguities of rank, as a family becomes

impoverished, tell on manners, on temper; all the play of moral colour in the reflex of mere circumstance on what men really are:—the characterisation of all this has with Plato a touch of the peculiar fineness of Thackeray, one might say: Plato enjoys it for its own sake, and would have been an excellent writer of fiction.

There is plenty of humour in him also of course, and something of irony,—salt, to keep the exceeding richness and sweetness of his discourse from cloying the palate. The affectations of sophists, or professors; their staginess or their inelegance; the harsh laugh, the swaggering ways, of Thrasymachus, whose determination to make the general company share in a private conversation, is significant of his whole character:—he notes with a finely-pointed pencil, with something of the fineness of malice —*malin*, as the French say. Once, Thrasymachus had been actually seen to blush. It is with a very different sort of fineness Plato notes the blushes of the young; of Hippocrates, for instance, in the *Protagoras*. The great Sophist was said to be in Athens, at the house of Callicles, and the diligent young scholar is up betimes, eager to hear him: rouses Socrates before daylight. As they linger in the court, the lad speaks of his own intellectual aspirations; blushes at his confidence. It was just then that the morning sun blushed with his first beam, as if to reveal the lad's blushing face:—*καὶ ὃς εἶπεν ἐρυθριάσας, ἤδη γὰρ ὑπέφαινέ τι ἡμέρας, ὥστε καταφανῆ αὐτὸν γενέσθαι*. He who noted that so precisely had, surely, the delicacy of the artist, a fastidious eye for the subtleties of colour as soul made visibly expressive. "Poor creature as I am," says the Platonic Socrates, in the *Lysis*, concerning another youthful blush,—"Poor creature as I am, I have one talent: I can recognise, at first sight, the lover and the beloved."

So it is with the audible world also. The exquisite monotony of the voice of the great sophist, for example, "once set in motion, goes ringing on like a brazen pot, which if you strike it continues to sound till some one lays his hand upon it." And if the delicacy of eye and ear, so also the keenness and constancy of his observation, are manifest in those elaborately wrought images for which the careful reader lies in wait. The mutiny of the sailors in the ship,—ship of the state, or of one's own soul: the echoes and beams and shadows of that half-illuminated cavern, the human mind: the caged birds in the *Theætetus*, that are like the flighty, half-contained notions of an imperfectly educated understanding. *Real* notions are to be ingrained by persistent thoroughness of the "dialectic" method, as if by conscientious dyers. He makes us stay to watch such dyers, as he had done, busy with their purple stuff; adding as it were ethic colour to what he sees with the eye, and painting while he goes, as if on the margin of his high philosophical discourse, himself scarcely aware; as the monkish scribe set bird or

flower, with so much truth of earth, in the blank spaces of his heavenly meditation.

Now Plato is one for whom the visible world thus "really exists" because he is by nature and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover. In that, precisely, lies the secret of the susceptible and diligent eye, the so sensitive ear. The central interest of his own youth—of his profoundly impressible youth—as happens always with natures of real capacity, gives law and pattern to all that succeeds it. Τὰ ἐρωτικὰ, as he says,—the experience, the discipline, of love, had been that for Plato; and as love must of necessity deal above all with visible persons, this discipline involved an exquisite culture of the senses. It is "as lovers use," that he is ever on the watch for those dainty messages, those finer intimations, from eye and ear. If in the later development of his philosophy the highest sort of knowledge comes to seem like the knowledge of a person, the relation of the reason to truth like the commerce of one person with another, the peculiarities of personal relationship thus moulding his conception of the, properly invisible, world of ideas,—this is partly because, for a lover, the entire visible world, its hues and outline, its attractiveness, its power and bloom, must have associated themselves pre-eminently with the power and bloom of visible living persons. With these, as they made themselves known by word and glance and touch, through the medium of the senses, lay the forces, which, in that inexplicable tyranny of one person over another, shaped the soul.

Just there, then, is the secret of Plato's intimate concern with, his power over, the sensible world, the apprehensions of the sensuous faculty: he is a lover, a great lover, somewhat after the manner of Dante. For him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are blent and fused together. While, in that fire and heat, the spiritual attains the definite visibility of a crystal, what is material, on the other hand, will lose its earthiness and impurity. It is of the amorous temper, therefore, you must think in connection with Plato's youth,—of this, amid all the *strength* of the genius of which it is so large a constituent, —indulging, developing, refining, the sensuous capacities, the powers of eye and ear, of the fancy also, which can re-fashion, of the speech which can best respond to, and reproduce, their liveliest presentments. That is why when Plato speaks of visible things it's as if you saw them. He who in the *Symposium* describes so vividly the pathway, the ladder, of love, its joyful ascent towards a more perfect beauty than we have ever yet actually seen, by way of a parallel to the gradual elevation of mind toward perfect knowledge, knew all that, we may be sure—τὰ ἐρωτικὰ—all the ways of lovers, in the literal sense. He speaks of them retrospectively indeed, but knows well what he is talking about. Plato himself had not been always a mere Platonic

lover; was rather, naturally, as he makes Socrates say of himself, ἥττων τῶν καλῶν, subject to the influence of fair persons. A certain penitential colour amid that glow of fancy and expression, hints that the final harmony of his nature had been but gradually beaten out, and invests the Temperance, actually so conspicuous in his own nature, with the charms of a patiently elaborated effect of art.

For we must remind ourselves just here, that, quite naturally also, instinctively, and apart from the austere influences which claimed and kept his allegiance later, Plato, with a kind of unimpassioned passion, was a lover in particular of Temperance; of Temperance too, as it may be seen, as a visible thing,—seen in Charmides, say! in that subdued and grey-eyed loveliness, "clad in sober grey"; or in those youthful athletes which, in ancient marble, reproduce him and the like of him, with sound, firm, outlines, such as Temperance secures. Still, that some more luxurious sense of physical beauty had at one time greatly disturbed him, divided him against himself, we may judge from his own words in a famous passage of the *Phædrus* concerning the management, the so difficult management, of those winged steeds of the body, which is the chariot of the soul.

Puzzled, in some degree, Plato certainly remains to the last, not merely in regard to the higher love and the lower, Aphrodite Urania, and Aphrodite Pandemus, as he distinguishes them in the *Symposium;* nor merely with the difficulty of arbitrating between some inward beauty, and that which is outward;—with the odd mixture everywhere, save in its still unapprehended but eternal essence, of the beautiful with what is otherwise; but he is even more harassed still by the experience, (it is in this shape that the world-old puzzle of the existence of evil comes to him,) that even to the truest eyesight, to the best trained faculty of soul, the Beautiful would never come to seem strictly concentric with the Good. That seems to have taxed his understanding as gravely as it had tried his will, and he was glad when in the mere natural course of years he was become at all events less ardent a lover. 'Tis he is the authority for what Sophocles had said on the happy decay of the passions as age advanced: it was "like being set free from service to a band of madmen"; as his own distinguishing note is tranquil after-thought upon this conflict, with a kind of envy of the almost disembodied old age of Cephalus, who quotes that saying of Sophocles amid his placid sacrificial doings. Connect with this quiet scene, and contrast with the luxuriant power of the *Phædrus*, and the *Symposium*, what, for a certain touch of later mysticism in it, we might call Plato's evening prayer, in the ninth book of *The Republic*.—

"When any one, being healthfully and temperately disposed towards himself, turns to sleep, having stirred the reasonable part of him with a feast of fair thoughts and high problems, being come to full consciousness,

himself with himself; and has, on the other hand, committed the element of desire neither to appetite, nor to surfeiting, to the end that this may slumber well, and, by its pain or pleasure, cause no trouble to that part which is best in him, but may suffer that, alone by itself, in its pure essence, to behold and aspire towards some object, and apprehend what it knows not,—some event, of the past, it may be, or something that now is, or will be hereafter: and in like manner has soothed hostile impulse, so that, falling to no angry thoughts against any, he goes not to rest with a troubled spirit, but with those two parts at peace within, and with that third part, wherein reason is engendered, on the move:—you know, I think, that in sleep of this sort he lays special hold on truth, and then least of all is there lawlessness in the visions of his dreams."

For Plato, being then about twenty-eight years old, had listened to the "Apology" of Socrates; had heard from them all that others had heard or seen of his last hours; himself perhaps actually witnessed those last hours. "Justice itself"—the "absolute" Justice—had then become almost a visible object, and had greatly solemnised him. The rich young man, rich also in intellectual gifts, who might have become, (we see this in the adroit management of his written work,) the most brilliant and effective of Sophists; who might have developed dialogues into plays, tragedy, perhaps comedy, as he cared; whose sensuous or graphic capacity might have made him the poet of an *Odyssey*, a Sappho, or a Catullus, or, say! just such a poet as, just because he was so attractive, would have been disfranchised in the perfect city; was become the creature of an immense seriousness, of a fully adult sense, unusual in Greek perhaps even more than in Roman writers, "of the weightiness of the matters concerning which he has to discourse, and of the frailty of man." He inherits, alien as they might be to certain powerful influences in his own temper, alike the sympathies and the antipathies of that strange, delightful, teacher, who had given him (most precious of gifts!) an inexhaustible interest in himself: he inherits, in this way, a preference for those trying severities of thought which are characteristic of the Eleatic school; an antagonism to the successful Sophists of the day, in whom the old sceptical "philosophy of motion" seemed to be renewed as a theory of morals; and henceforth, in short, this master of visible things, this so ardent lover, will be a lover of the invisible, with,—Yes! there, it is constantly, in the Platonic dialogues, not to be explained away,—with a certain asceticism, amid all the varied opulence, of sense, of speech and fancy, natural to Plato's genius.

The lover, who is become a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, and therefore, literally, a seer, of it, carrying an elaborate cultivation of the bodily senses, of eye and ear, their natural force and acquired fineness,—gifts akin properly to τὰ ἐρωτικὰ, as he says, to the discipline of sensuous love,—into the world of intellectual abstractions; seeing and hearing there too, associating for ever all the imagery of things seen with the conditions of what primarily exists only for the mind,

filling that "hollow land" with delightful colour and form, as if now at last the mind were veritably dealing with living people there, living people who play upon us through the affinities, the repulsion and attraction, of *persons* towards one another, all the magnetism, as we call it, of actual human friendship or love:—There, is the *formula* of Plato's genius, the essential condition of the specially Platonic temper,—of Platonism. And his style, because it really is Plato's style, conforms to, and in its turn promotes in others, that mental situation. He breaks as it were visible colour into the very texture of his work; his vocabulary, the very stuff he manipulates, has its delightful æsthetic qualities; almost every word, one might say, its figurative value. And yet no one perhaps has with equal power literally sounded the unseen depths of thought, and, with what may be truly called "substantial" word and phrase, given locality there to the mere adumbrations, the dim hints and surmise, of the speculative mind. For him, all gifts of sense and intelligence converge in one supreme faculty of theoretic vision, *θεωρία*, the imaginative reason.

To trace that thread of physical colour, entwined throughout, and multiplied sometimes into large tapestried figures, is the business, the enjoyment, of the student of the Dialogues, as he reads them. For this or that special literary quality indeed we may go safely by preference to this or that particular Dialogue; to the *Gorgias*, for instance, for the readiest Attic wit, and a manly practical sense in the handling of philosophy; to the *Charmides*, for something like the effect of sculpture in modelling a person; to the *Timæus*, for certain brilliant chromatic effects. Yet who that reads the *Theætetus*, or the *Phædrus*, or the seventh book of *The Republic*, can doubt Plato's gift in precisely the opposite direction; his gift of sounding by words the depths of thought, a plastic power literally, moulding to term and phrase what might have seemed in its very nature too impalpable and abstruse to lend itself, in any case, to language? He gives names to the invisible acts, processes, creations, of abstract mind, as masterfully, as efficiently, as Adam himself to the visible living creations of old. As Plato speaks of them, we might say, those abstractions too become visible living creatures. We read the speculative poetry of Wordsworth, or Tennyson; and we may observe that a great metaphysical force has come into language which is by no means purely technical or scholastic; what a help such language is to the understanding, to a real hold over the things, the thoughts, the mental processes, those words denote; a vocabulary to which thought freely commits itself, trained, stimulated, raised, thereby, towards a high level of abstract conception, surely to the increase of our general intellectual powers. That, of course, is largely due to Plato's successor, to Aristotle's life-long labour of analysis and definition, and to his successors the Schoolmen, with their systematic

culture of a precise instrument for the registration, by the analytic intellect, of its own subtlest movements. But then, Aristotle, himself the first of the Schoolmen, had succeeded Plato, and did but formulate, as a terminology "of art," as technical language, what for Plato is still vernacular, original, personal, the product in him of an instinctive imaginative power,—a sort of *visual* power, but causing others also to see what is matter of original intuition for him.

From the first, in fact, our faculty of thinking is limited by our command of speech. Now it is straight from Plato's lips, as if in natural conversation, that the language came, in which the mind has ever since been discoursing with itself concerning itself, in that inward dialogue, which is the "active principle" of the dialectic method as an instrument for the attainment of truth. For, the essential, or dynamic, dialogue, is ever that dialogue of the mind with itself, which any converse with Socrates or Plato does but promote. The very words of Plato, then, challenge us straightway to larger and finer apprehension of the processes of our own minds; are themselves a discovery in the sphere of mind. 'Twas he made us freemen of those solitary places, so trying yet so attractive: so remote and high, they seem, yet are naturally so close to us: he peopled them with intelligible forms. Nay, more! By his peculiar gift of verbal articulation he anticipated the mere hollow spaces which a knowledge, then merely potential, and an experience still to come, would one day occupy. And so, those who cannot admit his actual speculative results, precisely *his* report on the invisible theoretic world, have been to the point sometimes, in that their objection, by sheer effectiveness of abstract language, he gave an illusive air of reality or substance to the mere nonentities of metaphysic hypothesis,—of a mind trying to feed itself on its own emptiness.

Just there,—in the situation of one shaped, by combining nature and circumstance into a seer who has a sort of sensuous love of the un-seen,—is the paradox of Plato's genius, and therefore, always, of Platonism, of the Platonic temper. His aptitude for things visible, his gift of words, empower him to express, as if for the eyes, what except to the eye of the mind is strictly invisible,—what, an acquired asceticism induces him to rank above, and sometimes, in terms of harshest dualism, oppose to, the sensible world. Plato is to be interpreted not merely by his antecedents, by the influence upon him of those who preceded him, but by his successors, by the temper, the intellectual alliances, of those who directly or indirectly have been sympathetic with him. Now it is noticeable that, at first sight somewhat incongruously, a certain number of Manicheans have always been of his company; people who held that matter was evil. Pointing significantly to an unmistakable vein of Manichean, or Puritan, sentiment actually there in the Platonic Dialogues, these rude com-

panions or successors of his, carry us back to his great predecessor, to Socrates, whose personal influence had so strongly enforced on Plato the severities, moral and intellectual alike, of Parmenides, and of the Pythagoreans. The cold breath of a harshly abstract, a too incorporeal, philosophy, had blown, like an east wind, on that last depressing day in the prison-cell of Socrates; and the venerable commonplaces then put forth, in which an over-strained pagan sensuality seems to be re-acting, to be taking vengeance, on itself, turned now sick and suicidal, will lose none of their weight with Plato:—That "all who rightly touch philosophy, study nothing else than to *die*, and to be *dead*:"—That "the soul reasons best, when, as much as possible, it comes to be alone with itself, bidding good-bye to the body, and, to the utmost of its power, rejecting communion with it, with the very touch of it, aiming at what *is*." It was, in short, as if for the soul to have come into a human body at all, had been the seed of disease in it, the beginning of its own proper death.

As for any adornments or provision for this body, the master had declared that a true philosopher as such would make as little of them as possible. To those young hearers, the words of Socrates may well have seemed to anticipate, not the visible world he had then delineated in glowing colour as if for the bodily eye, but only the chilling influence of the hemlock; and it was because Plato was only half convinced of the Manichean or Puritan element in his master's doctrine, or rather was in contact with it on one side only of his complex and genial nature, that Platonism became possible, as a temper for which, in strictness, the opposition of matter to spirit has no ultimate or real existence. Not to be "pure" from the body, but to identify it, in its utmost fairness, with the fair soul, by a gymnastic "fused in music," became, from first to last, the aim of education as he conceived it. That the body is but "a hindrance to the attainment of philosophy, if one takes it along with one as a companion in one's search," a notion which Christianity, at least in its later though wholly legitimate developments, will correct,—can hardly have been the last thought of Plato himself on quitting it. He opens his door indeed to those austere monitors. They correct the sensuous richness of his genius, but could not suppress it. The sensuous lover becomes a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision, of θεωρία, all the associations of the actual world of sight. Some of its invisible realities he can all but see with the bodily eye: the absolute Temperance, in the person of the youthful Charmides; the absolute Righteousness, in the person of the dying Socrates. Yes, truly! all true knowledge will be like the knowledge of a person, of living persons, and truth, for Plato, in spite of his Socratic asceticism, to the last, something to *look* at. The eyes which had noted physical things, so finely, vividly, continuously, would be still at work; and,

Plato thus qualifying the Manichean or Puritan element in Socrates by his own capacity for the world of sense, Platonism has contributed largely, has been an immense encouragement towards, the redemption of matter, of the world of sense, by art, by all right education, by the creeds and worship of the Christian Church,—towards the vindication of the dignity of the body.

It was doubtless because Plato was an excellent scholar that he did not begin to teach others till he was more than forty years old,—one of the great scholars of the world, with Virgil and Milton: by which is implied that, possessed of the inborn genius, of those natural powers, which sometimes bring with them a certain defiance of rule, of the intellectual habits of others, he acquires, by way of habit and rule, all that can be taught and learned; and what is thus derived from others by docility and discipline, what is *rangé*, comes to have in him, and in his work, an equivalent weight with what is unique, impulsive, underivable. Raffaelle,—Raffaelle as you see him in the Blenheim *Madonna*, is a supreme example of such scholarship in the sphere of art. Born of a romantically ancient family, understood to be the descendant of Solon himself, Plato had been in early youth a writer of verse. That he turned to a more vigorous, though pedestrian, mode of writing, was perhaps an effect of his corrective intercourse with Socrates, through some of the most important years of his life,—from twenty to twenty-eight.

He belonged to what was just then the discontented class, and might well have taken refuge from active political life in political ideals, or in a kind of self-imposed exile. A traveller, adventurous for that age, he certainly became. After the *Lehr-jahre*, the *Wander-jahre!*—all round the Mediterranean coasts as far west as Sicily. Think of what all that must have meant just then, for eyes which could see. If those journeys had begun in angry flight from home, it was for purposes of self-improvement they were continued: the delightful fruit of them is evident in what he writes; and finding him in friendly intercourse with Dionysius the elder, with Dio, and Dionysius the younger, at the polished court of Syracuse, we may understand they were a search also for "the philosophic king," perhaps for the opportune moment of realising "the ideal state." In that case, his quarrels with those capricious tyrants show that he was disappointed. For the future he sought no more to pass beyond the charmed theoretic circle, "speaking wisdom," as was said of Pythagoras, only "among the perfect." He returns finally to Athens; and there, in the quiet precincts of the *Academus*, which has left a somewhat dubious name to places where people come to be taught or to teach, founds, not a state, not even a brotherhood, but only the first college, with something of a common life, of communism on that small scale, with Aristotle for one of its scholars, with its chapel, its gardens, its library with the authentic

text of his *Dialogues* upon the shelves: we may just discern the sort of place, through the scantiest notices. His reign was after all to be in his writings. Plato himself does nothing in them to retard the effacement which mere time brings to persons and their abodes; and there had been that, moreover, in his own temper, which promotes self-effacement. Yet as he left it, the place remained for centuries, according to his will, to its original use. What he taught through the remaining forty years of his life, the method of that teaching, whether it was less or more esoteric than the teaching of the extant *Dialogues*, is but matter of surmise. Writers, who in their day might still have said much we should have liked to hear, give us little but old, quasi-supernatural stories, told as if they had been new ones, about him. The year of his birth fell, according to some, in the very year of the death of Pericles (a significant date!) but is not precisely ascertainable: nor is the year of his death, nor its manner. *Scribens est mortuus*, says Cicero: after the manner of a true scholar, "he died pen in hand."

WALTER PATER.

PRINCIPAL CAVE ON THE HEXATEUCH.

CONSTRUCTIVE work seems to me, as a rule, to be so much more profitable than controversy, that I do not, if I can avoid it, engage willingly in the latter. Not only is controversy unsatisfactory in itself, but it often taxes seriously the endurance of the reader, who, if he desires to follow it intelligently, has constantly to be referring backwards and forwards, and keeping his attention strained, for the purpose of appreciating the contentions of the opposing parties. Nevertheless, Principal Cave's article on my "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament" in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for December last year, is so calculated, from the air of authority and confidence which pervades it, to produce a false impression respecting the grounds and character of some of the positions which I there maintained, that I have determined to make an exception to my general practice, and to take the opportunity of explaining to the reader more distinctly than Principal Cave has done what these are.

The portion of my book which Principal Cave has selected in his article for criticism is that which deals with the structure and origin of the first six books of the Old Testament. It is, of course, both impossible and superfluous for me to examine *seriatim* the points upon which he traverses my conclusions. I must trust to my readers to believe that I have not adopted my present position without more substantial grounds than would appear from Principal Cave's representation, and that the differences manifest between the various codes of law embodied in the Pentateuch are not to be so lightly reconciled with the traditional view of their origin as he supposes to be possible (*e.g.* p. 903). I shall confine myself all but entirely to one particular issue in which Principal Cave opposes me (pp. 898–901). It is one on which, though the materials for my conclusion are contained in

my "Introduction," I was precluded by exigencies of space from exhibiting them as fully as I could have desired. My present article will thus have the advantage of being not solely controversial, but also constructive.

Principal Cave affirms very strongly the composite origin of the book of Genesis. He holds, that is, that it is composed of two strata of narrative—the strata, viz., which I have termed the *priestly* and the *prophetical*, and which are termed by him the *Elohistic* and the *Jehovistic* respectively.* I have said in my "Introduction" that the subsequent books of the Hexateuch exhibit the same (or similar) phenomena, and that an Elohistic current of narrative, as distinct from the rest of the narrative, as in the book of Genesis, can be traced to the end of the book of Joshua. This Principal Cave denies. Energetically as he insists that Genesis is composite, he denies with even greater energy that the five subsequent books are composite. I shall endeavour to show, not I dare say to the satisfaction of Principal Cave himself, but, I trust, to that of every other reader of my article, that this position is a logically untenable one; and that *whatever grounds exist*, in Principal Cave's judgment, *for believing in the composite structure of Genesis, grounds of equal cogency exist for believing in the composite structure of the books from Exodus to Joshua*. Let the reader distinctly understand my position. If there is any one who does not consider the case to be established for the composite structure of Genesis, I have at present no controversy with him, and none of the arguments which follow will be directed against him. My arguments are directed solely against those (if there be any such) who follow Principal Cave in *accepting* the evidence which establishes the compilatory character of Genesis, and in *denying* the evidence which establishes that of the five succeeding books.

Principal Cave, after expressing his dissatisfaction with the examples which I had cited (pp. 123–128) of the phraseology of the Elohist, refers his readers (p. 900 *seq.*) for more pertinent illustrations to a previous work of his own:

> "Again, in Genesis this difference of style and standpoint very manifestly extends to the *usus loquendi*; each writer has his peculiarity of phrase and vocabulary—his favourite words and his characteristic terms. Whoever desires illustration of these several points may find it in pages 206–212 of the second edition of my 'Inspiration of the Old Testament Inductively Considered.' Let him read these illustrations Bible in hand, and then read Canon Driver's list, Bible in hand, and the difference will be evident. For to all this pronounced variation of standpoint, style, and vocabulary so manifest in Genesis, the narrative sections of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers really present no parallel."

I have followed the advice thus proffered for the reader's guidance, and have turned to the volume referred to. Could I indeed suppose

* No doubt the prophetical, or Jehovistic, narrative is itself not entirely homogeneous; but it will be sufficient for the present argument to treat it, as Principal Cave does, as a unity.

that every reader of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW would follow the *whole* of Principal Cave's advice, I should not feel it necessary to write another word. There is nothing which I desire better than that the passages referred to in my "Introduction" should be, one after another, examined and weighed by the student, and I should not (saving the risk of error to which we are all exposed from an accidental oversight or misprint) fear his conclusion. But it is too much to expect that all will be able to do this; and those who are already predisposed to agree with Principal Cave will only, it is too probable, accept his description as correct. Those, however, who do follow his advice will, I venture to think, be surprised, as I was surprised, at Principal Cave's audacity. From a list, consisting of nearly sixty items, and containing references to all passages in the Hexateuch where the words cited occur, as well as an indication, in all the more important cases, of the manner in which they are used (if used at all) in other parts of the Old Testament—an indispensable condition for placing linguistic usages in their true perspective, and enabling the student to estimate properly their critical value—Principal Cave refers his readers to a passage where the whole treatment is meagre and imperfect, and where the references on the subject in question—the literary usages of the Elohist—are altogether less than twenty, selected mostly, with very incomplete quotations, from half a dozen chapters of Genesis alone! It may be noted, however, as characteristic of Principal Cave's method, that he attaches slight importance to what does not happen to have been previously pointed out by himself; and hence, no doubt, the course adopted by him in the present case. Nevertheless, even audacity may be justified, if it be crowned with success; and I readily allow that I have not yet shown Principal Cave's appeal to be inconclusive. Let us proceed, therefore, to study his argument somewhat more precisely.

Principal Cave states quite unambiguously, in the volume referred to, the data on which he rests his belief in the composite origin of Genesis. They are:

(1) The singular variety in the usage of the Divine names—*Elohim* ("God") in one set of passages (the author of which is sometimes called, in consequence, the "Elohist"), *Jehovah* by preference, though not exclusively, in the other.

(2) "A *manifest difference of style*, so marked indeed as to argue variety of mind," accompanying this distinctive usage of the Divine names. A difference of standpoint is also here alluded to, which, though not treated as a primary argument, is regarded as supporting that derived from difference of style.

(3) A difference in the *usus loquendi*, Elohist and Jehovist having each his peculiarities of phrase and vocabulary—his favourite words, and his characteristic turns.

A fourth class of evidence which has been alleged, Principal Cave rejects. As I shall myself on the present occasion make no use of it, it is not necessary to complicate the issue by further reference to it.

The consideration upon which Principal Cave almost entirely relies is thus that of *literary usage*. I shall hope to show that whatever cogency this criterion possesses in the case of the book of Genesis, it is not less cogent in the case of the following books.

Principal Cave's first argument is based on the use of the Divine names. In point of fact, this does not deserve the position of a separate and independent ground: it is a difference of style dependent upon standpoint, and hence should rather be grouped, as a particular item, under the second head. The variation, it is true, happens to be one which is more obvious than others to a reader acquainted only with the English version of Genesis; but it is not more characteristic or distinctive than many of the rest, and the argument for the composite structure of the book would not be appreciably diminished if it did not exist. There would be—to name a figure well within the actual limits—twenty-nine recurring criteria of literary usage, instead of thirty; and sections such as Gen. xxv. 12–20, or xlvi. 6–27, or xlix. 29–33, notwithstanding the fact that "Elohim" is not found in them, are assigned without hesitation, on the strength of other linguistic criteria which they present, to the Elohistic source. Nor does the use of the term end with the book of Genesis; it is found, *accompanied by other marks of the same style*, in Ex. ii. 23–25 (five times), a section which is accordingly inferred justly by critics to belong to the same source. It is true, this usage ceases after Ex. vi. 2, 3, the passage which relates the introduction of the name Jehovah:* but *all* the other important marks of the Elohistic style, traceable in Genesis (to say nothing of several fresh ones, beginning immediately afterwards), continue to present themselves, *aggregated*, as in Genesis, *in particular sections*, to the end of the book of Joshua. The continuance of the other Elohistic usages is evidence that the cessation of this particular usage is simply due to the introduction of the new name in Ex. vi. 2, 3, which is henceforth employed regularly by this narrator.

I pass to Principal Cave's second argument, "a *manifest variety of style*, so marked indeed as to argue variety of mind." The Elohist, he observes, is a writer whose style shows none of the ornate and brilliant colouring so conspicuous in that of the Jehovist: he is "clear, but often diffuse . . . . rich in repetition, given to techni-

* "And God spake unto Moses and said unto him, I am Jehovah; and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, as God Almighty, but as to my name Jehovah I was not known to them." The section beginning with these verses presents many points of contact with the Elohistic sections of Genesis, and displays the accustomed marks of the Elohist's style. It has been usual to begin the argument for the composite structure of the Pentateuch with the book of Genesis; but Exodus might be taken as the starting-point with equal readiness.

calities, circumstantial, frigid, yet with great fulness of expression at command." Let me quote the examples offered by Principal Cave himself in support of this description:

"Note, in illustration of the diversity of manner of the two writers, a few marked instances. It is the Elohist who likes the frequent phrase, 'after his kind,' and who indulges in such formulas as 'Noah, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him.' It is the Elohist who tabulates the command, 'and of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark; of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, and of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee;' and it is the Elohist who afterwards informs us, 'in the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark, they, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort; and they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of every kind': and it is the Elohist who tells us yet again how the command to leave the ark ran: 'Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee; bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth;' and who goes on to say, 'and Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.' Thus the Elohist. Now contrast with all this lawyer-like circumlocution the terse phrase of the Jehovist, who is content to say: 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark.'"

So it is the Elohist who in Genesis lays stress on the distinction of kind, and uses the technical term "*min*," by which it is expressed, ten times in the narrative of the Creation, and seven times in the narrative of the Flood.* Then who, pray, is it that uses it nine times in Lev. xi. (vv. 14, 15, 16, 19, 22, 29)? The word is a rare one; it only occurs, besides, four times in Deut. xiv., in a passage which Principal Cave will not dispute with me is simply an excerpt from the law which now stands as part of Lev. xi.,† and in Ez. xlvii. 10. Why, if it is to be an indication of the Elohistic author in Genesis, is it not so equally in Leviticus? "Noah. and his sons, and his sons' wives *with him*." It is true, this little pleonasm at the end of an enumeration is one of the mannerisms characteristic of the Elohist; but is it reasonable to contend that it is characteristic of him in Genesis only, and not equally so in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers? For it occurs in exactly the same fashion in these books. Thus:

Ex. xxix. 21. "And thou shalt. . . . . sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons *with him*: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments *with him*."

* Gen. i. 11, 12 (twice), 21 (twice), 24 (twice), 25 (thrice); vi. 20 (thrice), vii. 14 (four times). (Principal Cave gives no references.)

† My reasoning on this point in the *Journal of Philology*, 1882, p. 221, appears to have satisfied even Kuenen, "Hexateuch," pp. 266, 287 (*cf.* p. 291).

Numb. xviii. 1. "Thou, and thy sons, and thy father's house *with thee* shall bear the iniquity of the sanctuary; and thou and thy sons *with thee* shall bear the iniquity of your priesthood."

Numb. xviii. 11. "I have given them unto thee, and to thy sons and to thy daughters *with thee*, as a due for ever."

Numb. xviii. 19. "All the heave offerings of the holy things, which the children of Israel offer unto the LORD, have I given thee, and thy sons and thy daughters *with thee*, as a due for ever."

And several times besides.

The four passages which follow are quoted in illustration of the circumstantiality, or—to use Principal Cave's own expression—the "lawyer-like circumlocution," of the Elohist's descriptions: notice, for instance, in the first passage (Gen. vi. 19, 20) the repetition of nearly the same words in two consecutive verses, "Two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee," and "two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive"; and both in this and in the second passage (Gen. vii. 13–15) the completeness and precision of the enumeration. But this circumstantiality is, if possible, even more marked in the subsequent parts of the Hexateuch than in Genesis. Let me first place before the reader one further illustration from Genesis, and then set beside it, for comparison, some instances from the following books:

Gen. xxiii. 17, 18, 20. "So the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the border thereof round about, (18) were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of the city. . . . . (20) And the field, and the cave that is therein, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying place, on the part of the children of Heth."

Ex. xii. 15, 19. "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened cakes; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. . . . . (19) Seven days shall leaven not be found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel."

Ex. xxviii. 9, 11. "And thou shalt take two onyx stones, and engrave upon them the names of the children of Israel. . . . . (11) With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engraver of a signet, shalt thou engrave the two stones according to the names of the children of Israel."

Numb. ix. 18, 23. "At the commandment of the LORD the children of Israel journeyed, and at the commandment of the LORD they encamped: as long as the cloud abode upon the tabernacle they remained encamped. . . . . (23) At the commandment of the LORD they encamped, and at the commandment of the LORD they journeyed: they kept the commandment of the LORD by the hand of Moses." (Comp. also the whole passage, vv. 15–23, which is pre-eminently "clear, but diffuse.")

Numb. xiv. 33–34. "And your children shall be wanderers in the wilderness forty years, and shall bear your whoredoms until your carcases be consumed in the wilderness. After the number of the days in which ye spied out the land, even forty days, a day for a year, a day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years, and ye shall know my alienation."

The third and fourth passages (Gen. viii. 15–17, 18, 19), exemplify a particular form of the same circumstantiality, consisting, it will be noticed, of a command or injunction, followed by the account, expressed nearly in the same terms, of its execution. Instances of this are also common in other books of the Hexateuch—thus:

Ex. viii. 16, 17. "Say unto Aaron, Stretch out thy rod, and smite the dust of the earth, and it shall become lice throughout all the land of Egypt. And they did so; and Aaron stretched out his hand with his rod and smote the dust of the earth, and there were lice upon man and upon beast; all the dust of the earth became lice throughout all the land of Egypt." (Comp. ix. 8–10, in the narrative of the plague of boils.)

Ex. xiv. 26, 27, 28. "And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may return upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, even all the host of Pharaoh that went in after him into the sea."

Numb. xvi. 17, 18. "And take ye every man his censer, and put incense upon them, and bring ye before the LORD every man his censer, two hundred and fifty censers; and thou and Aaron (also), each his censer. And they took every man his censer, and put fire in them, and laid incense thereon; and they stood at the door of the tent of meeting, and Moses and Aaron (also)."

There are also two very good examples in Numb. iii. 46–51, and Numb. xvii. 2, 6; but they are too long to quote.

Examples of circumstantiality of a somewhat different kind, common both to Genesis and the subsequent books, may also readily be found:

Gen. x. 31. "These are the sons of Shem, after their families, after their tongues, in their lands, after their nations."

Now compare with this:

Numb. i. 2, 3. "Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, after their families, after their fathers' houses, according to the number of the names, every male, by their polls: from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel, thou and Aaron shalt number them by their hosts."

Numb. i. 20, 21. "And the children of Reuben, Israel's first-born, their generations, after their families, after their fathers' houses, according to the number of the names, by their polls, every male from twenty years old and upward, all that were able to go forth to war; those that were numbered of them, of the tribe of Reuben, were 46,500."

And the same circumstantial description, with hardly a variation beyond the names and the numbers, is repeated *twelve times* in the verses which follow. This is an example of "richness of repetition," which exceeds anything that is to be found even in the book of Genesis. There are several similar instances in Numb. ii., iii., iv. And in Numb. vii. *six* entire verses, all full of circumstantial detail, are repeated, the proper names alone being changed, twelve times.

No such particularity of description is to be found in the Jehovistic sections of the Hexateuch. Nor would it be difficult to show that the more general characteristics of the two styles, observable in Genesis—the prosaic manner of the one, the picturesque detail of the other—prevailed also in the following books: let the reader consider, for instance, in the light of what is said in my "Introduction" (pp. 21–24), the literary contrasts in the two parallel narratives of Moses' negotiations with Pharaoh, or of the Plagues (Ex. iii.–xi.).

But Principal Cave's four extracts furnish also several examples of the "favourite words and characteristic terms," in which, under his third head, he lays such stress, and which, in spite of his (implicit) denial, recur repeatedly in the following books. One of these, "after its kind," has been dealt with already. I am only able here to notice one other, the rather peculiar expression rendered "self-same day" (Gen. vii. 13). This expression is used three times in Genesis; ten times in subsequent parts of the Hexateuch, referred by critics to the Elohist; elsewhere in the Old Testament, only once in Joshua, and four times in the priestly prophet Ezekiel. Let the reader consider the following passages:

Gen. xvii. 23. "And circumcised the flesh of their foreskin in the *self-same day*."

Gen. xvii. 26. "In the *self-same day* was Abraham circumcised, and Ishmael his son."

Ex. xii. 17. "For in this *self-same day* have I brought your hosts out of the land of Egypt."

Ex. xii. 41. "And it came to pass in this *self-same day* that all the hosts of the Lord went forth out of the land of Egypt."

Ex. xii. 51. "And it came to pass in this *self-same day* that the LORD brought forth the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt by their hosts."

The expression is the same in all cases. And the two last extracts from Ex. xii., reiterating the statement of v. 17 in nearly the same phraseology, are a further illustration of that "richness of repetition," which, as we have just seen, Principal Cave regards as specially characteristic of the Elohist in Genesis, and which is exemplified (among other instances) by the two verses cited from Gen. xvii.

If all these peculiarities are indications of the hand of the Elohist, when they occur in Genesis, with what show of reason can it be maintained that they are not equally so when they occur, under precisely similar circumstances, in Exodus, Leviticus, or Numbers?

I am obliged to pass by two or three sentences in which Principal Cave contrasts the different standpoints of the Elohist and Jehovist in Genesis: perhaps I may have an opportunity of returning to this subject elsewhere.

Principal Cave comes next to his third head, the difference in the *usus loquendi*:

"Further, in the *third* place, this difference of style and of standpoint extends to the *usus loquendi*: Elohist and Jehovist each has his peculiarities of phrase and vocabulary—his favourite words and his characteristic turns. It is difficult, it is true, to convey the force of this linguistic evidence to those who know no Hebrew: nevertheless, a few instances in point may give a little faint insight into the conclusive nature of the evidence."

Principal Cave then cites some examples of turns of expression preferred by the Elohist or the Jehovist respectively. His examples are not all equally cogent, even for his own purpose; but, though the reader would certainly not suspect the fact, they include several items confirmatory, and in one instance very strongly so, of the opinion which he is now disputing. I have not, however, space to examine his instances in full, and must confine myself to three which admit of being noticed briefly:

"Again, so simple and frequent a copulative as 'also' is found *ninety-two* times in Jehovistic passages, and only *once* in Elohistic; and so common an adverb as 'now' is found thirty-five times in Jehovistic passages, and only once in passages that are Elohistic. Further, the lengthened form of the Hebrew personal pronoun for the first person singular occurs *fifty-four* times in Jehovistic sections, and but *once* in the Elohistic; indeed, it is a characteristic of the Jehovist to have a predilection for this pronoun."

But exactly the same preferences are shown in the Elohistic and non-Elohistic sections of the following books. I should indeed hesitate myself to cite words like "also" and "now" as criteria of authorship; but whatever value they possess in Genesis they possess a similar value in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, for in these books "also" greatly preponderates in Jehovistic sections, and "now" occurs thirty-four times in Jehovistic sections, and but once (Numb. xxxi. 17) in Elohistic sections. The variation between the longer and shorter form of the pronoun "I" is, however, really remarkable; for, the two being *synonymous*, a persistent preference for one above the other is undoubtedly an indication of diversity of authorship. And the same preference is shown as a fact, in some cases, by authors who are known to be distinct. Thus, in the discourses of Deuteronomy the longer form is almost invariably employed (54 times to 2); Ezekiel, with even greater invariability (138 times to 1), prefers the shorter. But the difference which Principal Cave notes in Genesis prevails in exactly the same way to the end of Joshua. There recur, at intervals, to the end of the book of Joshua, sections marked, among other characteristics distinguishing them from the rest of the narrative, by the *uniform* use of the shorter form of this pronoun. Altogether, it occurs in these sections nearly 130 times, the one exception being that in the book of Genesis (xxiii. 4). If this preference is one of the criteria of the Elohist in Genesis, why is it not so equally in the following books, where it is not less definite and pronounced?

Principal Cave's reference to his "Congregational Lecture" has thus proved serviceable to me in a degree which he did not, perhaps, anticipate. It has afforded several remarkable examples of literary usages occurring in Genesis, which, so far from being, as he declares, "without any parallel whatever" in "the three books which succeed it," recur themselves repeatedly to the end of the Hexateuch.

I may now return to the paper in the REVIEW. Referring to the list which I have given in my "Introduction" (pp. 123–128) of linguistic usages characteristic of the Elohist, Principal Cave writes (p. 899):

> "In that list there are given the 'noticeable expressions characteristic of the Priests' Code, many occurring rarely or never besides; which lists, we are told, could readily be increased, especially if terms occurring *only* in the laws had been added. These, however, have been excluded, as the object of the list is rather to show that the historical sections of P exhibit the same literary features as the legal ones; and that the same habits of thought and expression pervade both.' . . . . Now, that the sections of Genesis show great peculiarity of phrase is, on examination, speedily manifest. But is there a parallel individuality, as Dr. Driver maintains, about the narrative sections of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers? Be it remembered that, according to the conditions of the problem, we are to ignore all references to Genesis, and all references to the legal sections of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and are to confine attention to peculiar variations of phrase characteristic of part of the narrative sections of those same three books, the sections attributed to the Priests' Code."

Principal Cave's conception of logical method are extraordinary. He actually demands of me that I should prove the similarity of *two* things by confining my attention to *one!* I am bound by no such unreasonable "conditions." I surely have the right to establish (if it exists) the literary similarity of the narrative and legal sections of P; and, not wishing to make my list too long, I merely excluded from it the expressions, mostly technical ones, which, being *confined* to the legal sections, did not subserve this purpose. Principal Cave's attempt (p. 900, top) to reduce my argument to insignificance is arbitrary. Why am I to be prohibited from comparing the narrative sections of P in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers with anything except themselves—unless, indeed, it be because Principal Cave has a dim feeling that the result of the comparison may prove fatal to his own position? I have the same right, in my argument for the composite structure of the Hexateuch, to adduce instances from any part of the Hexateuch that will supply them, as he has, in his proof of the composite structure of Genesis, to select his instances from any part of that book. If in the book of Genesis there are (say) thirty recurrent literary usages, sufficient collectively (as is admitted) to show the work of a distinct hand, with what justice, when the same usages appear similarly (together with many others) in the subsequent books, am I forbidden to quote them in support of the same conclusion?

Principal Cave, after this ineffectual endeavour to render my argument futile, continues (p. 900):

"The few remaining cases are such words as these: 'generations,' occasionally (literally, births); 'generations,' occasionally (literally, circles); 'years,' with a curious grammatical usage; 'souls,' meaning persons; 'skulls,' meaning heads; 'plains of Moab,' 'princes of the congregation'; and exceptional phrases for 'hardening the heart' and for 'remaining over'; and such phrases as 'being gathered to one's people'; 'between the two evenings;' 'in all your dwellings;' 'this is the thing which Jehovah commanded.' Is not he a rash man who argues for a composite authorship upon such evidence, which is partly technical, and therefore rare, and partly parallel to the Jehovistic rather than the Elohistic sections of Genesis?"

I am at least not more "rash" than Principal Cave himself, who argues for the composite character of Genesis on precisely similar evidence, and whose statement of the facts is unpardonably inaccurate. Of the instances quoted, three or four at most are "technical"—though, even if more were so, as the Elohist in Genesis is "given to technicalities," they would not be irrelevant—and so far from being "rare," they occur in the aggregate more than two hundred times in the Hexateuch; while, in point of fact, *not one* is parallel to the Jehovistic sections of Genesis! The reader will forgive me for not making my induction exhaustive, and quoting the two hundred and odd passages *in extenso;* but he will allow me to lay before him specimens in the case of five or six of the words cited. I will ask him to consider, as he reads them, whether even these "few remaining cases," as Principal Cave deems himself entitled to term them, do not materially contribute to overthrow his position.

1. *Generations* (*i.e.*, origin, lit. *births* or *begettings*):

Gen. x. 32. "These are the families of the sons of Noah, *after their generations*, in their nations."

Gen. xxv. 13. "And these are the names of the sons of Ishmael by their names, *after their generations*."

Ex. vi. 16. "And these are the names of the sons of Levi *after their generations*."

Ex. vi. 19. "These are the families of the Levites *after their generations*."

2. *Generation* (*i.e.*, group of contemporaries, lit. *period*):

Gen. xvii. 9. "Thou shalt keep my covenant, thou and thy seed after thee, *throughout their generations*."

Gen. xvii. 12. "And every male belonging to you shall be circumcised, when eight days old, *throughout your generations*."

Ex. xii. 17. "And ye shall keep this day *throughout your generations* as a perpetual statute."

Ex. xvi. 32. "This is the thing which the LORD hath commanded, Let an omer of it [the manna] be kept *throughout your generations*."

Ex. xvi. 33. "And lay it up before the LORD, to be kept *throughout your generations*."

Ex. xxix. 42. "A perpetual burnt offering *throughout your generations*."

Numb. x. 8. "They shall be to you a perpetual statute *throughout your generations*."

And often besides. Ex. xvi. is a *narrative* section, Ex. xii. 1–20 a *legal* section; and the example illustrates not only the similarity of style between the Gen. xvii. (a chapter entirely Elohistic) and the legal parts of Exodus–Numbers, but also the manner in which the author of Ex. xvi. 31–36 adopts the technical terminology of the Levitical law. The expression "throughout your (their) generations" is found nowhere in the Old Testament except in the Elohistic sections of the Pentateuch, where it occurs some forty times.

3. *Soul* (person). I select three out of the many examples of this usage that might be quoted:

Gen. xlvi. 15. "All the *souls* of his sons and his daughters were thirty-three" (so vv. 18, 22, 25, 26, 27).

Ex. xii. 4. "And if a household be too little for a lamb, then shall he and his neighbour next unto his house take one *according to the number of the souls*: according to every man's eating ye shall make your count for the lamb."

Ex. xvi. 16. "This is the thing which the LORD hath commanded, Gather ye of it, every man according to his eating: an omer a skull, *according to the number of your souls*, shall ye take it, every man for them which are in his tent."

This example affords another illustration of the manner in which the parts of Ex. xvi., assigned by critics to the Elohist, are couched in the same phraseology as the legal sections. The verse cited contains, in addition to the phrase in which "soul" occurs, some other illustrations of the same peculiarity, on which, however, I cannot now dwell.*

4. *Ruler* (sometimes rendered *prince*) *of* (or *in*) *the congregation*:

Ex. xvi. 22. "And all *the rulers of the congregation* came and told Moses."

Ex. xxxiv. 31. "And Aaron and all *the rulers of the congregation* returned unto him."

Numb. iv. 34. "And Moses and Aaron and *the rulers of the congregation* numbered the sons of the Kohathites," &c.

Numb. xxxi. 13. "And Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and all *the rulers of the congregation* went forth to meet them without the camp."

And several times besides in the sections assigned to the Elohist. Both terms also occur separately with great frequency in the same sections, "congregation" being never found in other parts of the Pentateuch, and "ruler" once only (Ex. xxii. 27). The repeated mention of the "rulers" by the Elohist, by the side of the silence respecting them, except in a single law, in other parts of the Pentateuch, is remarkable.

5. *Be gathered to one's kinsfolk* (lit. *peoples*).—A rather peculiar phrase, found only in the Pentateuch, where it occurs nine times. It has always been regarded as one of the criteria of the Elohist in Genesis;

* May I invite the reader's attention to the literary feature noticed in my "Introduction," p. 122, note 7?

and if this be the case in one book, why is it to be different in another? Three examples will suffice:

Gen. xxv. 8 (of Abraham). "And was *gathered to his peoples*."
Numb. xx. 24. "Aaron shall be *gathered to his peoples*."
Deut. xxxii. 50. "And be *gathered to thy peoples*, as Aaron, thy brother, died in Mount Hor, and was *gathered to his peoples*."

The same curious use of the plural "peoples" (which is obliterated in the English version) recurs also very frequently in another phrase of the Elohist's, "that soul shall be cut off from its peoples" (Gen. xvii. 14, and often in the laws), being found in other parts of the Hebrew Bible (though not in the same phrase) at most three times, one being in Ezekiel (xviii. 18), who notoriously employs priestly expressions. The passages are cited in my "Introduction," p. 125, No. 25.

6. "Between the two evenings" (a technical expression); the precise time denoted by it being uncertain (perhaps that between sunset and darkness):

Ex. xvi. 12 (in the narrative of the quails and manna). "*Between the two evenings* ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread."
Ex. xxix. 39 (of the daily burnt offering). "And the other lamb thou shalt offer *between the two evenings*."
Lev. xxiii. 5. "In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month, *between the two evenings*, is the LORD's passover."

And eight times besides in ritual connections. The expression is found nowhere besides in the Old Testament. It is a technical term of the Levitical ritual, and it forms another of the many links connecting the *narrative* of Exodus xvi. with the legal sections which follow.

The phrase, "This is the thing which Jehovah hath commanded," may seem in itself of slight weight; but it is one of a class of *stereotyped formulæ*, or forms of sentence, pervading all parts of the Elohistic narrative of the Hexateuch, but absent from the Jehovistic sections. Two instances may be seen in the verses (Ex. xvi. 16, 32) which have been already quoted (pp. 272. 3) on account of the other Elohistic expressions which they contain. One other similar example may be briefly illustrated:

Gen. vi. 22. "And Noah did (it); according to all that God commanded him, so did he."
Ex. vii. 6. "And Moses and Aaron did (it) according as the LORD commanded them, so did they."
Ex. xii. 50. "And all the children of Israel did (it); according as the LORD commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they."
Numb. i. 54. "And the children of Israel did (it); according to all that the LORD commanded them, so did they."
Numb. xvii. 11 [Heb. 26]. "And Moses did (it); according to all that the LORD commanded him, so did he." *

* The frequent superscriptions and subscriptions, all cast manifestly in the same mould, belong also to the same category. See, for example, Gen. x. 1, 20, 31, 32; xxv. 12, 16; xlvi. 8, 26, 27; Ex. vi. 16, 19; Numb. i. 44; iv. 28, 33, 37, 41, 45 46-9; Josh. xix. 8, 16. 23, 51 (and elsewhere).

And so I might go on, page after page, adducing illustrations of literary usages recurring constantly in the Hexateuch from beginning to end, and binding together the Elohistic sections of Genesis with corresponding sections (both legal and narrative) in the following books. Obviously, I cannot here exhibit the induction with the cogency which it would possess if presented exhaustively; I have been obliged to content myself with placing specimens before the reader. It need only be added, for the purpose of precluding misconception, that of course neither these nor other literary usages would be evidence of the compilatory structure of the books in which they occur, provided they occurred in them *indiscriminately*: in point of fact, however, they are found *aggregated* in particular sections, to which, in consequence, they impart a character, or colouring, so distinct from that of the neighbouring sections as only to be explicable by the supposition of different authorship. The necessity of this inference is recognised by Principal Cave in the case of Genesis; and I have, I trust, adduced sufficient illustrations to show that *if* it be accepted for the Book of Genesis, it must be accepted equally for the five succeeding books. More than this I am not at present engaged in maintaining. It may be worth while, however, to point out that I have done nothing in my present paper beyond illustrating and developing what is stated in a more condensed form in my "Introduction." It would not be difficult for me to expand similarly the grounds for many of the other conclusions which I have been obliged there to state summarily. The facts which I have brought forward confirm, I venture to think, very materially the judgment expressed by me (p. 149) on the manner in which Principal Cave dealt with the books from Exodus to Joshua in his "Congregational Lecture." I am conscious, however, now that it is his study of these books, and not merely his "treatment" of them, which I ought to have characterised by the terms which I there used. It is a pleasure to me to be able to quote, in support of the position which I am now defending, the judgment of my respected colleague, Professor Kirkpatrick, of Cambridge, who in his excellent and suggestive volume "The Divine Library of the Old Testament" (1891), accepts (p. 41) the composite structure of the Hexateuch as one of the points which modern criticism "claims with justice to have proved."

It is remarkable that Principal Cave should not be conscious of the dilemma in which he has placed himself. Either he must go back, and abandon the composite origin of Genesis, on which he has so strenuously insisted, or he must go forward, and accept the composite origin of the rest of the Hexateuch, which he has not less strenuously denied. But it may be doubted, perhaps, whether he has altogether formed a just estimate of the strength of the position which he has come forward to assail. Assurance rather than insight is the

quality conspicuous in his critical judgments. His affirmations are not unfrequently much stronger and broader than his facts justify; and the solutions which he proposes are sometimes of a kind that a keener historical sense would have shown to be improbable. He is liable also, as we have seen, to fall into logical inconsistencies. One other illustration of this may be quoted. P. 901 he writes: "By the minutiæ of literary criticism, the most uncertain of solvents, no sure analysis is likely to be reached." But upon what, except the evidence which he here rejects, does his own analysis of Genesis depend? Can smaller words be found than *also* and *now* and *I*? And surely it is rather late in the day to meet (p. 907) an argument which simply assumes the premiss that there is a *progress* both in revelation and in the knowledge of Divine things, by the antithesis, "Evolution *v.* Divine revelation," which is not only crude in itself, but inconsistent with the sense in which—though I have deprecated myself * the use of the term in this connection—Principal Cave himself allows (p. 893) that I accept "Evolution." And is it reasonable to suppose that revelation included not merely the theological truths contained in Deuteronomy, but even the *oratorical form* in which they were expressed (so that Moses, for instance, *anticipated* a literary style which by natural growth would only have been attained many centuries afterwards)? Principal Cave writes also often either hastily or with a really insufficient knowledge of the facts. Thus (p. 903): "Firstlings are reserved to the priests in the wilderness, where the priests can always share." This limitation is in direct contradiction with the terms of the text. In the passage (Numb. xviii. 8–19) in which firstlings, together with certain other dues, are reserved for the priests, these dues are twice over distinctly stated (Numb. xviii. 11, 19)† to be payable as "a *statute for ever*." How is this expression compatible with a limitation to the forty years in the wilderness? It is another conspicuous example of the same fault that Principal Cave often does not properly acquaint himself with the theory that he is opposing. For this reason his criticisms, both those in ch. v. of his "Congregational Lecture," and those in his former article in this REVIEW,‡ are constantly beside the mark. They are valid enough against an imaginary opponent: they do not touch the opinions which are actually held. The allusions in Samuel, Amos, and other pre-Exilic writings, disprove conclusively what no one maintains—viz., that the Levitical institutions were the *creation* of the Exilic period: they do not, *in view of the allusions pointing in a contrary direction*, show that these institutions existed at that early age with all the detail of precise definition and distinction which they now exhibit in the Priests' Code. And the statement, for instance, that certain critics "relegate the Book of

* Introduction," p. 149.

† The verses, as it happens, have been quoted for a different purpose above, p. 267.

‡ CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1890.

Joshua to a post-Exilic date"* is a partial and misleading representation of the fact, which is open to objections to which the real opinion of the critics in question is not exposed.

Nor has Principal Cave mastered even what I have written myself. Or, at least, if he has mastered it, he has failed to present it correctly to his readers. He speaks of me (p. 908 *seq.*) as saying that "the Levitical Code is later than Ezekiel" and "than the Exile." This description is calculated to produce an extremely false impression as regards what I really hold. It is true Principal Cave quotes from p. 129 of my "Introduction" a sentence which, to a hasty reader, might seem to justify it; but this sentence—the opening one in a discussion extending over several pages—must obviously be read in the light of what follows; and my conclusion is formulated in terms which preclude all misconception. It is so important to me not to be here misunderstood, that I hope I may be pardoned for quoting a few lines:

"These arguments are cogent, and combine to make it probable that the *completed* Priests' Code is the work of the age subsequent to Ezekiel. When, however, this is said, it is very far from being implied that all the institutions of P are the *creation* of this age. The contradiction of the pre-Exilic literature does not extend to the *whole* of the Priests' Code indiscriminately. The Priests' Code embodies some elements with which the earlier literature is in harmony, and which, indeed, it presupposes: it embodies other elements with which the same literature is in conflict, and the existence of which it even seems to preclude. This double aspect of the Priests' Code is reconciled by the supposition that the chief ceremonial institutions of Israel are *in their origin* of great antiquity; but that the laws respecting them were gradually developed and elaborated, and *in the shape in which they are formulated in the Priests' Code* that they belong to the Exilic or early post-Exilic period. In its main stock, the legislation of P was thus not (as the critical view of it is sometimes represented by its opponents as teaching) 'manufactured' by the priests during the Exile: it is based upon *pre-existing Temple usage*, and exhibits the form which that finally assumed (p. 135†) . . . . Institutions or usages such as the distinction of clean and unclean, the prohibition to eat with the blood, sacrifices to be without blemish, regulations determining the treatment of leprosy, vows, the avenger of blood, &c., were ancient in Israel, and as such are alluded to in the earlier literature, though the allusions do not show that the laws respecting them had yet been codified precisely as they now appear in P" (p. 138).

And I point out in a footnote that even a critic as radical as Stade does not question that the greater part of Leviticus, as well as several of the laws of Numbers, embody the usages of the pre-Exilic Temple. I also speak quite unambiguously (pp. 144-6) of Moses as the ultimate founder of the religious life of Israel, and the author of a system of ceremonial observance. And I show frequently that I am on my guard against the exaggerated or unsound arguments which, it cannot be denied, have sometimes been resorted to by critics. Nevertheless, all this is unnoticed by Principal Cave. No one, I am

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1890, p. 550.
† The italics in this extract are in the original.

sure, would discover from his description what my opinion really was, or that I considered the roots of the Levitical system to be of great antiquity in Israel,* and that it is only the *completed* Levitical code which seems to me to belong, probably, to the Exilic or early post-Exilic period.† It is true, he alludes to certain earlier references to the code which I am said "frankly" to "allow"; but these references, instead of being objections to my theory (as the expression just quoted would naturally imply), in fact harmonise with it entirely. In two sentences, Professor A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, conveys a truer impression respecting my view of the Hexateuch than is to be derived from the whole of Principal Cave's article. After signifying his general approval of the line adopted by me in dealing with Old Testament problems, and endorsing the opinion that critical conclusions such as my own do not conflict with either the inspiration or the authority of the Old Testament Scriptures, Professor Davidson remarks ‡ :—

"The conclusions reached are, in the main, those of the prevailing school of criticism, though with important modifications. . . . . All through, particularly in regard to the Pentateuch, he insists much on the distinction to be drawn between the date of the present writings and the date of the beliefs and practices contained in them."

It may be that Principal Cave shrinks from placing my actual view too fully before his readers, for fear lest they should discover that it just turns the flank of his own position as represented in the fifth chapter of his "Congregational Lecture." Nevertheless, an author has a right to be judged publicly, not by such fragments of his theory as an adverse critic may select for mention, but by his theory as he holds it himself, and with the qualifications and reservations, if any, by which he accompanies it. And he, moreover, is surely not a far-sighted critic who neglects, from whatever cause, to address himself to his opponent's real position.§

S. R. DRIVER.

* As my comparison of Ezekiel (p. 138 *seqq.*) is one of the grounds on which this conclusion rests, it would have been fairer, perhaps, if Principal Cave had given his readers (p. 908) some indication of the fact, instead of merely utilising the occasion for the purpose of depreciating the use made by me of the prophet. But, as it happens, his criticism only shows that he has misunderstood my argument. He has confused two very different cases—the case, viz., in which we have the *contents* of two passages to guide us in determining which is prior to the other, and the case in which we have nothing but a *literary similarity* to help us. The cases from Ezekiel belong nearly always to the former category.

† But it is not true that my "entire reasons" for this are "aspects of the very dangerous argument of silence" (p. 909). Principal Cave cannot have read this part of my book with any attention. The reasons are based upon certain *positive* statements of Ezekiel, which are quoted; so that, whether sufficient or not, they are in any case not "aspects" of the "argument of silence." I more than once (pp. 81, 129, bottom) expressly guard myself against the misuse of the argument from silence.

‡ In *The Bookman*, Nov. 1891, pp. 69, 70.

§ May I point out an oversight to possessors of the first edition of my volume? Page 519, line 22, "*not*" should be "once only (2 Chron. ii. 7)." Of course, 2 Chron. xviii. 15 is from 1 Kings xxii. 16.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

Part Second.

ONE of the objects of Carlyle's tour was to visit some of the distressed Unions, and Kilkenny was the first we reached. The Board of Guardians, who had perhaps not carried out the policy of the Government with sufficient deference, was suspended, and a Vice-Guardian appointed in its place. We met this officer at the table of the Mayor whose guests we were, and I abridge from the "Reminiscences" Carlyle's report of his experiences of various sorts in Kilkenny. An accident rendered him unfit for immediate work, but he was fortunate enough to get a long sleep and speedily rallied to his task.

"Kilkenny; long feeble street of suburb; sinks *hollow* near the Castle; bridge and river there; then rapidly up is inn. Car to Dr. Cane's. O'Shaugnessy and the other two Poor-law Inspectors at dinner there; still waiting (8½ or 9 P.M.), Duffy, Cane, and Mrs. C.; warm welcome: queer old house; my foot a little sprained; Dr. C. bandaged it. Talking difficult; no good out of the O'Shaugnessys, no good out of anything till I got away to bed. (Next day.) O'Shaugnessy takes us out in Cane's carriage to look over his poor houses; subsidiary poor-house (old brewhouse, I think), workhouse being filled to bursting; with some 8000 (?) paupers in *all*. Many women here; carding cotton, knitting, spinning, &c. &c. place, and they, very clean;—'but one *can*,' bad enough! In other Irish workhouses, saw the like; but nowhere ever *so* well. Big Church or Cathedral, of blue stones, limestony in appearance, a-building near this spot. Buttermilk pails (in this subsidiary poor-house, as in *all* over Ireland)—tasted from one; not bad on hot day. Eheu!—*omitted* other subsidiary poor-houses (I think); walked towards original workhouse with its 3000. Workhouse 'ordered as one could.' O'S. proved to be the best of all the workers I saw in Ireland in this office; but his establishment quite shocked me. Huge arrangements for baking, stacks of Indian meal stirabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, in such a day! Did a *greater* violence to the law of nature ever before present itself to sight, if one *had* an eye to *see* it? Schools, for girls, rather goodish; for boys, clearly bad; forward, impudent *routine*, scholar—one boy, with strong Irish physiognomy—getting bred to be an impudent superficial pretender. So; or else sit altogether

stagnant, and so far as you can, *rot*. Hospital: haggard ghastliness of some looks,—literally, their eyes grown 'colorless' (as Mahomet describes the horror of the Day of Judgment); 'take me home!' one half-mad was urging; a deaf man; ghastly *flattery* of us by another, (*his* were the eyes): ah me! Boys drilling, men still piled within their walls: no hope but of stirabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get away. Cane himself, lately in prison for 'repale,' now free and Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching. Irish (moral) Grandison—touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is good and manly however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him. Up stairs about 8 o'clock (to smoke, I think), lie down on rough ottoman at bed's end, for 5 minutes—fall dead asleep, and Duffy wakes me at one o'clock! We are to go to-morrow morning towards Waterford—I slept again, till towards six. (Next morning.) Off with Duffy, in Dr.'s chariot, to Railway Station about 10½ A.M."

Our talk was at first of the scenes in the workhouse. The house was full of men fit for active industry, and women, many of whom were vigorous and healthy, squatting on the floor like negroes in a slave-ship. One Chamber of Horrors still remains in my memory: a narrow room where about thirty women sat round the walls, each carrying in her arms a pallid baby sickening in the poisoned air which they breathed over and over again. Carlyle was vehement in his indignation. He looked at many things in Ireland, he said, with silent pity, but the workhouse, where no one worked, was so unutterably despicable that he could not retain his composure. Consider the absurdity of shutting up thousands of forlorn creatures to be fed at the cost of beggars like themselves. Why not regiment these unfortunate wretches, put colonels and captains, sergeants and corporals, over them, and thrash them, if it proved needful, into habits of industry on some lands at home or in the colonies? Try them for a couple of years, he would say, and if they could not feed and clothe themselves, they ought to be put out of the world.

I suggested that he was indignant in the wrong quarter. These poor people did not object to work; would, I had no doubt, be rejoiced at the opportunity of working to escape from their pandemonium, but the wisdom of the Empire assembled at Westminster decided that this being a workhouse they must on no account be permitted to do a stroke of work. They were not sluggards at all, but the serfs of a Parliament which kept them sweltering in compulsory indolence and apathy.

After a time the talk returned to men of letters.

Dickens and Thackeray.

I asked him to tell me about Dickens, respecting whom I commonly found myself in a minority. His humour was irresistible, but was

there a character in his books, except Mrs. Nickleby, whom one met in actual life? I read Thackeray over and over again, but I had rarely been tempted to return to a book of Dickens.

Dickens, he said, was a good little fellow, and one of the most cheery, innocent natures he had ever encountered. But he lived among a set of admirers who did him no good—Maclise the painter, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and the like, and he spent his entire income in their society. He was seldom seen in fashionable drawing-rooms, however, and maintained, one could see, something of his old reporter independence. His theory of life was entirely wrong. He thought men ought to be buttered up and the world made soft and accommodating for them, and all sorts of fellows have turkey for their Christmas dinner. Commanding and controlling and punishing them he would give up without any misgivings, in order to coax and soothe and delude them into doing right. But it was not in this manner the eternal laws operated, but quite otherwise. Dickens had not written anything which would be found of much use in solving the problems of life. But he was worth something; he was worth a penny to read of an evening before going to bed, which was about what a read of him cost you. His last book went on as pleasantly as the rest, and he might produce innumerable such like books in time.

I suggested that the difference between his men and women and Thackeray's seemed to me like the difference between Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe.

Yes, he said, Thackeray had more reality in him, and would cut up into a dozen Dickenses. They were altogether different at bottom. Dickens was doing the best in him, and went on smiling in perennial good humour; but Thackeray despised himself for his work, and on that account could not always do it even moderately well. He was essentially a man of grim, silent, stern nature, but lately he had circulated among fashionable people, dining out every day, and he covered this native disposition with a varnish of smooth, smiling complacency, not at all pleasant to contemplate. The course he had got into since he had taken to cultivate dinner-eating in fashionable houses was not salutary discipline for work of any sort, one might surmise.

I inquired if he saw much of Thackeray? No, he said, not latterly. Thackeray was much enraged with him because, after he made a book of travels for the P. & O. Company, who had invited him to go on a voyage to Africa in one of their steamers, he (Carlyle) had compared the transaction to the practice of a blind fiddler going to and fro on a penny ferry-boat in Scotland, and playing tunes to the passengers for halfpence. Charles Buller told Thackeray, and when he complained, it was necessary to inform him frankly that it was undoubtedly his opinion that, out of respect for himself, and his profession, a man

like Thackeray ought not to have gone fiddling for halfpence or otherwise, in any steamboat under the sky.

DIARY 1880. Speaking of both after they were dead, Carlyle said of Dickens that his chief faculty was that of a comic actor. He would have made a successful one if he had taken to that sort of life. His public readings, which were a pitiful pursuit after all, were in fact acting, and very good acting too. He had a remarkable faculty for business; he managed his periodical skilfully, and made good bargains with his booksellers. Set him to do any work, and if he undertook it it was altogether certain that it would be done effectually. Thackeray had far more literary ability, but one could not fail to perceive that he had no convictions after all, except that a man ought to be a gentleman, and ought not to be a snob. This was about the sum of the belief that was in him. The chief skill he possessed was making wonderful likenesses with pen and ink struck off without premeditation, and which it was found he could not afterwards improve. Jane had some of these in letters from him where the illustrations were produced apparently as spontaneously as the letter.

I said I was struck with a criticism which I heard Richard Doyle make on Thackeray, that he had a certain contempt for even the best of his own creations, and looked down not only on Dobbin, but even on Colonel Newcome. He was a good-natured man. It was notable that he had written over and over again with enthusiasm about Dickens, but I could not recall any reference to Thackeray in Dickens' writings during his lifetime, and only an icy "In Memoriam" after his death.

I asked him was it as a practical joke or to win a bet that Thackeray named the heroine of "Pendennis" after a famous courtesan then in London? He said he did not know anything of this, but it could scarcely be an accident with a man about town like Thackeray. I told him of an incident which would have wounded Thackeray cruelly had he known it. He wrote a bantering note to an Edinburgh Reviewer—Macvey Napier, if I remembered rightly—furnishing a complete list of his works, asking a review in that periodical, and praying that his correspondent "might deal mercifully with his servant." He wanted a review to which he was eminently entitled, and he was not ashamed to ask for it in a frank and direct manner; but the letter was exhibited in a collection of autographs, in the waiting-room of Dr. Gully, the water doctor at Malvern, where blockheads would read it and misunderstand the entire transaction.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

I had read Sir James Stephen's essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, and was much struck with some of them, especially the paper on Hildebrand, and I inquired about him. He said he was a man of

good brains, and excellent discipline, but of manner so strange that it was a long time, in fact several years, before he came to understand what sort of capacity the man had in him. He was constantly shaking and settling his head in a manner that was exceedingly foolish (*mimicking*), as if he was not satisfied with its position, and thought it might be arranged more conveniently. He was placed early in the Colonial Office, and had got trained in official life till he obtained a complete command of its formulas and agencies, and it was found, whoever was Colonial Minister, Stephen was the real governor of the colonies. He bowed to every suggestion of the Minister, and was as smooth as silk, but somehow the thing he did not like was found never to be done at all. Charles Buller in his lively political youth named him Mr. Mothercountry—that is, the person who formulated the will of England for colonists, which was for the most part the will of James Stephen. His biographies of saints was a dilettante kind of task, which he took up on account of the quantity of eloquent writing that could be got out of it, not from any sympathetic or genuine love of the subject. He had no notion of living a life in any way resembling the lives of these men. He could talk about them, and inspect their doings with curious eyes, but doing like them was no part of his purpose; quite otherwise, indeed. Stephen had recommended these subjects to him (Carlyle) before he took them up himself, but he could not discern a vestige of human interest in them.

Latterly, Stephen retired from official life, and got knighted. He retired on account of the death of his son. The young fellow was travelling in Germany without understanding German at all, and he got so puzzled and irritated, that he fell sick at Dresden, and finally died. His father and mother had been terribly shattered by this unexpected catastrophe; and so Stephen gave up the Colonial Office, and retired to his family to try to knit up silently the ravelled sleeve of life. He lived at Windsor, and seldom came to London now. Stephen was a clever man in his strange official way. He was one of the Clapham people, and though he professed to apply their creed to human affairs generally, he had small belief in its potency by this time one could see.

Sir Henry Taylor.

From Stephen the talk passed to Taylor. I spoke of "Philip van Artevelde" as a striking picture of a popular leader, with weaknesses and shortcomings enough not to be idealised out of human sympathy, and expressed a desire to hear something of the author. Henry Taylor, he said, was an official under Stephen in the Colonial Office, but not at all a man of the same intellectual girth and stature. But a notable person too; a sagacious, vigilant, exact sort of man. Philip van Artevelde was his idea of himself; but he was altogether a different person from that. He was cold and silent for the most part,

and rather wearisome from the formal way he stated his opinions. He had been a sailor, and had he stuck by the ship he would have made an efficient serviceable officer; for he had inflexible valour, and that silent persistency which was the main thing which made England what it was. He was engaged just now on a comedy; a decidedly hopeless project, the result of which would be considerably worse than nothing, for there was not the smallest particle of humour in the man. He might be said to be a steadfast student, though he read in all only half a dozen books; but he read them a page a day. Bacon was one of them, and his great light on all subjects speculative or practical.

I said, if I might judge by my own feelings, Mr. Taylor was a living evidence that there was much to be said in poetry for which prose had no adequate substitute, or that, at any rate, there were men to whom poetry was a more natural vehicle of thought. I found his chief drama a constant enjoyment, but his prose, even on subjects which interested me considerably, had not the smallest attraction. There was ability and abundant experience in "The Statesman," for example, but I thought the style heavy, the ideal of a Minister of State low, and the *motif* poor, and even immoral.

Carlyle replied that charges of that kind had been made against the book, but unjustly, as he judged. Taylor expressed the highest ideal he had conceived of the thing he had been working among in the unprofitable racket of the Colonial Office. It was the result of his actual experience one might see; a plea for a juster allowance for the many impediments which had to be encountered in working public affairs. He had a great reverence for whatever was standing erect, and thought we were bound to accept it cheerfully because it was able to stand, overlooking the fact that there was a question behind all that —an altogether fundamental question—on which our reverence strictly depended. He had a high opinion of his own class, and a silent anger, one could perceive, at his (Carlyle's) unaccountable contempt for officialities. I would probably be interested to know that he had married a charming little countrywoman of mine, a daughter of Spring Rice, and lived out of town. He had got his office into such a perfect system that he could work it by attending a couple of hours a day.

I replied, laughingly, that the whole Civil Service, I made no doubt, would be willing to work their offices in the same way if they were allowed.

The London Press in 1849.

The talk fell upon newspapers. I spoke of John Forster as a man it was impossible not to like, and whose literary papers were often pleasant reading, but I could make nothing of his political articles in the *Examiner*, which seemed to me to have no settled policy or pur-

pose. He replied that Forster for the most part advocated the theory of human affairs prevalent in fashionable Whig circles, if any one wanted to hear that sort of thing. He was a sincere, energetic, vehement fellow, who undertook any amount of labour to do service to one whom he knew, or, indeed, whom he did not know. Jane got the long bulky MS. of a novel from Miss ——, a scraggy little woman, with nothing beautiful or attractive about her to captivate or inflame him, but with an agreeable quality of talk, too; and he read it through, cut objectionable things out of it, and prepared it, with much pains, as one could see, for the press, and it got read and talked about in London drawing-rooms. He was a man who liked to live among people who meant honestly, and, on the whole, chose his company with tolerable success. If he got hold of any opinion that he came to believe, he made all manner of vehement noise and clatter over it, and forwarded it by every means he could devise; but, if it fell into disrepute, and other people deserted it, he would just leave it there, and seek out some other fancy to fondle in place of it. Forster was not a man who had any serious truth to proclaim, or any purpose in life which he laid to heart, but he was infinitely friendly, and entirely sincere in his attachments. A good upright man, one might confidently say.

I said I had asked Forster lately who it was that was writing feeble imitations of Fonblanque in the *Examiner* since he had accepted office in the Board of Trade, and that I was surprised to learn that the writer was Fonblanque himself. The philosophical Radicals proclaimed Fonblanque to be the greatest journalist in England; but, though he had skill and purpose, he seemed to me to altogether want passion and seriousness. His articles were pleasant reading enough, but Jeremy Bentham and Jonathan Wild did not always amalgamate naturally, and public interests could not be successfully treated in the spirit of an opera bouffe.

Carlyle replied that Fonblanque was a better man than I supposed; a serious-looking fellow, with fire in his eyes, who seemed to consider that his task in the world was to expose fallacies of all sorts, which, in fact, he did with considerable adroitness and skill. I rejoined that his paper had been the organ of the educated Radicals who flourished in England in the Reform era, but that it had shifted round latterly to become a Government organ. Carlyle replied that Fonblanque had changed under the influence of circumstances, but not at all with conscious dishonesty. Lord Durham, when he came home, asked him to dinner, and he began to circulate up and down in society yonder in London, and so came to look at the doings of the Government from quite another point of view. As for philosophical Radicalism, he had said all that was in him to say on that subject, which, if well considered, was intrinsically barren.

After a pause, he added that, among newspaper men, Rintoul, a Scotch printer, who owned the *Spectator*, was a man of deeper insight than any of them; a man altogether free from romantic or visionary babblement or the ordinary echoes of parliamentary palaver. He was the first man in England who openly declared his complete disbelief in Reform and the Whigs, and now it was everywhere seen that his opinions were sound. He wrote the literary papers in his journal; there was nothing very deep in them, but neither were they ever mere wind; they meant something always. He speculated on the functions and uses of literature in a very natural manner. But he believed in nothing, and had but a poor barren theory of life, one might perceive. He was essentially a diligent and upright man, and he turned out a newspaper which, on the whole, was the best article of that kind to be found anywhere in England just now.

Talfourd.

In connection with journalism I mentioned Talfourd, and said I had read his dramas with profound disappointment, and could never get over the conviction that his reputation was the result of unduly favourable criticisms by his literary associates of two generations.

Carlyle said not so in any sinister sense. He had lived among literary people from the time of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, had probably done them many kindnesses, and kept coquetting with letters from that time to this, and so they took an interest in him and praised his plays—over-praised them probably; but Talfourd had not stimulated or invited this sort of notice. It was quite true, however, that his reputation was entirely undeserved. There was no potency in him; nothing beyond the common, unless it was a sort of pathetic loyalty to his earliest associates. He had learned something of Charles Lamb's fantastic method of looking at things. Lamb had no practical sense in him, and in conversation was accustomed to turn into quips and jests whatever turned up; an ill example to younger men, who had to live their lives in a world which was altogether serious, and where it behoved them to consider their position in a spirit quite other than jocose; for a wrong path led to the nether darkness.

Captain Sterling.

I asked him about Captain Sterling, the Thunderer. He described his early career, which is now sufficiently known, and passed on to his method of fabricating his thunderbolts. The Captain, he said, used to drive about London, and mix in society, and visit clubs all the forenoon. He heard what all manner of men said on the topics of the day, and at night sat down in his study and reproduced the express essence of what people were thinking, as no one else in

England could do. The old pagan was far and away the greatest popular journalist of our day. He saw deeper into things than Cobbett, and had an equally clear, vigorous, incisive expression.

It was Sterling who carried the *Times* round to the Tories. He saw that there was no good likely to come out of the Whigs, and that on the whole Peel was better entitled to support. It was rumoured up and down, in the trivial talk of London, that the *Times* was paid for this change, but this was altogether a mistake. Sterling had acted on his knowledge and convictions, and they soon came to be the convictions of his employers. In the end the poor fellow lost his intellect by a paralytic stroke. Afterwards he would talk sensibly enough, but his talk wanted sequence and connection. At worst he never uttered mere nonsense. Since his death people missed his writings considerably, which was by no means wonderful when one considered the despicable makeshifts and inane trivialities which formed the bulk of what was called newspaper literature. Antony, whom I had met at Cheyne Row and elsewhere—Major Sterling—was his son.

"Sartor Resartus."

As we were approaching Cork he told me there was a man there it would please him to see face to face if possible. When he was publishing "Sartor," only two men on the face of the globe recognised in it anything beyond bewildered bedlamite rhapsodies. One of them was Emerson, then a Unitarian preacher in America; the other a Cork priest named O'Shea. Both of them wrote to Fraser, and said: "Let us have more of 'Teufelsdröckh,' for the man decidedly means something." At that time it was not at all a question of renown, but a question of living or not living, and he was very grateful to these men for a timely word of encouragement.

I told him nothing was easier than seeing Father O'Shea. He would be sure to meet him at the table of some of my friends in Cork, or we would call on him if he preferred.

Carlyle then proceeded to say he wrote the "Sartor" in a farm-house up in the Highlands, where he and his wife lived, far enough away from any intelligible creature. Their nearest neighbours lay five miles off—a respectable kind of people whom his wife had been connected with before marriage, but who thought him, as he was poor enough at this time, a strange, dreamy sort of fellow, who had nothing in him, and he regarded their talk about as much as the croaking of jackdaws. He and his wife sometimes visited his mother-in-law, who lived fifteen miles away, and his own father and mother were at a still more inaccessible distance, and they lived quite alone for the most part for seven years. It was here he wrote all the early reviews, but as they produced a small and altogether precarious

income, he determined to write a book, and he wrote "Sartor," and brought it up to London. No respectable bookseller would buy it from him, or so much as publish it. He found the literature of London at that time in a distracted condition, and he determined to remain throughout the winter, and observe it at closer quarters. In the end Fraser consented to take "Sartor" for some small sum—he believed it must have been about eighty pounds—conditioning, however, to put fifty copies of it together in volumes, and this was the way the book got itself published.

When Fraser consented to put "Sartor" into his magazine, he cut down the payment £5 a sheet. When he produced fifty copies of the entire thing collected together, half a dozen copies were sent to men of letters in Edinburgh, not one of whom as much as acknowledged the receipt.

I asked him if the judgment of the bookseller's taste prefixed to "Sartor" was genuine. He said certainly it was genuine. It was the verdict of one of Murray's critics; Lockhart was believed to be the man.* His opinion was altogether more favourable, if any one cared to know, than the writers of the *Athenæum*, and the like of them, pronounced on the book when it was at last published as a whole. He had not found literature a primrose path; quite otherwise, indeed. His earliest experiments had failed altogether to find acceptance from able editors, and when, at length, he came to be recognised as a writer who had something to say, editors were still alarmed at the unheard-of opinions he promulgated, and probably because he did not wear the recognised literary livery of the period. He had tried for some permanent place in life with little avail, and had commonly eaten bread as hardly earned as any man's bread in England. He could testify that the literary profession, as it is called, had not been to him by any means a land flowing with milk and honey. He might say, were it of any moment at all, that, though he had a certain faculty of work in him, the woman who manufactured the last sensational novel had probably got more money for a couple of her strange ventures than he had been paid by the whole bookselling craft from the beginning to that hour.

* I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller.—"The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long: it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation?"

Bookseller to Editor.—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission I sent your *MS.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar; I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to," &c. &c. —*MS.* (*penes nos*), *London, 17th September*, 1831.

I suggested that he had been ill-interpreted by messieurs the critics to readers to whom his writings were not only new, but were sure to be puzzling and alarming.

As to criticism, he said Thackeray, John Sterling, and John Mill had written of his work in various quarters with appreciation, and more than sufficient applause; but criticism in general on books, and men, and things had become the idlest babble. Some of the foolishest and shallowest speculations about his books had appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the editor; but very lately some papers on "Cromwell," by a writer named, or who signed himself, "Montécut," contained a deeper and truer estimate of his theory of life and human interests than he had met anywhere in a review before.

Method of Work.

Speaking of his method of work, he said he had found the little wooden pegs which washerwomen employ to fasten clothes to a line highly convenient for keeping together bits of notes and agenda on the same special point. It was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits, when no better could be had, of the people he was then writing about. It kept the image of the man steadily in view, and one must have a clear image of him in the mind before it was in the least possible to make him be seen by the reader.

I said it was hard to rely on portraits. I had seen in an exhibition in Paris a portrait of Robespierre at the climax of his influence, and he looked like a placid provincial practitioner whose brow had not broadened with power or wrinkled with responsibility; and I added, laughing, that he was not in the least "sea-green." I saw at the same time two contemporary portraits of Louis XVI., borrowed from some historic château, as little like each other as Hamlet and Polonius. In one of them the artist had idealised the king's face into a certain strength and dignity; the other might be taken as the caricature of a constitutional king—it was such a coarse commonplace countenance as the daguerreotype sometimes unexpectedly reveals, and a clumsy figure on which royal millinery looked quite out of place.

There was something in a genuine portrait, he said, which one could hardly fail to recognise as authentic. It looked like an actual man, with a consistent character, and left a permanent image in the memory.

Emerson.

Returning to the subject of Emerson and "Sartor," he told me much which is now familiar to every one, such as his unexpected visit to the Highlands, and his second visit to England, when he spent some days with Carlyle touring and visiting literary people, his issuing an edition of "Sartor" in America, and so forth.

I asked him if Emerson's ideas could be regarded as original. He replied that Emerson had, in the first instance, taken his system out of "Sartor" and other of his (Carlyle's) writings, but he worked it out in a way of his own. It was based on truth, undoubtedly; but Emerson constantly forgot that one truth may require to be modified by a precisely opposite truth. He had not a broad intellect, but it was clear, and sometimes even profound. His writings wanted consistency and a decisive intelligible result. One was constantly disappointed at their suddenly stopping short and leading to nothing. They were full of beauties—diamonds, or at times, bits of painted glass, strung on a thread, which had no necessary connection with each other. He frequently hit upon isolated truths, but they remained isolated—they nowhere combined into an intelligible theory of life.

I asked him if he found more in the man than in his writings. He said, No; when they came to talk with each other their opinions were constantly found to clash. Emerson believed that every man's self-will ought to be cultivated, that men would grow virtuous and submissive to just authority, need no coercion, and all that sort of thing. He knew there were men up and down the world fit to govern the rest; but he conceived that, when such a man was found, instead of being put in the seat of authority, he ought to be restrained with fetters, as a thing dangerous and destructive. He bore, however, with great good humour the utter negation and contradiction of his theories. He had a sharp perking little face, and he kept bobbing it up and down with "Yissir, yissir" (*mimicking*) in answer to objections or expositions. He got mixed up with a set of philanthropists, but I told him, Carlyle added, that we had long ago discovered what sort of a set *they* were, and that they would be mightily rejoiced to get any decent captain to march at their head. Emerson, however, could not be induced on any conditions to applaud their sordid peace, or preach the panacea of cold water.

Father O'Shea.

He met Father O'Shea repeatedly at Cork. I was present during their interviews, but, as he has given some account of them himself in the "Reminiscences," I naturally prefer it to my notes:

"Rain slightly beginning now. I return: take to writing: near 11 o'clock, announces himself 'Father O'Shea!' (who I thought had been dead:) to my astonishment enter a little greyhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless loyal welcome, red with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow,—and again with explosion of welcome, goes his way. This Father O'Shea, some 15 years ago, had been, with Emerson of America, one of the *two* sons of Adam who encouraged poor bookseller Fraser, and didn't discourage him, to go on with 'Teufelsdreckh.' I had often remembered him since; had not long before re-enquired his name, but understood somehow that he was dead;—and now! To bed, after brief good night to Duffy; and, for rattling of

window (masses of pamphlets will not still it) cannot, till near 5 A.M., get to sleep at all."

Next day he met Father O'Shea at dinner with Mr. Denny Lane, another ex-political prisoner.

"Fine brown Irish figure, Denny [he says]; distiller—ex-repaler; frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little."

"Opposite me at dinner was Father Shea, didactic, loud-spoken, courteous, good every way—a true gentleman and priest in the Irish style. . . . . Good O'Shea, who I hear labours diligently among a large poor flock; [has] 3 or 4 curates: and though nothing of a bigot, seems truly a serious man."

We made a brief stay at Killarney, our host being Shine Lalor, who had barely escaped imprisonment in the late troubles. His residence, Castle Lough, was one of the show places of Killarney, and he brought Carlyle to the points of chief interest in the Lake district. There is a long account of this experience in the "Reminiscences," but it does not invite citation.

A Kerry Homestead.

The land question was a constant topic, and one day, as we drove through the county Kerry, I interrupted a colloquy on Irish landlords, in which Carlyle was disposed to insist that difference of religion made the people unduly suspicious of them, by inviting him to get off our car, and enter some huts on Lord Kenmare's estate, that he might judge for himself what sort of homes a landlord who professed the same creed as his tenants provided for them. Here is the account he gives in the "Reminiscences" of the district, the people, and their homes:

"Bare, *blue*, bog without limit, ragged people in small force working languidly at their scantlings or peats, no other work at all; look hungry in their rags; hopeless, air as of creatures sunk beyond hope. Look into one of their huts under pretence of asking for a draught of water: dark, narrow, *two* women nursing, other young woman on foot as if for work; but it is narrow, dark, as if the people and their life were covered under a tub, or 'tied in a sack'; all things smeared over too with a liquid *green*;—the cow (I find) has her habitation here withal. No water; the poor young woman produces butter-milk; in real pity I give her a shilling. Duffy had done the like in the adjoining cottage, ditto, ditto in Charcuter, with the addition that a man lay in fever there. These were the wretchedest population I saw in Ireland. 'Live, sir? The Lord knows; what we can beg, and rob,' (rob means *scrape up*; I suppose?): Lord Kinmare's people, he never looks after them, leases worthless bog, and I know not what. Bog all reclaimable, lime everywhere in it: swift exit to Lord Kinmare and the leases, or whatever the accursed *incubus* is!"

After we set out again on our journey, Carlyle said he often thought how like Ireland was to the Irish horse Larry, which he had up at Craigenputtock. Larry sometimes broke into insubordination, but, on the whole, he was one of the most generous, kindly, and affectionate fellows that one could anywhere encounter. Mrs. Carlyle became

dissatisfied with her mount one day, they were riding on the moors, and proposed to try Larry. Up to that moment Larry had been skittish and intractable, but after Jane got on his back he behaved himself like a gentleman. He was on honour, and conducted himself accordingly.

I suggested that Larry, like his country, knew when he was well-treated, and had a decided objection to perpetual whip and spur.

Miss O'Neill.

During our journey through the county Cork Carlyle decided to visit Sir William and Lady Beecher, to whom he had brought introductions from Major Sterling, and he quitted me a day or two for this purpose. I was curious to hear of Lady Beecher, who was once the famous Irish actress Miss O'Neill.

He said he could not contrive to like her. She was a striking figure, but she had cold, cruel eyes, and a silent, reserved air which was altogether disagreeable. She lived in stern reserve, and imposed her rigorous formal character upon her household and everything about her. Her face might once have been handsome, but he did not think it ever could have been beautiful to him. It was now worn and faded, but her bearing was stately and striking.

I asked if I was to imply that she played the tragedy queen in private life.

No, he said, nothing could be more simple and systematic than her habits. She lived in constant obedience to what she called her duty, a sort of thrall of the Thirty-nine Articles and that sort of thing. Very sincerely, too, one could see.

When he arrived she had evidently not liked him, and peered at him through her cold blue eyes, half shut with anxious scrutiny; but she came to like him better afterwards, and opened them a little. There was an immense portrait of her as Juliet, the one commonly engraved, he believed, which the artist had taken out to Russia when the Emperor brought him there, but his brother brought it back, and the old baronet purchased it. There was much more geniality and kindliness about the eyes in the portrait than the lady exhibited just now. She spoke about her former connection with the stage like one quite above all accidents of that kind; as a Sovereign might speak of some incident of her early life in exile. There were two young daughters, the youngest really a lovely little lassie, and three boys; two were going to be barristers, and one was a soldier in Canada. The old baronet, who was stricken with disease, was a fine simple old gentleman, and their house was a thorough English mansion.

Our meeting again at Limerick is noted in the "Reminiscences":

"Long low street, parallel to our rail; exotic in aspect, *Lim*^{k} plebs live there.—Station, strait confused; amid rain;—and Duffy stands there, with

sad loving smile, a glad sight to me after all; and so in omnibus, with spectre, blacksmith, and full fare of others,—(omnibus that *couldn't* have a window opened) to 'Cruise's Hotel,'—Cruise himself, a lean, eager-looking little man of forty, most reverent of Duffy, as is common here, riding with us. Private room; and ambitious—bad dinner, kickshaws (sweetbreads, salmon, &c) and uneatables."

"*July* 24.—Glove shop; Limerick gloves, scarcely *any* made now; buy a pair of cloth gloves; n. b. have my gutta-percha shoes out *soleing* with leather, gutta having gone like toasted cheese on the paving in the late hot weather; right glad to have leather shoes again! Breakfast bad; confused inanity, of morning, settling, &c, about noon Duffy goes away for Galway; and I am to follow after a day. Foolish young Limerick philosopher,—a kind of 'Young Limerick' (*neither* Old nor Young Ireland), in smoking room (wretched place), smokes with me while Duffy is packing to go; shewed me afterwards the locality of the Mitchel-and-Meagher tragi-comedy, and ciceroned me thro' the streets. Quaker Unthank at 3½ P.M.; lean triangular visage (kind of 'Chemist,' I think), Irish accent, altogether English in thought, speech and ways. Rational exact man; long before any other I could see in these parts."

We had brief snatches of talk at Limerick when the day's sight-seeing was done.

"Festus."

I asked him if he knew anything of a poem called "Festus." A hard-headed young Scotchman wanted to give me a specimen of convenient bookbinding, and offered me a volume, which he said I might take without scruple, as he would never open it again: it was the maddest rhapsody ever printed in legible type. This was "Festus," but I found it to be rich in poetry and sparkling with imagery of singular freshness and power.

"Festus" he said he had never read, but he understood it was "Faustus" in a new garment, a sort of lunar shadow of Faust. Having eaten his pudding he was content, and felt no inclination to eat it again *réchauffé*. The poem made a great sensation in New England, and might have merits of which he was not aware. A troublesome fool had volunteered to bring the author, Bailey, to Cheyne Row, and it was probable he (Carlyle) had not treated him well. He was abrupt and impatient, he believed, confounding Bailey with the fellow who had volunteered to be sponsor for him. The young man was writing just now for a Nottingham newspaper of which his father was printer, or something of that sort.

Irish History.

It was inconceivable, he went on to say, how Irishmen fought futile and forgotten battles over again. Petrie (artist and antiquary, whom he had met in Dublin) was still in a rage against Bryan Boroihme for having upset the ancient constitution of Ireland—not a very serious calamity one might surmise. It was working well, it seemed—or it seemed to Petrie, at any rate—till Bryan con-

quered and brought into subjection the subordinate princes. Bryan pleased the immortal gods, but the other parties pleased Petrie. Bryan Boroihme, his friends and enemies, his conquests over Celts and Danes, presented to one's mind only interminable confusion and chaos, or if there might, as my head-shaking implied, be a ground-plan more or less intelligible, it was not worth searching for. But there was a period of Irish history really impressive and worthy to be remembered, when the island undoubtedly sent missionaries throughout all the world then known to mankind, when she was a sort of model school for the nations, and in verity an island of saints. A book worthy to be written by some large-minded Irishman was one on that period, accompanied by another, which unhappily would be a tragic contrast, on the present and future of the country.

I said it was an Irish "Past and Present" he desired, but I thought there was more need of an Irish "Chartism," a vehement protest against the wickedness of ignorant and persistent misgovernment.

There was misgovernment enough in Ireland, he said, and in England too, where, however, it was encountered in an altogether different spirit. This longing after Bryan Boroihme was not a salutary appetite. There was scarcely a man, he should say, among the whole catalogue of Bryan Boroihmes worth the trouble of recalling.

I suggested that they would compare favourably with the English rulers from Henry VIII. to George IV., both august personages included.

Henry VIII.

Henry [he said], when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best kings England had ever got. He had the right stuff in him for a king, he knew his own mind; a patient, resolute, decisive man, one could see, who understood what he wanted, which was the first condition of success in any enterprise, and by what methods to bring it about. He saw what was going on in ecclesiastical circles at that time in England, and perceived that it could not continue without results very tragical for the kingdom he was appointed to rule, and he overhauled them effectually. He had greedy, mutinous, unveracious opponents, and to chastise them was forced to do many things which in these sentimental times an enlightened public opinion [*laughing*] would altogether condemn; but when one looked into the matter a little, it was seen that Henry for the most part was right.

I suggested that among the things he wanted and knew how to get, was as long a roll of wives as the Grand Turk. It would have been a more humane method to have taken them, like that potentate, simultaneously than successively; he would have been saved the need of

killing one to make room for another, and then requiring Parliament to disgrace itself by sanctioning the transaction.

Carlyle replied that this method of looking at King Henry's life did not help much to the understanding of it. He was a true ruler at a time when the will of the Lord's anointed counted for something, and it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of these things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient.

The Chelsea Philosophy.

Apropos of the difficulty most people would have in accepting his theory of Henry's character (which the reader will remember was not yet gilded and varnished by Mr. Froude), I spoke of other difficulties. I told him a scoffing friend of mine suggested that the Chelsea Philosophy included two theories impossible to reconcile; one insisted that a man without a purpose in life was no better than carrion, the other that a man who affirms he had a purpose was a manifest quack and impostor. For myself, I said, I found a difficulty of a similar nature, which I would be glad to have cleared up. He taught that a man of genius is commonly quite unconscious of the gift, and he treated with contempt as a cheat any one who professed to be so endowed. Suppose, I added, I ask you, Are you a man of genius? If you say No, how am I to accept that as a satisfactory answer? If you say Yes, consider on your own theory what consequence follows.

He laughed, and said that, with proper deductions for the practical purpose in view, on each occasion, all this would be found to be altogether in harmony. As to himself, a forlorn and heavily laden mortal, with many miseries to abolish, or subdue into silence, he made no claim to preternatural endowments of any sort; few mortals less. As for genius, genius was in some senses strict vigilance, veracity, and fidelity to fact, which every mortal must cherish if his life was not to have a tragic issue. After a long pause of silent meditation he went on:

One had to accept the manifest facts; how else? Not one man in a million spoke truth in these times, or acted it, and hence the condition of things. Thousands of wretches in the poor-house, and hundreds busy fox-hunting or foreign touring in complete indifference to them. A man of the rascal species, who set up a bank of lies as his capital and equipment in life, could not have existed before the last century; but now you found a man of that class wherever you turned up and down the world. Plain dealing and frank speaking seemed to have vanished. Every year it was harder and harder to get an honest article of any fabric—a thing which was what it purported to be, or was not something shamefully the reverse of that. The inevitable end and net result of this sort of thing was one which he need not be at the trouble of specifying.

I told him that a lively young man of my acquaintance insisted that there was something to be said for shoddy. For his part, he did not want coats, trousers, hats, and handkerchiefs to last for ever, and make a man look like a caricature of himself. If they lasted a shorter time they cost less and you could renew them oftener. A hat that would look well for twelve months, if ever there was such a hat, cost a sum for which you could equip yourself with a shoddy hat once a quarter, having freshness as well as novelty of structure. And women were able to dress infinitely better and more effectively at the same cost under the shoddy system.

Yes, he said, there was always an *Advocatus Diaboli* who had a good word for his distinguished client, but the less men trafficked in that sort of commodity the better it would be for them.

Buckle.

I asked him about Buckle. I had recently read the first volume of his introduction to a "History of Civilisation in England," and thought it exhibited prodigious reading and a remarkable power of generalisation; but the style seemed to me clumsy, and coloured with perpetual egotism. Carlyle said he could not be pestered reading the book beyond the extracts one found in the weekly papers. Buckle had a theory of life one could see to which he required his facts to infallibly correspond—at their peril [*laughing*].

I suggested that Mr. Buckle had gathered valuable materials. Macaulay, with the same facts, would have written half a dozen essays, which would become familiar to every reading household in England, and there was another writer who would have extracted the essential oil from them to better purpose. Buckle's theory was that the world owed its progress, not to the influence of religion or the arts of civilisation, but to what he called inquiry — meaning scepticism. From it, he insisted, came religious liberty and the gradual recognition of political rights. The philosopher of Chelsea taught that the course of history was regulated by the lives of great men; Mr. Buckle insisted that it was regulated by the course of great rivers. Nations were misled, he affirmed, by not sufficiently investigating natural causes. He regarded the human race as the bond-slaves of external phenomena; a rich soil or a temperate climate produced wealth, and civilisation followed but never preceded the creation of capital. Civilisation sprang up in an alluvial soil, or under a genial sky; and the distribution of wealth as well as the creation was governed entirely by physical laws.

The eternal laws of the universe, Carlyle said, told an altogether different story, and the man who refused to recognise them, or insisted

on reconstructing the world on a theory of his own, was not worth the pains of listening to.

People kept asking him, "Have you read Buckle's book?" but he answered that he had not, and was not at all likely to do so. He saw bits of it from time to time in reviews, and found nothing in them but shallow dogmatism and inordinate conceit. English literature had got into such a condition of falsity and exaggeration that one may doubt if we should ever again get a genuine book. Probably not. There were no longer men to write or to read them, and the ultimate result of that sort of thing was one which might be conceived. I said it was not pleasant to begin life with so dark a look-out.

Mazzini.

I asked him about the party of Young Italy and its leader. Mazzini, he said, was a diminutive, dark-visaged, little fellow, with bright black eyes, about the stature of that newspaper Barry whom we had encountered at Cork.* Mazzini was a perfectly honourable and true man, but possessed by wild and fanciful theories borrowed from the French Republicans. He believed in Georges Sand and that sort of cattle, and was altogether unacquainted with the true relation of things in this world. The best thing that had ever befallen him was the opening of his letters by Sir James Graham; he was little known in London before that transaction; known, in fact, to few people except the circle in Cheyne Row. But afterwards he had innumerable dinner invitations, and got subscriptions up and down London for his Italian schools and other undertakings.

Diary 1854.—I spoke to Mrs. Carlyle of Mazzini, whose name just then was a good deal in the newspapers. She said his character, which was generous and self-devoted, was greatly spoiled by a spirit of intrigue. He was always thinking what advantage he could get out of every occurrence.

Advantage for his cause? I queried.

Yes, advantage for his cause, she said; but by methods such a man should scorn. It was he who planned the dinner of revolutionists at the American Consul's lately, which got the American Ambassador into such a scrape. The Consul, a young American—Saunders was probably his name—pestered Mazzini to dine with him. He would only consent on condition that Garibaldi, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and the rest were invited. An old Pole, it was said, had to borrow a sovereign to get his uniform out of pawn. Mazzini expected great results in Italy and Hungary from the false interpretation which would be put on this dinner with an American official. Ledru-Rollin and Kossuth, who hated each other, met there for the first time,

* Michael Joseph Barry, then editor of the *Southern Reporter*.

and probably never again. In fact, it was all a stage play, which Mazzini expected to produce the effect of a sincere and serious transaction.*

I said I had supposed him too grave and proud for anything like a trick. She said he was certainly grave and dignified, but he sometimes uttered trivial sentimentalities, with this air of gravity and dignity, in a way that was intensely comic. He was entirely engrossed in his purpose, however, while one of his brother triumvirs in the government of Rome actually wrote to London to say that the *Westminster Review* need not despair of an article he had promised, he would send it with the delay of a month or two. This was a national tribune *pour rire*.

Lynch Law.

Speaking of strikes, he said artisans had probably been ill-used; Injustice was to be met with in all departments of human affairs, but they had attempted to right themselves by methods which could on no account be tolerated—systematised outrages resembling the ugly gambols of Lynch law beyond the Atlantic.

I suggested that something might be said for Lynch law. It was the only chivalry of the old type left in the world, which righted wrongs and chastised evil-doers for the simple love of justice. Its officials might be regarded by imaginative persons as the knight-errants of the nineteenth century.

Carlyle laughed, and said they were knights worthy of the century; blind, passionate, ignorant of real justice, and intolerably self-confident in their ignorance. Lynch law was the invention of a people given to loud talk and self-exhibition, who had done nothing considerable in the world that he had ever heard of.

At Galway our host was a man who had afterwards a remarkable career—Edward Butler, then the editor of a Nationalist journal, who had been a State prisoner recently, and became a few years later leader of the Sydney bar and Attorney-General of New South Wales. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle notes a curious *rencontre* at this time:

"Hospitable luncheon from this good editor, Duffy's *sub*-editor now, I think;—in great tumult, in blazing dusty sun, we do get seated in the 'Tuam Car,' quite full and—Walker [introduction from Major Sterling, brother of John Sterling] recognising me, inviting warmly both Duffy and me to his house at Sligo, and mounting up beside me, also for Tuam this night,—roll prosperously away, Duffy had almost rubbed shoulders with Attorney-General Monahan; a rather sinister polite gentleman in very

* "On Tuesday last, the eve of Washington's birthday, G. N. Sanders, Esq., the American Consul at London, gave an international dinner at his residence, when there were present Mr. Buchanan, Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Sir J. Walmsley, M.P., Garibaldi, Worcell, Orsini, Pulsky, Hertzen, and Mr. Welsh, Attaché to the Legation in London."—*Illustrated London News*, Feb. 25, 1854.

clean linen, who strove hard to have got him hanged lately, but couldn't, such was the *bottomless* condition of the thing called 'Law' in Ireland."

The Queen's College, of which Galway seemed to be particularly proud, planted on the lonely and desolate shores of Lough Corrib, opposite the poor-house, appeared to Carlyle like a reduced gentleman sitting in the mud waiting for relief from the establishment over the way.

On our journey towards Sligo an incident occurred so unexpected and characteristic that it deserves to be mentioned. We were inside passengers by a mail coach, and before it started a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon joined us. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight-seeing and the pleasures of travelling, mounting at times to higher themes, like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside station, and the bride, whom I happened to have known at Belfast, from whence she came, immediately exclaimed, "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman who allows no one to utter a word but himself?" I was so tickled by this illustration of the folly of scattering pearls in unsuitable places, that I burst into a guffaw of laughter, which was not easily extinguished. In the evening Carlyle asked me what I had been laughing at so boisterously. I told him, expecting him to be as much amused as I was. But philosophers, I suppose, don't like to be laughed at by young brides, for he was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty. The absurdity of her judgment he refused to see, and was disposed to insist that she was merely a charming embodiment of the *vox populi*, for undoubtedly he was an old Scotchman, and probably twaddled a good deal to no purpose.

More Odds and Ends.

During our western journey the talk one day was confined to trifles. I asked him if he had ever come to any decision as to the authorship of "Junius." He replied that in his opinion it did not matter a brass farthing to any human being who was Junius. I rejoined that one could not well be indifferent to a question which it was alleged touched the honour of either Burke, Chatham, Gibbon, or Grattan. There was a library of controversy on the question—books, pamphlets, essays, and articles—the writers of which must have set a considerable value on the solution of the problem. It probably did not, Carlyle said, concern the honour of Burke and the others in the slightest degree. Persons who dealt with questions of this nature seemed to be of opinion, if any one cared to know, that Philip Francis was the man.

I said that if I was sure of anything in the business it was that

Francis was not the man. After his return from India he was constantly posing as a probable Junius, and after his death his wife made the claim definitely on his behalf; but if Junius wanted to be known he had the means of putting the matter outside the regions of doubt. I was persuaded that Francis was Junius' amanuensis and intermediary with Woodfall, and was fond of masquerading in his master's cast clothes. Carlyle made no answer, and proceeded to speak of other things.

I told him of a time when I had travelled over a part of our present route with John Mitchel and John O'Hagan (both known to him). After supper one evening, as O'Hagan read aloud a chapter of "Sartor Resartus," a commercial traveller who had strayed into the room demanded if we were playing a practical joke, pretending to read and applaud such astonishing nonsense. O'Hagan mildly assured him it was a genuine book he read, written by Thomas Carlyle. "Carlisle," he exclaimed, "I am not astonished at anything that fellow would publish. I saw his shop in Fleet Street, with a bishop in one window and the devil in another." O'Hagan informed him that Thomas Carlyle was as different a person from Richard Carlisle as Solomon the wise king from Solomon the old clothes-man. But he refused to be persuaded. "Why, sir," he repeated, "I saw with my own eyes his shop in Fleet Street, with the bishop and the devil side by side."

Carlyle said the bagman was better informed than his class since he knew enough to construct an hypothesis of his own on the subject. Opinions and criticisms about himself were things he heard with little satisfaction; they were for the most part unutterably trivial and worthless. He was known in some small degree to a few men whom he knew in turn, and that was all that was needful or salutary.

I told him that when I was in London a few weeks before I heard people laughing a good deal at the idea of him which had impressed itself on the mind of a Whig official of the second class. At a dinner-table the talk fell on the philosopher of Chelsea. After puzzling for a while to identify him, the official asked his neighbour in a whisper, "Isnt that the man who wrote the 'French Revolution'—with a Scotch accent?"

Carlyle laughed heartily, and imitated his unknown critic in various banal phrases always ending with the Scotch accent. I suggested that the official instead of a *bêtise* would have made an epigram if he had inquired whether the Mr. Carlyle in question was not the man who wrote all his speculations about Ireland with a decidedly Scotch accent? He laughed, and told the story of the Scotch judge who thought a little hanging would be very useful to a prisoner, implying, I suppose, that a little rough usage was wholesome for Ireland.

I told him that a student, in whose capacity and disposition I had a strong belief, asked for a line in his handwriting, a guiding maxim,

if he might choose. We had now arrived at our hotel, and Carlyle wrote on a scrap of paper, as fitting counsel for the case in hand, "*Fais ton fait.*" *

Recurring to Mitchel, he asked if difference of policy had been the main cause of our separation.

Certainly, I said, it had. He wanted to advise the people not to pay poor-rate, poor-rate being the poor man's rent, and to prepare for immediate insurrection, when famine was everywhere in the island, and the French Revolution had not revived the national spirit. But he, Carlyle, was accountable for another cause of our difference; he had taught Mitchel to oppose the liberation of the negroes, and the emancipation of the Jews. Mitchel wanted to preach these opinions in the *Nation*, but I could not permit this to be done, my own convictions being altogether different.

Mitchel, he said, would be found to be right in the end; the black man could not be emancipated from the laws of nature, which had pronounced a very decided decree on the question, and neither could the Jew.

W. E. Forster.

Towards the end of July, the young Quaker, whose arrival Carlyle had promised somewhere on the journey, suddenly joined us. He was engaged in administering a fund which his family and friends had raised for the relief of Irish distress, and has left a record of what he saw in Ireland which, for ghastly horror, rivals Defoe's picture of the Great Plague. He was at that time a vigorous, active young fellow, of simple habits and simple speech, in which no one would have detected the future statesman. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle thus records his arrival:

"Car to Ballina (*Bally* is place, *vallum*); drivers, boots, &c., busy packing. Tuam coach (ours of yesterday) comes in; there rushes from it, shot as if by cannon from Yorkshire or Morpeth without stopping,—W. E. Forster! very blue-nosed, but with news from my wife, and with inextinguishable good-humour; he mounts with us almost without refection, and we start for Ballina; public car all to ourselves; gloomy hulks of mountains on the left; country ill-tilled, some *un*tilled, vacant, and we get upon wide stony moorland, and come in sight of the desolate expanses of 'Lough Con.' . . . . Duffy has been at mass and sermon. Priest reproving practices on 'patron days' (pilgrimages, &c., which issue now in whisky mainly), with much good sense, says Duffy."

At Westport we came on a ruined population overflowing the workhouse and swarming in the streets. They were idle, or only making believe to work here and there, the Parliament in London having peremptorily negatived the proposal to turn these huge build-

* This was the late Cashel Hoey, whose too early death is announced while these pages are being revised.

ings into manufactories, where useful industries might be taught to young men and women, while the able-bodied were employed in raising the food they consumed. This is Carlyle's account of the place:

"Human swinery has here reached its acme, happily: 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4000 of them, subsidiary workhouses and outdoor relief for the others. Abomination of desolation! what *can* you make of it? Outdoor quasi-*work;* 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks, and barrows, 'levelling' the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads pretending to break stones. Can it be a *charity* to keep men alive on these terms? . . . . Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room; *vogue la galère.* 'Dean Bourke' (Catholic priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here; middle-aged, middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hessian boots, white stockings, good-humoured, loud-speaking face, frequent Lundyfoot snuff; a mad pauper woman shrieks to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking; Dean, poor fellow, has to take it 'asy,' I find—how otherwise? Issuing from the workhouse ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging. Wherever he shows face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him: he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge; poor Dean Bourke!"

The Irish problem, Carlyle said as we came away, was to make a beginning in checking pauperism. This was the first task a sensible man would desire to see taken in hand. He would not attempt to show the way, not being familiar with practical business, but he asserted there was a way. Peel, from his mastery over the details of business, knowing what this axle and that wheel was fit for, had great advantages, and if he were only thirty years of age with his present experience, he would do some notable work before he died.

One spectacle which struck Mr. Carlyle much in the later days of our journey, he has omitted to notice in the "Reminiscences," the systematic suppression of the peasantry by the landlords. I borrow a page or two from my own diary of the period on this and some other forgotten incidents:

"We travelled slowly from Limerick to Sligo, and we found everywhere the features of a recently conquered country. Clare was almost a wilderness from Kilrush to Corofin. The desolate shores of Lough Corrib would have resembled a desert but that the stumps of ruined houses showed that not nature, but man, had been the desolator. Between Killala Bay and Sligo, during an entire day's travel, we estimated that every second dwelling was pulled down; and not cabins alone, but stone houses fit for the residence of a substantial yeomanry."

We were shown the mansion of a baronet who spent in London a rental of £30,000 a year drawn from his Irish tenantry; he had ejected 320 persons within a few months, and was in arrears with his poor-rate.

"The degradation which had fallen on the generous Celtic race was a sight such as I had nowhere seen or read of. The famine and the landlords have actually created a *new race* in Ireland. We saw on the streets of Galway crowds of creatures more debased than the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. Grey-headed old men, whose idiotic faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies, who at the jingle of a coin on the pavement swarmed in myriads from unseen places; struggling, screaming, *shrieking* for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animals. In Westport the sight of the priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market, swarming round him for relief. Beggar children, beggar adults, beggars in white hairs, girls with faces grey and shrivelled; women with the more touching and tragic aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in pretended fits to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness to the picture! I saw these accursed sights, and they are burned into my memory for ever. Poor, mutilated, and debased scions of a tender, brave, and pious stock, they were martyrs in the battle of centuries for the right to live in their own land, and no Herculaneum or Pompeii covers ruins so memorable to me as those which lie buried under the fallen roof-trees of an 'Irish extermination.'"

After such a tragedy as Westport exhibited we could have little relish, I fancy, for criticism, or the biography of notabilities, but Carlyle reports that the day finished as usual with "babbling of literature," for which, it seems, I was responsible, needing, perhaps, some relief after much natural wrath and pity.

"Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy, intolerable to gods and man, back to Castlebar *this* evening. Brilliant rose-pink landlady, reverent of Duffy. Bouquet to Duffy; mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick—(devils and serpents all collected there—Oh, why isn't there some Patrick to do it now again!) and babbling of 'literature' (not by *my* will), perhaps about 5 P.M. arrive at Castlebar again, and (for D.'s sake) are reverently welcomed."

At Donegal our pleasant trip ended. I had to return to Dublin with a view to revive immediately the *Nation* (which had been suppressed by the Government in July 1848), and Carlyle, after a brief visit to Gweedore, was to sail from Derry to Glasgow. This is the notice of our dispersion in the "Reminiscences," somewhat abridged:

"Sea and Donegal and Killibegs, moory raggedness with green patches near, all treeless—nothing distinct till steep narrow street of 'Ballyshannon'; mills, breweries, considerable, confused, much white-washed country town. Tourists, quasi-English, busy at table already: silent excl. waiter, doing his swiftest in imperturbable patience and silence. And so to the road again, quitting Ballyshannon; only Duffy, Forster, and I did breakfast there.

"Donegal a dingy little town; triangular market place; run across to see O'Neill's old mansion; skeleton of really sumptuous old castle,—Spanish gold in Queen Elizabeth's time had helped. Dropping Forster, who will go by Glentier to Gweedore, and meet *me* there; Duffy is for Dublin, I for Derry, and we part at Stranorlar; I, by appointment, am for Lord George Hill's,

and have a plan of route from Plattnauer. And now from the moor-edge one sees 'Stranorlar' several miles off, and a valley mostly green, not exemplary for culture, but most welcome here. Down towards it, Duffy earnestly talking, consulting, questioning; pathetic, as looking to the speedy end now. Down into the valley; fat heavy figure, in grey coarse woollen, suddenly running with us, sees me, says 'all r-ight!' It is poor Plattnauer, who has come thus far to meet me! we get him up; enter through the long outskirts of 'Stranorlar,' up its long idle-looking street, to coach-stand;—and there Duffy stretching out his hand, with silent sorrowful face, I say, 'Farewell,' and am off to Plattnauer's little inn; and consider *my* tour as almost ended."

I had sent to Dublin to procure a supply of Carlyle's favourite Repeal pipes, which I hoped to give him before parting, and I got in reply a story with a moral. The Repeal pipe had been pushed out of the market by an enterprising English manufacturer, who fabricated an imitation of it in cheaper materials, in chalk, I believe, instead of pipe clay; and after earning a little dishonest profit by selling it under the same name, totally destroyed the character of both articles, and brought the traffic to an end. I told the story to Carlyle, and assured him that this had been the history of more important industrial enterprises in Ireland. Our native woollens had been imitated in shoddy in Yorkshire, and the fraudulent article sent for sale in Dublin as Irish manufacture. Carlyle said the despicable and distracted career of modern competition had many worse incidents to exhibit. One of the most alarming phases of our social life was the complete contempt for veracity and integrity, by which profit was pursued by these sons of Mammon, the ultimate result of which no reasonable man could doubt.

As soon as he got settled at home our correspondence recommenced, and a little later our conversations.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

(To be continued.)

MR. SPURGEON.

MR. SPURGEON is dead. There are thousands in this country, and there are tens of thousands in other lands, in whom this announcement will awaken a sense of personal loss. There are multitudes in England and America who reckoned among the prospects of their visit to London the treat of hearing Mr. Spurgeon. We are told by Mr. Stead of a North-countryman who said: "I dinna want to die till I gang to London and see Madame Tussaud's and hear Mr. Spurgeon." This man may be taken as a type of thousands, whose range of reading was restricted, whose historical interests culminated in Madame Tussaud's, and whose religious curiosity reached to Mr. Spurgeon. Their vision would be satisfied with the wax figures in Baker Street—or, rather, Marylebone Road; and their hearts would be gladdened at the Tabernacle. I do not mean that the range of Mr. Spurgeon's influence was limited to this type of man: it was far wider; but the type may be taken to represent those for whom Mr. Spurgeon's message had a special charm. Far wider was his influence; and the sense of loss will not be felt only among those who looked forward to hearing him, it will be the portion of those thousands to whom Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was a weekly benefit or boon. Ladies of education and culture took delight in reading his sermons; and ministers of all denominations found them more or less useful. Indeed, speaking of this, I tremble to think of those echoes to whom Mr. Spurgeon's death means the silence of the voice which awoke their notes. An echo is a poor thing at the best, having no originating faculty; but a pulpit echo is of all echoes the poorest and most pitiable, for this is an echo which is expected to make some noise every Sunday. There is, however, consolation for these;

for we are informed that the accumulation of sermons in the publisher's hands will suffice for the issue of a weekly sermon by Mr. Spurgeon for some years to come; so that his echoes may continue their reverberations for some time longer, till the supply comes to an end, and the imitators fall back upon their original staleness, and go limping about their work, having lost the power of using their own legs after having employed crutches so long. It will, perhaps, be good for them to be obliged to use their own powers. I think Mr. Spurgeon would have agreed with Dr. Johnson, in saying that "no man ever yet was great through imitation." I think Mr. Spurgeon would have gone further; I think that, however desirous he may have been of training men to teach the principles which he conceived to be essential truths of religion, he appreciated originality, and that from an ethical and spiritual point of view he would have said to those who aspired to serve God by preaching: "Be *yourselves*, but do not think of yourselves. Nay, forget self in order that you may be yourselves." For whatever else may be said of the great Baptist preacher, whether we describe him as a preacher, an organiser, an author, one thing remains true of him—he was always Mr. Spurgeon. It was his personality which impressed the world; the things he said may be quoted as smart or telling, as humorous or pathetic (though he was not often in the melting mood), but behind all was the force of his own personal character, his faith, his independence, his earnestness, his perseverance, the sum total of those mysterious qualities which make up personality; there was the character behind which reveals itself in word and action, and which, in its turn, gives weight and force to all that is said and done; so that the same thing said by different men carries very different weight. What a man says is appraised by a subtle process of valuation; and in this men are like stocks which pay equal dividends, but command different market prices.

Mr. Spurgeon's loss thus becomes more than a loss to those who received from him much of their spiritual diet, or their pulpit pabulum. His death is the loss of a personality and character whose influence ranged further than his hearers or his readers. He was a factor in the life of the English-speaking people. He was an Englishman possessed of the robust qualities of our race, and he held a position which was recognised (even by those who differed from him most widely in religion and politics) as a position to which he was justly entitled, not because he was a Baptist, a Calvinist, a Nonconformist minister, but in virtue of those qualities which Englishmen have always delighted to honour—energy, perseverance, courage, frankness of speech, singleness of purpose, independence of character, and faith in God.

Leaving out of sight his position as a religious teacher, he bequeaths us a lesson of success in life. Strictly speaking, he had no advantage of birth or circumstance, save that inestimable advantage of traditional piety in the home. But the step from the little cottage next to the Wheatsheaf Inn at Kelvedon to the Tabernacle and Beulah Hill was a great one. In taking it he had to endure the jealous distrust, partly natural and justifiable, but partly also discreditable and unworthy, which seldom forgets to dog the steps of those who climb above their fellows. There were some who prophesied that the excitement of his fame would not last. He had "gone up like a rocket and would come down like a stick." Dr. Parker, who quotes this, tells us also that grave and reverend men apologised for him, and hoped that "he would not be regarded as a fair sample of the Baptist ministry." He also relates how Dr. Binney spoke of him as a boy who talked "in a most confused and incoherent manner, without logic or consistency." But time did not wear out his reputation; the light shone to the last. He had talent, but he had qualities without which talent is of little avail: he had what athletes would call staying power. He passed through the ordeal of the *furore* of early fame. A lighter character and a less stable soul might have been ruined by the popularity which met him on the threshold of his manhood. The prosperity of fools destroys them; but Mr. Spurgeon had the instinct of a strong nature. He knew that no man can produce great effects without hard work. He had won a reputation: he did more, he did the much harder thing, he maintained it. He was able to do so, because he recognised the law of hard work, and because he was wise enough not to be tempted out of his depth. Of his hard work little need be said. It is open to all to see that he did not offer to his people what cost him nothing. We are told how the late Rev. Mr. Denton noticed at the British Museum a gentleman who was constantly consulting the works of the Fathers and of other divines, and who proved to be Mr. Spurgeon's man, employed to ransack the divinity of the past for anecdotes or pulpit illustrations. The incident serves to show a determination to lay under tribute every source of light and help and not to rely upon old material only. It is the price to be paid for freshness; since what is old and stale to us seldom comes with freshness from our lips.

But no anecdote is needed to show the energy of Mr. Spurgeon's working powers. The vast congregation which gathered at the Tabernacle, and the still vaster congregations who in every quarter of the world were readers of his sermons, are evidence of the industry and energy which kept his utterances fresh and crisp for more than thirty years. This indomitable and unflagging perseverance won its reward.

It gave him an assured place in the metropolis ; he became a recognised power in the religious life of England. He stood before kings, and not before mean men.

But he had another quality which contributed to his success. Besides the staying power which diligence assures, he had the wisdom to live within his own limitations. Many a man who has reached a certain measure of fame has been sacrificed by the ambition which overleaps itself, when he has been tempted to essay the winning of fame in some fresh departure. Bulwer Lytton was regarded as desirous of many-sided fame when he sought to add the reputation of a scholar to the renown of a poet and a novelist ; it may be doubted whether these desires do not end in the obscuration of a man's legitimate fame. Dr. Watts, the correspondent of learned men in Europe, is forgotten ; the author of "The Little Busy Bee" is remembered, and the bee has sucked the honey out of the flower of his fame. Thousands know him as the author of the line—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

who do not know him as the author of the noblest hymn in the English language. A farthing candle lighted may blot out our vision of a star : and a puerile ambition of shining in some fresh sphere may dim the lustre of a well-earned renown.

Mr. Spurgeon escaped this temptation, if it ever assailed him. Some, indeed, thought that his essays at authorship might prove disastrous in this way ; and the works that he has written may be pointed to as evidence of his having attempted, and successfully attempted, another path besides preaching. But this view is, I think, a mistaken one. It is true that Mr. Spurgeon wrote books. His "John Ploughman's Talk" has had a circulation of more than half a million. His "Treasury of David" has sold by thousands. We admit it ; but it is not as an author that Mr. Spurgeon will be remembered ; his works are not in the true sense ventures in literature. They are rather chips from his workshop ; and in his workshop not books but sermons were made. These were his true work ; the others were but groupings of accumulated material. He was not tempted, as others have been, into really new ventures. Preaching was his trade ; and he kept to it. *Hoc unum*—this one thing he did—whatever he wrote he threw it off in the course of, and not in addition to, his main and much-loved work of preaching. To this, and not to authorship, he devoted his life.

This energetic perseverance was allied with certain gifts—a sturdy good sense, a vigorous mind, a quick imagination, a mirthful and joyous temperament, a telling voice, and a mastery of good stalwart language. I heard it once said of Mr. Spurgeon that he possessed no first-rate gifts, but a good supply of second-rate gifts in first-rate

order. I thought that there was much truth in this description. There have been men with richer gifts—with wider mastery of their mother tongue, with voice of greater variety and more sympathetic timbre, with more native humour, and with higher intellectual endowments; but it has seldom happened that they have met in one man, as Mr. Spurgeon's gifts met in him, to find themselves dominated and directed by a vigorous will and a single-minded purpose. To compare him with men in the world of politics, we find ourselves disposed to say that he was among religious orators what Bright was among political. The comparison is not wholly correct, but it is one which suggests itself to many; and it is conveniently near to the truth.

In speaking of Mr. Spurgeon I am at a disadvantage, as I did not know him personally; but I know enough to be able to appreciate the strong personal attachment with which he was able to inspire his friends, and the power of that genial nature which could disarm prejudice. A ready word, and a kindly disposition to speak the word that was ready, gave him the key to unlock even a stranger's heart. I remember an anecdote which was told me by a clergyman whom to know was to love, and who, in telling me the incident, expressed the pleasure which it had given him. Like the Baptist preacher, he was compelled to spend part of the year at Mentone. There he met Mr. Spurgeon, to whom he described himself as frail, saying that his doctor compared him to a fractured pane of glass, which might last long enough with proper care. "Ah!" said Mr. Spurgeon, "I hope that the pane of glass may last for many a day, for God's light to shine through it." There was a grace of simple kindliness in such things as these, as there was the strong love of simplicity in his saying, "I hate oratory." To speak as he thought, as he felt, as he believed, with faith and with sincerity, this was enough; this is one secret of true power.

By religious descent Mr. Spurgeon belonged to the Puritan stream of English thought. As regards progress and culture, he has been called a Philistine. The temperament of such men blinds them to much of the joy and beauty of life. They are as those who live in a walled garden, and who lose the sunlight sooner than the rest of the world, because of the height of their garden wall. Such often mistake the shadow projected by their own wall for a darkness which has fallen on the whole world. Our prejudices and our self-made limitations may obstruct the light of heaven. But it is only fair to see the other side of the picture. The Puritan type may mean heedlessness of culture and loss of sweetness and light, but it also means seriousness, earnestness, and a courageous bearing like that of the Cameronians, "who prayed as they fought and fought as they prayed." If such men fail to see the light which falls beyond their own garden, the light in their own garden is very clear, and

they know how to rejoice in it. Their own experiences are as revelations to them. Their own interpretations are derived from sources which are beyond challenge. The difficult text may be solved by prayer, and the solution so found may stand against the glosses of human learning. The resultant attitude of mind is plainly uncritical. It lacks historical perspective. The Bible becomes under such treatment as a Chinese picture, every object is equidistant. The sublime collection of books which make up the sacred literature of the Bible loses under such treatment the effects of light and shade which historical criticism can supply; the real weight, value, significance of many passages is lost. The texts are not understood as the prophet or writer meant them to be understood; their relationship to age and circumstances is merged in their relation, possible or impossible, to the modern reader. The message, real or fancied, to the spiritual experience of to-day constitutes their chief use. It is forgotten that the true message to the men of to-day can only be realised when the meaning of the message to the men of past days is understood. It is a fortunate circumstance that a man's moral earnestness may save him from the ill-effects or logical results of his intellectual limitations. Bishop Horsley said that the careful student of the English Bible might gain such an instinctive insight into the drift of Bible teaching that he could compass the meaning of passages which, critically speaking, he was unable to expound. There is truth in this. There is a spiritual instinct, the outgrowth of diligent and devout study, which carries a man beyond his own intellectual limitations. I do not of course mean that any man can escape the effects of his own mental limitations; but I do mean that men whose spiritual and moral forces are carefully cultivated may often transcend them. If it were not so, Christian sympathy would be even narrower than it is. But in much the limitations remain, and their effects are felt. They were seen in Mr. Spurgeon, though in him they were often transcended. Time and space would fail me in any endeavour to illustrate this point. But I may, at least, quote the following from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. His attachment to Calvinism is sincere and unhesitating:

"Do you suppose for a moment that this is any injustice in God in having given you grace which He did not give to another? I suppose you say, 'Injustice, no: God has a right to do as He wills with his own; I could not claim grace nor could my companions; God *chose* to give it to me, the other has rejected grace wilfully to his own fault, and I should have done the same, but that He gave "more grace" whereby my will was constrained.' Now sir, if it be not wrong for God to do the thing, how can it be wrong for God to purpose to do the thing? And what is election but God's purpose to do what He does do?" *

* Sermon on Romans viii. 28. Oct. 18, 1857.

I make no comment on the argument. That is not my purpose. I only wish the following to be put alongside it, that the spirit of Mr. Spurgeon may be seen lifted for the moment above his Calvinism.

He has been expressing his belief that the Baptists are more numerous than is commonly supposed. He then goes on—

"That, however, we care very little about; for I say of the Baptist name, let it perish, but let Christ's name last for ever."

He then expresses the hope that the necessity for the existence of the Baptist body will cease by all Christians recognising the value of baptism by immersion—

"Yea, and yet again, much as I love dear old England, I do not believe she will ever perish. No, Britain, thou shalt never perish; for the flag of old England is nailed to the mast by the prayers of Christians, by the efforts of Sunday schools and her pious men. But I say let even England's name perish; let her be merged in one great brotherhood; let us have no England and no France, and no Russia and no Turkey, but let us have Christendom; and I say heartily, from my soul, let nations and national distinctions perish, but let Christ's name last for ever. Perhaps there is only one thing on earth that I love better than the last I have mentioned, and that is the pure doctrine of unadulterated Calvinism. But if that be wrong—if there be anything in that which is false—I for one say let that perish too and let Christ's name last for ever."*

This spirit lifts a man above his belief. It enables him to grow as life opens out to him wider ranges; and we are not surprised to find Mr. Spurgeon expressing in almost his last address his belief that—

"there is more love in the hearts of Christian people than they know of themselves. We mistake divergences of judgment for differences of heart; but they are far from being the same thing."†

It has been pointed out that there are three classes of men in the Christian Church. There are the men who may be described as intellectual, to whom the reconciliation of truth with truth is important. Erasmus may stand as the type. There are the men who seek to reconcile the world by the doctrines which they believe to be true. Luther and Knox belong to this class. There are the men whose chief thought is of the inward reconciliation of the spirit with the will and order of God. Of them Fénelon and Leighton are named as types. If we were to class Mr. Spurgeon we must place him among the men of action; he belongs more to the type of Luther than to that of Erasmus or Fénelon. He belongs to the class which produces strong leaders rather than strong thinkers—men of action, not men of contemplation. Each class has its range and its limitations; each has its message and its function. We may note their limitations without undervaluing their powers or their work.

It is needless for me to say that I differed from Mr. Spurgeon on many points of doctrine and of order. He was profoundly impressed

* Sermon on Psalm lxxii. 17. May 27, 1855.
† Address at Mentone, Dec. 31, 1891.

with the truth of much that must be classed as doubtful; he uttered sentiments at times which seemed to contradict the principles which he so firmly held; more than once he spoke hardly of the Church to which I belong; some things which seem very true to some of us he had no eye to perceive. He was as one who sits in an observatory to view the heavens, but has his telescope so adjusted that he can only follow the course of a star through one portion of the sky. There are fields of vision which his glass cannot cover, and movements of stars which he cannot track; but this is the fault, not of the telescope, but of the way in which the telescope is fixed. What he does see he sees most clearly: his eye is at the glass, and the glass is turned towards heaven, and the heavens to him declare the glory of God; and he tells what he sees. He may not always be right, he does not see all the heavens; but what he does see is very clear to him, and he makes it very real to others. He lifts their eyes upwards to the lights that shine there, and to the glory that awaits them. He is often very literal and very limited; he misses the wider sense, he fails to perceive the relationship of star to star, or to track the wide sweep of the planet's orbit; but there are heavenly lights up yonder, and they do move, and they are God's handiwork. He sees and he believes, and he makes others see and believe also. He has no doubt about what he sees; he has no doubt about the meaning of it all. He sees it in relation to himself; the brightness of the heavens is a true brightness to him, he wants others to see how bright it is; the love of God is very real to him, and he wants others to feel how real it is. His very limitations give him confidence, but still more does the simplicity of his faith. "As the gates were opened to let in the men," said the old Allegorist whom Mr. Spurgeon loved, "I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads and palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them." It was beautiful and most real to Bunyan, it was the same to Mr. Spurgeon.

We live in an age in which, like children with their toys, we wish to pull things to pieces and see what they are made of. We ask ourselves how the trees can grow in Paradise, or how they can be rooted in a pavement of gold. We love analysis, and we wish to understand the way in which golden harps can be tuned. We wish to understand so much that little is left to imagination, and inspiration shows signs of perishing. To other men of simpler faith, these golden streets and golden harps meant the triumph of love and the music of the other world. There was very real joy in the pre-

sence of God, and the angels who sang his praise were real beings. Perhaps it is better to have a faith such as this, even though allied to what the world calls narrowness, than to open our minds so widely that in the chaos and confusion of ideas which follow we lose faith altogether. But better still, I think, it would be if, as Dean Stanley said, we could combine the spirit and method of Erasmus with the energy of Luther and Knox, and the repose of Fénelon and Leighton. Who shall say that it is foolish to dream of a time when we may see in the Church of Christ the intellectual sincerity of Bishop Fraser conjoined with the saintliness of Keble and the sturdy faith of Mr. Spurgeon?

W. B. RIPON.

THE DEFENCE OF THE UNION.

WHAT are the principles which ought to guide Unionists in the defence of the Union?

This is the inquiry to which I propose to supply an answer. My purpose is not to make any startling or novel suggestion, but to recall public attention to considerations, regarding the defence of our national unity, so obvious that their truth hardly admits of dispute, so trite that they hardly seem to need restatement, yet so constantly overlooked at the present moment, and so likely to be disregarded in the heat of the impending conflict, that they demand emphatic reiteration.

Three principles ought to govern, as on the whole they have hitherto governed, the action of Unionists.

First.—Unionists must spare no legitimate effort whatever to win the general election.

To insist upon this point may seem childish or pedantic. We are all, it will be said, arming for the political campaign; what need then of saying that we must struggle for victory? The reply is easy. It is that hundreds of Unionists fail to grasp the momentous character of the impending conflict. Much current talk implies that a Gladstonian victory, if it be not an overwhelming one, will be of no great importance. "A Gladstonian majority," it is argued, "if gained at all, must in any case be a narrow one; it will consist of factions filled with mutual distrust, not to say hostility, and so opposed to each other on matters both of feeling and of principle, that it will be impossible for them to frame any measure of Home Rule on which they could agree, or which, if by any possibility they could come to an agreement, could be carried through the House of Commons. If on return to office Mr. Gladstone delays to bring forward a Home

Rule Bill, he will lose all credit for statesmanship. If he proposes any definite scheme he will, as in 1886, rent his party in twain; his Irish allies will reject any plan which does not go a good deal further than the Bill of 1886 towards securing Irish independence; his English supporters will pass no Bill which does not ensure to the Imperial Parliament far greater authority than was secured by the Bill of 1886. The Irish members must be retained at Westminster or relegated to Dublin. A measure which retains them cannot be supported by Liberals who see that the one compensation offered to England for the Parliamentary independence of Ireland is the exclusion of Irish members from a part in the debates at Westminster, whilst a measure which deprives Irish members of their seats in the English Parliament cannot be supported by scores of Gladstonians, who have pledged themselves up to the lips to the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, as a pledge and sign of the legislative supremacy reserved to the Imperial Parliament." Some Unionists press this line of argument so far as to wish that if the Unionists cannot gain a large majority, Mr. Gladstone may return to office with a small majority of say fifteen or twenty members. His return to nominal power will, they fancy, be the end of his real authority; a few months will show that he is powerless, and strip him for ever both of weight and of popularity.

This is the kind of loose talk—the result of loose thinking—which is doing an infinity of damage to Unionism. It saps the energy of Unionists and keeps them living in a fool's paradise; for the whole line of argument I have described is, plausible though it sounds, utterly misleading. It is based on a whole mass of either disputable or demonstrably false assumptions.

Whether the Opposition will at the next general election obtain a majority at all is a matter of the most doubtful speculation. There is every ground for energy, there is no ground whatever for want of heart or hope, on the part of Unionists. But should the next election result in a Gladstonian triumph, it is at least as likely to produce a large as a small majority of Separatists. Vast bodies of democratic voters tend to sway strongly towards any side to which they incline at all. The plausibility of the prediction that any majority, whether Unionist or Gladstonian, must be a small one arises from the conviction, which undoubtedly is well founded, that there are thousands of electors, among both parties, who cannot now be shaken in their opinions. A great orator or a great statesman might at the present moment rouse the enthusiasm and stimulate the energy of his followers; he could hardly hope to make many converts from the ranks of his opponents. It is not, however, on the votes of men of fixed convictions that the immediate issue of the political contest turns. A change, in many constituencies, of a few hundred votes, or less, from

one side to the other, the rally round Mr. Gladstone of Liberals who in 1886 never went to the poll, the action, in short, of a comparatively small number of voters, who may be described as waverers, might under conceivable circumstances give the Separatists a considerable Parliamentary majority. Grant, however, for the sake of argument, that neither party can by possibility obtain a majority of more than from twenty to thirty votes. Such a majority, if in favour of Separation, might work, and probably would work, untold evil. It is idle to argue from notorious differences of opinion and feeling which, under the pressure of defeat, would break the Opposition to pieces, that the Separatists, when cheered by victory, could not agree upon a policy of Home Rule. Success is a great pacificator. Home Rulers, if victorious in 1892 by however slender a majority, would know that the success of their policy, if achievable at all, must be achieved then and there. They would come to terms of agreement for the simple reason that concord would be a necessity; they would be compelled either to agree or, as a party, to perish. Should a Bill be framed which satisfied English Gladstonians, Irish Nationalists would, we may be sure, accept it. They would do so for a very valid reason; they would know that no better opportunity for effecting the ends they desire would ever present itself. In the attempt to dissolve the Union, the first step, they would rightly feel, is everything. The creation of an Irish Parliament claiming a legal right to speak in the name of the Irish people would give Nationalists not indeed all they desire, but the certain means of obtaining it. Were such a Parliament endowed only with the right of regulating gas, electricity, water-works, and such trivial matters, which is pretty nearly all the authority that the present Separatist member for Rossendale was, in his astuteness or his simplicity, willing to concede to a body claiming to represent Ireland as a nation, still the existence of a so-called national Parliament on College Green, though wielding powers no greater than those of a vestry, would be the virtual repeal of the Act of Union, and would involve the moral defeat of Unionism. There is not an Irish agitator who does not know that, though to create an Irish Parliament is a matter of infinite labour, there would be, comparatively speaking, no difficulty in extending the authority of an Irish Parliament if once the electorate of Great Britain had acquiesced in its existence. Suppose, however, that Mr. Gladstone should elect rather to satisfy the aspirations of Mr. Healy, Mr. Davitt, or Mr. Redmond, than to gratify the very modest ideas of Home Rule entertained by the respectable rank and file of his English supporters. Suppose that a Home Rule Bill, say, the measure of 1886, deprived by the retention of Irish members at Westminster of its one benefit for England, should be so drawn as to ensure the support of Irish Nationalists. What reason have we

to suppose that moderate Gladstonians would refuse to swallow a nostrum which in their hearts they may thoroughly dislike? None whatever. They have already done many things which it might be supposed would have offended their judgment or their conscience; they have condoned or palliated boycotting; they have, to say the least, never denounced the plan of campaign; they have made light of criminal conspiracy. Yet from a moral point of view the apology for criminals condemned by the Special Commission must have been, one would suppose, far more painful to Moderates like Lord Herschell than would be the acceptance of a very extensive measure of Home Rule. In 1886 Liberals, who throughout their lives had detested or denounced the policy of Home Rule, were free to follow their own convictions. Yet in the main the bond of party—a very different thing, I must in fairness add, from considerations of self-interest—was found stronger than the tie of principle. In 1892 or 1893 all freedom of action will have gone from the Gladstonians, they will have been sworn in to party allegiance; their triumph, if it be achieved, will have been due to party discipline, loyalty to colleagues, self-interest, the passion for victory, the longing to end once and for all a tedious controversy, the unbearable humiliation of confessing that they have been dupes, some of the best no less than some of the worst of human feelings, all the natural impulses of partisanship will tend in one direction. The predominant sentiment of the moment will be that no man must flinch in the hour of battle. Gladstone will be dictator. The sole mandate of any cogency imposed by Gladstonian electors upon their representatives will be the mandate to accept any Home Rule Bill whatever which is endorsed with the name of Gladstone.

If any critic thinks my anticipation of the probable attitude of Gladstonians after an electoral victory untrustworthy, and fancies that Gladstonian Liberals, if dissatisfied with their leader's scheme for Home Rule, will for the first time break from their party, let the objector reflect that it would be quite possible to avoid for the moment putting the party loyalty of Moderates to too severe a test. The immediate passing of a Home Bill would not be a necessity. Other modes of promoting the cause of separation might easily be discovered. A small Gladstonian majority might find it difficult—though I doubt the difficulty turning out in fact so great as it appears—to carry a measure of Home Rule through the House of Commons. But such a majority could certainly pass a resolution pledging the House of Commons to the principle of Irish parliamentary independence. No person returned as a Gladstonian member since 1886, no person elected to Parliament in 1892 or 1893, on whatever terms, as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, could with honesty or with decency refuse to vote in favour of such a resolution. It might be, and probably would be, drawn in terms so vague as to remove the possibility

of conflict between the hostile groups which would constitute the Gladstonian majority. The effect, however, of a resolution in favour of granting an independent Parliament to Ireland must not be measured by the moderation or the ambiguity of its language. Whatever its terms, its meaning would be understood by the whole world, and its effect would be enormous. Should the House of Commons once sanction the principle of disunion, a blow of incalculable weight would have been struck at the unity of the nation. Disastrous have been the results flowing from the adoption of Repeal as the policy of an English party, far more disastrous effects would flow from the sanction of Repeal by a body which could legally speak in the name of the people of England. The House of Representatives have never possessed in the United States half the constitutional power, or a tithe of the traditional authority, which in England the course of history has conferred upon the House of Commons. But if the House of Representatives had, during the War of Secession, passed a resolution in favour of dissolving the Union, it may well be doubted whether the forces of the Northern States could have been effectively employed for the suppression of the slave-owners' rebellion.

It argues, again, simplicity or ignorance to suppose that even the immediate passing of Home Rule resolutions is needful for the triumph of Separatists. The formation of a Gladstonian Cabinet means that the government of Ireland will be handed over to the enemies of England. Nominal authority indeed may be placed in the hands of the most respectable among our opponents. Lord Spencer or Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Morley or Sir George Trevelyan may hold office; any one of them who likes to undertake the task, or all of them together, may put the United Kingdom into liquidation, and wind up the connection between Ireland and Great Britain. But whoever be the occupants of the Castle, the real governors of Ireland would be Mr. Healy, Archbishop Walsh, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt. Men found guilty of criminal conspiracy, priests who have connived at boycotting or who have promoted it, politicians who have objected to no kind of violence which was not directed against themselves or their partisans, lawyers who have never respected the law unless it could be in some way turned against their opponents, would, if Mr. Gladstone should ever return to office, guide the administration, nominate the judges, direct the police of Ireland. This practical instalment of Home Rule would go a good way to arrest the possible opposition of Nationalists to the moderation of Mr. Gladstone's legislative proposals. It would farther break down the spirit of Loyalists. The working of the Land Purchase Act would, under such a state of things, become impossible; every magistrate who, in spite of popular clamour, has enforced the law of the land; every farmer who, in the midst of dishonest or terrorised neighbours, has manfully paid his rent; every tenant

who, in defiance of the National League or the leaders in the Plan of Campaign, has under the sanction of the law purchased or leased land offered to him by a boycotted landlord ; every constable who has performed his duty to the State—every one, in short, high or low, rich or poor, who has respected the law, and has obeyed the rules of loyalty and justice, confident in the power and the will of the English people to protect honest men in the exercise of their just rights, would find himself the victim of injustice and persecution, and would feel that honesty and manliness had turned out folly, and that he had been betrayed by the country which he trusted, and had been made subject to the tyrants whose power he had ventured to defy. It is idle to suppose that such an experience of wrong would not produce its natural effects. Grant, for the sake of argument—and this is granting a great deal more than the facts warrant—that a Gladstonian Government, if supported by only a small majority, could under no circumstances continue to exist for more than half a year, yet six months of misrule would be enough to undo all the good which has been painfully obtained by six years of just and legal government. Destruction is far more rapid than construction. It may well be doubted whether a few months of injustice would not make it impossible to restore for years to come in Ireland the authority of ordinary law, and the machinery of constitutional government. Nor does the matter end here. It is indeed my firm conviction that a Unionist minority, if firmly bound together, could by its strenuous resistance ultimately render abortive any attempt of Separatists to tear asunder the union between Great Britain and Ireland. But who dares count on the unbroken steadfastness and absolute discipline of the whole Unionist party under circumstances of defeat ? I yield to no man in my respect for the Unionist leaders, whether they be Conservatives such as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, or Liberals such as the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain ; no party has ever clung more firmly to its principles, or has exhibited a higher tone of public spirit than have the rank and file of the Unionists. But a party consists of men of unequal judgment and of unequal force of character. If nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. Defeat begets quarrels and favours intrigue. The discipline of an army is never strengthened by a repulse. Should the Gladstonians obtain a decided success, there would inevitably be found Unionists to begin dreaming of compromise. But to Unionism compromise is death. Then, too, would begin the day of intrigue. But political manœuvring is the degradation of public character, and the moral reputation of the Unionists is the true source of their strength.

Unionists, moreover, ought to be stimulated to the most energetic action, not only by the thought that defeat involves the risk of

fatal disaster, but by the knowledge that success, however moderate at the next General Election, is equivalent to permanent victory. There is no real reason why the Unionists should not substantially maintain the position they already hold. Suppose, however, that their success should fall far below their deserts, and that they should secure a majority of from twenty to thirty members, or even less. This would not enable them to constitute a strong Government; a Ministry which could count on nothing more than a bare working majority could not carry through any grand scheme of improvement. But from a Unionist point of view, the retention of a small working majority would be a decisive victory. The strength no less than the weakness of Unionists is that they are a party of defence. If the next election returns them to power, but for the time diminishes their resources, their right course clearly will be to enter on a defensive campaign. They will not need to attempt anything new, but they will find it easy to perform their one essential duty—the maintenance of our existing political institutions. The tactics of defence, if honestly pursued, would, it is probable, be crowned with speedy success. The members of the Opposition have been held together by hopes of victory. The elation of triumph might for a time weld incongruous and discordant factions into something like a disciplined force. Disaster of even a moderate kind would break up a body which has not, we may feel sure, been kept together without considerable difficulty. Mr. Gladstone's second defeat would be his last; every one would feel that a policy which could not be executed under the sanction of his name and under the favour of his popularity, had become an impossible policy. The English members of the Opposition would, it may be anticipated, after another defeat renounce Home Rule. But this renunciation would render impossible the alliance with Irish Nationalists. It is, in short, as certain as anything of the kind can be that a Unionist victory at the General Election would, before six years more had elapsed, dissolve the forces of the Opposition. Irish difficulties, and it may be feared Irish misery, will tax the resources of British statesmanship long after every leading politician now living is in his grave. But a defeat of Home Rulers at the polling booths in 1892 would put an end to the political significance of the present Home Rule agitation. From whichever side, in short, a thoughtful man looks at the matter he is driven to the conclusion which, though often disputed, is suggested by the most ordinary common sense, that the impending political contest is of paramount importance, and that it behoves all Unionists to fight with the energy of men bent with their whole hearts on the attainment of victory.

Secondly.—Unionists must stand together, and stand by the principle of Unionism.

The absolute necessity of the union of Unionists is admitted by

all who have at heart the integrity of the nation. There are, however, to be found many able and honest defenders of the Union, who fail to perceive all that is involved in this admission. Unionists are bound together by one common object and one common principle; their common aim is to avert the disintegration of the United Kingdom; their common principle is that the maintenance of national unity overrides every other political consideration. One Unionist may be an ardent supporter of the connection between Church and State, another may believe that the country would gain by the disestablishment of the Church; one man may believe that temperance should be enforced by law, another may hold that individual freedom is of more consequence than national sobriety. These and other points of disagreement have nothing to do with the tie by which Unionists are bound to one another. They are linked together by the conviction that the matters on which they may disagree are of far less significance than the maintenance of that national unity as to which they are heart and soul at one.

Their position is in principle exactly the position occupied from 1861 to 1864 by the Northerners whose arms and sacrifices maintained the national existence of the United States. Among the supporters of the Union were to be found Republicans and Democrats, Protectionists and Free Traders. No one was ever so foolish as to contend that there was any inconsistency in a Protectionist and a Free Trader fighting side by side in the armies of the Union. So it would be if England were threatened with foreign invasion. Liberals and Conservatives alike would feel that in the face of this peril party differences sank to nothing. This is exactly what Unionists do feel at the present crisis. To many honest Gladstonians the candid recognition of the Unionist attitude is an impossibility. That this is so should afford no matter for surprise. Politicians who have persuaded themselves that Home Rule is, at the very worst, only a harmless experiment, cannot believe that their opponents see in the triumph of Mr. William O'Brien, of Mr. Dillon, of Mr. Davitt, and of Mr. Davitt's friend, that eminent Christian and distinguished patron of dynamite, Mr. Ford, a more ignominious, and, in the long run, a more ruinous disaster than would be the defeat of a British army by France or Russia. What may cause some wonder is that Unionists do not always fully realise their own position. The unity of the United Kingdom is their watchword, their object, and their bond of union. No doubt agreement in zeal for the supremacy of the nation has been found by degrees to involve agreement on many other matters. Unionists are by their creed compelled to place the will of the nation above the demands of party. Unionists, recognising as they do, the law as the voice of the nation, are compelled, happily for themselves, to support the equal enforcement of law against every person, and against every class. They perceive, further, that national unity is menaced by the

existence of any legitimate cause of complaint which arouses discontent among any large section of the population. They have attempted therefore, as notably in the case of the Land Purchase Act, and are ready to attempt, the removal of every proved grievance which can be abolished by legislation. Unionists also are coming slowly to recognise the all-important truth, that in a democratic age, the only sure method for preserving either the supremacy of the law, or the authority of the nation, is the candid and complete acceptance of democracy. These and others sentiments flowing from the fundamental principle of Unionism, combined with the habit of common action, are fusing Unionists of every stamp into a party of true Nationalists; the progress which has been made in this direction may be seen in the constantly increasing popularity of Mr. Balfour. Still the fact remains that the firm faith in the political integrity of the nation, and the conviction that its maintenance is, at this moment, of more importance than the carrying out of any social or political reform, are the foundation on which rests the whole policy of Unionism.

This fact at once condemns any policy of bids and dodges. You cannot bribe men into love of country: payment is fatal to patriotism. The suggestion that Unionists can go into the market and in effect say to the working men of England: "Stand by the country and we will reward you by passing measures, say, the Eight Hours Bill, which most of us believe to be injurious to yourselves and unjust to others," embodies a policy condemned, if by no other consideration, then, by its futility. It is certain to fail; the party of genuine and intelligent conservatism (in the true sense of that much abused term), no less than of high public morality, cannot in a rivalry of promises compete with the recklessness of new Jacobinism. Unionists are bound over to respect for legal rights. How can they outbid opponents ready to override legal rights in deference to the exigencies of popular sentiment? Note, too, that for every doubtful ally to be gained by reckless pledges Unionists must lose ten sure friends prepared to rally round statesmen who, while they offer to carry out even difficult reforms, pledge themselves to the principle that even the removal of abuses shall be subject to the rules of common fairness. No doubt it sounds not a little old-fashioned to express a belief in the permanent influence of public morality and of fixed principle. But it needs no very profound acquaintance with history to feel convinced that moral faults rather than political errors have caused the fall of great parties. The supreme duty, then, of the Unionists, as it will be found in the long run their truest political interest, is to carry high the flag of the Union. There is not the least reason why Unionism should prove inconsistent with the planning and execution of large reforms, both social and political. One consideration, however, must

not be dropped out of sight. The obtrusion on the public of schemes, however meritorious in themselves, which have no connection with Unionism, involves for the moment—though for the moment only—two dangers. It tends to disunite the defenders of the Union; it tends still more to confuse the minds of the electors. The difficulty of the day is to make men, who are many of them new to the use of political power and unaccustomed to political speculation, perceive all the dangers latent in a tremendous constitutional change, which, ill-advised and perilous in itself, is pressed on the acceptance of the country by means far worse than the innovation they are meant to promote. It is therefore of primary consequence that every elector should know that the Unionist leaders hold the maintenance of the Union to be the one thing absolutely necessary to the welfare of the country.

But how can it be expected that electors should see the supreme importance of maintaining the greatness of the nation if Unionist statesmen appear to be occupied at the moment with other questions than the maintenance of the Union? It is, in short, of vital import that at the next election, as in 1886, the one clear issue brought before the electors should be union or separation. On such an issue Unionists are certain to obtain a favourable verdict. Gladstonians see that this is so, and, wisely enough from their point of view, leave no stone unturned to prevent the one clear question—whether the unity of the nation shall or shall not be preserved—being submitted to the judgment of English and Scotch electors. In Ireland, indeed, these tactics are useless; every man and woman there knows well enough what is at stake. All this is a broad hint to the Unionists as to the course which wisdom requires them to pursue. It is tiresome, I admit, to harp continuously on one string; but it is a matter of the clearest duty and the plainest expediency to force at all costs upon the electors a decision for or against the maintenance of the Union. Let it further be noted that such a course of action is sure of its reward. Even were the Unionists defeated, which, on the issue of Unionism, is all but impossible, the return to Parliament of a large minority, sent there with no mandate but the command to save the nation from disintegration, would, under proper management, be fatal to the policy of Home Rule.

Thirdly.—Unionists must heartily accept democracy, and save the unity of the nation by appealing from the clamour of a mob, or the intrigues of a party, to the deliberate voice of the people.

The necessity and the wisdom of reliance on the democracy sounds to many Conservatives a hard doctrine, yet to any man who looks facts in the face its truth is as clear as day. The existing English constitution is a democracy, masked under the forms of a regal aristocracy. The majority of the electors are the sovereign power;

their deliberate will, when once expressed, is irresistible, and meets with no resistance. No one supposes for a moment that the Crown or the Peers would refuse to grant a Parliament to Ireland when once it should be plain that a decisive majority among the citizens of the United Kingdom had approved the policy of Home Rule. This supremacy of numbers, which is the true note of a democratic society, need, in the mind of a thoughtful man, excite neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The one essential thing is to recognise its existence, and to acknowledge frankly that a democratic constitution while it has merits which ought never to be underrated, has also defects which it is a mission of prudent statesmanship as far as possible to diminish or guard against. Among these defects lies the risk that a party which has obtained a slight or temporary majority may, by means of intrigue or violence, usurp the power of the nation. In avowed democracies, such as the United States or the Swiss Confederation, steps, more or less effective, have been deliberately taken to guard against this kind of usurpation. The fundamental laws of the State have been placed beyond the reach of a mere Parliamentary majority. Let us suppose that the citizens of the United States or of Switzerland were equally divided for or against some far-reaching change in the constitution, say the abolition of a second chamber. It is quite certain that under these circumstances no change could take place. We may go a good deal further than this, and assert that in both these democratic Republics the constitution could not be fundamentally altered, unless a very decided majority of the people deliberately approved of the specific innovation, say, the abolition of the bicameral system, and held it to be for its own sake desirable. In England it is otherwise. The very notion of a fundamental law is foreign to our political conceptions. It is within the authority of Parliament to introduce any change whatever into the constitution. The significance of this fact is concealed by the maintenance of ancient forms, which possess little remaining reality. These fictions of the constitution are often harmless, and sometimes useful. Their existence, however, produces one evil. It leads Englishmen to mistake sham for real checks on reckless innovation. The miscalled veto of the Crown and the, more or less fictitious, legislative independence of the House of Lords look like securities against the tyranny of a party. But the one is obsolete, the other is unreal. The House of Lords may indeed, as I shall show, exercise a most salutary and decisive authority as protector of the rights of the democracy, but the exertion of the legislative authority left to the House of Lords is liable to be grossly misrepresented, and to be treated as opposition to the will of the people when it is really the safeguard of popular sovereignty. It is at any rate quite possible, under our present constitutional arrangements, that a party which commanded a majority in the House of Commons might, unless our

statesmen acted both with skill and vigour, carry through fundamental and irreparable changes which were not sanctioned by the deliberate will of the nation, and were not desired even by a bare majority of the electors. This danger cannot be warded off by any attack on democracy; it cannot be circumvented by any dodge, however ingenious; but it may be met by a loyal appeal to the essential principles of democracy, by calling upon the people to see to it, that no faction or combination of factions pass a measure which, like a Home Rule Bill, would radically change our whole system of government without having obtained the deliberate and undoubted sanction of the people of the United Kingdom. The means by which to assure a *bonâ fide* appeal to the people are not hard to find. What is needed is firmness, doggedness, and courage, in insisting upon their being used. It is worth while to point out, in the merest outline, one or two of these methods which are available and will be effective, because they are in harmony with the spirit at once of true conservatism and of true democracy.

The Unionist leaders would do well to lose no time in making the redistribution of seats, on thoroughly democratic principles, a main plank—to use a convenient piece of American political terminology—of their party platform. There is little real unfairness in the violation of the so-called principle summed up in the phrase, "one man, one vote." But the fact that one citizen should have more votes than another, is, in a democratic State, an anomaly which—though it is for the moment justified by its slightly counterbalancing the unfair effect of other far more serious anomalies—is, in the present state of English opinion, certain to excite discontent. The course of wisdom is not to fight for a conservative advantage, if such it be, but to get rid at one stroke both of this and of other anomalies in our electoral system which are opposed to democratic principle or sentiment. The whole United Kingdom suffers from the over-representation of Ireland and Wales, and the under-representation of England. That Englishmen should have less than their fair share of power is an anomaly which is condemned not only by the abstract principles of democracy, but, what is of far more consequence, by every consideration of obvious expediency. The substantial defence of democratic government is that—at any rate, in modern Europe—population is a test, though a very rough one, of power and capacity. In the United Kingdom, at least, London, Lancashire, the North of Ireland, and the like, are the centres of life and intelligence. England, after all, contains a greater portion of the talent, the vigour, the worth of the State than does any other division of the United Kingdom. That this is so arises not from any special merit of Englishmen, but from the fact that to England and to London are irresistibly drawn men of capacity from every part of the kingdom. A system which gives

to Ireland in Parliament more than the weight of the Metropolis is self-condemned. No political philosopher and no sincere democrat can openly defend a scheme of representation which gives to the five thousand electors of Galway, Kilkenny, and Newry three times the weight in the House of Commons of the sixteen thousand electors of Wandsworth. On this matter I need, however, say little. The whole subject is admirably handled by Mr. St. Loe Strachey in the *National Review* of last month.* It may be, however, allowable to suggest to Liberals like Sir George Trevelyan, whose political conscience has become so morbidly sensitive to the least infringement on the principle of "one man, one vote," that the phrase, "one vote, one worth," sounds at least as well as their favourite formula, and has at the present moment a good deal more of true political significance. One further observation is worth making. A national government should make it a primary object of its policy to provide by legislation for the automatic redistribution of seats from time to time, say, every ten years, in accordance with the growth or change of the population. No doubt I shall be told that, for some reason or other, such an arrangement is impossible. My reply is, that it exists and works with perfect ease in France. This answer will, I know, not avail me much. It is the pleasant custom of English controversialists, whatever be their political party, to assert that arrangements—*e.g.*, the registration of the title to land—are impossible, whilst everybody knows that these arrangements are in actual existence in other countries.

Unionist statesmen, again, should, and can, insist that no Home Rule Bill shall pass into law until it has received the deliberate—I might almost say the formal—sanction of the people.

This is a duty which, whatever be the result of the general election, the Unionists will certainly have the power to perform. Suppose, to illustrate my position, that the Gladstonians should obtain a majority at the General Election, and should thereupon bring into the House of Commons the Bill of 1886, modified only by the retention at Westminster of the whole or of some part of the Irish members. Every step must under these circumstances be taken to ensure, by any method of Parliamentary tactics which approves itself to our leaders, that the whole details of the Bill, the viciousness of its principle, and the dangers threatened by its passing into law should be made known to every elector. Everything, I may add, should be done to show that the Unionists will take no part whatever in the modification of a scheme which they hold to be essentially vicious. What may be the best end for securing this result depends wholly upon the circumstances of the day, one may say of the hour. The essential thing is that the

* See "One Man One Value." By St. Loe Strachey. *National Review*, No. 108, p. 789.

whole responsibility for tampering with the unity of the nation should visibly rest on the Separatists. It is not the business of men who disbelieve entirely in the policy of Repeal to aid moderate Home Rulers in resisting the extreme demands of exacting allies. It may possibly be most desirable that all England should see the true character of the measure which alone can satisfy Parnellites or anti-Parnellites. With these matters, however, there is no need for the moment to concern ourselves. The tactics of Parliamentary warfare depend upon the circumstances of the moment, and must be left in the hands of Parliamentary tacticians.

Suppose, however, that the calamitous day should dawn when, in spite of Unionist opposition, a Home Rule Bill passes the House of Commons. This is the point at which the power of Unionists would revive. Be they few or many in the House of Commons they could at any moment, by the action of the House of Lords, compel the submission of the Bill to the judgment of the electors before it becomes the law of the land. The obvious way of achieving this result is of course for the Peers firmly and on principle to refuse their assent to the Bill until a dissolution followed by a general election has given the electors an opportunity of pronouncing for or against the specific measure sanctioned by the House of Commons. It is, however, quite possible that under our present system even a general election might not make clear that the people really assented to the proposed innovation, and it is at least worth consideration whether under conceivable circumstances the House of Lords might not well refuse to pass the Bill unless a clause were added providing, in effect, that the Bill should not come into force unless and until the question whether the Bill should become law or not had, say, within three months, been submitted to the electors of the United Kingdom and a majority of the voters had been obtained in its favour. This introduction of the referendum into English politics, which has been already suggested by the present writer,* would be, it must frankly be admitted, open to criticism, both legitimate and illegitimate. All that need here be said is that the referendum is one of those institutions which is in its principle democratic and in its working conservative; that it exists in Switzerland, that at this very moment the Government of Belgium proposes to introduce it into that country in a form suitable to a constitutional monarchy, and, lastly, that the principle, though not the name, of the referendum is known to every State, or to nearly every State, of the American Union.† What might at any rate make it well worth consideration whether such a formal appeal

* See "Ought the Referendum to be introduced into England?" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1890, p. 489.

† See "Law-making by Popular Vote; or, The American Referendum." By Ellis P. Oberholtzer. *Annals of the American Academy*, vol. ii. No. 3, p. 36.

to the people ought not to be made before any measure of Home Rule finally passes into law, is that such a formal appeal would put the conduct of the House of Lords in its true light, and show that the object of the Peers in for the moment rejecting a measure which they did not approve was not to resist the will of the people, but simply as to act as the guardians of the national sovereignty. This is a matter on which it is impossible to lay too much stress. The House of Lords has neither the power nor the right to overrule the voice of the country; the House therefore ought never on any important question to claim more than a suspensive veto. But the House has the power, and therefore is in duty bound, to see that no measure affecting the unity of the nation shall become law until it has received the deliberate sanction of the citizens of the United Kingdom. It is well to make our minds quite clear as to the grounds which make the rejection by the House of Lords of any Home Rule Bill which can be passed by the next Parliament an imperative duty. The House is the guardian of the constitution; it is not the business of the Lords to avert changes, even though these changes be rash innovations, which their lordships thoroughly condemn. It is the business of the Lords, as in their default it would be the business of any authority in the State which could legally accomplish the object, to see that a faction does not usurp the rights of the nation. The House in fulfilling this duty performs a strictly democratic function, for it safeguards the supremacy of the people.

Two arguments may be advanced against the intervention of the House of Lords.

The question of Home Rule, it may be said, has now been before the country for six years. If in 1892 or in 1893 the electors should return a Gladstonian majority this would be a clear intimation of their wish to establish an independent Parliament in Ireland. The Peers, if they reject the measure which embodies this policy, will be guilty of defying the people of England; it is idle for the Peers to argue that they are protecting the rights of the electors when they refuse to obey the representatives who are entitled to speak on behalf of the electorate.

This argument will no doubt, should the House of Lords ever be called upon to reject a measure of Home Rule, be put forward with all the force that can be given to it by rhetoric and passion. It is, however, in itself worthless. Even were the Bill to be passed in 1893 by the House of Commons the identical measure proposed to and rejected by the House and the country in 1886; even had the Bill of 1886 been invariably put forward by the Opposition as the embodiment of their Irish policy; even should the present Opposition regain power—if they ever happen to regain it—solely as the advocates

of Home Rule; even under these circumstances, which are the strongest conceivable in favour of at once passing the Gladstonian Home Rule Bill, it would still be reasonable that a plan involving, by the admission of its supporters, the most far-reaching consequences, and endangering, in the opinion of its opponents, the power and the welfare of the country, should be once more submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection. But every one knows that none of the conditions which might be strong presumptions in favour of at once putting into force Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy exist, or now can by any possibility exist. The measure tendered to the nation will not be the exact Bill of 1886. One of that Bill's characteristic provisions—the retirement of the Irish members from Westminster—has been rejected by the mass of Gladstonians. No leader of the Opposition has told us, or will tell us, or probably can tell us, what will be the outlines of any future scheme of Home Rule. All we know is that, whilst some Home Rulers look favourably on a gigantic scheme of Federation which is to affect England, Scotland, and Wales no less than Ireland, others show a disposition to reduce Home Rule in Ireland nearly to the dimensions of extended local self-government.

Meanwhile the members of the Opposition have gained such success as has fallen to them, not by the unceasing demand for Home Rule, but by favouring or acquiescing in all the various, and sometimes inconsistent, cries which may chance to please any section of the electorate. These tactics deserve neither praise nor blame; they are perhaps the inevitable result of the vices which attach to our existing party system. From a wire-puller's point of view they present great advantages. They have, however, this inherent defect: they deprive the Gladstonians, should they return to office, of any right, either moral or constitutional, to claim that their next measure of Home Rule, when at last revealed, has received the sanction of the majority of the electors. All we know is that the electors rejected decisively one scheme for virtually repealing the Act of Union. We have no proof whatever that in 1893 or 1894, they may not be willing to reject another and quite different scheme. Nor would the state of things be essentially changed were the Gladstonians now to produce their plan of Home Rule in a definite form. Whatever happens between this time and the meeting of the next Parliament, the question of Home Rule has been far too much complicated with other issues to make it possible to accept the result of the next election as a final and decisive verdict of the country in favour of a definite scheme for giving Ireland Parliamentary independence. It is impossible for me, in common honesty, to stop here. What might have been the case had a plan of Home Rule, supported by the whole Opposition, been under the consideration of the country for the last five or six years it is useless to determine; there is no good in speculating upon the

effect of events which have not happened. But the plain truth is, that in any case no plan of Home Rule ought to become law which has not, at the very lowest, been sanctioned in its details by the result of an election taking place after the plan has been passed as a Bill through the House of Commons.

To see that this is so, let us look at the matter from another point of view. Should a Home Rule Bill—say, in 1893—be carried through the House of Commons, it either would, or would not, in reality, command the approval of the electors. On either supposition, there could be no valid objection to laying the measure before the electorate. If the Gladstonians should be right in their estimate of popular opinion, the election of a new Parliament would, in all probability, determine the matter at issue. There would at worst be a delay of, say, three or four months in putting the scheme of Home Rule into execution. No man who is not a slave to partisanship can believe that this delay would be of vital consequence. The worst evils it could by any possibility produce would be as nothing compared with the irreparable calamity of carrying a measure intended to pacify Ireland in such a manner as permanently to irritate the majority of Englishmen, because they felt they had a right to suspect that the change they detested had not really been sanctioned by the nation. Common prudence should warn statesmen not so to repeal the Act of Union as to excite among large masses of Englishmen a sense of wrong as deep as was excited among large numbers of Irishmen by the methods used by our forefathers for carrying the Act of Union. Suppose, however, what, till the matter is tested, must always remain a fair supposition, that the future Home Rule Bill of 1893, if ever it comes into existence, should not command the approval of the electorate. What are the arguments by which any sincere democrat can defend the refusal to submit the measure to the approval of the electors? I must leave it to the ingenuity and boldness of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Labouchere to find avowable reasons in favour of the paradox, that the representatives of the people have a right to revolutionise the constitution against the will of the people whom they profess to represent. Let no one try to get out of the difficulty by saying that we must assume the majority of the House of Commons to represent the people. You cannot meet facts by reliance on constitutional fictions.

The rejection of an important Bill passed by a newly-elected House of Commons, it will be argued, will expose the House of Lords to risk of destruction.

To this argument there are two short and valid replies. The first is that the risk, great or small, ought to be run. If the House of Lords cannot ensure that no serious change in the constitution shall

be carried out without an appeal to the people, then the second chamber has become all but avowedly useless, and will soon become manifestly contemptible. But inutility and contemptibility are not guarantees for the existence of any institution whatever. The second reply is that the supposed risk is imaginary. The rejection of a dangerous innovation, with a view to consult the nation, must be accompanied with a pledge that the innovation shall be accepted when once all fair doubt has been removed of the nation having approved a change which may still not commend itself to the Peers. Let this be made clear, and there will not be the remotest reason to fear the anger of the people. The members of the House of Commons will no doubt rage. Parliamentary majorities burn with anger when reminded that Parliamentary majorities derive their authority and power from the support of the nation. Fox and Burke were eminent statesmen and sound constitutionalists, but they, and the majority whom they led, would gladly, had they really possessed the power, have impeached Pitt for appealing from the violence of a majority formed by an immoral coalition of discordant factions to the voice of the electors. But in 1783, the electors themselves showed no anger at an acknowledgment of their own power. Human nature will remain in 1893 much what it was in 1783. The electors of England entertain no idolatrous reverence for the House of Commons; they will feel no lasting or even temporary displeasure at any party who submit to the final arbitrament of the electorate, the gravest political question which for more than half a century has occupied the attention of the nation.

A. V. DICEY.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND ITS ASSAILANTS.

THOUGH the London County Council, is, unlike the Houses of Parliament, a corporation and has a continuous existence, and though it is legally incorrect to speak of a "new" Council as we speak of a new Parliament, yet practically the change which is to take place on the 5th of March amounts to a dissolution of the old, and a creation of the new. In the municipal boroughs only one-third of the existing members retire at one time to be replaced by new ones; and so the continuity of the body does not even seem to be broken. But in London all the members except a few aldermen, who are not, I fear, the hardest workers, vacate their seats; and so the continuity seems to be, and practically is, broken. How far it may be patched up again by the return of former members depends upon the electors. In such cases, the conduct of the outgoing councillors invites scrutiny, and calls for appraisement, to a much greater degree than in the cases where one-third are elected annually; and we are in the thick of that process now.

When I am asked whether the London Council has done what Londoners expected of it, I turn back to see what were the objects put forth by those who fought to establish it, what powers the Legislature gave it for effecting these objects, and how far the course of events has favoured or retarded its action.

Our representative government then was to think and act for London as completely as the corporations of Manchester and Birmingham think and act for these towns; so that London, which has very substantial unity of interests, might have substantial unity of will and action, instead of being a mere conglomerate of atoms, with no fixed centre of gravity, some pulling one way, some another, and many exerting no force at all. And the cases in which we expected benefit

from it were mainly of three kinds. First, those in which the numerous independent authorities either overlapped and came into collision, or failed to meet and so left a gap in the administration of affairs. Secondly, cases in which the interests of all London or of the bulk of Londoners stand on the one side, and those of some foreign body or of a class of Londoners on the other side. Thirdly, matters of common interest to Londoners, which could not be decided in any satisfactory way except by bringing those who represent different parts of London to debate them face to face, and to decide them with authority. In all these matters Londoners stood perfectly helpless and impotent when they were unorganised. The only remedy was to give them a single government.

With regard to the first class of cases, nothing has been done, and nothing can be done, in the way of improvement until the Legislature either remodels the smaller local authorities and readjusts their relations to the central authority, or sets in motion some machinery for that purpose. The only way in which the Council could help would be by elaborating some plan which might serve as a good basis of discussion, just as the Municipal Reform League have done. In fact a great deal of labour and skill and official knowledge was brought to bear upon this object in the Local Government Committee. But it was found that not only was the matter one of great intrinsic difficulty—extreme difficulty, I think, if the whole of London is to be remodelled *uno flatu*—but also as it involves the relation of the Council with the smaller areas one of great delicacy, in which it would certainly be said, and might be true, that members of council, looking at things from their own stand-point, were not impartial. Anyhow the council has taken no action in the matter, nor has the Committee made any report.

In the second class of cases, the improvement in the position of Londoners is great and manifest. Precious oases among crowded populations, as, for example, the Bethnal Green Poor's land and the old burial-ground and adjoining pieces at St. Pancras, have been preserved from the erysipelas of building; the former in large measure, the latter wholly, by the Council. And a body has been found to take over tramways, which most of us consider to be proper subjects of municipal control and ownership.

One of our stock illustrations used to be drawn from the supply of water. There was nobody to bargain with the companies, and so the national Government had to do it. They did not bargain as a Government of London would have done, and were so careless about it, and so willing to let the companies have their own way, that, on the terms of their bargain becoming known, the water stocks went up in price, some 70, some upwards of 100 per cent. The Council can do nothing directly in this matter, because the Legislature at first

refused to give them any powers, and now have given only the power of spending £5000 upon inquiry, an utterly inadequate sum in a matter of such enormous magnitude. But they have not lost a moment in doing what they could. The Committee appointed for the purpose has, with the assistance of the Council's engineer, produced a valuable report, throwing light on some very difficult problems. The Council have made common cause with the City, so that all London now stands in one attitude in this matter. They have pushed Her Majesty's Ministers, most unaccountably reluctant as they are to give any help, to the extent of promising a Royal Commission of Inquiry. No doubt, the matter should have been taken in hand directly the Council was formed. Three precious years have been lost. One more case has been added to the numerous cases illustrating the mischief of governing London affairs by the national Government. But that the matter is so far pushed forward is due to the energy and ability with which it has been handled by the committees of the Council and of the City. And it has been made clear that the companies are not to have it all their own way, and that Londoners will not be quite so helpless as they have been heretofore.

Another stock illustration was drawn from the subject of rates. Fifteen years ago, when I became a vestryman, I became aware of the profound dissatisfaction felt with the rating system by many who had to administer it. When the Municipal Reform League was formed, some of us set to work to study the matter, and to expound it in innumerable assemblies, with the result of convincing most people not only that there is a wrong, but in what it consists, and that a remedy may be found. It is a matter of great difficulty and complexity: more than one remedy is proposed, and it will test the ability of any statesman to choose the best and apply it in detail, and the strength of any Ministry and the firmness of any House of Commons to pass it. What the Council has done is, first to make it clear that it is the voice of London in this matter, which could not be known except through a common representative assembly; secondly, it has promulgated for the study of Londoners a statement of the case and of principles of reform, calculated to afford a reasonable basis of discussion and to make the case easier of comprehension.

There is perhaps no action for which the Council has been so persistently taken to task as for their attention to the incidence of rating. "It is the business of Parliament," say our critics. Of course it is, but who supposes that the House of Commons will look at it unless a Ministry force it on them, or that a Ministry will take up so thorny a matter unless convinced that a deep and wide sense of injustice prevails in London, and that it must be dealt with? "But it is no business of the Council; it is appointed for other things, and has no power in this." No, none; none at least that can be read in the

words of the Local Government Act. But it is beyond question that, both in the Council and in vestries, there are men who vote against expenditure, desirable in itself, because they think it will not fall on those who ought to bear it. That at least is within their power. It really is an idle thing for this purpose to examine nicely where the limits of the Council's express legal power and duty lie. An elected rating authority, having also power to lay a greater or a less burden on its constituents, must be interested to have its rates fairly levied. And, as the elections are now close at hand, I shall be curious to see whether any candidate is found to look the electors fairly in the face, and to say that the Council is bound to lay on taxes without any regard to the justice or injustice of their incidence, or to the feelings of those who pay them. In this matter again the Council has been the voice of London as against one class of Londoners. And I shall be surprised if the constituencies do not approve of its utterance.

It is probably in the third class of cases that the great principle which underlay the whole movement for a single government of London—viz., the unity of London—finds its fullest expression. London, though necessarily one in the essential points of traffic, air, water, drainage, health, public order, poverty, and other matters, had by long neglect become disastrously and dangerously disunited as regards government, so much so as to lead many to deny that it was, or ever could be, a single community. The rich inhabitants had drifted off into some districts, and the poor into others. They were essentially connected, as the rich and poor of a town, however large, must be; but the old anachronistic parish system still prevailed, and produced very bad results. The rich quarters got the greatest share of attention, the poor ones the least. The rich ones had the lightest burden of public expenditure, notably in Poor Rate, the poor ones the heaviest. A partial remedy had been applied to this injustice by the creation of the Board of Works in 1855, and another by the creation of the Common Poor Fund, begun I think in 1867. But the thing wanted was to break down the old artificial division so far as regards common interests, with power for the whole to make its own arrangements. The far superior power of such a method was shown by the experiment of the School Board in 1870. That was the first directly elected representative government of London, though only for one purpose. And the result was that the accommodation was given just where it was wanted. Look at a School-Board map of London, and you will see the schools thickly clustered in the poor districts, and sparse in the rich ones. On the parish School-Board system, for which a strong push was made at the time, this never could, or at least never would, have been done. The expense would have been too great for the poor districts, and the rich ones could not have legally contributed, even if they wished. When the representatives of all London met

together they were able to do what was best for all London, and they did it with great vigour and judgment.

I think it will be admitted that during the reign of the expiring Council, the process of equalising benefits by virtue of common expenditure over London has proceeded steadily. Under the provisions of the Local Government Act burdens have been further distributed so as to make the rich districts bear more and the poor less. Attempts are being made to reduce the inequality of assessments between parish and parish. This is a most desirable object, though inasmuch as the only legal method now open to the Council is the very rude and clumsy one of an appeal against total assessments, which is calculated to produce the maximum of friction and expense with the minimum of result—and that a result which must be unjust to a large number of ratepayers—I think myself it would have been wiser to aim only at improvement in the future. That object is being seriously worked at by a committee which is in communication with a number of vestries, whose labours will doubtless result in improved legal arrangements. The provision of open spaces, of parks, and of simple enjoyments within the parks, all tend to make life somewhat sweeter and more refined to those who have far too little of such good influences. A serious attempt is being made in Bethnal Green, of course experimental in the first instance, to supply a better standard of house for the poorer class. But I need not dwell further on these things. Whether by way of praise or of reproach; whether extolled as the right mode of urban government, or denounced as "Socialism"; with the friends of the majority who have guided the Council or with their enemies; it is common ground that they have displayed persistent energy in overtaking the shortcomings of times past, and in making London government tell in favour of the great masses of Londoners.

If the foregoing hasty sketch be drawn on the right lines or nearly so, it follows that the action of the Council has, so far as their restricted powers have permitted, been such as to forward the policy of those who promoted its creation, and of those who returned its members in the elections of 1889.

But this is not all. I have mentioned the classes of cases in which things went wrong, and for which a single government was required. That, however, which I for one did not expect, and which has most astonished me, is the extraordinary vigour that the Council has thrown into the purely administrative work, mostly taken over from the Board of Works and the Justices of Peace, partly added on by the Local Government Act. I did not expect to find sixty or seventy people (and I must be understating the number), many of them with their own incomes to earn, consuming a large portion of their lives in close attention to the dry detail of local affairs. Every

committee seems to have determined that it shall understand and manage its own business, and not be at the mercy of some permanent clerk or expert. That cannot be done without the most assiduous labour at the enormous mass of details which is to be disposed of at every meeting, or without clear strong heads to grasp them. But the result has been an administration upright beyond even cavil, putting a stop to waste and promoting economy, and so efficient as to defy the most hostile criticism.

All this has been done under the cold shade of Ministerial neglect, and under the perpetual fusillade of hostile attacks from bitter and unscrupulous foes fighting in ambuscade behind an anonymous Press; all done too in spite of unparalleled difficulties and disasters. Three years is a very short time for any work on a large scale. It will take many times three years before the long neglect of London government is overtaken. For a perfectly new body, 138 in number, coming from distant quarters of the town, representing different ranks and interests, quite unknown to one another, with no precedents or traditions of business: for the members of such a body to find their places, to learn to work together, and to grapple quickly with serious business, is, I will venture to say, a thing which could not have been done without a prevailing spirit of great earnestness, nor without the presence of a large quantity of practical ability. One great advantage they had, which could not reasonably have been looked for—viz., the presence of a chairman singularly qualified to rule an assembly of eager, able men, and willing to give up his whole time to the work. His successor too, of course with not quite so difficult a task, has done admirable service. So far let us thank fortune; though I may observe that the excellence of the chairmen would have availed little if the assembly had not constantly given them support both intelligent and loyal; as both Lord Rosebery and Sir John Lubbock are forward to acknowledge. But beyond this what disasters we have had. Mr. Firth, to whose intimate knowledge of London problems, and to whose trained capacity for expounding his knowledge and encountering opponents, we who knew him confidently trusted from the first, further proved his ability by the way in which as deputy chairman he organised the office, got the multifarious threads of business into his hands, and inspired confidence in every member of the Council. And then the work broke him down, and he died. In his place we appointed Mr. Haggis, who had approved himself to everybody as a very strong man of business. He too with great labour got everything under his hand, and then he died. Our first engineer, a man of high ability, applied himself to the question of main drainage and of water, made great progress in them, but died before he could bring the fruits of his labour to light. These three chosen servants of the Council all died with startling suddenness;

each of the two last as he was travelling to the Council in an omnibus. And so three heavy blows fell upon the Council, but for which, it is certain that it would have made even greater progress than it has. But for doing so much under such difficulties I think that Londoners owe a debt to the survivors, a debt of gratitude and respect, which is all the pay they ever looked for.

My readers must not suppose that in praising the Council I am praising myself. I had worked for little more than a year, when I was overtaken by ill-health, and have done very little Council work since; though I can see enough of it to speak with confidence of my colleagues; and nobody who is not inside the Council can tell what their work is, because it is nearly all done in committee-rooms, and in visiting institutions and places. Neither must anybody suppose that I assent to the wisdom of everything they have done. I have often voted in a minority. I have above indicated that I think them mistaken in the method chosen to test the equality of assessments. I think them too reluctant to pay the necessary price for skilled head-work; over ready to pay for handwork; too confident in their power to regulate wages; wrong in abolishing the pension system; wrong in trying to pay off debt by annuities; too ready to overrule their committees in matters of detail; and there may be other things of the same kind. But on all or any of these things I may be wrong, and others right, and even were I much more confident in my own opinion than I am, these are all matters of practice which experience will test, and which may be set right if shown to be wrong. And they do not at all detract from my estimate of the broad qualities evinced by my colleagues as a body, of the honesty, zeal, self-sacrifice, capacity for business, and general straightness and wisdom of aim, which have won my respect, and which will I feel sure, whatever may be the ebbs and flows of particular elections, attract and retain the respect of all Londoners who care to learn what has been done for them.

These are the men who, ever since their first meeting down to the present day, have been reviled, scolded at, mocked at, held up in every way to odium and ridicule by the *Times*, the *Standard*, *Punch*, and the great bulk of the London newspaper press, and the host of superior persons who write anonymously therein. An anthology of the hard words used would be interesting reading for Londoners just now. Just let me cull a couple of flowers from the *Times* of November 1890, which I happen to have noted. On the 7th, one of the Council —at least, we must suppose so, for he calls himself an "Unprogressive Councillor," not having the manliness to give his name—writes to the *Times* a letter, in which, after disclosing a purely imaginary plot by the Progressive party, he speaks of "the reign of 'Progress,' or otherwise of plunder and anarchy." This is followed by a leading article of the next day, speaking of the election of Mr. Haggis:

"His experience as an administrator of local business at Croydon lifts him above the level of the political carpet-baggers who look upon the patronage of the London County Council as what American party-men call 'spoils.'" This slander, let Londoners observe, of men whose horror of corruption, Lord Rosebery tells us, and rightly tells us, has been "passionate, and almost fanatical;" of whom I add, with certainty of corroboration from all working members, that their appetite for work has been gluttonous; whose plunder and spoils—except that they have had one paid member—consist of the sacrifice of their time, their money, and their ease; whose anarchy leads to a punctual out-turn of business; and against whom not a single instance has been specified either of an improper appointment, or of failure to do the work committed to them by law.

Another plan has been to take an act of some member of the Council, and impute it to the whole Council. For instance, at the first outset, when no doubt there were some misconceptions of the functions of the Council, one member put down notice of a motion relating to Irish affairs. It was suppressed directly by the chairman, I believe with universal assent. Yet I saw this thing trumpeted forth in hostile newspapers as showing the sort of business which "the Council" thought fit to attend to. Again, a zealous councillor, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, desired to inform himself about the truth of statements made to the effect that a certain female acrobat had been injured, so that she ought not to perform at the Aquarium; and, when he got to the place, he was, as he told us, led into a more minute investigation than he had intended. It was a very good subject for a joke. But when the act of a single man is imputed to the whole Council, and is brought forward again and again, through weeks and months, as showing the way in which "the Council" pry into affairs they had better leave alone, it ceases to be a joke, and becomes a slander.

Of course, all this flinging of mud is intended for apathetic London, which reads its newspaper, and is content to leave the thinking to be done for it. And it is very effective for its purpose as long as people do not feel interested enough to rouse themselves to inquire. In that lazy condition, they think that the men whom they see held up to odium and ridicule every day must be odious and ridiculous. But let the interest once be aroused, let the truth be asked for, and it will be surprising if the generous feelings of honest men do not cause wanton and baseless slander to recoil upon the heads of those who utter it.

Let us try to get at something more specific. It is difficult to do, because accusers prefer to remain in darkness and accusations in vagueness, and when they come forth in a bodily form they are apt to cut a sorry figure. From such election addresses as I have seen I do

not collect any charges of misconduct, but only objections to matters of policy, more or less correctly stated, which are fair subjects of debate. So I have studied the leading article of a paper published in the City and for the City,* evidently intended to be a full repertory of weapons against that Progressive party which has in the main directed the Council; and, judging by the hostility which breathes through every line, it is not the writer's fault if any conceivable charge remains unstated. I try to put them into some kind of order.

First, the Progressives used the arts of Jacob to get elected. This means that they promised that party politics should be put aside, and that they broke their promise by electing eighteen aldermen of their own party. I have seen this charge repeated again and again any time these three years, down to the date of an unhappy letter recently published by Mr. Brudenell Carter in the *Times*, and even since that. It seems to me to be almost, if not altogether, empty of substance. In the first place, there is great exaggeration about the alleged promise, or honourable understanding, as it is sometimes called. In some constituencies, there certainly was nothing of the kind. How far there was any in any constituency, I do not know, but no doubt many of the Progressive party stood openly on non-political lines. There is still more exaggeration about the alleged breach of promise. By "party politics," of course, is meant "national party politics," Conservative or Liberal. It is not accurate to say that eighteen aldermen of the Liberal party were elected. Lord Meath is a Tory. Mr. Quintin Hogg is, I believe, not a supporter of Her Majesty's Liberal Opposition. Both these gentlemen however are zealous advocates and workers for measures improving the condition of the London masses. Other aldermen, Lord Lingen for instance, have hardly been known in the arena of party strife. Were not the Progressive party at liberty, indeed was it not their duty, except for some high personal qualities, to select for aldermen those who, in London affairs, were likely to sympathise with their line of conduct? What evidence is there that their selection rested on any other ground? It is significant that whenever this charge is made, it is, like the other charges, vague. I write with a blush on my cheek, because I am one of the batch of aldermen, but it is not even alleged (so far as I have seen) that we are a bad lot; except so far as members of a Progressive party must be bad. I have not seen it stated that London has lost services likely to have been of more value to it than those of the actual aldermen. Until I see this stated, I shall continue to think that the aldermen were not chosen for their views upon Ireland, or Egypt, or India, or established Churches, or franchises, or registration, or for their preference of Mr. Gladstone over Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister; but were chosen, as Lord Meath

* The *City Press*, Wednesday, February 3.

was, for the views they were believed to entertain on the problems of London life, and for their proved zeal in acting upon them. Such a choice seems to me entirely justifiable.

Secondly, it is said that, with their great majority, they might have effected stupendous changes in London, and left an undying mark upon the metropolis; but that they have preferred to waste their time in hair-splitting disputes on academic matters which were none of their concern: what they have to show for all the meetings of the last three years is chiefly "Words, words, words." So far the accuser. As usual, he omits to specify the stupendous changes which might have been, but have not been, effected. But the "academic disputes:" how much time have they taken? Up to the end of 1890, there had been held 134 Council meetings, and 2236 committee meetings, independently of visiting for inquiry and inspection. It is understating the case to say that nine-tenths of the work of the Council is done in daily committees; where the discussions, when they occur, are of the most practical nature; and it is understating the case to say that two-thirds of the time of the Council at the weekly full meetings is occupied with the current administrative business. Allowing for the fact that one special committee has addressed itself for a short time wholly, and one standing committee has addressed itself at intervals and partially, to business which our critics call "academic," it is overstating the case to say that three minutes in an hour of the sittings of Council and committees are devoted to anything but actual business in hand. And what are these "academic disputes?" Two classes are specified. One relates to the incidence of local taxation, including betterment and contracts to pay rates, and I have dealt with this sufficiently already. The other relates to valuation for assessment purposes; as to the object of which the writer has been misled by some words, perhaps not very happy ones, in the order of reference. Both are strictly germane to the business of the Council, though beyond its legal powers to readjust. Not "words, words, words—interminable talk;" but work, work, work, incessant action, is what the Council has to show for its meetings of three years. Perhaps it is owing to the excellent working of our quarter-hour limit for speeches in Council, and of our rules of closure; but, whatever the cause, it has never happened to me to belong to any assembly nearly so numerous in which the arguments have kept so close to the point as in the London Council.

Thirdly, the Progressives say, "We will have no improvements until we utterly revolutionise the whole system of local taxation." This is a gross exaggeration. The question who is to pay, forms one ingredient, and an important one, in the decision whether we shall or shall not incur outlay. A short time ago the Council rejected a scheme of improvements, some of them very well conceived and

useful, but not for the moment necessary, and estimated at more than two millions of money. The rejection was founded principally on two arguments: one being the injustice of the law of rating, and the other, that we had other expenditure, amounting to several more millions, to incur for works which were either more urgent or riper for action. Shortly before this vote of rejection, the Council had decided on the Bethnal Green clearance; shortly afterwards it decided on the Blackwall tunnel; and all the while it has been working with all vigour to complete an enormously expensive but necessary scheme of additional main drainage. Each case is made to rest on its own circumstances. The element of unjust rating enters into all, but does not predominate in all.

Fourthly, it is stated that pleasure-seekers in theatres and music halls have been alienated by the Pecksniffian conduct of certain members who were only saved from the misfortune of a majority by the gleam of common sense which some of their colleagues displayed. Well, after all, if these Pecksniffs did not carry the Council with them, the Council are not to blame in the matter, nor have the pleasure-seekers been hurt. It is somewhat exacting to expect that every member shall do exactly what is wise and just on every occasion, however novel and difficult. If the members in question are to blame, which I am far from saying, they will answer for it to their constituents; and that, I understand, they are now engaged in doing with great spirit and confidence.

Fifthly, it is said that the poor ratepayer finds that he has to pay between 4*d*. and 5*d*. more in the pound. In what parishes, I should like to know? By the operation of the Common Poor Fund, and the arrangement of paying 4*d*. a head for indoor poor, the rich parishes lose, but the poor ones gain. My parish, St. George Hanover Square, is a rich parish, and the rate has risen substantially. St. George-in-the-East is a poor parish, and the rate has fallen substantially. Chelsea is a medium parish, and the rate has fallen slightly.

That is substantially the indictment, which I have taken from the *City Press* because it is rather more specific and methodical than the extremely vague and turgid ones I have seen elsewhere. Other charges or insinuations are scattered about the paper. There has been "grabbing" and "kleptomania." Captain Shaw was "driven" out of the Fire Brigade; though it is only the enemies of the Council or of the majority who have made any complaint for him, he having made none in spite of pressing invitations to do so. Indeed, I thought that this charge, which is utterly untrue, had been completely blown up, and am surprised to see it revived again. Men who are "the salt of the Council" are leaving it, feeling that they have "something to do in life," and "tired of continuous wrangling and striving after

the unattainable." I utterly disbelieve it. It is quite true that some very valuable members are leaving the Council, but it is because they find, not the wrangling nor the striving for the unattainable, but the actual practical work of our Local Government, more than they can do with regard to their health, their finances, or their other public duties. That Lord Lingen and Mr. Cohen should have resigned their positions on the Finance Committee is to me a matter of very great regret, the more so as I am one of their adherents in the financial discussion which has led to their resignation. But that discussion turns on an honest difference between two modes of paying off debt, on which I believe that financiers differ, and that borrowing bodies adopt sometimes one and sometimes the other; and the division of the Council did not run on any sharp party lines.

If any one has had patience to follow this long statement so far, he will see that the attacks on the Council have been unjust and ungenerous; and I believe there is a growing feeling to that effect among a number of Londoners who however do not know the extent or the precise character of those attacks. They have proceeded almost entirely from one party in national politics—the Tory or Conservative party (whichever name they prefer)—who are now strongly predominant in London. I know that some of them are disgusted; it is reasonable to think that many are; for ordinary Englishmen like to see fair play, especially for a new institution commencing arduous work under great difficulties, and they think we have not had it. And now the edict has gone forth from their leaders that the battle is to be fought strictly on the lines of national party politics. That is very mortifying to the promoters of municipal government. What it means is that men are to be chosen, not for their devotion to London and their ability to promote the welfare of Londoners, but because they take orthodox views about Ireland, and Church establishments, and so forth. Supposing that the rank and file of the political parties obey the edict of their leaders, we shall have taken a distinct step backwards towards the state of things against which we rebelled—viz., the government of London by and in the interests of the United Kingdom, instead of government by and in the interests of Londoners.

If I were nothing in public life but a member of the Liberal party, I should rejoice in this sinister manœuvre. So confident am I that, whatever may be the case at the present moment, Londoners will go on year by year possessing themselves of the importance of Local Government, and of its broad principles, and will insist on its administration in substantial accordance with the lines taken by the Progressive party, that if the fortunes of the Progressive party are to be inextricably bound up with those of the Liberal party, the Liberal party will become the predominant one in London. But I am a Londoner,

my home is here, and my duties, and my interests. I have striven hard to get a government of neglected and anarchic London, in order that its local affairs may be administered with a single eye to the interest of Londoners. Such singleness is diminished by every additional call to vote at the bidding of bodies not constituted to manage the local affairs of London, perhaps knowing little of them, and caring little for them.

I am not suggesting that even a governing body elected on the lines of national party politics will not be a great deal better than the former state of anarchy. However accentuated may be the Toryism or Radicalism of our councillors, the great bulk of their business does not turn on such distinctions. There are plenty of differences over administrative affairs, as with a number of independent minds there must be, and they are sometimes expressed with great animation; but the dividing lines do not coincide with the dividing lines of national politics. Of course it will happen often that the same cautious, or it may be timid, temperament which disposes a man to be Conservative in national affairs will dispose him to be a Moderate in local affairs; and that the same bold, or it may be rash, temperament which disposes him to be a Radical in national affairs, will dispose him to be a Progressive in local affairs. But that is not always the case by any means. Party connections are very largely matters of old habits and associations, which do not act in another sphere of life. Moreover, it is impossible for men to act together long in daily work for common objects without having their edges worn off, and acquiring mutual respect and mutual disposition to see what is substantial in each other's view.

But there is one great evil which may be done by conducting the next election according to national party lines. It may bring about the rejection of the very best servants that London has, and that at a juncture when the experience acquired during three years is simply invaluable. I feel that it is an invidious thing to mention a few names, when there are so many members, both of the Progressive and of the Moderate party, who have done admirable work, and will be most useful as examples and guides to new councillors. But I will risk giving offence, in order to point my remarks, for those at least who know something about the County Council. I think there can be no member of the Moderate party who does not feel that the Council will be weaker and London poorer if such men as Messrs. Dickinson, Charles Harrison, Hutton, and Æneas Smith are rejected; and no member of the Progressive party who does not feel the same towards such men as Messrs. Antrobus, Beachcroft, Cohen and Fardell. Anybody who knows the Council will supply for himself the names of other excellent men, who could hardly be rejected on their municipal merits, but may easily be so if tried by the standard of national parties.

I wish to see both types of character well represented. Of course I wish to see the Progressive party the stronger, seeing that it is the main motive power, so long as large reforms are wanted, which will be for some years. But the Moderate party have played an honourable part, not only in supplying a quantity of good workers, but in criticising proposals, defeating one, postponing another, modifying a third. All new movements are apt to be attended by some unsound proposals; and testing is required at every step. To do that effectually there must be a large number, in order to share the labour, to give spirit to a debate, to sustain a division. I firmly believe that the best way to secure good men of both types is to exclude national party politics from the elections. If that is past praying for (and I still cling to the belief that numbers of electors will insist on giving their votes wholly on Municipal grounds), we must accept the issue, win the election if we can, and, if beaten, prepare for a long propaganda of Municipal reform, till Londoners are persuaded to support those who will guide their affairs for the best welfare of the great mass of their neighbours.

As to any forecast of the immediate issue, I never was a political meteorologist, and latterly, being unable to attend many public meetings, I have lost even such imperfect indications as come from those sources. Much depends on the line taken by the numerous artisan classes. They have hitherto had little effect in public affairs, from a variety of causes, but chiefly from their own choice. There are of course many exceptions, but it is true of large numbers, that so far as they have been active they have concentrated their efforts on objects directly affecting and confined to their own class, and have been indifferent or hostile to the main currents of social and political endeavour which seek to benefit the whole community.

Their inaction in the late School Board elections is an instance of what I say. When our band of pioneers was straining every nerve to unite Londoners in a demand for self-government, we met with very little help from the artisan classes. I have heard a leading man among them derided in a public meeting for saying that the movement was above all one for the working men of London. They had been largely persuaded that the object was to put them more in the power of the trading class, whom they sometimes called "bourgeois" (the black beast of the Parisian communities), and sometimes "profit-mongers." As one of their speakers expressed it: "The middle classes want us to pick the chestnuts out of the fire for their benefit." One of their leaders, who took this view, a gentleman occupying a very prominent position, wrote to me, to express his hostility to us, and to say that at every one of our meetings his friends would appear, to raise questions of adult suffrage, single voting, and some scheme for securing a share in

municipal offices. This was actually done to a great extent, though it appeared that my correspondent had over-estimated the strength behind him, and his attempted diversion did us little harm. We were injured by the apathy, not the active hostility, of the artisans.

Their real attitude was much more accurately expressed by Mr. Sidney Webb, in a letter written to the *Daily News*, in October 1887. He said: "The London artisan does not care twopence about Church disestablishment, abolition of entail, or county government, and he does not feel any confidence in revision of taxation or London municipal reform. . . . . Home Rule for Ireland is with him a past issue. What is the Liberal programme going to include in the way of social politics?" And he pointed out the grim phænomena on which he said the London artisan had his eyes fixed: "The 100,000 men out of work, the 30,000 children breakfastless at school, the population of 85,000 living on the wages of dock labourers, the death of one out of every five Londoners in the workhouse or hospital." Mr. Webb added: "He has no special plan for putting these right, but he is unreasonable enough to think that those legislators and officials whom he pays ought seriously to try to find a plan." The upshot of this very striking letter was that the Liberal party had better look to these things.

With the general fortunes of the Liberal party I have little to do in this paper. But I took the liberty of pointing out that men who adopted such an attitude, which I believe was not that of Mr. Webb himself, had not acquired even the rudiments of politics. They had doubtless a stronger appreciation than any one else of the evils they suffered under, which is one very important thing. Every man knows best where his own shoe pinches; but it is not every man who knows how to mend the shoe, nor where to find the person who can mend it. These artisans could not have considered the enormous magnitude and complexity of that eternal problem, the inequality of human conditions; nor the difficulties felt by the most able and willing men in devising any permanent remedy, nor the impossibility of devising an immediate one. They have no plan of their own, says Mr. Webb, but they think that their rulers, or servants, ought to devise one. Well, but what if the only plan which human wisdom ever devised is that slowly working one which consists of making such social arrangements as will give to all free scope and a fair opening for their virtues, and for self-help, and for raising the condition of themselves and their fellows. Suitable land laws; just taxation; liberty of speech and of action, whether individual or combined; education; healthy and decent local surroundings in the matters of air, water, cleanliness, protection of person, traffic, well-ordered houses, protection against sickness and indigence; such

things the community can provide, or can help to provide. But the local surroundings can only be provided permanently by strong organisations having authority over suitable local areas, and kept in contact with the mass of the people for whom they act by resting on a widely extended suffrage. But these things—land laws, taxation, local government, and so forth—are the very things which Mr. Webb tells us that the London artisan does not care twopence for. Apparently also he cares no more for School Boards, which are charged with the education of his children. He wills the end, but despises the only known means by which it can be attained. And those who do not will the same end are delighted to encourage him in his contempt. They would sooner give him the twopence which he values at its due worth, than the organisations and arrangements which he does not value so highly.

Such artisans, having no special plans of their own, appear to look on the national Government as being wise enough to devise plans for the swift removal of inveterate evils, and powerful enough to carry them into effect. They appear not to know how every path to their goal is beset with pitfalls, and blocked by honest prejudices or selfish interests; nor how certainly any Ministry which proposes reforms before the time is ripe ceases to be a Ministry at all. They appear not to know how the most pressing questions must be dealt with first; nor how little time the Ministry and the Houses of Parliament have at their command. Home Rule for Ireland is a "past issue" for them; was so more than four years ago, when the whole country from Penzance to Thurso was quivering with the struggle. I suppose they had settled it in their own minds. But, alas! for the Ministry, it is not a past issue, nor for Parliament, nor for any electors in the kingdom, except those artisans whose views Mr. Webb has expounded.

There is another consideration which this type of artisan seems to have neglected. Aggrieved classes have not been wont to remove the evils they complain of by joining that party in the State which is most averse to innovation, nor by holding aloof and insisting that their desires shall be attended to before they will take any part in political contests. Nonconformists, Roman Catholics, Jews, the trading classes in their very long struggles for the franchise and against corn laws and other fiscal evils, the artisan classes of the great manufacturing towns in their campaigns for the franchise, all have steadily worked for their ends by forming part of the Progressive party in the State, which is the most ready to accept innovation, and whose business it is to remove grievances. This they have done, notwithstanding discontent at non-attention to their grievances, or at the slow pace with which they were approached. And they did so

because they knew that the party of Progress would try to abate one evil after another, and that, so far as they asked what was reasonable, their turn was certain to come. Indeed, on one conspicuous occasion, the Protestant Dissenters had the rare political wisdom to support the Whigs, the Liberals of that day, when they were not only not acting for them, but were acting against them, because the principle contended for by the Whigs was a deeper principle of liberty than that which would have given an immediate advantage to the Dissenters. Apparently a large portion of London artisans thought in 1887 that they would get their object quickest by standing aloof from the ordinary party contests.

Are they in the same mind now? The School Board elections would seem to show that they are. On the other hand, there are sounds in the air as of a stirring among them. The success of the agitation for the creation of a local government; the elections of 1889; the constant preaching even of so ill-supported a body as the Municipal Reform League; the creation of a daily newspaper largely devoted to London affairs; the publicity of the Council's debates; the existence of 120 men all interested to make their constituents understand the nature and operations of their local government; the fact that social questions are constantly taking a more and more important place in public affairs; all these things, one would think, must have operated to carry to the mind of the London artisan the conviction that a good local government is worth more than twopence to him, and that he had better take some trouble to see that he gets it. If he grasps what I hold to be undoubted truths—that local surroundings affect the comfort, the decency, and the dignity of his daily life; that they can only be improved or maintained by a good and strong local government; that local governments, and especially a new one, cannot conduct a vigorous administration without exciting violent animosities; and that people who are constantly exposed to a stream of detraction by a powerful press supported by the wealthiest classes cannot possibly stand unless they receive energetic support from the mass of those whom they have tried to benefit; then there ought to be no fear that he will exert himself to send trusty men to administer his affairs for the next three years. We shall soon know how the matter stands.

I cannot say that I shall be in a state of despondency, even if the Progressive party get the worst of it by the strength of their enemies, or by the desertion of those who ought to support them; because I am convinced that year after year will increase pressure by the bulk of Londoners on their representatives to proceed substantially on the lines now laid down. They must, before long, yield to the pressure, and proceed more or less rapidly. But I shall be very sorry for any

check to progress; very sorry for any sort of rebuke to men who have given their very best to the service of their fellow-townsmen; very sorry for what, as I think, will show the electors in a bad light; very sorry for what must operate as a discouragement to others to take a post which demands the very best men to fill it; a post where all is labour and sacrifice by them, and no gain to them, except the esteem of their neighbours and the satisfaction of their own honourable ambition to discharge public work.

Let all bear in mind what is the kernel and essence of the contest now going on. Are Londoners to have a Municipal Government with the ordinary incidents, such as has been found beneficial in other large towns; or are they to find that, under the name and the pretence of Local Government, they have been put off with nothing but a new plan for electing the old Board of Works with hardly more functions than before? Is London to have self-government in local affairs or not? We have got the organisation, but not the functions. Are they to remain as heretofore in the hands of the Home Office, or of trading partnerships? The Progressives declare for a Municipal Government; the Retrogressives declare for a Board of Works. The multitude of details brought into discussion is so bewildering that it is desirable to exhibit repeatedly what is the true nature of the contest—viz., local self-government, or subjection to non-local authorities. So far as regards the next three years Londoners have to decide this question.

HOBHOUSE.

THE CONVENT NATIONAL SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.

REPEATEDLY during the recent Parliamentary recess the Convent National Schools of Ireland have been made the object of a sustained and indeed virulent attack by that prominent representative of Ulster "Unionism," Mr. T. W. Russell.*

It may be necessary to explain that the schools in question are in connection with the State Board of National Education in Ireland, and are conducted by the nuns of our various Catholic teaching Sisterhoods. Mr. Russell's thesis is that "the nuns are untrained and indifferent teachers," and that "much of the money" expended by the National Education Board upon the maintenance of these Convent Schools is simply "wasted." Now, the number of these schools, even if we take the designation "Convent School" in the narrowest sense, is 242. They are in operation in 30 out of the 32 counties of Ireland. The number of pupils on their rolls is 109,280. It plainly is a matter of public interest to ascertain whether Mr. T. W. Russell's summary sentence of condemnation represents truth or fiction.

It is interesting, at the outset, to note that these Convent Schools have, almost from the beginning, been the object of attacks such as this recent one of Mr. Russell's. The abundance and conclusiveness of the evidence available in disproof of his assertions as regards the present condition of those schools make it almost superfluous to refer in detail to the past. There is, however, one official Report of exceptional importance from which I cannot omit quoting.

It is a substantial volume of 234 pages, printed by order of the House of Commons in June 1864—"Copy of the Special Reports

* See, especially, *The Daily Express*, Dublin, 25th of September 1891, and 27th of January 1892.

recently made to the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland on the Convent Schools in connection with the Board." The Reports, drawn up on the lines of an official syllabus, are set forth separately for each school under 18 distinct headings, several of which are subdivided.

Under these various headings, then, there is presented an elaborately detailed statement of the condition of every Convent National School in Ireland. The report for each school is signed by the official Inspector by whom the school was visited.

I think it useful to transcribe a few extracts from these Reports, such as will give a fair idea of their general drift. The Reports are numerous, over one hundred in all, and as it is not possible here to quote from more than a very few of them, it is, I feel, important to make the selection on some definite principle plainly free of any tendency to issue in a result unduly favourable to the Convent Schools as a class. The fact that in each case the religious profession of the Inspector who makes the Report is mentioned makes this comparatively easy.

In the first place, I at once set aside all the Reports made by Catholic Inspectors. Secondly, observing that Mr. T. W. Russell, in his capacity of champion—whether duly accredited or not—of the interests of Presbyterianism in Ireland, has of late been emphatic in his insinuations as to the existence of some sort of confederacy between the representatives of the Catholic and of the Episcopalian Protestant interests in the matter of Education, I set aside also every Report made by an Episcopalian Protestant Inspector. There remain the Presbyterians and Wesleyans. I confine myself, then, exclusively to these. In 1864, at the time of the Parliamentary Return, the Wesleyan and Presbyterian Inspectors under the Board of National Education numbered eight: seven Presbyterians and one Wesleyan. In these eight Inspectors we have a body of competent official witnesses whose testimony even Mr. T. W. Russell will not venture to challenge on the score of bias in favour of the religious Orders of the Church.

The number of Convent Schools inspected, and consequently the number of Reports presented, by the Wesleyan and Presbyterian Inspectors was 18. To bring the matter within manageable compass—and at the same time to avoid the necessity of setting forth in tedious repetition the constantly recurring expressions in which, with but rare exceptions, the Convent Schools and their work are praised throughout—I shall confine my extracts, in the case of each Inspector, to one fairly chosen average report.

I take them, then, as follows:—

BELFAST (Crumlin-road): Inspector, R. Nesbit (Wesleyan).

"For an unembarrassed and composed method of communicating instruc-

tion, and a methodical organising power, I have always thought [the Sisters who conduct this school] rather remarkable."

"The ready and intelligent answers [of the pupils] to questions not technically prepared, but naturally arising in the course of conversation, manifests great efficiency in the teaching process."

"Plain work has been well attended to, and the fancy work also is of such a character as to be servicable in after-life to those young people."

"Results as to efficiency of general course of instruction superior to any lay Roman Catholic School in this district, and quite equal to the best of any other denomination, and in advance of the majority also."

"In any system of education having for its object the moral advancement and literary improvement of the Roman Catholic people, this school would be an acquisition and an ornament; and having inspected it several times annually for more than six years, I feel pleasure in recording my approbation of its general management, and the attention which both teachers and pupils have given to every suggestion with reference to organisation or literary proficiency."

NEWRY (Canal-street): Inspector, T. M'Ilroy (Presbyterian).

"The teaching power is amply sufficient. All have received the education of ladies, and are well qualified to give instruction in the several branches they are called on to teach. Their method of teaching is intelligent and successful."

"It is almost impossible to over-estimate the amount of care bestowed on the moral training of the pupils, and the pains taken to train them to habits of industry, neatness, and cleanliness."

"I have here to repeat my observations as given in my report on the High Street Convent School (Newry), that the social position of the ladies of the convent, their acknowledged capabilities as teachers, their disinterestedness, and their high religious character, added to their constant visitation of parents and pupils, have such an attractive influence on the Roman Catholic poor, that numbers are brought under instruction who otherwise would have been brought up in ignorance and vice. The good effected in this way, as compared with the ordinary schools, cannot be over-estimated."

What a series of commentaries on Mr. T. W. Russell's spiteful slander, "the nuns are untrained and indifferent teachers!" But I had better transcribe the passages, leaving them to speak for themselves.

The school next dealt with is one that, as will be observed, was obliged to work in circumstances little favourable to progress; moreover, the Inspector speaks of its "recent connection with the Board;" but the general drift of his report is unmistakably favourable:—

ARMAGH: Inspector, S. Browne, LL.D. (Presbyterian).

"The teaching power is sufficient. I consider the lady who acts as principal highly qualified, and the others fairly; their method of teaching is pretty good as regards the senior division of the school, but defective in the infant department; the organisation is quite satisfactory."

"I consider the results of the moral training satisfactory; habits of order, cleanliness, and obedience are successfully inculcated."

"In literary instruction the progress of the pupils is slower than in the ordinary girls' schools of the district; but this arises in some measure from

the social position of the children who attend the Convent School. They are the children of very poor, ignorant parents."

"The various sorts of plain and fancy needlework are more successfully taught in this than in any other National School in my district, and particular attention is paid to that kind of work which is most required in the homes of the poor. This is too seldom the case in other schools."

"The operation of this school has tended to bring under the influence of education a large number of the poorest class of children, most of whom would never have attended any other school, or received any education but that which is acquired by the idle and uncared-for on the public streets."

ENNIS: Inspector, J. Brown (Presbyterian).

"The teaching power is more than adequate. The acquirements of the nuns, so far as the usual course of a lady's education is concerned, are very high: they are wanting in some of the details of school management."

"Reading, writing, and grammar are as well taught as in the more respectable lay schools."

"The different kinds of needlework are better taught in this than in ordinary girls' schools."

"The moral training is of a high order, as a general rule, throughout the schools of the district; but the nuns, from the high estimation in which they are held, are peculiarly fitted for this department."

"The pupils are, as a general rule, very poor, are unable to pay; hence all are admitted free. Many of them, but for the peculiar influence of the nuns, would probably never enter a schoolroom at all."

"Many of the very poor could not attend school were they not supplied with clothing by the nuns."

DROGHEDA: Inspector, W. A. Hunter (Presbyterian).

"A teaching staff fully adequate to the wants of the school. It is always presumed that the nuns are well qualified as regards literary acquirements."

"The several classes are efficiently instructed so far as they have proceeded; and care is taken to ground them well in the several subjects of instruction."

"As to industrial instruction: in former times this school was especially celebrated; at present great attention is bestowed on the industrial training of all the pupils, and in this respect the school is vastly superior to nearly all the ordinary schools which I have recently visited."

SLIGO: Inspector, W. Kennedy (Presbyterian).

"The acquirements of the nuns, I believe, are good, and the school is well organised."

"While the younger children are carefully taught, and the advanced class has attained a higher degree of efficiency than in any other female school in the district except one or two, the acquirements of the girls in the remaining classes I would not consider superior to those of ordinary schools, with the exception of penmanship."

"As to industrial instruction: in the Convent School this receives a degree of attention commensurate with its value; in too many of the ordinary female schools industrial education is little more than nominal."

"I consider there are no schools in the district where the moral training is so effective or so good."

BALLINASLOE: Inspector, J. Patterson (Presbyterian).

"Organising skill very considerable, in the head of the establishment at least; method of teaching, so far as I could judge of results, good."

"As to industrial instruction: equal to the best; superior to nearly all in the supply of materials."

"If the good order, industry, neatness, cheerfulness, and attention to the programme seen in this school were imitated by all others, the effect would be excellent."

OUGHTERARD: Inspector, A. J. Simpson (Presbyterian).

"Highly satisfactory in each particular."

"In a very satisfactory state as to efficiency."

"Results of moral training as to the habits and manners of the pupils, markedly satisfactory."

"As to industrial instruction: in needlework, superior; the children are well supplied with materials, and are taught that description likely to be useful in after-life."

"The organisation and discipline are exemplary, the course suitable and well carried out."

Such was the official tribute paid to the efficiency of the Convent National Schools of Ireland twenty-eight years ago. Now, no one who has even the smallest practical acquaintance with the work of National Education in Ireland needs to be informed how marked is the all-round improvement that has been brought about since then. And even Mr. T. W. Russell will hardly commit himself to the grotesque theory that the Convent Schools alone have not shared in the general advance, and that, whilst all around them have been moving upwards and onwards, they, in painful contrast to all the rest, have not merely failed to hold their ground, but have sunk into the lamentable condition depicted in his offensive phrases.

Still, it is not easy to say how far Mr. Russell's recklessness of statement might not carry him. Fortunately, then, we have at hand something more tangible to rely upon than any mere inference, however cogent. The Reports of the National Education Board show from year to year the results attained in the various classes of National Schools throughout Ireland. The evidence furnished by these Reports is of unassailable authority. As to its drift, it places the Convent Schools and their work far above the reach of Mr. T. W. Russell's, let us hope, ignorant, sneers. But as Mr. Russell's slander is likely to have instilled its poisonous influence into the minds of many who have never even heard of these official figures, it is necessary to quote some few of them.

The following Table shows how matters stood at the date of the Report last issued, the Report for the year 1890:—

RESULTS AS ASCERTAINED THROUGH INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATION OF THE PUPILS OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT IRELAND BY THE OFFICIAL INSPECTORS AT THEIR ANNUAL INSPECTIONS.*

GRADES.	PERCENTAGES PASSED		Difference of Percentage in favour of the Convent Schools.
	In the National Schools generally.	In the Convent Schools.	
Infants	93·4	96·4	3·0
First Class . . .	86·8	90·4	3·6
Second Class . .	83·0	87·4	4·4
Third „ . . .	79·1	83·9	4·8
Fourth † „ . . .	72·1	80·0	7·9
Fifth „ . . .	75·3	84·8	9·5
Sixth „ . . .	71·2	85·6	14·4

For a reason that will afterwards appear I call attention to a special feature of this table. The difference of percentage, which is in favour of the Convent Schools throughout, is most notably in their favour when we reach the higher grades. In the infant classes, the difference in favour of the Convent Schools is 3·0 per cent. In the sixth, or highest, class, it is 14·4 per cent. And the difference is steadily progressive throughout.

But this is not all. The percentages in the first column of the Table, as I have taken them from the Official Report, have reference, not to those National Schools that are not Convent Schools, but to the entire number of the National Schools of Ireland, Convent Schools included. If, then, a comparison is to be drawn between the Convent Schools and the other National Schools, it will be necessary to deduct from the numbers on which those percentages are based, the numbers representing the results attained in the Convent Schools. For a similar reason it will be necessary to eliminate also the numbers representing the results attained in the National schools of three other special classes for which special returns are published in the Appendix to the Board's Report. In all, these special

* The percentages for the National Schools generally are transcribed from the Report of the National Education Board for the year 1890, page 39. Those for the Convent Schools are transcribed from the Appendix to the same Report, page 392. Following Mr. Russell's example, I speak throughout of "Convent" Schools. The official Reports group under the same heading "Monastery" Schools as well. But the number of pupils attending "Monastery" Schools in connection with the Board is comparatively small, and the fact that in the official returns the Convent and Monastery Schools are grouped under the same heading does not in any way interfere with the strength of the case, as shown above, in favour of the Convent Schools.

† The arithmetic of our Education Office is not always what it ought to be. In its treatment of percentages, for instance, it is clumsy and inconsistent. The percentage 72·1 given in the Report in this instance is plainly incorrect. But, as I am dealing with an official return, I leave the figures as I find them.

classes of schools are four: (1) the Convent Schools; (2) the so-called "Model" Schools; (3) the Workhouse Schools; (4) the Evening Schools. The percentages for the first, second, and third of these are above the percentage for the National Schools taken all together; the percentage for the fourth is notably below it.

The general state of the case as regards these four special classes of schools is shown by the following Table:—

PERCENTAGE OF PUPILS PASSED, OUT OF THE TOTAL NUMBER EXAMINED, AT THE RESULTS EXAMINATIONS OF 1890, IN THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF NATIONAL SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

Class of National Schools.	Number of Schools examined.	Percentage of Pupils passed.
National Schools generally . .	7895	82·1
Evening Schools	41	56·4
Workhouse Schools	155	85·9
"Model" Schools.	84	88·4
Convent Schools	294	89·2

It is impossible to avoid being struck by the notable fact that is brought out in this Table, a Table constructed upon the one basis officially furnished by the National Education Board in its published Reports. The schools that stand in the highest place in point of efficiency are the Convent Schools—those very establishments which, according to Mr. T. W. Russell, are conducted by "untrained and indifferent teachers," and in the maintenance of which, according to the judgment of the same eminent authority, so much public money is "wasted."

I interrupt here for a moment my statement of the general case, to point out the tendency of a curiously irrelevant line of observation, along which Mr. Russell, in some of his recent disquisitions, has sought to draw away attention from the true bearings of the case.

The so-called "Model" Schools constitute, as is well known in Ireland, the most highly favoured section of our State system of National Education. Their buildings were erected at enormous expense, wholly out of public funds, and are also kept in repair at the public expense, without one farthing's cost to the locality. They are lavishly supplied with school requisites and educational appliances of every sort. Over and above all this, the salaries of their teaching staffs are paid upon a scale far more liberal than that which regulates the salaries of teachers in the other National Schools of Ireland.

Speaking on a recent public occasion in Dublin, and referring to one of Mr. Russell's harangues denunciatory of the Convent Schools, I thought it of importance to call attention to the fact that, notwithstanding all their enormous advantages, the pampered "Model" Schools have to take second place in the comparison of the percentage of results attained in them, with that of the results attained in the schools of those "untrained and indifferent teachers," the nuns.

The following are the percentages for the last six years:—

Year.	Percentage of Passes.	
	In "Model" Schools.	In Convent Schools.
1885	88·7	88·9
1886	90·0	90·1
1887	89·9	89·4
1888	89·4	89·6
1889	88·1	89·5
1890	88·4	89·2

These figures are unquestionable. Mr. Russell, in one of his recent speeches, has to some extent recognised the duty of taking notice of them. But all that he has done is to attempt to draw off attention from their overwhelming conclusiveness in disproof of the slanders which he has taken upon himself the responsibility of putting in circulation against the Convent Schools. He sets up, then, a process of analysis, and he produces with an air of triumph a series of detailed figures, for the mere purpose of showing that the main advantage of the Convent Schools over the Model Schools is gained in the work of the junior grades of the schools. As for the bearing of all this upon the maintenance of the position in which he has placed himself, he does not even seem to consider himself in any way called upon to point it out. Nothing, indeed, could be more manifest than that his arithmetical display is absolutely irrelevant to the issue raised by his wanton attack.

The work of the Convent Schools lies, of necessity, amongst the children who attend those schools. The fact that a larger proportion of younger children is to be met with amongst their pupils than is to be met with in the schools of some other special class—for instance, in the Model Schools—cannot in any way affect the significance of the figures I have quoted. Those figures prove to demonstration that the Convent Schools, so far from being in the hands of "untrained and indifferent teachers," and so far from representing a "waste" of public money, are, on the contrary, the centres of the most efficient teaching work that is being done anywhere in Ireland through the machinery of the Board of National Education.

Returning to the point at which I digressed, I now present in the following Table the comparison of the results of the official examinations, in the case of the ordinary National Schools of Ireland on the one hand, and in the case of the Convent National Schools on the other.

RESULTS AS ASCERTAINED THROUGH INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATION OF THE PUPILS OF THE ORDINARY NATIONAL SCHOOLS AND OF THE CONVENT NATIONAL SCHOOLS OF IRELAND BY THE OFFICIAL INSPECTORS AT THEIR ANNUAL INSPECTIONS.

Grades.	Percentages Passed.		Difference of Percentage in favour of the Convent Schools.
	In the Ordinary National Schools.	In the Convent Schools.	
Infants	92·7	96·4	3·7
First Class . . .	86·4	90·4	4·0
Second Class . . .	82·5	87·4	4·9
Third „ . . .	78·5	83·9	5·4
Fourth „ . . .	72·1	80·0	7·9
Fifth „ . . .	74·1	84·8	10·7
Sixth „ . . .	68·9	85·6	16·7

I must not omit to point out that on more than one recent occasion Mr. Russell has given abundant evidence that he is in possession of the official publications from which I have made out every figure in this and the preceding Tables. Within the last few months he has in fact repeatedly quoted from those publications whatever figures he found in them that he thought might serve his purpose. I am altogether at a loss to conceive how, upon any principle recognised as admissible in the conduct of discussions, whether upon public or upon private affairs, he can explain his action in this matter, or can justify the language in which, whilst holding in his hand such unmistakable evidence of the truth, he spoke so unjustly both of the teachers of the Convent Schools and of their work.

Mr. Russell's attack upon these pre-eminently efficient schools, and the examination of the statistics of the case rendered necessary for the purpose of repelling that attack, have brought prominently into notice another matter—the inadequacy of the rate of capitation grant adopted by the National Education Board for the payment of the teachers in Convent Schools, in cases where the arrangement is not applicable by which the teachers' salaries are regulated in the case of ordinary National Schools.

Apparently from a very early date in its history, the National Education Board, in its natural and most praiseworthy desire to secure the services of a class of teachers of exceptionally high quali-

fications and of rare efficiency, adopted a special arrangement for the payment of the teachers' salaries in Convent Schools. In ordinary National Schools the salaries are paid according to an official scale, the qualifications and capacity of each individual teacher being ascertained by the only test available in the circumstances—the necessarily imperfect test of preliminary examination. Each teacher, then, when employed in a National School, is paid a salary—of the first, the second, or the third class—according to the grade in which he has been placed as the result of the testing examination. But the efficient teaching staffs of the Convent Schools are provided, and the rate at which they are to be remunerated in each school is determined, by a method far less cumbersome, and at the same time far better calculated to lead to satisfactory results.

In this arrangement the grant to be made out of the public educational funds administered by the National Education Board in the form of teachers' salaries is determined, not by the test of a preliminary examination of the teacher—necessarily imperfect and inadequate, as any such test must be—but by the practical evidence of capacity and efficiency as shown by the work actually done in the school. The arrangement thus adopted by the National Education Board in the case of the Convent Schools has many points of utility to commend it. Of these, not the least notable is that is has enabled the Board to enlist in the work of public education the services of many of the most capable teaching communities in Ireland, whose religious rules would have made it impossible for them to take part in that work if the iron spirit of officialism, instead of the spirit of practical common-sense, had prevailed in this matter at the Education Board.

The rule, then, of the Education Board is that the teachers of a Convent School may be paid either by "class salaries," as in the case of the teachers of ordinary National Schools, or by a system of payment dependent in amount both upon the quantity and upon the quality of the work done in the school. The principle adopted in this latter case is that of a capitation payment—the grant being at the rate of 10*s.* a head if the results examination be only "fair" or "passable," and at the rate of 12*s.* per head when it is "entirely satisfactory."

I have already set forth in tabular form the results attained under this practical system. They conclusively show that it leaves nothing to be desired as regards efficiency in the schools. In every grade of school work, from the lowest to the highest, the record of the Convent Schools stands far above that of the ordinary National Schools of the country, the difference in favour of the Convent Schools increasing, as we have seen, step by step, as we pass from the lower to the higher grades.

There is, I trust, no fear of my being understood in what I have said in commendation of the principle of making the public grants in pay-

ment of teachers' salaries depend fundamentally upon the quantity and quality of the work done in the school. In itself, undoubtedly, that principle is an admirable one. But the adoption of it must always be subject to the condition that the principle is practically applicable to the case in hand. Now, as a rule—and most especially, I should say, in the matter of teaching—the principle is altogether inapplicable whenever there is question of work to be done by an independent individual worker. But it is a principle thoroughly applicable when, on the other hand, the work to be done is to be put into the hands of a community or other partnership, having, from its permanence, a standing interest in the success of the work, independent of the interest merely of any individual.

So far, then, as regards our teaching Sisterhoods, they have no room for complaint, on the ground of principle, against the system of capitation payments. But the case is different when we pass from principle to detail. Especially in one respect the system as it exists is lamentably in need of amendment. The rate of the capitation payments is wholly inadequate. I do not at all think of putting forward any claim for a higher rate, based upon the fact that the results attained in the Convent Schools stand, as we have seen, in every respect notably ahead of those attained in the case of the ordinary National Schools. No special advantage is sought for on this ground. What is complained of in the interest of the Convent Schools is that in their case the rate of remuneration fixed by the Education Board results in payments lower than those made by the Board in the case of the ordinary National Schools. Nothing, then, is claimed for the Convent Schools beyond bare equality in the amount of remuneration, or at least as near an approach to equality as the system of capitation payments will allow. To that, at all events, the conductors of these, the most efficient schools of our Irish system of National Education, have an unassailable right.

In illustration of all this I subjoin a short tabular statement showing, in contrast, the shortcoming of the payments in the case of Convent Schools, wherever, as is almost universally the case in those schools, the system of payment by capitation is the only feasible one. The present arrangements, then, of our National Education Board in this matter work out as follows:—

Scale of School Attendance. — Number of Pupils in average attendance.	Number of Teachers allowed in Ordinary National Schools.	Amount payable as Salaries in Ordinary National Schools.*	Amounts payable as Capitation Grants in Convent National Schools.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
70 to 104	2	85 0 0	From 42 0 0 to 62 8 0
105 „ 139	3	112 0 0	„ 63 0 0 „ 83 0 0
140 „ 174	4	139 0 0	„ 84 0 0 „ 104 8 0
175 „ 209	5	166 0 0	„ 105 0 0 „ 125 8 0
210 „ 244	6	193 0 0	„ 126 0 0 „ 146 8 0
&c. &c.	&c.	&c. &c.	&c. &c.

The inadequacy of the capitation rate that leads to results so inequitable is manifest. It is not easy to see on what ground the continuance of the present rate can be justified.

Before passing from this point I should observe that, voluminous as the returns are which are issued by the Education Board from year to year, they give no information as to how many of the Convent National Schools are paid at the lower rate of 10*s.* a head, representing merely "fair" or "passable" results, and how many are paid at the higher rate of 12*s.*, representing results "entirely satisfactory." It is, however, generally understood that the cases in which only the lower rate is paid are so few that they may almost be left out of account in any general statement of the case.

But the absence of definite information is unsatisfactory. If such information were forthcoming, a further useful check would be put upon the dissemination of groundless calumnies. As matters stand, it is perfectly open to any one to insinuate, if not to state, that many Convent Schools are paid only at the lower rate.

I put the matter in this way because a recent speech of Mr. Russell's supplies me with a case in point. Addressing his constituents a few weeks ago, and dealing with the Education Question, amongst other matters of current interest, Mr. Russell said :

"Only the other day one of the Model Schools in a Southern town was in full working order. There was a large daily attendance of boys and girls. The attendance was mixed. The school was *a most efficient one.* Suddenly a Convent School was opened in the town. It at once drew off the girls from the Model School. The influence of the Church—*not the superiority of the education*—prevailed, and the female staff of the Model School had to be dismissed."†

Here we have an admirable specimen of Mr Russell's methods. The

* The amounts in the third column will vary slightly with the classification of the principal teacher. The figures given are for the case where the principal teacher is of the first class. So, too, the figures given in the last column are for the case where the grant is payable at the rate of 12*s.* a head—representing the highest condition of efficiency.

† See *The Daily Express*, Dublin, 27th January, 1892.

Model Schools are "most efficient" institutions! Convent Schools are the reverse; conducted by "untrained and indifferent teachers," they represent, of course, a "waste" of public money! So then, if the children of "a Southern town" leave a Model School to enter a school of the class decried by Mr. Russell, he stirs up the fury of his Orange constituents by proclaiming that the educational interests of the children are being ruthlessly sacrificed to promote some wretched intrigue of that deadly foe of education, "the Church."

But Mr. Russell, not content with mere vague declamation, went on to give what at all events must have seemed to not a few of those who heard or who read his speech, a conclusive proof that the particular Convent School of which he spoke could not be a very efficient establishment. He roundly stated that the school is paid at the lower capitation rate of only 10*s*. per pupil. As the case is a singularly instructive one I had better quote his words. He asked his audience—

"Will it be believed the National Board pays the Convent School *a grant of* 10*s*. *per pupil in attendance*—pays them for ruining the State Model School."

Now, although Mr. Russell thought fit not to mention to his audience the precise locality of the disastrous tragedy he was describing, he gave sufficient indication of the locality in question to make it plain at all events to many that the "Southern town" so vaguely described by him was the town of Dunmanway, in the county of Cork. I state without hesitation that Mr. Russell's injurious words, as he spoke them, must have had reference to the Convent School of Dunmanway, and to it alone. Now, I have taken the trouble of obtaining trustworthy information as to the truth or falsehood of the allegation that this Convent School is paid at the lower rate, indicative of merely "fair" or "passable" results. Mr. Russell's statement that it is so paid is simply at variance with fact. The school in question is a fully efficient one. Its capitation grant is paid, not as Mr. Russell took it upon himself to state, at the lower rate of 10*s*, but at the higher rate of 12*s*., indicating "entirely satisfactory" results.

So much for the trustworthiness of Mr. Russell's allegations about our Convent Schools, even when they take the shape of definite charges spoken to the discredit of an individual school and of its teachers.

In further illustration of the efficiency of the services rendered by the Convent Schools in the work of public education in Ireland, I add the following statement of the officially certified results in the case of one of the Convent chools in Dublin—the school conducted by the Sisters of Charity in King's Inns-street in that city.

Dealing with the Convent Schools in general, I have shown by official figures the pre-eminent position which they hold, as a class, in the National School system of Ireland. I now take this one school as a specimen of the highest and most efficient type of school even amongst the Convent Schools themselves.

I take also, for the purposes of comparison, the results similarly attained in an establishment holding, I must assume, a corresponding position amongst the schools directly managed by the National Education Board—the Central Model Schools in Marlborough-street, Dublin.

The contrast is a striking one. I make no comment, but simply set forth the figures:

COMPARISON OF RESULTS IN THE CONVENT SCHOOL, KINGS' INNS-STREET, DUBLIN, AND IN THE CENTRAL MODEL SCHOOLS, MARLBOROUGH-STREET, FOR THE YEAR 1890, AS ASCERTAINED THROUGH INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATION OF THE PUPILS BY THE OFFICIALS OF THE BOARD OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

School.*	Percentages of Passes in Reading.		Percentage of Passes in Writing.	
	In King's Inns-st.	In Marlborough-st.	In King's Inns-st.	In Marlborough-st.
No. 1, Infants . .	100	98	100	100
„ 2, Girls . . .	100	90	100	100
„ 3, „ . . .	100	98	100	98
„ 4, „ . . .	100	86	100	100
„ 5, „ . . .	100	100	100	100

School.†	Percentages of Passes in Spelling.		Percentages of Passes in Arithmetic.	
	In King's Inns-st.	In Marlborough-st.	In Kings' Inns-street.	In Marlborough-st.
No. 1, Infants . .	100	98	99	96
„ 2, Girls . . .	98	95	100	87
„ 3, „ . . .	100	87	100	72
„ 4, „ . . .	100	58	99	74
„ 5, „ . . .	100	91	100	78

It will be observed that in this table of 40 percentages—20 for each of the two schools in question—the figure 100 per cent. occurs

* I should observe that the lines of division adopted in the two schools in question do not appear to be identical.

In the case of King's Inns-street, the different "schools" mentioned correspond with the ascending grades of the course prescribed by the Education Board.

In the case of Marlborough-street, apparently, each "school" may comprise one or more grades of the course, and possibly all the grades.

But, from the nature of the figures in the present case, this manifestly gives rise to no difficulty in the comparison of the results.

† See preceding footnote.

22 times. Of these 22 instances, no fewer than 17 stand to the credit of the Convent School, and only 5 to the credit of the Model School.

Again, in the important subjects of Spelling and Arithmetic, whilst the Convent School has scored 100 per cent. in 7 instances, the Model School has not scored that percentage even once.

Finally, the instances in which the Convent School failed to score 100 per cent. are only 3, and the lowest percentage scored in any of these was 98; but in 15 instances the "Model" School scored below 100 per cent., and in these instances the percentages scored by it range down to 58.

The following comparative statement brings out the result in compact form:

Percentages reached.	In King's Inns-street.	In Marlborough-street.
100 per cent.	17	5
90 and under 100	3	8
80 „ 90	...	3
70 „ 80	...	3
60 „ 70	...	...
50 „ 60	...	1
TOTAL . . .	20	20

It is interesting here to look back to the Parliamentary Return of 1864, from which I quoted so largely at the beginning of this paper. This Convent School of King's Inns-street was, of course, dealt with in that Return. The official who reported on it was one of the Presbyterian Inspectors, Mr. Hunter. Here are some noteworthy passages of his report:—

"Very adequate teaching power. The superioress (Mrs. Barrett), who has had the management and direction of this school for many years, possesses very high acquirements; she is thoroughly acquainted with the art of teaching, which appears to have been the study of her life; she is thoroughly devoted, active, and earnest, and she has succeeded in a remarkable degree in impressing the same spirit on all the teachers under her direction."

What a life-like picture of an "untrained and indifferent teacher!" "Untrained" undoubtedly the lady in question is, in the sense that she escaped the misfortune of being subjected to the common-place routine of the official "Training College" in Marlborough-street. How completely the very highest efficiency in teaching is independent of such "training" is made sufficiently plain by the marvellous results attained in the King's Inns-street School—and, I must not omit to add, in many other Convent Schools in Dublin and elsewhere as well.

Mr. Hunter's report continues:

"The school is organised upon a plan of her own, and the results are highly satisfactory; no idleness, no listlessness, no time lost in making changes, or in getting to work when they are made."

"Organised upon a plan of her own." In this lies the chief secret of the pre-eminent success of the King's Inns-street School. At times, indeed, much weariness had to be undergone in the unceasing struggle against the pedantic restraints upon educational efficiency imposed, or sought to be imposed, upon the school by the officials of "the Board." But the struggle not unfrequently ended in the conversion of the theorists to the views of the practical educationalist who "had made the art of teaching the study of her life."

It must always be borne in mind that the Convent School which has produced the marvellous results I have tabulated receives the grants for the salaries of its teachers only on the 12*s*. scale of capitation grant already described.

In the latest official return I find the average daily attendance in the school given as 748. At the 12*s*. rate, the capitation grant on this figure amounts to £448 16*s*.

An ordinary National School, with the same attendance, reaching only the standard of minimum efficiency barely sufficient to save it from being struck off from the effective list of the Board, might receive in teachers' salaries £598, an amount 33 per cent. in excess of the highest amount payable in the case of a school such as that of King's Inns-street.

But, in the case of the King's Inns-street School, where there is question of the amount of State aid that should be considered adequate, the comparison is to be made, not with any ordinary National School, but with the school with which I have just now compared it in the matter of results, the Central Model School in Marlborough Street.

The scale of salaries adopted in the case of that official establishment seems to be treated by the National Education Board as a sort of State secret. In the published regulations of the Board information is freely given about the scales of capitation payments to Convent and other schools, about the scale of salaries for the teachers of the ordinary National Schools, and, up to a certain point, about the scale of salaries for the teachers even of the Model Schools. But a footnote is added (Regulations, page 37): "For salaries, &c., of the staff of Marlborough-street Model Schools, see Appendix, page 89." On turning to the page mentioned, we find only the following mysterious statement:—

"The salaries of the Principal and Assistant Teachers [of the Marlborough Street Model Schools] are paid according to special rates approved by the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury."

Fortunately, however, there is a limit to the reserve that can be maintained in favour even of this favoured establishment. Public money cannot be had without recourse to the House of Commons, and the House naturally requires to know beforehand the precise purposes to which the money asked for is to be applied. The Parliamentary Estimates, then, for any year will be found to give full information as to the salaries in question. In the Estimates for the year ended 31st March 1889 I find the following account of expenditure in these Schools on the score of teachers' salaries.

This section of the Estimates is prefaced by a curiously worded paragraph resembling rather an extract from an auctioneer's advertisement, or from the bill of a circus performance, than a grave official statement in a Parliamentary paper :—

"Central Normal Model School Department, Marlborough-street, designed to exhibit the best mode of conducting National Schools, affording instruction to about 3000 children, and to Teachers in Training an opportunity of practising the art of Teaching daily under their several Trainers (*sic*)."

Then comes the list of the teachers' salaries. I take only those for the girls' and infants' schools, these being the departments as to which we have compared the results with the results attained in King's Inns-street: in cases where two teachers are provided for, not specially assigned to either the boys' or the girls' school, I take account only of the salary of one teacher:—

	£	s.	d.
"GIRLS' SCHOOL.			
"Head Teacher	120	0	0
Five Assistants	397	0	0
"INFANTS' SCHOOL.			
Head Teacher	120	0	0
Two Assistants	156	0	0
"[THREE] ADDITIONAL SCHOOLS.			
Salaries of Principal and Assistant Teachers.			
Girls' School, No. 1	154	0	0
" " No. 2	75	0	0
" " No. 3	149	0	0
Teacher of Music	100	0	0
Teacher of Drawing	80	0	0"
TOTAL *	£1,351	0	0

Now, whilst the average daily attendance at the King's Inns-street

* It is important also to note that, as a result of one of the most curious anomalies connected with the working of the system of National Education in Ireland, the amount of school-fees paid in the Model Schools is exceptionally large. A considerable portion of this amount—like the entire amount of school-fees paid in other National Schools—goes as an addition to the teachers' salaries.

Convent Schools was 748, the average daily attendance in these Marlborough-street Model Schools reached only the lower figure of 558. But the grant of £1,351 for teachers' salaries is altogether independent of this. If, however, the attendance in the King's Inns-street Schools were to fall to 558, its present miserably inadequate grant would be still further reduced to £334 16*s.*

We have, then, the following instructive contrast :

Schools.	Average daily Attendance.	Amount of public money payable for Salaries.
		£ *s.* *d.*
King's Inns-street Convent School	748	448 16 0
Any ordinary Female National School	748	598 0 0
Marlborough-street Girls' and Infants' Model School	558	1,351 0 0
Any ordinary Female National School	558	436 0 0
Kings' Inns-street Convent School, if its average daily attendance were equal only to that of the Marlborough-street Girls' and Infants' Model School	558	334 16 0

As to the results attained in return for the £1351 0*s.* 0*d.* expended in the payment of the teachers' salaries in the Marlborough-street Model School, in comparison with those attained in return for the wholly inferior amount expended for the same purpose upon the King's Inn-street School, enough has already been said.

I ask merely, at which side is there evidence of the " waste " of public money ?

✠ WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.*

THERE are two historic subjects which lead us to all that has had most influence on humanity—the myths of Greek mythology, and the narrative of the Old Testament—the connection between which may well be an object of study to those who approach it from the most opposite points of view. Both divisions of the subject are familiar in a certain sense, and both are obscure in a certain sense. Everybody is supposed to know the Bible, and there are certain parts of Greek mythology which, as far as names go, are to educated persons little less familiar. But familiarity with *names*, far from involving a knowledge of *things*, will generally be found to spread like a mist over the subjects which it at once suggests and conceals. It is surprising to discover the ignorance of the Bible common to those who are not expected to know any other history, and those who are familiar with all history equally important and accessible. Greek mythology, though to a less extent, is made indistinct by supposed familiarity. In bringing them together we may throw light on both.

If we tried to put the difference between the two as shortly as possible, we might say that a single letter sums up the difference of Greek and Hebrew thought on theology. Men to the Greek were sons of the gods. Man to the Hebrew was the son of God. The divine world was not more real to the Hebrew than to the Greek; the connection between the human and divine was not felt less certain. But God, as revealed to us in the Scriptures, is the God of the *conscience*. He is the God who hates iniquity, who abhors all evil. The divine world, as revealed to us in Greek literature, is made up of beings just as different in this respect as men and women are different. The Greek had a vision of righteousness; but it was as one idea out of many, all of which were mirrored in the divine world above

* An address to the "St. Andrew's Club" for women.

humanity with what we may call a kind of artistic impartiality. In Greek thought the divine world is as various as the human world, and in Hebrew thought the divine world is the source and centre of unity. Greek fancy interposed itself before the divine light as a prism before a sunbeam, and coloured the divine and human world alike with rainbow hues. Hebrew reverence turned all the variety of colour back into one pure white ray, and saw all human activity in strong light and shadow according as it transmitted or obscured that light. That contrast supplies us with a clue to all that is most important in the series of narratives we seek to follow. Good and evil to the Greek differed as one colour differs from another colour. Good and evil to the Hebrew differed as light differs from darkness.

Let us follow out this contrast between Greek and Hebrew thought by choosing a single myth from the rich field of Greek mythology—the story of Heracles—and setting by its side those passages in the Old Testament with which it most invites comparison. We have in Heracles a type of the heroic nature, as it stands in a peculiar relation to the divine. He has many brethren on the page of Scripture. The name of Samson will at once occur to every one as a like example of victorious strength; while in some ways we may better compare him with the ideal King of Israel. Several details of his history recall that of David, and there is much that is common in the general spirit of each. But let us keep firm hold of our clue, and mark the difference between a contrast of light and darkness and a contrast of light and dark. Art needs both extremes, and we find in all Greek thought that swift passage from one opposite to another which belongs to the ideal of dramatic sympathy. No legend embodies more of this spirit of inversion than that we follow here. In the account given in the "Odyssey" of the descent of Ulysses to Hades, there is a very curious passage, which would seem an attempt to gather up two stories about Heracles impossible to reconcile in a less paradoxical form. Ulysses, we are told, saw the "eidolon" of Heracles in Hades, while Heracles in Heaven shared the bliss of the gods, with the divine Hebe as his bride. Homer does not mean that Ulysses saw a mere shadow, while the whole personality was elsewhere; he tells us that this "eidolon" made a speech to him which seems as much an expression of himself as any other speech is of the person in whose mouth it is placed.* If the two lines which tell of the heavenly Heracles be not an interpolation, Homer is here confessing that the divine hero has a double parentage and a double history, that he knows both Heaven and Hell, that it seems as if a part of his nature were always condemned to the realms of darkness, while his true self was restored to that bliss of youth (so we must interpret his obtaining Hebe as his bride) which to the Greek imagination

* "Odyssey" xi. 601-626.

was the summit and type of every bliss. Is there no Hebrew hero whom these words suggest to us? Surely the story of Heracles is a Greek version of those thoughts which in the Hebrew Scriptures have taken their form in the Book of Job.

It is a curious illustration of the popular ignorance of stories where every name is familiar, that this comparison will at first seem a paradox. The details of the two narratives are no doubt different, Job is a peaceful citizen, and Heracles is a hunter and warrior. But in the religious significance of the two stories, there is a profound agreement. Heracles and Job have each a special relation to God, and each an adversary before the heavenly throne, under whose baleful influence each undergoes grievous trials, and from whose sway each attains at last a triumphant deliverance, after being led to doubt of that guardian care, which is, at last, so triumphantly vindicated. "There is no *worse* to such a woe as mine," * exclaims Heracles, when his friend, Theseus, seeks to check his complaints by warning him that blasphemy may bring a worse woe upon him. What can Job say more? No man endures worse pangs, bitterer humiliations, sadder misfortunes, than the beloved son of Zeus, not even the man whose history has been taken as a type of calamity. But let us turn to that history, and try to understand its significance before we follow out the Greek version of the same idea.

It is very difficult to bring home to Christian ears the moral of the Book of Job, because to them it is a commonplace. We can understand the sufferings of the world leading men to doubt whether there be any divine care over it at all; but it seems impossible, without imagining a state of things wholly different from what we see around us, to conceive the position of men who believe in God, and regard adversity as a proof of His displeasure. And yet it is plain that the writer of the Book of Job did feel it a daring thing to connect innocence and suffering. There is only one way in which we can understand his feeling, and that is by remembering that the largest part of what the Jew meant by prosperity was the prosperity of his race. The race of Israel came much nearer the unity of a person than any other race ever did. "When Israel was a child," says one of the earliest prophets, speaking in the name of God, "then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." The sense of that deliverance gave the key-note to all Jewish feeling as to prosperity. In the ideal period of the history of Israel—the reigns of David and Solomon—there would be hardly any individual calamity which would eclipse the sense of divine favour forming a part of the spiritual heritage of every Israelite. But when the shadow of calamity fell upon *Israel*, when the nation which had this intense ideal of unity found itself cut in two, and then a prey to foreign invasion, when all the recol-

* Euripides: "Hercules Furens," 1244, 1245.

lections of a glorious past seemed mocked by schism and defeat—then the Book of Job seems to have been written as a protest against the belief which made prosperity the test of God's favour for man. As long as calamity was only individual it seems to have been possible, though not without many misgivings, to think that acquaintance with calamity was a sign of the displeasure of God. But when the *nation* was involved in calamity, then a new view of all trial, a larger vista for all experience, became a necessity. Thus a book was written which gathered up, in the form of an individual narrative, what was felt most deeply true in the history of a race. "Job never existed,"* said one Rabbi; "the story is a parable." "No," said another Rabbi, "he did exist; but his history in itself is a parable." Either way it was felt that the story took all its value from its expression of a national fate. Job is the type of the Jewish nation in its hour of darkness and discouragement. He has had his youth and maturity of brilliant prosperity—we remember the deliverance from Egypt, the kingdom of David and Solomon; he has his home, fenced round with secure barriers, and adorned with splendour—we think of the Temple and the holy hill of Zion. And now he has to discover that the love of God does not show itself only through shelter and fostering care, that he whom God loves in a special sense may be called upon to suffer in a special sense. His children are carried off by robbers—we think of the Chaldean armies besieging Jerusalem, and the deportations to Babylon. He is himself smitten with a sore disease—we think of the miseries of the exile, and of all the subsequent history, alas! of the race of Israel, even to our own day. And when we read that "the Lord turned the *captivity* of Job,"† we feel the allegory is almost dropped. In learning that his brethren and his sisters came to him, and that new children were born to him to replace those he had lost, we contemplate that restoration to the Promised Land, that renewal of national life, which has been the perennial hope of Israel in the long exile, and through the sacred writings of a single race has passed into the common hopes of humanity.

There is a passage in the New Testament‡ which gathers up all that the author of the Book of Job seems to have grasped for the first time as to the meaning of tribulation, and sets on it the stamp of a divine sanction. "Simon," said our Lord to His disciple, when he knew that the hour of temptation drew nigh, "Satan hath desired to have thee that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." We know that the faith of St. Peter did fail, and that under a trial which does not seem to us so very hard a one. Satan

* See Cheyne's "Wisdom of the Old Testament."
† Job xlii. 10. ‡ Luke xxii. 31, 32.

desired to sift him as wheat, and much in him was shown as chaff which he and others had regarded as true grain, but the grain became precious seed, and the chaff was burnt up in unquenchable fire. Now all this, which is a passage in the biography of an actual man, is told by the author of the Book of Job in parable. Living when his nation, the darling of God, was sunk under a heavy load of calamity, and tempted at times, like all who have known the burden of vast calamity (or even the pressure of a continuous trouble that is not vast) to doubt whether there were any Father in Heaven for man—he was shown, as in a vision, this view of Satan as an Accuser before the heavenly throne, turned in spite of himself to a deliverer of man from all from which he needs deliverance. Satan desires to sift Job as wheat, and he is permitted. The servant of God is given over to one whose function it is to discover evil beneath apparent good. The favour of Heaven is shown in this sifting, though its instrument is the adversary of man.

Now when we turn to the Greek version of heroic suffering we find our parallel of light and colour illustrated by the fact that the potent adversary of the Greek hero is just as much divine as his Father Zeus is. We start from a special sense of a bond between the hero and the divine world, but this very bond has its reaction in a special divine antagonism. Heracles is, we all know, one of the many sons of Zeus, and of a human mother. But of all this tribe of semi-divine beings he is his son in a peculiar sense. Amphitryon, an Argive prince, was surprised, on his return home from a distant war, to find his wife Alcmena greet him without eagerness, and learned, on investigation, that she supposed it to be his second appearance. He had, she said, visited her before, and it appears that Zeus has taken his form, as many other of the Greek gods are supposed to do, but Zeus only on the occasion recorded in the birth of Heracles. Here we have evidently not a legend but an allegory. The Greek who imagined this story is expressing through it the belief that every hero is in a special sense the son of God, that with all the saviours of the race there comes, as it were, some new infusion of divine influence into the hereditary stream that bears on mental inheritance from father to son. That in moments of darkness and despondency Heracles is led to question the very existence of his Heavenly Father and to turn to his earthly father as a truer representative of paternity, is due to no want of love in his divine father, but to the existence of a divine foe. When the time has come that the hero shall see the light,* Zeus boasts in the full assembly of Olympus that on that very day is to be born a son of his blood who is to rule over his neighbours. Now Heracles is doubly his son, being descended from another heroic son of Zeus—Perseus; and Hera, the

* Il. xix. 95–129.

jealous and vindictive spouse of Zeus, knowing that another princess of this family also hopes ere long to clasp her babe, craftily insists that Zeus shall confirm his announcement with an oath, which he is stupid enough to do. Hera, then, like another Rebecca, steals the birthright of another Esau. She prolongs the pangs of Alcmena and hurries Eurystheus, a cousin of Heracles, into the world; so that the oath sworn by Zeus forces him to leave his beloved son a victim to the jealous hatred of the heavenly queen, and the tyrannical dominion of the mortal whom she has promoted with no other object than to be a thorn in his side.

Nothing gives us a surer key to the difference of Greek and Hebrew religion than to remember that the part which in the Greek story is assigned to a divinity who shares the throne of Zeus is exactly that which in the whole system of theology which we connect with the Scriptures belongs to the enemy of mankind. Perhaps we may look upon Hera as originally a sort of embodiment of the misty atmosphere shrouding the light of heaven, which may be represented as the grudging spirit in the divine world. But we do not gain much by the naturalistic interpretation of Greek myths. We may thereby get at their original starting-point perhaps, but often lose the clue which made them interesting to the lively and imaginative people whose fancies they illustrate, and whose philosophy they enfold. What Hera seems most truly to express is that spirit of jealousy which we find in Greek legend ascribed to the gods; and against which the great Greek philosopher has left his most earnest protest. "In the Divinity is nothing envious," says Plato,* thinking probably of the history of Herodotus, where the jealousy of the gods is as much an accepted dogma as in any writing of an orthodox theologian. The Greeks saw royal or despotic power always associated with something that might be called jealousy on earth, and they did not see why it should be otherwise in heaven. Here we see clearly the different genius of a parable originating among those who traced power to the gods, and those who traced it to God. The Greek imagination sees the son of the supreme God given over to the tyranny of hostile power because this divine king is outwitted by the sharer of his throne. God, in the Jewish imagination, gives over His son to the temptation of hostile power because He desires to sever the gold in him from the dross. The Jew sees in calamity a testing of man's trust in God, permitted in order that this trust may emerge in its unquestionable security. The Greek sees in it the proof of some shameful defeat to one divine Being, brought about by the subtlety of another. Such things are sure to happen wherever there are many *human* beings. It is not only that some do wrong and some do right, but they take different views of what right and wrong are. This is

* At least he makes Timæus say so. Tim. 30.

what I mean by saying that when we turn to Greek religion we must think of colour, and when we turn to Hebrew religion we must think of light. There is no reason why the eye should prefer one colour to another, that is a matter of individual taste. But the only reason why any eye should chose darkness rather than light is that sight is diseased.

It would be an interesting task to follow out this contrast throughout the labours of Heracles, especially to trace in the Greek story of the Garden of Eden the inversion of all the parts which we know in the familiar Hebrew tale. It is the serpent who guards the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. It is Hera, the evil principle so far as the Greek knows of an evil principle, who grudges them to mankind, and it is the divine hero who takes the part of Adam, and possesses himself of the mystic fruit. The serpent of Greek mythology is the expression of divine jealousy, keeping the treasures of Eden from the human race, exactly as the serpent of Genesis implies that God does, so that the act of defiance to divine authority by which Adam fell is, with the Greek hero, one of the most impressive titles to renown; what is temptation to the Jew assuming to the Greek the aspect of heroic virtue. But we must not linger over any of the labours of Heracles. It so happens that the double aspect of his life adumbrated by Homer may be set forth in the words of two other Greek poets, and it is in a paraphrase of those words that I will endeavour to bring out this antithesis. We will begin by a picture of the infancy of the hero,* due to the latest great poet who ever used the Greek tongue.

No poetic description of infancy has more charm than the picture given by Theocritus of the first triumph of Heracles over the monster which is generally a type, though it is not easy to say why, of the evil influences which oppose civilised man—that is, the serpent or dragon. The cradle in which Alcmena, the mother of Heracles, having bathed and fed her twin babes, the mortal and the immortal, lays them to rest—a shield which Amphitryon had taken from a fallen foe—vividly sets off, with its warlike suggestions, the sweet picture of sheltered infancy and maternal care. The brass which has rung with hostile encounter and been polluted with blood now frames the lovely image of childhood, and reflects the face of the mother as she draws the coverlet closely around the tender limbs, and rocks her twins to rest with a murmured blessing. "Sleep my babes, dear to me as my own soul! May a blessed slumber bring you to a blessed dawn." Perhaps the prayer is inspired by a special intimation of the coming peril, for at dead of night an awful portent is discerned—the household is wrapped in slumber, and Orion through the windows shows his broad shoulder,

* "Theocritus," xxiv.

when suddenly the faint starlight gleam is eclipsed by a blaze of light that shows the walls of the palace as by the light of a hundred torches, and Alcmena starts from her couch, roused by the sudden glare, and almost before her eyes are opened, terrified by a loud scream. "Rise, Amphitryon!" she cries; "dost thou not hear the cry of thy youngest child?" Already the mother can distinguish the baby voice, and hopes perhaps to quicken Amphitryon's sluggish movement by the reminder that it is his own son who is imperilled. "Stay not to sandal thy feet; see this mysterious light—there is something awful in the house, my dearest!" Spurred by her agitation, he drops his sandals, and reaches to the peg where hangs his trusty sword; but, ere his hand can grasp it, the supernatural light ceases as suddenly as it dawned, and once more night fills the palace. His shouts summon a hurried throng, bearing as torches brands snatched from the embers, and the parents, thus guarded, rush to the nursery. What a sight meets the mother's eyes as she bursts open the door she closed with her maternal prayer! Above that brazen cradle tower two gigantic serpents, struggling in vain to free themselves from the grasp of tiny hands, and writhing now through all their slimy folds in the convulsions of death. The triumphant babe dances with the delight of his victory, till, as the awful heads drop slack above those baby fists, he flings them from him with a leap of triumph. The mother, now fearless for the immortal babe, catches up the mortal, to warm in her bosom the little limbs, frozen with terror. She can leave to Amphitryon the task of laying to rest the infant Heracles before returning to the couch which the prince seems to be as eager to regain as he was reluctant to quit. For her there is no more slumber; before the cock has crowed thrice she has called to her aid the seer Tiresias, whose outward eyes have long been closed in blindness, that his inward eye may be opened to discern the invisible. "Take courage, most blessed of mothers," he answers her entreaties that he would conceal nothing from her. "I swear to thee by the blessed light I see no more that thy heroic son shall be a theme of verse as familiar as it shall be lofty, telling of heroic conflicts, of victorious encounters with monsters and mighty men of renown, and when his labours are finished he shall ascend to heaven, and find a bride among the immortal gods—yes, a bride even of the blood of those who have sent these monsters to injure him a babe. Then," he concludes in words which strangely remind us of Isaiah, "there shall come a time when the wolf shall see the fawn on its lair, and shall leave it unhurt."

I have given the idyll of Theocritus at this length partly because of what seems to me its peculiarly modern beauty, and partly because it supplies a prelude to the triumphant side of the life of Heracles. Just in the same way the defeat of his life is gathered

up when we turn to a play of Euripides, the "Mad Heracles" which seems to represent the hero in Hell, as this vision of his infancy shows him favoured of Heaven. When he has accomplished the last and most awful of his labours—descending to the shades below, and bringing up the monster Cerberus to the light of day—he returns to find his wife and children in deadly peril. The description given by Theocritus of his mother's care does not exceed in tenderness that given by Euripides of the passionate longing of his wife to behold him again, her appeal to him to return even as a shade, and her account of her devices to turn away the attention of her children whenever the opening door wakens the eager, but now timid, hope of seeing him enter. Her need of her spouse is indeed at its utmost height, for unless he appear speedily she must see her children and her father-in-law perish before her eyes, and share their fate. One of those upstart despots, whom Greek political life encouraged and Greek feeling held in bitter detestation, has seized on the throne of Thebes, and would have slain the whole family of the hero, believing that he is held captive in the realms below, had he not returned in godlike might, and destroyed the oppressor. Then comes the rapture of joy snatched from agony. Heracles, surrounded by the lovely group of children, is conducting the rites of worship within the house, the chorus stands without, expecting his return, when lo! they interrupt their hymn of joy to remark on an awful portent in the heavens—that is, we presume, a rainbow. And now we touch on the very focus of the contrast between the Greek and Hebrew religion. Iris is the goddess of the rainbow, and the arch connecting earth and heaven may be regarded as the drawbridge, so to speak, laid down for her fairy feet as she glides downwards, as Homer says, "swift as flakes of snow." But let us interrupt the narrative for a moment to gather up all that the rainbow symbolises to Christian eyes and contrast it with all that it meant here.

No race can have ever failed to notice a phenomenon so beautiful and so striking as the rainbow, and the dreams with which the fancy of men have connected it may be counted up among the deepest realities of life. There is nothing in the fact of a ray being refracted through the drops of a shower to promise that the gleam will conquer the storm. All we can say is that the gleam and the storm must come together before we can see the

> "Triumphal arch that spans the sky
> When clouds prepare to part."

That "prepare to part" is a trace of the influence of the Bible. The clouds may be preparing to part, or preparing to darken the heavens with their union. But we all know how on the page of Scripture the bow is a pledge of a covenant between God and not

only His chosen people, not only Him and the whole human race even, but between Him and "every living creature, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth." Three times is this description repeated, so that we feel the divine promise includes within its scope all sentient nature, and that the Hebrew was to read the pledge of it every time he saw those faint pure colours on the background of the cloud. And how deeply this belief entered into the spirit of the nation we see in another passage of Scripture where the rainbow is not mentioned, but where it inspires the imagery rising to the pen of an exile by the waters of Babylon, in the darkest hour of Hebrew history, when the promise of God seemed to have been tried and found wanting. We cannot imagine anything happening to an Englishman which should have the utterly desolating influence of the deportation to Babylon. If we suppose that England had been conquered by Russia and that Tennyson was writing his poems as an exile in Siberia, we shall have a very faint picture of what it was to the poet whose work has been confused with that of Isaiah to look back to his home on the hill of Zion. The sense of a triumph in a power opposed to what we should call civilisation was far greater with him than it would be with the English exile in Siberia; he felt that the hope for the world was gone as much as it was when the waters of the deluge closed over the inhabitants of all the world. And now see how out of that despair the bow in the cloud seems to gleam on his eyes, as he sits in the sultry plain of Babylon. Let us once more read the well-known words which speak of a mystic rainbow after the storm, seen not in the heavens but on earth, in the walls and pinnacles of the New Jerusalem. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me, for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee nor reprove thee. Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will set thy stones in fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy border of precious stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." * All the meaning of this passage dies out unless we think of the rainbow. "This is as the waters of Noah's flood unto me," says the exile, speaking in the name of Jehovah. What comfort would there be in that? Evidently what is meant is that while this calamity is as the waters of Noah's flood, the black cloud was streaked by a bow of fairer promise than that which gleamed before the eyes of Noah. The prophet does not mention the

* Isaiah liv. 8, 9, 11-13.

rainbow; perhaps at Babylon he had never seen one, but he sees the new Jerusalem invested with its hues; sapphires and rubies form its walls and pinnacles, and around it sparkle a radiant circle of gems. The flood is spoken of, but the token of the covenant which followed the flood lay too deep in the heart of the prophet to need any words. He sees the bow in the cloud, and it heralds a richer covenant, and holds a dearer hope.

When we turn to classic mythology, we see that all this symbolism of hope and encouragement, which we have been taught by the Bible to associate with the rainbow, is put into it by human feeling. It is not in itself a promise either of sunshine or storm, only an announcement of battle between the two. It depends on the genius of a race, and its sympathy with the power manifesting itself through Nature, whether the omen of conflict should or should not prove the hope of victory, and the associations of Greece and Rome seem to have joined the rainbow with the beginning rather than the end of the storm.* Iris is a figure of the earlier myths; she belongs to the Titanic family which preceded the rule of Zeus,† and which seems a typification of the abnormal and destructive powers of Nature; she is the sister of the Harpies, those disgusting and monstrous creatures which Virgil paints in such repulsive character, and Dante transports to his "Inferno." And thus it happens that the natural object which of all others seems to us most connected with hope is in the legend which we have chosen as the typical expression of Greek feeling, an omen of the most awful calamity which any hero or any human being has ever been called upon to undergo.

For Iris descends, in the story we are following, as a messenger from the jealous Queen of Heaven (and if Hera be indeed the murky atmosphere which shrouds the sky we can understand its special connection with the rainbow) in order to conduct the spirit of madness to the home of Heracles. To understand the scene which follows —one of the most awful in tragedy—we should turn to it from the passages in our Gospels which describe the healing of the demoniacs. The Greek divinity descends, not to cure, but to inspire madness. The cruel and relentless persecutor of Heracles has decreed that the most awful of his misfortunes shall be the work of his own hands, though not of his own will.

"Fear nought, old men, who see this daughter of night, Lyssa, and me" [thus does the messenger of the gods address the terrified chorus] "we come to make war not on the city, but on one man alone, the supposed son of Zeus and Alcmena. Destiny protected him until he had finished his bitter labours, and his father Zeus has not permitted me or Hera to do him harm, but now we are determined to bring upon him the guilt of kindred blood. O, virgin daughter of night, harden thy heart! arouse murderous delirium in this man, so that his own deed in sending the fair garland of babes across

* *E.g.*, Virgil in his summary of weather wisdom, "Georgics" i. 380, 381.
† Hesiod, "Theog." 265, 267.

Acheron may teach him the meaning of the wrath of Hera, and mine also. If he make not this atonement the gods are nought, and mortals are mighty."

If we met with this passage in any modern writer, we should feel at once that it was an attempt to bring the very idea of religion into discredit. An Englishwoman of our own day, who passed from a deep and pure religion to Atheism,* has told us in her autobiography that what gave the first shock to her faith was the sight of the sufferings of her infant daughter in some childish illness. And doubtless there are very few mothers who have not felt the temptation to follow her in this desolate path, if they have been called on to watch the anguish of an innocent babe. Must we concede that what Euripides means is the same thing?—that in this speech of Iris he is mocking the belief of those who, inhabiting a world where all the worst of what Heracles had to undergo is undergone, still believe that they have a Father in Heaven? I do not think so. He knew doubt, every true Greek knew doubt, and our poet lived in that day of Greek disunion when doubt must have been strongest, but I do not think we have here to do with the spirit of denial. It is rather the spirit which accepts evil, as much as good, as an element in the divine world, and seeks to see it with divine eyes. It is the spirit which seeks to be as God, knowing good and evil—the spirit that is always eager to represent the other side, even when all the right is on one side. This we feel still more strongly in the speech which follows, when even the goddess of madness appeals to the heavenly powers to deal justly with the sons of men. Her pleading brings out with wonderful force, when we consider who she is, the strong tendency of the Greek genius for that inversion of sympathy whereby *all* human impulse in turn seems justified.

"I am not well pleased," † she urges—in the spirit of Abraham's remonstrance before the destruction of Sodom—"at coming in murderous guise to men, and would gladly dissuade you and Hera from sending me against one famed among men and gods; a liberal benefactor to mankind, and a pious advocate of forsaken gods, whose prerogative was assailed by impious men." The contrast of Greek and Hebrew feeling is shown not so much in the speech itself, as in the fact that it is made in vain, and that Lyssa finding her entreaty unsuccessful, turns at once to execute the commands of Hera. While the children, ranged round the altar, bend their loving gaze on the father re-united to them after long absence, his aspect is suddenly changed, his eyes seem to start from their sockets, his mouth foams, he turns from the altar, seizes the weapons he has laid aside, and believing that he confronts deadly foes, turns his

* See Mrs. Besant's very interesting memoir of her own life, and compare it with the appeal of Amphitryon, 339 *seq.*

† "Hercules Furens," 846–854.

irresistible might against those who have looked to it as their sure refuge from every other danger. His bow and his club lay his wife and children dead at his feet, and the intervention of Athene, which comes in to save his father's life, can only so far prevail as to cast him into a deep slumber. When he awakens from this, and sees what he has done, his lamentations are, to my mind, among the most pathetic passages of literature. He had thought that God was a Father, but he finds Him a foe! Death seems his only refuge in the shipwreck of hope and faith, and he resolves to share the grave which is to receive his wife and children, thus anticipating the suicide to which in the stress of bodily anguish he is to be driven at last, after other toils and sorrows. But he is not to carry out his intention now. A new personage, Theseus, the prince whom he has rescued from Hades, appears on the scene; and lifting the mantle in which Heracles has hidden his face, remonstrates with the hero in terms which recall those in which the friends of Job clothe their attempts at consolation. Does not even the brief fragment of their dialogue with which we must conclude, justify the parallel drawn above between the Greek and the Jewish hero?

"Oh Theseus, wherefore dost thou by uncovering my head, pollute the blessed light of day? Rather fly thyself from such pollution! Was ever sorrow like to my sorrow? I, the slayer of my own children. Therefore do I choose death, and oppose myself to the whole divine world where no justice reigns.

"Thes.: Beware, lest such words as these bring a worse thing upon thee.

"Her.: There is no *worse* to such a woe as mine.

"Thes.: Is it indeed Heracles, the strong and patient benefactor of humanity, who speaks thus?

"Her.: And well has humanity repaid me! To endure much is not to find no extremity unendurable. Zeus—whoever Zeus may be—has called me into an existence poisoned by divine hostility. What toils have I not undergone! I have slain lions, monsters, giants, centaurs—I have brought the three-headed hound of Hades to the light of day; and the result of all is my being forced to set a coping stone to this structure of calamity in this slaughter of my own children. Whither shall I flee? in my beloved Thebes I dare enter no temple, no gathering of friends, and what welcome dare the exile hope elsewhere? What bitter greetings await the accursed murderer, father of his victims! Repulsed by earth and sea, Ixion on his wheel pictures my fate. Why then should I live? What profit is there for me in a needy and an impious life? Let the spouse of Zeus dance with joy, she has ruined the hero and the benefactor of Greece. I will strive to appease her no more."*

Contrast this passage with the conclusion of the Book of Job, where the adversary instead of being triumphant seems simply forgotten, and then remember that this intention of suicide is only deferred, and that the hero has to endure more torture and misery

* "Hercules Furens," 1229-1310, condensed. The argument would be much strengthened by an examination of those passages which bring out the scepticism of Euripides, as in that pathetic address to Amphitryon (1265), which, in its turn from the divine to the human bond, seems written for our own time.

before he finds rest on the funeral pyre, and you will feel that it is not too much to say that the story of Heracles brings forth the problem of suffering more forcibly than even the story of Job does. But the answer to that problem is latent in the Book of Job, while in the story of the Greek Job we feel that the problem is all that is given us. To the Greek spirit the problem is all that is needed. The clear representation of varied impulse—the vivid utterance of opposite beliefs—this, to the people who have been appointed to train the imagination of mankind, is not a preliminary to judgment, but an effective substitute for it. If we seek for something more, we must turn to the race which has been appointed to train not the imagination but the conscience.

I should like to conclude with what I feel the practical lesson of this contrast and resemblance between the Bible and Greek mythology. Whenever we suppose that in choosing the wrong instead of the right we are enriching life with new colouring instead of turning from light to darkness (and we are so tempted very often), there, I believe, we make the largest error that it is possible for man to commit, and turn away from all that makes the hope of humanity. But when we quit the enclosure of our own personality, and seek to understand the moral forces that move the world—then I believe also that we err, unless we take up, *for a time*, the Greek point of view; regarding those impulses which result in wrong as something to be explained rather than abhorred, and trying to understand what we call evil as carefully as we try to understand what is good. *This* error is not one to which our time is specially tempted, but I think it is a source of much confusion, and even of some injustice. What we do need to beware of is, not so much that we should take either of these views to the exclusion of the other—for hardly anybody fails to condemn wrong where he or one he loves is the sufferer by it, and nobody fails to explain wrong when he or one he loves is the agent in it—but that we should mix up the two points of view, diluting our condemnation of wickedness by putting ourselves in the place of the criminal, and imagining his excuses; and then again blunting our comprehension of the faults it is not our business to condemn by insisting that they, too, are of the nature of evil. But how shall we know, it may be asked, when we ought to take the Greek view and when the Hebrew? It is not because such a question comes at the end of a lecture already too long that I would abdicate all attempt to answer it. It is because I believe that God reveals to human spirits their ideal function in the moment of presenting that issue which is its opportunity, and that to try to determine it by a rule that can be interpreted apart from the conscience is to seek the living among the dead.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PENSION SCHEME.

THE article contributed by Mr. Chamberlain to the *National Review* of last month must have awakened very deep and wide interest. None of its readers will think it unreasonable that the present writer, whom Mr. Chamberlain has called the pioneer of the Old Age Pensions movement, and to whose antecedent work in this most important social reform during the last fifteen years he has borne such frank testimony, should avail himself of the earliest opportunity of examining this very important paper.

To make clear to my readers a subject hitherto very little studied and still less understood, I must first, in a few very broad touches, summarise the history of this growing movement and the chief suggestions made for its furtherance.

In the year 1878 I published a proposal for the Prevention of Pauperism by means of a National Compulsory Insurance, by requiring all young persons from the age of eighteen to twenty-one to contribute to a fund, State-collected and State-secured, a sufficient amount to entitle each contributor, when physically unable to earn wages, to a weekly sick pay of 8*s*. per week and to an old age pension of 4*s*. per week.

It is obvious that, had such a measure been passed, no contributor to such a fund could have become qualified for pauper relief. The Poor Law, continuing its ordinary functions, would have still made the provision it does now for persons too old to be called upon to pay, but the contributors to the new fund could never be qualified by destitution to require or receive Poor-Law relief and eventually pauperism itself (in its legal sense, as distinguished from poverty), would die out for ever, not by the extinction of the Poor Law, which I held it impossible to abolish antecedently, but by extinction of

destitution; not by denying the claim to rate-aid, but by making our whole population too well provided to become claimants.

This proposal has been widely discussed ever since. It was made, as Mr. Chamberlain says, the subject of inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee in 1885–6 and 7, which decided against its establishment.

The Report of the Committee showed plainly that my error had been to ask too much at once. Had I known earlier what additional study had convinced me of in the meantime—namely, that the crying need was almost entirely that of old age pensions, the greatest and most grievous part of our pauperism resulting from old age distress, I should have altogether left out the provision for sick-pay during working life, which met with for the time irresistible interested opposition, and should have urged, at all events as the thin end of the wedge, Old Age Pension provision alone. For this, the most important part of my proposal, the Committee reported to be free from most of the objections urged, in the interest of existing Friendly Societies, against the sick-pay provision as a State competition with their own work. Practically, the friendly societies do not provide pensions, and therefore could not have reasonably objected to a National Pension Fund, as they did to a sick-pay fund. Nay more, inasmuch as one of the greatest burdens on Friendly Society funds is the heavy charge occasioned by what is called continuous sickness among their older members, the existence of a National Pension provision at 65 years of age would have released them from all cost for members above that age, with the probable result of making many friendly societies actuarially sound which at the present time have grave deficiencies to show.*

After the unfavourable decision of that Committee the National Providence League thought it well to drop the sick-pay proposals, and to confine its operations, as it has since done, to the more hopeful work of educating public opinion on the subject of Old Age Pensions.

The next salient point in the history of the question was the advocacy, chiefly by the Rev. W. Moore Ede, of the element of State aid in the securing of pensions. The only State aid I had asked for (and the only one any man would have ventured to put forward in 1878) was the enactment of a Law of Insurance, the collection and investment of the contributors' money, and the absolute security for payment of eventual benefits, which a contract with the State itself alone could give. All this, I contended, would cost the State no single penny. But as one of the main objections to our first proposal was the commonly alleged impossibility for the popula-

* It is right to say in passing, as proof that Mr. Chamberlain is no mere novice in stirring the question, that the Parliamentary Committee of 1885, asked for by the National Providence League (formed in 1880 to promote the passing of "some such measure as that proposed by Canon Blackley"), was agreed to at once by Mr. Chamberlain, then in office, who stated his opinion that the question for inquiry was one of the greatest social importance.

tion generally to contribute the full necessary amount (an impossibility which I do not yet admit if the contributions be made payable in early manhood), and as the establishment of the German State-aid system had changed many men's opinion on the subject, I welcomed Mr. Moore Ede's suggestion, as bringing the success of our movement nearer and making it more hopeful.

The statement I had put before the Parliamentary Committee showing that nearly half of our entire population reaching the age of sixty years die as paupers, startled, as it well might, most thinking men amongst us, though many, not thinking men, have preferred to regard the estimate as ill-based and extravagant. It is worthy of passing remark that Mr. Charles Booth, in his recent important paper on "State Pensions," read before the Statistical Society, fully corroborates the accuracy of my statement made seven years ago, saying, "It is remarkable that Canon Blackley, *by an entirely different method, arrives at exactly the same conclusion*" as himself.*

During the last session of Parliament a Voluntary Parliamentary Committee was formed for the purpose of advancing the subject of Old Age Pensions, and held some conferences with the National Providence League, to which many of the Voluntary Committee themselves belong. Their object was to ascertain how far the League was willing to co-operate with Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions for the establishment of a State-aided and Voluntary Pension scheme.

The opinion was practically unanimous that money aid from the State was desirable, and the view being generally held that compulsion must, for the present, be impracticable, the National Providence League issued the following statement in reference to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, prefaced by a few words descriptive of its work already done:

"New proposals are now made for the establishment of a Voluntary State-aided Old Age Pension Scheme.

"These proposals the National Providence League cordially welcomes as tending in the direction of its own objects, namely, the extinction of old age pauperism, and will lend its best efforts to the advocacy of any scheme resolved upon by the newly formed 'Voluntary Parliamentary Committee on Old Age Pensions,' which does not contravene the following principles:

I.—That contractors for an Old Age Pension State Benefit be required to make a contribution from their own resources.

II.—That the contract made by contributors for their own share of the Pension assured be only recognised as entitled to State augmentation if effected through some financially sound organisation; whether a Friendly Society, an Annuity Office, a Pensions' Trust Fund established by Parliament, or the Post Office."

Subject to these main principles, the National Providence League

* I may add, in this connection, that though a brother clergyman was discourteous enough to write to the *Guardian* urging the clergy generally "not to help Canon Blackley in manufacturing his statistics" I have never published a single statistic without stating the documentary, and, in most cases, the official bases on which it was founded, and that so far my deductions from them have never been disproved, though later returns may have sometimes altered their force.

ventured to make certain minor recommendations, on which it is not necessary to enlarge at present.

The question naturally occurs: "Why should the National Providence League, even if accepting the new principle of State aid to contributions, be willing to abandon its old ground of a compulsory insurance?"

The answer is given in the statement itself. The new proposals are *a step in the right direction*. Their acceptance and advocacy does not extinguish the idea of compulsion, if the nation adopts a voluntary scheme and finds out afterwards, what some people are not yet satisfied of, that however advantageous a State-aided voluntary scheme may be to volunteers for pension provision, it will never be generally adopted, and therefore never be generally effective in preventing old age pauperism. The measure proposed is the best to be hoped for at present, and the result of its enactment, while it can hurt none and may benefit some, will clear the ground for the advocacy in time to come of a compulsory measure; as such advocacy would plainly gain in reasonableness were it ascertained that the classes meant to be helped proved, as a mass, unwilling, even under such advantageous circumstances as the measure offered, to do anything whatever towards helping themselves.

No member of the League, in agreeing to the resolutions quoted, was bound to abandon any opinions he might hold as to necessity of eventual compulsion to the full success of any National Pension Scheme. He was only required by the resolutions, to approve the suggestions offered by Mr. Chamberlain, and by no means bound to regard them as a final settlement of the question.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are the outcome of the deliberations of the sub-Committee appointed by the Voluntary Parliamentary Committee.

Mr. Chamberlain states in his article that this sub-Committee settled three points, namely, that the plan proposed should be voluntary not compulsory; that it is essential to obtain the co-operation of the Friendly Societies; and that 65 years of age should be taken as the period when all pensions should fall due.

In the expediency of urging the first and third of these three points at the present time I fully concur, and am content to postpone the adoption of compulsion, until experience has shown us the effect likely to be produced by a merely voluntary scheme.

Before entering on a friendly criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, I must briefly examine the other scheme placed before the public since Mr. Chamberlain stirred the matter—namely, that which, put forward by the Poor Law Reform Association, meets the approval of Mr. Charles Booth, and which for clearness' sake may be described as an Old Age Endowment scheme.

This is a proposal for giving to every individual in the nation a

right to receive from public funds a minimum pension on attaining the age of 65. Mr. Booth's calculations show him to estimate this minimum pension at 5*s.* a week.

With the utmost respect for the motives and the earnest labours of Mr. Charles Booth in this important matter, I cannot help regarding this as a most dangerous and even injurious proposal on the grounds: (1) Of its enormous public cost; (2) its tendency to deteriorate character; (3) its direct opposition to true Poor-Law reform; (4) its obstructive effect in discouraging not only self-help, but the introduction of sounder measures; and (5) its absolute disregard of the first principles of political economy.

I venture to offer a few remarks in support of these five statements.

1. The cost of such an Old Age Endowment scheme is put by Mr. Booth himself at no less a sum than £17,000,000. Some actuarial critics, in the Statistical Society's debate on his paper, declared that £27,000,000 would be a better estimate of its true cost. Mr. Booth considers that his estimate would be reduced by three millions a year, assumed to represent the present cost of poor-rate relief to the class of paupers over sixty-five. This would leave a net increase over present poor-rate cost of £14,000,000 according to his figures, and of £24,000,000 according to those of his critics. Thus the new provision would cost between nearly five times at the lowest, and eight times at the highest, estimate, the expense in this matter, which taxpayers find heavy enough as it is. I need not touch the question where this added cost is to come from. "The State" has no pocket; it must come out of taxpayers' pockets; and until the taxpayers are sufficiently educated to regard the prospect of such an increase of taxation with complacency, not to say with enthusiasm, they are not likely to return a Parliament pledged to carry out such a scheme; even were it free, which it is not, from further objections, moral and economical.

2. The establishment of such a pension scheme would tend to deteriorate the character, not only of its beneficiaries, who reach 65 years of age, but of the whole race of our people from the day they begin to work for a living.

Why do we want old age pensions at all? Because the existence of a Poor-Law system which promises support in time of need poisons, in youth, at its very source, that natural impulse to thrift and independence, which, if properly protected by the State instead of being antecedently corrupted, would make old age destitution far from being the doom as it is now of half our aged population, the exceptional sorrow of a very few, for which exceptional and cheap alleviation might be provided.

The promise of the Poor Law to the young, that they shall be kept alive in old age, sets free the surplus over direct wants (at the only period of life when such a surplus can be relied on) of the vigorous,

the unburdened, and the well-paid, to be spent, sometimes perhaps worthily, but too often in the acquirement and indulgence of wasteful habits of a sort likely to become so indispensable as to make the whole future life of the man a heart-breaking, hand-to-mouth struggle for continued existence, with only the miserable prospect of the workhouse before him when he has dragged out his hopeless working life. To assure such a one in youth of a pension in old age, without one independent effort of his own to provide it, must magnify the mischief which our present system is bound to produce. If the certainty of workhouse support in old age at the worst, and the passionately clung-to chance of half-a-crown a week out-door relief at the best, creates, as it unquestionably does, a main part of our pauperism by paralysing the thrift instinct in the young and discouraging the independent spirit and the saving habit, how much more likely will a doubling of this terrible temptation be to kill these instincts altogether? If the chance of a poor half-crown a week makes the vast mass of our workers unwilling to provide for themselves, will the certainty of five shillings instead induce them to be thriftier?

Mr. Booth suggests that it will, saying, "He who has, wants more." I admit the statement, but I deny the inference. It is true that *he who provides for himself* carries on his principle and practice of thrift to improve his provision. But he who does *nothing* for himself, and is given a pension, has no such habit formed. He may *want more*, according to the cynical definition of sufficiency, as "a little more than I have," but he will only seek to get it in the way he gets his five shillings, by requiring other people to pay it for him, as they have done so far.

The general degradation of independence threatened by this proposal becomes still more evident by considering that, while the present system results in the practical pauperism of half our aged population, the new proposal would practically transform the whole old age population into paupers.

3. The tendency of old age endowments is in direct opposition to true principles of Poor-Law reform.

This consideration makes it all the more astonishing that the proposition should emanate from any so-called Poor Law Reform Association.

For, if there be one point more strongly urged and more generally accepted than another, in theory at least (and fully evidenced also by practice in the rare instances wherein it has been carried out, as in Atcham, Bradfield, and a few other unions), it is that the systematic restriction of out-door relief is the first, and, in the end, the most humane and effectual manner of reforming that social injury, the magnitude of which is the true and great justification of any national demand for a good pension system.

But this Old Age Endowment proposal—so far from wisely restricting the falsely imagined right to out-relief, which in its older form previous to 1835, and its newer form in more recent times, has been found so destructive in morals and so enormous in cost—actually advocates the giving of out-door relief, not only in its present clamoured-for form of half-a-crown a week to the more deserving paupers, but suggests the making, not only of the deserving paupers, but of *every pauper*, and not only every pauper, but *every unit of the nation* at 65, whether they be destitute or no, entitled to an out-relief, payable entirely from national resources, of double that money.

4. The mere advocacy of Old Age Endowment is obstructive of any sounder measure.

Because when something reasonable, liberal, and generally felt to be just and fair, is put before the minds of our people for their candid consideration, the proffer, in its stead, of something, likely to please them better as calling on them neither for candid thought nor rational self-provision, to be snatched by clamour and held by rapine, forms so strong an appeal to the blind and selfish interest which lies at the root of the main badness of our human nature as to make the ignorant amongst us ready to be discontented with any proposal less sweeping, and becomes the offer of a bribe to warp their judgment, making them believe that a good end shall be brought about in an evil way. It seems to me like urging the exhausted crew of a ship beating itself to matchwood on the rocks to shirk the labour of entering the life-boat alongside because a passenger declares he has seen them in a vision all wonderfully and safely wafted to the land on feather beds.

If the discouragement to general thrift of Old Age Endowment be great, it is greater still as affects present and more practical proposals. For any proposal for conferring on the whole race a right to gratuitous pension in old age *before the introduction of hopeful measures tending to cut off at its source the whole supply of future old age pauperism* would tend to destroy the best prospects of this great cause.

On the other hand, were a measure passed which promised eventually, by a liberal aid to self-help, to lead all the young to insure against old age pauperism and so cut off the suppiy of paupers, exceptional means could then be adopted for aiding the mass of those who, on the introduction of the general measure, were past the age of possible or probable comprehension; and that mass, dwindling from day to day, would disappear for ever in a limited time.

5. The Endowment of Old Age proposed is absolutely disregardful of the first principles of political economy.

I know the scornful answer this statement will suggest—"Political Economy is out of date; an antiquated superstition, a forgotten delusion; *connu!* we have done with it." But though its principles be called old-fashioned, they are still unalterably true; they lie in

the nature of things; they have existed therein for many an age before any man put the two words "Political Economy" together; for Political Economy, however the hasty, the ignorant, and the prejudiced desire to ignore its force and shirk its lessons, is simply the quintessence of human experience, the true crystallisation of common sense. Its principles lie at the deepest root of social nature, and its deductions are the true summary of all social experience. No national work has ever been started in its defiance, which has not day by day multiplied confusions and magnified miseries. This truth is exemplified in the faulty experience of our first poor law, whose evils, gradually reaching to the universally intolerable, were only bettered by a spasmodic repentance, and only so far bettered in proportion as that bitter repentance led men back to principles of economic science which had been recklessly outraged. Such a measure as is proposed, entered upon by a similar violation of clear principles, must have but one end after all in leading us to more certain ruin. If we give to every one who neglects to aid himself an unfounded claim to an abundant provision from every one who does his duty, the doing of duty will tend to diminish and the lucrative neglect of duty to increase, till we may foresee the time when all shall be paupers, and when, if there be none left from whom to extort taxation, and no pocket left from which the pocketless State can pay its stipulated Old Age Pensions, English Government contracts will be impossible to fulfil, and English Government itself, in face of collapse and bankruptcy will come to a miserable end.

I have thus touched on the three proposals before the country; the first, my own—of an Universal Compulsory Pension Scheme, levying contributions from the young during a few years of unburdened and abundant earnings; the carrying out of which is not at all, as too often hastily assumed, a question of possibility, but of simple management, which would not need to extract weekly from each young worker's pocket a fraction of wages received, but simply act in deductions from wages before their receipt. The effect of such deduction would be only to slightly reduce wages during a few years, without reducing at all the minimum necessary to maintain existence, and any assumed hardship of such a collection would be entirely removed by the State undertaking half the cost,—(2) Mr. Chamberlain's voluntary scheme, for giving a certain State aid, equal in every case and at every age, to voluntary contributors, which State aid would immensely facilitate the easy efforts of the young but would be of decreasing assistance by every year of age from youth onwards to the insurance of those who were wise enough to volunteer; and (3) Mr. Booth's Old Age Endowment scheme, which I believe should be, and I humbly trust will be, in the clear interest of a good cause, entirely put out of public view, at all events for the present.

As regards the first and second, I believe, as I have said, that the carrying of the second, which is an altogether partial scheme, would, so far from hindering, lead in the clear line of logic to the carrying, latter on, of the first, which is complete and comprehensive; and, therefore, I cordially support Mr. Chamberlain's proposal as a step in the right direction towards the prevention of pauperism, at which all men of all parties are bound, as most of them are inclined, to aim.

To carry the third proposal, on the other hand, would be to render impossible for ever the carrying out either of the others, and instead of preventing pauperism, would involve the infliction of compulsory, ineradicable pauperism on all the English race for all time to come.

I now turn to a consideration of Mr. Chamberlain's details, so far as he has given us any, among which there are some that lie open to obvious criticism. And this may, probably, be given better now than later, while this matter is still in a state of flux.

Firstly, as to the second of the three principles the Voluntary Committee have laid down—namely, "That it is essential to obtain the co-operation of at least the larger of the Friendly Societies."

There is a great difference to be noted between this statement and the very much wider one on the same subject agreed upon by the National Providence League. The latter cordially invites co-operation from sound Friendly Societies; the former makes that co-operation indispensable, from societies which may not be sound at all.

This is a self-evident corollary from Mr. Chamberlain's own description of Friendly Societies' condition as to actuarial soundness. What does he say of their position in his article? "The last report of the Chief Registrar shows that the total deficits on the quinquennial valuations amount to £6,716,828, against which may be set total surpluses amounting to £874,679."

There can be no such offset. The surpluses belong either to separate societies, or to separate branches of societies, whose members have contributed more than necessary; other separate societies or branches of societies can never claim a shilling of those surpluses to make up their own deficiencies caused by their members having contributed too little; and, therefore, the probable deficiency represents more than six-and-a-half millions of money.

I pass now from Friendly Societies in the mass to the largest and best managed of them all. Mr. Chamberlain shows the Oddfellows to be £1,344,531 short, and the Foresters £2,604,678 in deficiency. Mr. Chamberlain goes on to say:

"The larger and well managed Orders are making vigorous efforts to attain a thoroughly satisfactory position; and there is little doubt that, if they continue as they have begun and secure a large annual addition of younger members, they will in the course of years attain a perfect solvency."

Is this confident assertion, most constantly made, well founded or no?

Its acceptance without examination may be fraught with great danger to any pension scheme. In the first place, it is a popular delusion to imagine that in a well-managed society like the Oddfellows actuarial soundness depends *in the slightest degree* on the success with which young members can be induced to enter in order to balance the cost of succouring the old. They have a fixed actuarial payment for every age of entry, so that were all the members forty years of age at entry and contributors of the proper amount, the society would be sound, and keep sound, without the entry of one younger man.

One, therefore, of the conditions Mr. Chamberlain has been taught to trust in for assuring the solvency of the great societies is beside the question. The other, the effect of vigorous effort at better management, I readily admit to be made, but it does not yet appear to be effectual. And this is shown by Mr. Chamberlain's own quotation of the actuarial condition of the Oddfellows at the last valuation, that of 1885. If that be rightly given, and the prophecy of such solvency be at all well founded, the amount of deficiency should be appreciably less than at the preceding valuation of 1880. But the deficiency of 1880 was only £833,036, while the deficiency five years later, instead of falling, has, on the contrary, increased to £1,344,531.

This is a staggering fact which I regret to learn but am bound to notice, and should give pause to the Parliamentary Committee before any measure they bring forward declares the co-operation even of the admittedly best of all the Friendly Societies be made by them "*an essential part*" of their scheme.

Another reason why the scheme should not regard the co-operation of the Friendly Societies as essential is this, that whatever claim they may urge to have established a just system of sick-pay during working life, and however they may have feared (causelessly as I have often tried to prove) the competition of my proposal of national (*minimum*) sick-pay with their larger operations, they have no claim whatever to step in now as having any vested interest in providing old age pensions, because this is work that they have never done, and that they have attempted to do with signal failure.

For Mr. Chamberlain repeats the oft reiterated fact that their own voluntary pension scheme for their own members was only availed of by two individuals out of nearly 700,000 men (all, by the fact of their membership, thrifty persons), a proportion of one to 350,000; which is a terrible discouragement, *ab initio*, to the expectation of any extensive success from any mere voluntary scheme whatever.

A stronger reason still than these against the committee making the Friendly Societies' active co-operation in securing pensions essential to their scheme is simply this, that the Friendly Societies will not co-operate.

For any Friendly Society desiring to grant pensions to its members

on the terms proposed must first prove its soundness. If the best Friendly Societies of all are in the state which their own valuations show, they cannot within any measurable period of time, prove such soundness as would warrant their management being accepted by any Government as sufficient security (if even on account only of the uncertainty of obtainable interest for money); or that at the end (it may be of forty years which such an insurance may require) the money contracted for would be available at all. For to make a Friendly Society a contractor for insurances aided by Government funds, the first thing to do must be to satisfy the Government of their reasonable power to fulfil such long contracts; the second to admit, what they will never be willing to do, some Government supervision of their funds; and the third, to prove their societies not only sound but permanently sound. And as I see no conceivable means whereby they can accomplish this, they will simply not volunteer their co-operation. For it would be far better for them not to apply for the work at all than to apply and be refused on the ground of offering insufficient security.

I am truly sorry to have to put forward these arguments, knowing as I do, that this course will exacerbate the bitterness (as I honestly believe, entirely undeserved) with which the Friendly Societies have treated me during the last fifteen years; but feeling, as I do, that the best and truest interests of the whole nation are paramount to the only supposed interests of the Friendly Societies, I feel bound to speak the truth in this matter, and that in their own showing.

I hope it will be clearly understood that the warnings I have ventured to express in this matter are not at all against the inclusion of the Friendly Societies in co-operation, but only against the making of their co-operation essential to the scheme. If they were financially qualified and personally willing I should, as heartily as any man, desire that they should co-operate; but as I question their financial qualification and doubt their willingness, I must further believe that to make their co-operation essential would be, practically, to nullify the scheme. As I have pointed out, a pension scheme involves no interference whatever with Friendly Society operations;* and, so far as I know, they have made no claim and expressed no desire to be the medium of carrying it out.† Let the Committee invite their

* The "superannuations" they provide are different from pensions, and, roughly speaking, amount to a compromise, in a form advantageous to the Societies, of claims to continuous sick pay in old age. The Actuarial Report of the 1880 valuation gives an instance of lowest sick pay amounting only to *sixpence per week*.

† I extract from a speech made by Mr. George Palmer (late M.P. for Reading) at a Conference on Old Age Pensions called by Friendly Society men, the following apposite remarks: "It would be altogether a mistake for Friendly Societies to mix themselves up with the pension question They were never established for such a purpose. . . . . It seemed to him, after reading and thinking over Mr. Chamberlain's article, that Friendly Societies *were not interested in the matter*. . . . . If the question were to be solved it would have to be solved by Government action."

co-operation, and even give them the first claim to co-operate; but not risk the wreck of the whole promising scheme, by making *indispensable* a co-operation which may be withheld.

Another important modification of the scheme seems to me desirable. The proposal suggests that, by way of offering higher inducements to contractors for pensions, a certain provision be also assured for widows and orphans of such contractors as may die before reaching pension age. Mr. Chamberlain places this at a sum for six months of 10*s.* a week, and afterwards at 8*s.*; and, as I gather, this would be a condition of all the old age pensions.

This seems a great and needless complication of the scheme. For what is the object of the pension proposals? To secure a man's own old age from pauperism. In order to do this, is it wise to largely increase the cost of such provision by requiring him to provide also an insurance on his life for the benefit of other people who may never exist, for he may die a bachelor? This requirement would tend to discourage from insurance every unmarried man, for no bachelor believes that he will ever marry, until he meets with the special individual whose attractions revolutionise his ideas; and so just the class of young men to whom the pension assurance would be easiest would postpone till after marriage, and perhaps altogether, the acceptance of the best national inducement which could be offered.

How much better to offer one scale of cost to those desirous to secure pension only, and another higher one to those who wish to combine a family provision with pension for themselves.

This is what is done by the Post Office now, on scales called respectively "Returnable" or "Non-returnable."

To my mind this introduction of a life insurance question only complicates the pension question, and goes far beyond the claim which is so strong in favour of providing for old age.

In connection with this a graver difficulty still arises. It is only a sum proportionate to, and forming part of, his personal contribution which would come to the widow and orphan of the insured. Take these cases for comparison: An insurer pays at 21 years of age his own £5, and undertakes in addition a yearly payment of £1 on his own account. He dies at 26, leaving a widow and three children, all under 12 years of age. His contributions at the time of his death will represent, with compound interest at 2½ per cent., something under £11, supposing even that the State undertakes the whole expense of the business *gratis*. The fund left will not suffice to pay the family even 10*s.* a week for the first six months. From whence can any further aid be drawn? Not from the contributions of other contractors, for what Mr. Chamberlain calls the "tontine" (but what really is the simple "insurance") system is left out because some folk object to it; not from the State pension addition, because that is

offered for deferred annuity, not for life assurance. There is nothing left, and the family provision becomes a delusion.

On the other hand, if the same man only dies at 61 years of age, his fund will have grown, with compound interest, to close on £80; he may leave no widow; he is pretty certain to leave no child under 12; he may have no representative he cares about, and for him and his, practically the money will have been saved in vain.

The outcry Mr. Chamberlain supposes to exist against the "tontine" idea, that the contributions of those who die should help the pensions of those who survive to draw them, arises from the confusion created in ignorant minds by the existence (not by the use, for they are never used by the classes we want insured) of the Post Office Returnable scales. Nothing bought on returnable scales is ever *insured*, it is only *deposited;* there is and can be no true insurance whatever without the sinking of money for its purposes; and that this principle is really the fairest, the cheapest, and the most practical way of doing the work in hand, and is not unpopular, appears most clearly from remembering that it is the only principle hitherto adopted by insurers generally. A man who insures his house against fire does not consider his premium lost if his house be not burned; a man who insures his life for the good of those who survive him does not complain if his continued existence keeps them out of the money; further still, and still more convincing, the Friendly Societies are never expected to return a farthing of sick pay insurance, though the member during a long lifetime may not come on the sick fund for a single week. Every one of these contracts depends on money sunk, not returnable, and the money of those whose houses are not burned pays the loss of those whose houses are burned; that of the long-lived pays the provision made for the families of the short-lived, and that of those who prove healthy pays for those who suffer sickness. The extinction of what is (not quite accurately) called the "tontine" system would be the uprooting of all true and reliable insurance, and its advocacy would be most injurious to the pension cause.

A word must also be said as to the manner in which the State aid is proposed to be given. The scheme is not quite definite on this point, but its general statement implies that, on the contributor paying down £5 (to anybody duly authorised to receive it) on pension account, the State shall add £15. Of course it is to be assumed that the State will protect and accumulate at least the £15 granted.

But who will have to pay it? The taxpayers of to-day; so that, in addition to their bearing the burden of present Poor-Law cost, they are to pay also the burden of a charge which will remove all Poor-Law cost in the case of all pensioners from the taxpayers of, it may be, forty years hence. If it would be an unfair thing to saddle posterity with

the payment of our debts, which we should not ask, it would be infinitely more unfair to make the heavily burdened taxpayers of the present pay in advance the additional old age pauper bill for taxpayers forty years hence.

And this injustice may be easily prevented. For to the State, as a standing institution, it is quite indifferent whether the £15 offered or its pension equivalent be paid at the beginning or the end of the pension contract; national security of the right to the pension at the end of the time might be given by a certificate of claim at the beginning; and then the payment of the pension when due would fall, and rightly, on the taxpayers at the end, whom the measure delivers from poor-rates, and not on those at the beginning, who have to pay the pauper bill of their own time.

Mr. Chamberlain, in one particular case, that of Friendly Society members insuring through their society and not through the Post Office Savings Bank, seems to contemplate the form of payment I indicate, but my reasons for making the State cash payment a deferred one *in every case* do not seem to have struck him. I will hope that the timely pointing out of these reasons will induce him and many more to agree with me that the simplest, fairest, and most symmetrical way will be to make all the Government pension grants payable in the same way as he proposes for the Friendly Society member alone.

With these points, I do not say necessarily adopted on my suggestion, but fairly and plainly considered, I am, as I have already stated, fully satisfied of the desirability of such an experiment as Mr. Chamberlain suggests being made. Every one is agreed that some pension scheme is needed, and the public men who have hitherto found fault with his proposals admit the fact as fully as he states it. But their criticisms, so far, do not help the matter forward; they find fault with this or that, but put nothing better in the place of his proposal.

I may be expected to state my own view as to its probable success. I believe such success can only be partial at best; I should be heartily glad to hope it might prove comprehensive; but feeling sure that while it may be accepted by a few of our best and wisest workers it will be generally neglected by the mass of the young and inexperienced, and so that it will only benefit those who want it least and not alter the condition of those who need it most, I might be supposed bound to condemn it altogether. On the contrary, I urge thinkers on the matter to support it heartily, but not as a final measure; to treat it as a desirable experiment, and give it fair play. So far as I can see it must do ultimate good whether it succeed or no; if the former, a good work is done; if the latter, a good lesson will be gained, for it will show more clearly than ever

what I most firmly believe—that no voluntary system, however considerate and generous, will ever embrace the masses we want to save from pauperism; and this for the simple reason that we cannot put old heads on young shoulders. But this will justify all the more fully proposals which then must follow—namely, that with the large aid offered by the State, the young shoulders should be required to bear at least a part of the Poor-Law burden they expect the old ones to bear for them, and do their share, when they can do it with ease, to save themselves from a pauperism which ruins their independence through life, but the misery of which they will not learn to believe in till too late for deliverance. By compulsion of the young (for all laws are compulsions) we have saved our population from the awful ravages of small-pox; by compulsion of the young, we hope to save all the nation from ignorance; and none but a few faddists and doctrinaires say (while not one even of those can show) that we have not done wisely and well. Why not carry the principle a little further, and save our population from pauperism, with all its bitterness and misery? No measure of the kind can be hopeful that is not comprehensive, and no comprehension can be complete that does not embrace, as it should, every unit of the population. We are told that compulsion of the young (and it is only upon the young and in their own best interests that it has ever been proposed) is impossible, and that voluntary means only must be tried. Let them be tried, and the result will teach the nation a better opinion, and tend to bring about the great end desired in the only way that any man can show a reasonable chance of its being effectually done.

I utterly deny that impossibility of compulsion which so many are ready to assume. That some men, now under the worse compulsion of providing for the wasteful as well as for themselves which the Poor-Law inflicts, bear the thing, and yet tremble before the word, I fully admit. But that these, however noisy, represent the bulk of national opinion or logical thought, I absolutely and confidently deny, as I have reason to do. And that reason is found in the facts with which I conclude this paper, that in the last fifteen years I have addressed something like four hundred public meetings of all ranks and classes on the subject; that we have always found vehement denouncers of all compulsion; and that in only one of those meetings, which was broken up by way of a party demonstration against the late Samuel Morley who was in the chair, did we ever fail to obtain an overwhelming, and, in very many cases, an absolutely unanimous vote, in favour of such a compulsory resolution as was put forward by the National Providence League.

WILLIAM LEWERY BLACKLEY.

VILLAGE LIFE AND POLITICS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

II.—ENGLAND.

THE significant event of the closing year was the Agricultural Labourers' Conference. Since Hodge dilated at the 1885 election we have heard of him from every one except himself. Statisticians and theorists have secreted figures for his consolation; rival politicians have angled for him on either side the stream; Federation programmes have proclaimed his disabilities with an eloquence almost practical; journalists have penetrated his haunts, and translated his Doric into the very choice Italian of the daily press. The value of his own testimony, could it be obtained, to his own grievances and aims, was the happy thought of Mr. Schnadhorst; and in the Farringdon Street Hall, in December last, Hodge became articulate: *bos locutus*. There was no lack of point in his brief utterances, no wandering from the theme of his troubles and his demands. The keynote of his oratory took by surprise the uninitiated. Bishop Wilberforce used to relate that at a Cuddesdon ordination, in answer to the stereotyped question, "What is the chief hindrance to spiritual development in your parish"? an aspiring curate wrote, "My rector"; and for once the curate and the labourer are in a tale. As allotment landlord, as vestry chairman, school manager, Primrose Leaguer, charity trustee, the parson held an eminence of obloquy which may well have made sore trial of his Christian temper when his frank critics on their return encountered him in churchyard path or village street. Behind him came the kindred personalities of squire, farmer, guardian; then the foul housing, the starvation wage, the workhouse and the game-laws, political intimidation, arbitrary dismissal, compulsory maintenance of parents. The remedies were summarised with equal pithiness; for parish councils and for equitable allotment laws the cry was choric; reading-rooms, lecture-halls, recreation-grounds, with free access to

the school-room for political, temperance, educational discussion, were demanded amid loud approval. Old-age pensions, labourers' unions, re-adjustment of taxation, even disestablishment and land nationalisation, found their advocates; and through all these proposals and remonstrances, immediate or remote, rang the note of personal not of prompted aspiration; the protesting labourer's melancholy was, as Jaques would say, neither the agitator's melancholy, nor the reformer's melancholy, nor the politician's melancholy, but "a melancholy of his own."

To those who like myself have talked to labourers and visited their homes in every county, almost in every constituency, of England, their bitterness is natural and their revolt is welcome. All agricultural labour agitation must base itself on the existing wretchedness which submerges at least a moiety of our rural population. The primary elements of material comfort are, I suppose, the home and the income: how is Hodge endowed with these? What, first of all, are his domestic felicities? There is a shop-window in Birmingham filled with chromo-lithographs of Warwickshire cottages, and they are true to life. Nothing can be lovelier than their red lichened walls, their rich brown thatch, the jessamine and eglantine embowering the diamond-paned windows, the picturesque shed filling in the corner of the foreground. The squire's daughter driving past stops her father's carriage that she may sketch them; the Londoner traversing the village brims with tender emotion, and murmurs the "Sweet Auburn" lines, as one tiny paradise succeeds another; echoes the pastoral wish of a Midland bishop that the agitator satanically invading them might find his quietus in a horse-pond. But if Asmodeus were to unroof the cottages and discover their contents, Crabbe's realism would displace Goldsmith's sentiment in the Londoner's memory, while the young lady would shut her sketch-book and pass on shuddering. For they might see revealed a single bedroom ten feet square, with holes in roof, walls, floor, with inmates six to ten in number, of both sexes and some of adult years, sleeping nightly on two wretched beds. They might see perhaps, what I have seen, and what many a country doctor sees not seldom, a corpse lying in one bed, and the survivors huddling in the other until burying time shall come. They would find the only drinking-well for a dozen houses foul to taste and smell; the picturesque corner shed disguising sanitary derangements too loathsome to describe. Such abominations are not ideal, not isolated, not even rare. The House of Commons was horrified, two years ago, by Sir Walter Foster's citations from a medical report of village after village in North Bucks. At the Liberal Club Conference on the Housing of the Poor, a case in Hampshire was described, where ten persons, including two married couples, slept in one small room. The coroner of Mid-Oxfordshire held an inquest lately on the body of an infant, whose father, mother, and their five children, amongst them a girl of sixteen and a boy of fourteen, slept

in one upstairs room. In the Petty Sessions of a Warwickshire town last summer, the inspector reported a cottage, in one room of which, 11 feet by 15 feet, eight inmates, a lad of eighteen and two girls of fourteen and twelve, slept together on the floor. The Braintree guardians about the same time listened to a tale of overcrowding in the village of Hatford Peverel; a two-roomed cottage, the downstairs living room used at night for sleeping by the parents, the one bedroom accommodating eight children, this time with a girl of seventeen and a boy of fourteen in their midst.

At New Headington, near Oxford, died recently one John Giles, "of heart disease accelerated by poverty," whose family of thirteen divided two rooms between them. In one bed slept the married daughter, her husband, and their two children; in the other, of the same room, slept Alice, aged twenty, Frederick, aged seventeen, William, aged twelve, while Alice's young man slept in the downstairs room. And so, to shorten a list which might be indefinitely extended, we culminate in a case near Bridgewater, where fifteen human beings apportioned themselves between a mud-floored hovel on the ground and an unceiled garret in the roof, the family comprising—(1) man and wife; (2) eldest daughter, with five illegitimate children, of whom two were adult; (3) second daughter, with six illegitimate children, of whom one was adult. "Immoral relations," adds the euphemistic inspector, "were said to be the result." "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!"

The medical officer of a large county reported lately to the magistrates that of the cottages in his district fifty per cent. had only two bedrooms—twenty per cent. had only one. Immoral relations said to be the result! It needs no medical officer to teach us that. Let careful English mothers, who with unceasing preventive modesty guard their young girls from dangerous associations and polluting contact, consider what this means; at first, while the young ones are infantine, overcrowding means unhealthiness; indecency as sexual consciousness supervenes; when puberty is reached, inevitable incest. A paper was read last year before the British Association, describing the "young men wigwams" of the Malay natives. In that benighted region the family wigwam holds the household while the lads are children; attaining adolescence, they withdraw from the common sleeping-hut to the special bachelor wigwams which savage decency prescribes. Of course they are blinded heathen, bowing down to stocks and stones, and we very properly transmit reverend men to rescue them from the alternative which Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel have assigned to them. And yet, knowing not the law, they do by nature the things contained in the law; they instinctively respect and enforce those observances of moral decency which we with our monarchy and our

aristocracy and our Established Church and our countless missionary enterprises, not only disregard, but make impossible, amongst a third of our rural brethren. And our sin is not only against morals. If cleanliness galls the kibe of godliness, insanitation comes no less near the heel of immorality; and a large proportion of our cottages are traps for infectious fever as well as for social degradation. The parson of Ixworth told us the other day that one-half of the houses in his parish ought to be condemned on sanitary grounds. Untrapped drains close to the cottage-doors; open ditches of black putrid sewage stagnating under the windows; from the one closet which serves a block of houses liquid matter oozing into a horrible cesspool; open wells below the level of the closet and adjacent pig-sty; sitting-room floors lower than the ground without, and holding the water which flows in; windows that will not open, or that will not close; rain dropping through the roof upon the beds; circumspect treading necessary to avoid holes in the flooring of the upstairs room:—these are conditions which I see continually, and in evidence of which I could fill a Blue-book. Who can estimate the mere money cost of the chronic sickness, disablement, death, which these pests breed? Sir J. Phayrer puts our industrial loss from preventible deaths alone at from seven to eight million pounds a year. Mr. Millington, in his able prize essay on "Housing of the Poor," calculates the entire loss in wage, medical expense, funerals, maintenance of widows and orphans, at twenty million pounds. "That house," said to me one day the parish doctor of a village, "may become at any moment a centre of typhus fever for the entire district." "You are a new-comer," I answered, "or you would not use the singular number." I knew that parish well; seven years ago the villagers held an indignation meeting, and presented to the guardians ten cases pressing for immediate interference on account of foul or insufficient water supply and noxious closet accommodation. The guardians took immediate action against a poor man's pig, which had not been mentioned as a nuisance, diverted a spring of pure water, the property of the parish, to a pump appropriated by a set of cottages belonging to a guardian, charging the cost of transfer to the parish; and that was all. Later on their attention was called in the local newspapers to a particular case of mortal urgency in the same parish; no remedy was attempted, and a child living in the cottage died shortly afterwards of diphtheria. The law is not to blame; stringent remedial powers are entrusted to these rural sanitary authorities; they will not interfere because in too many cases, to quote the Parliamentary evidence of Mr. Adolphe Smith, Sanitary Commissioner to the *Lancet*, "they or their relations are the owners of the worst incriminated property;" nay, "so bitter is their hostility to reform, that several medical officers of health have

lost their positions through trying conscientiously to apply the existing law."

I pass from the home to the income. What are the labourer's wages? In the north of England, £1 a week; descending as we travel southward through sixteen, fourteen, twelve, ten shillings to nine shillings in parts of Wilts and Dorset. Major Craigie gives from twenty-one districts an average of 12*s.* 3*d.*, which he increases by house and harvest money to 14*s.* 8*d.* per week. Mr. Kebbel's tables, compiled from twenty-one counties, and adding extra pay for piece-work, harvest work, perquisites, makes an average of 15*s.* 8*d.* per week. His estimate of harvest pay appears to me too high; neither he nor Major Craigie seems to allow for the frequent unemploy which is the sorest incident in the field labourer's lot. Let us assume, however, that the average throughout England is nominally 15*s.* 8*d.* per week, and inquire what proportion its purchasing power bears to the labourer's weekly needs. The following budget, calculated for husband, wife, and four young children, has been tested and modified by labourers and their wives in many parts. The cost of bread is at the present time higher than I have quoted, but that is not, I hope, destined to continue: —

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Rent	0	2	0
Sick club	0	0	6
Bread, eight loaves at 4*d.* to 5*d.*	0	3	0
Flour	0	0	9
Meat, 6 lbs. at 8*d.*	0	4	0
Sugar, 2 lbs. at 3*d.*	0	0	6
Potatoes	0	0	10
Cheese, 1 lb. at 8*d.*	0	0	8
Tea, ½ lb. at 2*s.*	0	1	0
Butter, 1 lb. at 1*s.*	0	1	0
Milk	0	1	0
Treacle	0	0	3
Salt and pepper	0	0	2
Candles and paraffin	0	0	6
Fuel	0	1	6
Clothes, washing materials, repairs, &c.	0	2	8
Tools, furniture, sundries	0	0	10
Total	£1	1	2

This estimate includes bare necessaries only; it makes no charge for beer or tobacco, for weekly newspaper or occasional excursion, holiday, village club-day; it tallies closely with the formula in use among cottagers, who will tell you that sixpence a day per head is the smallest income on which a family can live without anxiety and suffering; yet Mr. Kebbel's figures, which are probably in excess of facts, bring up the average only to a sum lower than this minimum of decency and comfort by 5*s.* 6*d.* a week. The struggle for existence amongst families where nine or ten shillings a week pulls down

the average; in households of seven or eight young children where the weekly wage is intermittent; in parishes where piecework and perquisites are unknown; in districts where harvesting is scarce—creates tragedies familiar to the parson and the doctor, but foreign to the chronicles of the statistician. They mean that the household food is stinted, the children go hungry to school, the new baby is born weakly and half-nourished, the mother recovers from her confinement on milkless tea with bread and lard, the father dulls his stomach's craving with doctored beer and spirits at the public-house: that while the average English labourer forfeits one-fourth of the righteous profits of his daily toil, the more hard-pressed victim is far worse fed and far less fitted for his work than the horses in the cart or plough he drives.

If material wretchedness of squalid home and narrowed income grind the body, thraldom crushes the soul. Those who read this paper have no experience of what it means.

> "He that aye has livit free
> May nought knaw well the property,
> The anger, nor the wretched doom,
> That is couplit to foul thirldom."

It was in the golden age of the English peasant that Barbour wrote the lines; his income, as Thorold Rogers tells us, equivalent to twenty-six shillings a week of our currency, his provisions cheap, eight hours the limit of his labour day, the curtilage or garden large, the weekly rent of that and cottage sixpence, the common land abundant. Above all he was independent, in his life, his industry, his house; serfage and villeinage had broken down, and the wage-earning peasant was free. He is not free to-day. His tenure of employment is uncertain, his wretched house hangs on a weekly notice; if he becomes a local preacher, attends Radical meetings, agitates for allotments, complains of his foul surroundings, forgets to touch his hat to squire or to parson, he may be turned out of his cottage to find another where he can. His so-called franchise—significant that there should be no word in English to express it—is too frequently a farce. "Now mind, John," is the employer's menace before an election to County Council or to Parliament, "if Mr. —— gets in it will be the worse for you." If any one arraigns these statements, thinks I exaggerate intimidating pressure on the one side, down-trodden servility on the other, let him quote my words in any village meeting where the labourers are not visibly overawed by the presence of farmer, bailiff, squire; then listen to the passionate assent, and take down the corroborating incidents which men will linger afterwards to relate to him. I know a village in which a large proportion of the inhabitants work in a local industry. In the '85 election all voted as they pleased; some wisely kept their secret,

some boasted of the vote which they had given, and the vote was adverse to the employer's wishes. Shortly afterwards a reduction in the number of hands took place, on the plea of slack demand; the men discharged were in every case obnoxious voters: they were kept out of work for weeks till the iron had entered into their souls; then by one and two they were taken on again with the assurance that permanent employ could not be promised. They well understood the implication; to-day there is not a man amongst them who dares breathe his opinion on industrial, political, social topics; for he knows that all around him are the master's spies, delegated to report and to chastise audacious frankness.

It is not easy for the townsman to realise the villager's helplessness as regards medical attendance. The overworked club or parish doctor lives far away; he may be a Tom Thurnall, he is much oftener a Bob Sawyer. His visits when solicited are long postponed and hasty; he not unfrequently arrives too late for a confinement, though, whether he presides or not, if sent for he insists upon the fee, a month's income probably to the patient. Vaccination lymph, passing through contaminated channels, deposits more malignity than it prevents; "her's never been well since her was cut," says the mother, showing the blotched face which was clean and fair until the lancet poisoned the little arm. The art of nursing is incarnated in some old dame whose pharmacopœia halts at coltsfootwine and goose-grease. The tired wife or husband walks two miles for each supply of medicine. Surgical incompetence is supplemented by the "bone-setter"; medical helplessness by the hospital ten miles off. But for this last, village mortality would be frightful.

Not a few of the labourers' legal disabilities have been revealed to him for the first time of late, in the checks imposed upon his efforts to assert his rights. In 1886 many labourers attended parish vestry, hoping to choose working men as overseers, guardians, churchwardens. They succeeded here and there, to find their votes in vestry nullified, by the overruling of magistrates, by the property qualification, by the plural vote. To the rankling sense of injustice which this last more especially generated is partly due the demand for parish councils, just as the cry for board schools is accentuated, if not caused, by the folly of denominational managers in closing their doors against political meetings. For the word politics has acquired in the villages a specific meaning, little understood by local wire-pullers and in London clubs. It means there, as it ought to mean with all of us, the extension of the happiness of the community; but since men, as Pope tells us, rise to the whole from individuals, it means to them more immediately the reform of their own social grievances. And their acceptance of political education is by virtue of its narrowness more intense than that of dwellers in the town. The minute and

sedulous attention of unlettered men to a speaker who holds their sympathies is something very different from the exacting, critical, half-arrogant appreciation of the more widely instructed and swift-brained artisan. The bovine gaze is painfully intent, the lean jaws, compelled for a moment to distend in laughter, return at once to the rigidity of fixed receptiveness. To-morrow, and for many days to come, under the hedge at bread and onion time, on the ale-bench in the evening, one after another will recall and repeat successive utterances of the orator. It is a fact that in many places the men are able long after he has passed away from them to say over almost word for word the entire speech of a popular demagogue. And so the six years past during which this education has continued, penetrating through newspapers, leaflets, lecturers, to every village in the land, have issued in the rooted conviction and the formulated resolve sampled by fifty-eight vivacious malcontents at the Farringdon Street Hall.

What then, at this crisis in our Parliamentary history, is the political attitude of the peasant voter? Knowing his own dominant power in rural constituencies, what promises will he follow, what reforms will he substantiate at the coming general election? And first, is he interested in Irish Home Rule? "Soberly," as Lady Grace says in Cibber's once popular play. Where Irish members have drawn tears down his iron cheek by stories of eviction, his anger burns against the landlords and the Castle; in every case he owns a fellow-feeling with his Irish brother, and will gladly include him in the emancipation he covets for himself; but Home Rule by itself would never have roused him to activity at the polls; the image of the "sandwich," condemned, bantered, adulated, on many platforms, faithfully metaphors his temper. On "imperial questions," as they are called, federation and finance, international arbitration, foreign policy, *quid Tiridatem terreat*, he is *unice securus*. Parliamentary and electoral reforms, abolition of the hereditary House, the single vote, manhood suffrage, payment of members, attract him in the second or third degree; he will give his mind to them "arter a bit"; but his immediate, strenuous, passionate demand is for the competence and the freedom which he thinks will spring from allotments and from parish councils. His claims for the first have been Sibylline; after each rejection of his suit he has returned with a larger programme, his horizon widened by two delusive Acts of Parliament, and by a large accession of holdings on terms which have proved nugatory. The land hunger manifested after the extension of the franchise has augmented the number of allotments in England, if the Government returns be accurate, as they apparently are not, from 348,872 in 1866 to 444,024 in 1890; but scarcely one of these has been attained under conditions which the tenants accept as satisfactory.

Unimpeachable experiment has shown that where rent is fair and tenure fixed, £10 a year can be saved on a single acre, but I know of one district only which is fertilised by such provisions. The Allotment Acts of 1887 and 1890, were they efficient on other points, fail hopelessly in these, and are further costly and confused. They may have indirectly stimulated the benevolence or the alarm of landowners; in the refusal of Government to grant returns, it is doubtful if by their machinery allotments have been anywhere obtained. The increase preceded their enactment and was independent of their agency; while in Scotland, where there is no such Act, allotments increased during the four years quoted in a very much larger proportion than in England where the Acts prevail. At any rate the labourer is resolved and is unanimous as to what an Allotment Act must grant to him. He claims for the parish council which he postulates clear legal power to take from the landowner compulsorily, at a fair agricultural rent determined if necessary by a Land Court, with perpetual tenure so long as the rents are paid, as much land as he requires, and security for any buildings he may erect upon it. And this will be only one among the functions of his parish council. He would have it supplant the overseers and churchwardens, manage the schools, control the public-houses, assume trusteeship of local charities, exercise powers of sanitation, present applicants for parish relief, create village halls, reading-rooms, recreation-grounds, establish village hospitals with trained nurse and midwife; its members being elected, in fair proportion to the population, by the single, secret vote.

It seems probable, from the language held recently by Radical statesmen, that all these demands will be conceded. The most revolutionary amongst them are the compulsory fair rental and the fixed tenure; but serious restrictions on landlordism are felt by landlords themselves to be inevitable, and their extensive alienation of common lands in the past would facilitate a more stringent restitution than the labourers require. There remains a vital question: Will land-ownership and self-government remedy the evils which are draining village life? Will they bring men back from town to country, or at any rate check the exodus? I am certain that a righteous allotment law would tempt the young villager who has not left his home to stay there. The popularity of rural life, and the immense preponderance of country mice over town mice in France is due to its landed system. A French *paysan* begins to save as soon as he begins to earn, for it is worth his while to save; he amasses £40, and buys an acre of land. Further saving is assisted by the profits of his acre; he becomes the owner of a hectare; builds a house upon it; then, and not till then, aspires to a wife, a wife who would not have taken a landless man, and who has herself inherited or

saved, and brings her share to the *ménage*. From sixteen years old his life is hopeful and progressive; each year brings access of substance, independence, prospect, until old age is solaced by the rest which lifelong toil has earned. The English lad spends all his earnings; there is no inducement to him to save. If he puts by £40, he can only invest it in the savings-bank, and gain from it £1 a year. There is no excitement in £1 a year; it does not stimulate to the rigid self-denial and economy involved in saving £40 out of 12*s*. a week. He marries early; why should he wait? he will be quite as miserable ten years hence as he is to-day; so at one or two and twenty he takes to himself a shiftless, untrained, penniless sloven; and at thirty, when the French peasant gains his Rachel after more than seven years of service, the Englishman's unkempt home is crowded with unfortunate children, to be dragged up, not brought up, on the unincreasing maximum of 12*s*. a week. Naturally the youth of spirit, beginning life, and surveying these conditions all around him, leaves the country for the town. But grant him an acre of land, his own, as the park and mansion are the squire's own, so long as he pays the rent,—he will at once begin to save upon it, as my Stockton allotment holders find that they can save, £10 to £11 a year; will increase his take, build a cottage on it through a building society, marry by-and-by a sensible, thrifty girl, who understands marketing, needlework, cooking, washing; who brings her savings to add to his, and by her management of bees, poultry, fruit, adds ten or eleven shillings a week to the income. He will extend his acreage till he becomes a farmer and abandons wage-work, or he will live in a home that is comfortable and his own, with money accumulating in the bank as a provision for old age and sickness. He will stand up alongside of the Frenchman upon equal terms, instead of blasting like a mildewed ear the presentment of his wholesome brother.

And this consummation will, I believe, be aided by the freedom of self-government contained in parish councils. They may not all be in the first instance entirely representative; large parishes are, I think, prepared to show themselves fearless, the newborn instinct of revolt overpowering the habit of servility; in smaller villages no doubt systematised terrorism will be attempted. But if parishes of less than 500 souls be attached to neighbour parishes; if the vote be single, secret, not cumulative, not assisted in the case of illiterates; if the polling papers be free from the appended number which is the terror of uneducated voters in the present ballot; if the public-houses be closed upon polling day, and house to house canvassing be made illegal; I believe that intimidation may be minimised, and the *vox populi* be fairly genuine. No doubt self-government will bring to the front problems of at present unsuspected difficulty; it will cost millions to redeem insanitary dwellings; the tatters and rents of

our poor-law will be formidably visible when it is examined, as the labourer will examine it, from within; but our hopeless inaction on these and kindred difficulties will be at an end when legal powers are entrusted to an interested and friendly, not to a hostile authority. And as with grave social changes, so with the lighter yet not less essential adjuncts of festivity and sport. The prospering lads and lasses of the village will soon educate their council to provide amusements for them. The smell of gas in towns, writes a pessimist parson to a London journal, makes insipid the smell of honeysuckle and hayfield in the country. But the council will bring gas to the country; will pave and light the dark muddy streets; arrange, as do French villagers, ball and concert; will tempt actors, conjurors, minstrels, lecturers; will constitute bazaar and flower-show; lay out cricket-ground and swimming-bath; store village library. Home Rule is no less necessary in England than in Ireland; Hodge is as well educated, as good an organiser, as potential an economist as Paddy; only give him powers, and leave him alone to apply them; only realise that he understands himself and his requirements better than squire, parson, magistrate; that he has outgrown Primrose dalliance, and resents earthly providences; that he objects to the Aunt Sally or the egg-and-spoon race provided for him in the park, and condescendingly witnessed by the quality; that he prefers to create and to control his own recreative enjoyments no less than his own political constitution; to say of them, as Touchstone says of his ugly bride: "A poor thing, sir, *but mine own.*"

Yes: I prognosticate for poor Hodge a good time coming. If dreams of perfectibility be Utopian, I dream them in good company; with More and Bacon in the past, with Wordsworth and Ruskin to-day:

> "I with them believe
> That a benignant spirit is abroad,
> Which may not be withstood; that poverty
> Abject as this will in a little time
> Be found no more; that we shall see the earth
> Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
> The weak, the lowly, patient child of toil;
> All institutes for ever blotted out
> That legalise exclusion; empty pomp
> Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
> Whether by edict of the one or few;
> And finally, as sum and crown of all,
> Shall see the people having a strong hand
> In framing their own laws, whence better days
> To all mankind."

W. TUCKWELL.

THE ELECTRICAL CURE OF CANCER.

PERSONAL experience has a value of its own, and I believe this paper is more likely to be useful if I preface it by a bit of autobiography.

In the year 1889, and again in 1890, I had the misfortune to require treatment for epithelial cancer. The hopeful medical prognostics which followed the first knife operation had a less assured ring after my relapse, and it was while facing the terrors of my situation that, by the merest chance, I heard vaguely of an untried means of cure.

No puffing advertisements trumpeted the remedy, and with considerable difficulty I followed up my slight clue, and discovered, to my entire surprise, that galvanic currents were affirmed to be not only, as I already knew, a sedative and tonic medicine, but also a surgical instrument more effective than steel. I read carefully the scientific grounds on which this claim was based, as fully and temperately set forth by one of its latest exponents, and to my unlearned mind they seemed eminently reasonable.

But I was well again, and hoped never to find my quest of any service. Suddenly, with hardly a day's warning, I learnt that if I cared to prolong life I must resort again, and at once, to the old treatment. I say "prolong," for trustworthy medical advisers now spoke only of respite which the knife would bring, though deprecating with varying urgency as dangerous or futile any trial of electric batteries. I might have hesitated but for two considerations. A fresh experiment safely carried through would give me hope, the best of boons, and the simplicity of the process would preserve others from suspense and alarm, just then specially perilous. So, backed only by two professional opinions against a chorus of warnings, I took the

leap. The result so far has been absolutely satisfactory; but it is not on the individual result that I desire to dwell. The months that have yet elapsed afford no warranty, and at best a single case of success goes for little.

The indirect outcome of my venture was, however, a second revelation. I naturally wanted every possible confirmation of the belief which had become my sheet anchor, and I found by diligent search that it existed embodied in works written by many hands in many countries and through many years, all maintaining that in certain diseases electricity did better work than any knife could do. This corroborative testimony, not easily accessible to ordinary readers, I collected for my own encouragement; but as it grew under my hand, I began to think how helpful it would have proved to me when forced to an instant and difficult decision, and the impulse to make it known to others in like straits has been quickened by piteous letters of inquiry from sufferers who have heard of my past trouble and present well-being, and also by the following facts, increasingly borne in on my mind:

1. The ignorance of the "patient" world concerning the very existence of electrical surgery.
2. The admitted disadvantages attending certain knife operations.
3. The benefits which, according to the authors I consulted, follow electricity applied to certain growths.

As touching the first head, this general ignorance is easily explained. There are only certain ways in which a medical man who respects the rules of professional etiquette can make known his observations and results. He may publish a book or monograph. He may read a paper before a medical audience, or he may send written communications to one or other of the medical publications. For the production of a book much material and leisure may be required, often involving for a busy man long delay. Articles sent to the medical papers may *or may not* obtain admission. If they do appear, they by no means necessarily attract the notice even of medical men, and scarcely ever meet the eye of general readers, who, when well, take little interest in such literature, and when ill dread the alarming ideas it suggests. Nor does chance conversation often enlighten cancer patients, who mostly shun all reference to their maladies. Consequently their only likely sources of information are their doctors.

But doctors, as a rule, do not offer alternatives. They recommend a certain course with more or less insistency, and the patient either meekly acquiesces or seeks further advice, which leaves him, should the oracles differ, wholly at sea. Probably many doctors might be consulted before any would be found even mentioning electricity as a substitute for the surgeon's knife. In one of the leading

medical periodicals there appeared, during the years 1889, 1890, and up to May 1891, four long papers on cancer, three dealing with knife operations, the fourth reporting on the action of caustics. Only one of these papers, the Morton Lecture delivered by the late Professor John Marshall, contains any allusion to electrical treatment, and while he allowed that it may "come to be specially useful," yet this commendation was qualified by the opinion that it will perhaps "ultimately be regarded as inferior to the knife."

It is hardly strange that leading surgeons should have a bias in favour of the weapon they wield with such consummate skill, and, moreover, their class conservatism (often a safeguard for the sick) creates in them, as a rule, a strong distrust of novel methods. With some notable exceptions, they like electricity little for simple tumours, and still less for cancer; and though unable to bring against it, in orthodox and skilful hands, any grave indictment, except an alleged degree of risk not proven by statistics, they are yet for the most part slow to believe in reported cures, and when these are undeniable they shift their ground and become sceptical as to the original malignancy of the disease. Now and again, indeed, some one may go so far as to admit that, if worth anything, the process will make its way in time. True enough, no doubt, for medical recruits are steadily coming in to join the band of believers contending against heavy odds; but in the meanwhile, alas for the poor men and women who, living now and not a few years hence, linger in torture, or die in the prime of life! As things are in these days, the doctor probably issues his terrible decree, and the unhappy patient submits, to what he blindly believes the only possible escape from sure and speedy death.

Yet to pass to my second head—*i.e.*, the disadvantages of knife treatment—the dread it inspires is so great that many sufferers conceal their disease till their condition has become desperate, or, having once undergone it, resort afterwards to any quackery rather than again face the ordeal. For the more courageous, knife operations, even if successful, may leave lasting disablement or disfigurement, and, where cancer is concerned, if we accept the evidence of some of the first surgeons, the chances are much smaller than their patients guess that (except in very early and favourable cases) such measures will greatly lengthen life, while by the same showing they sometimes shorten it.

As to the better hope afforded by the electric current, the authors I am about to quote must bear their own witness, and if it be objected that this is an *ex parte* statement, the reply is obvious. The merits of the knife, despite its acknowledged limitations, are upheld, sometimes vehemently, by a great majority of the profession, and its triumphs fill a large portion of those medical organs which only at rare intervals reserve a corner for electricity.

There is another objection to which my quotations may seem open,

based on the doctrine governing much medical procedure, that patients are not the best judges of their own interests. But even if it be admitted that the interests of patients are never subordinated to those of the profession, still in one way or another choice of treatment always must practically rest with patients. They or their friends, in selecting a physician, usually decide as a natural sequence for the course he recommends, but since the selection depends mostly on public fame or private praise, and since men of equal mark advise widely different steps, the treatment, an unknown factor, is really chosen at haphazard.

Surely it seems reasonable that, instead of merely exercising an unreliable judgment as to the respective excellencies of Dr. A. or B., they should—the nature of their complaint once ascertained—have some clear knowledge, such as in surgical cases they obviously can have, of the *pros* and *cons* attending all legitimate kinds of treatment. The properties of drugs, the rules of regimen and hygiene, can doubtless only be mastered by long study and much experience; but no surgeon, however able, skilful, or impartial, can realise as well as the patient himself how far the loss of a limb will embitter his existence, or whether present risk, if risk there be, is worth braving for better future possibilities.

"More than thirty years ago I had put galvanism to the test, and had gathered in various ways evidence of its potency both in destroying and repairing tissues," * said a great English surgeon in 1888, when testifying from his own experience to its "wonderful influence" in one special form of disease, and his emphatic declaration, "We are face to face with an important revival," † was echoed by a Scotch contemporary, "we are at the beginning of a great change in the treatment of many diseases by electricity in some form." ‡

"Electricity," observes a Heidelberg professor about the same time, "has proved in so many different cases a powerful and unique means of cure, that it is the duty of every physician worthy of the name to devote some attention to this agent;" § and then he goes on to relate how in Germany for a long time past, and more recently in America, medical and surgical electricity has been studied and practised with an interest and zeal it has never aroused in England. Yet even in Germany a fellow-professor had seen cause to wish "dass die Elektrolyse auch weiter verbreitet werden möge um durch ihre wohlthätige Wirkung den Zustand von so manchen trostlosen Kranken zu erleichten." ‖

On the other hand, there had been, many years before, converts here and there in England who had the courage of their opinions.

* Sir Spencer Wells, *Brit. Med. Journal*, May 12, 1888, p. 995.
† *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 98, p. 327.
‡ Dr. Thomas Keith, *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 100, p. 405.
§ Erb's "Electro-Therapeutics," translated by Dr. de Watteville, preface, p. 5.
‖ "Die Elektrolyse in der Chirurgie," by Franz Groh, Professor of Clinical Surgery Olmutz.

Quite early in the century we come upon an enthusiastic tribute to electricity:

"As a medical preparation there is not yet discovered in nature any which possesses so much power . . . . . It has been applied in complaints where all other means have been resorted to without success, even to the preventing the operation of amputation or other operations of excision which had been suggested as the last and only means of saving life, by men who are, notwithstanding, justly called eminent in their profession." *

In 1849, Golding Bird, then Professor of Materia Medica at Guy's Hospital, when lecturing at the Royal College of Physicians, put forward a more sober claim: "Conscientiously convinced that the agent in question is a no less energetic than valuable remedy in the treatment of disease, I feel most anxious to press its employment upon the practical physician, and to urge him to have recourse to it as a rational but fallible remedy, and" (a needful injunction) "not to regard it as one capable of effecting impossibilities." †

About twenty years later, Dr. Hughes Bennett coupled his testimony to its destructive and stimulating efficacy with another warning as to the profound knowledge not only of electricity itself, but of anatomy, physiology, and diagnosis, which "should be possessed by him who undertakes the difficult task of employing so powerful although manageable an agent for the relief and cure of diseases;" ‡ and Dr. Russell Reynolds struck the same note in his University College lectures on its purely medicinal applications: "Electricity is one of the most powerful agents that you can employ in the treatment of disease, but it is useful, useless, or mischievous according to the manner in which it is applied." §

In such cautions, reiterated again and again in various forms by the champions of electricity, we find the explanation of the otherwise inexplicable fact that a remedy declared to be of such high value should, so far as surgical uses are concerned, be so little regarded by the profession at large.

"The danger lies, not in the method, but with the operator," ‖ and the paucity of skilled operators has apparently been, at any rate till very lately, both the cause and effect of its disfavour.

In an article on "Medical Electricity," which appeared in the *Practitioner* many years ago, there occurs this passage:

"There are men, some of them even highly placed in the profession, especially in England, who pertinaciously refuse to acknowledge any real worth in the treatment. The especial incredulity of English medical men may be readily accounted for by two facts. In the first place, medico-electric quacks have been especially rampant and exceptionally dishonest and incapable in this country; and secondly, the ignorance of the English

* Essay on the "Medical Application of Electricity," by James Price, surgeon, p. 13.
† Lectures on "Electricity and Galvanism," by Golding Bird, p. 123.
‡ "Clinical Lectures," by Dr. Hughes Bennett, p. 330–1.
§ Lectures on the "Clinical Uses of Electricity," by Dr. Russell Reynolds, p. 101.
‖ Sir Spencer Wells, "*Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 98, p. 397.

medical profession concerning the elements of electrical science was something profound and amazing."

To quote another writer :

"The differences of opinion about the therapeutic value of electricity are readily to be understood if we bear in mind that the mode in which electricity is applied has an all-important bearing on the results. . . . . In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred empirical galvinists, being unacquainted with the physiological effects of electricity . . . . have brought the remedy into undeserved contempt." *

And the Electro-Therapeutist to the New York State Women's Hospital tells us :

"Electricity, although the legitimate property of the educated physician alone, draws to it, more than any other therapeutic means, the folly, ignorance, and cupidity of the land. . . . . In all probability, its future status is secured, for it rests on foundations too broad to be easily overthrown. But it has grown, and is still growing, in spite of the opposition of many who would relegate its use to ignorant attendants, or to the patients themselves. . . . . It is only within the last ten or twelve years that . . . . any approach to systematic investigation has been attempted, and an agent powerful for good, but capable of vast injury, given a place in the armamentarium of the profession. . . . . Skill and the requisite knowledge in this special branch come only by close observation, hard study, and much experience." †

This last sentence throws light on the "curious fact" recorded by Dr. W. Playfair, "that while every one who has fairly, patiently, and impartially tried this method of treatment has been able to say that he believes it has at least some power for good in it, and is well worthy of further study, not one single opponent (and its opponents are both numerous and influential) seems to have taken the trouble to put it to the test of clinical experience, but has founded his objections on mere theory, and on second-hand evidence as to its possible dangers." ‡

That the test is not an altogether simple one is very evident :

"Electricity, despite its value . . . . as an electrolytic destroyer of diseased tissues . . . . and as the most manageable cauterising agent . . . . is superseded for these purposes by less efficient means. The expense of electrical apparatus, and the want of knowledge concerning it, are not the chief reasons for this neglect. The explanation is to be found in the extreme inconvenience attendant upon the methods of generating electricity at present employed." §

"I think that nothing but the want of information as to the choice and management of instruments can explain the little headway that the practice of electricity has made with the mass of the profession, too much occupied in their daily work to spare time to study the uses of this agent in the hands of the very few physicians in this country who have given attention to the subject." ‖

* "Treatise on Medical Electricity," by Dr. J. Althaus, p. 1.

† "Lectures on Electricity," by A. D. Rockwell, p. 1, 2, 3, 23.

‡ "On the Value of Electricity in Gynæcology," by Dr. W. S. Playfair (*Lancet*, July 21, 1888), p. 103

§ "Electricity in Medical and Surgical Practice," by Professor A. Ogston (*Lancet*, April 3, 1887, p. 867).

‖ "Handbook of Medical and Surgical Electricity," by Dr. H. Tibbitts, p. 2.

Certainly "the uses of this agent" would appear to demand much study. An American physician thus summarises a few of them: "The nerves, muscles, and many of the secretions can be more surely and more uniformly called into their natural action by means of electricity than by any other known agent, and the degree and kind of the effect is widely different, according to the form, quantity, or intensity of the electricity employed, and that again is modified as widely according to the methods of administering the dose." *

"Simple chemical cauterisation," says Dr. George Apostoli in a paper read before the British Medical Association at Dublin in 1887, "is not the only matter we have to take account of. . . . . The electrical current . . . . in its course through the tissues acts prolongedly and profoundly on every molecule, and thus causes ulterior changes . . . . which may well astonish both by their extent, safety, and certainty." † And Dr. Massey, of Philadelphia, has lately described "two essentially different means of rendering electrical applications usef ul; . . . . the one consisting of a therapeutic use of faradic and weak galvanic currents, ... the other a surgical disintegration of diseased tissues and neoplasms by strong but accurately measured currents." ‡

Such, we are told, are the effects. As to precisely how they are produced one of the surgeons of St. Bartholomew's observes: "So long as the exact chemical composition of the tissues of the human body is unknown, we must be content to remain in ignorance of the exact chemical change which takes place when they are electrolysed . . . . and to gauge the efficacy of the process by the results which it yields. . . . . It is to these results, therefore, that I appeal as a testimony of the value of the procedure." §

The adherents of electrical treatment are the first to allow how much remains unlearnt, though one of them cites as among its healthiest signs "the gradual development; . . . . every step enabling the operator to employ it with greater safety and efficacy." ‖ And Sir George Macleod, no enthusiast, prophesies "that, with the aid of improved batteries and the modern accumulator, better work will be done in the near future." ¶

But it is time to pass from general evidence concerning electricity to the more special inquiry as to its influence on various forms of tumour. It will be simplest to take them separately, beginning with cancer, the most dreaded and deadly.

More than a century ago, Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, proposed the

* "Medical Electricity," by Alfred Garrett, M.D., preface, p. 12.
† "Gynæcological Electro-Therapeutics," by Dr. H. Bigelow, p. 49.
‡ "Electricity in the Diseases of Women," by G. B. Massey, M.D., p. 2.
§ "Treatment by Electrolysis," by W. Bruce Clarke, *Practitioner*, vol. 37, 1886, p. 187.
‖ Dr. Aveling, *Brit. Med. Journal*, May 12, 1888, p. 1013.
¶ *Lancet*, August 11, 1888, p. 253.

use of electricity in cancer; and Mr. Cavallo, who practised about the same period, mentions a case "where the excruciating pains of cancer were mitigated by the electric aura." * But if at this remote time good really resulted, it made little impression on the professional mind, for in 1849 Alfred Smee in his "Electro-Biology" observes, *àpropos* of cancer: "It is doubtful whether the application of electricity can favour or prevent its growth. I have occasionally met with females who declare that cancerous swellings have been dispersed by its agency, though I myself am inclined to believe that the party who named the malady erred in judgment." †

In the same year, however, under the auspices of Mr. Hinton and Mr. Bransby Cooper, electricity was tried in an advanced case of cancer with some success; and in 1854 Sir S. Wells saw a case, "with Dr. Lawrence, of Connaught Square, in which we decided, on consultation, to adopt this method, and Dr. Lawrence carried it out most effectually." ‡

We are told, too, of an electrolytic institution, "founded at Moscow, under the direction of several medical men, who report to have cured sixteen cases of cancer without the use of the knife or the tying of an artery." §

Up to this date the apparatus seems to have consisted of a piece of zinc, which, when connected with an electro-galvanic machine, became a cauterising agent; but a little later, needles were employed, and the process ("electrolysis," as it now came to be called), aimed at far more than the mere removal of existing growths.

Dr. Althaus sets forth at length its newly revealed powers:

"I believe that the electrolytic method will be found generally useful, not merely by removing the present tumours, but also by so modifying the nutrition of the parts concerned that no relapse is likely to take place there." ‖

"One point appears already settled in this matter, and that is, that there is no better means for relieving the pain of cancer than electrolysis. . . . . Observers are quite unanimous in this particular. . . . . Neftel says that electrolysis performed in a certain manner . . . . acts not only on the neoplasma, but also on the surrounding parts, which, although apparently healthy, are nevertheless already infected. . . . . The electrolytic effects spread wherever portions of the current travel. . . . . The histological researches of Kuhne, Engel, Mann, Goluben, and others, have shown that electricity has a powerful effect on the protoplasma. . . . . The protoplasma of the cancerous cells appears to be so altered by electrolysis that they lose their vital properties. Cancerous cells are more easily destroyed by the galvanic current than healthy cells, as is seen under the microscope. . . . . The general condition of the patient is improved by electrolysis in a remarkable manner, even in bad cases. The lancinating pains disappear; appetite,

* "Observations on Medical Electricity," by Francis Lowndes, pp. 44–46.
† "Electro-Biology," p. 128.
‡ "Cancer Cures and Cancer Curers," by Sir S. Wells, p. 30.
§ "Application and Effect of Electricity," by R. M. Lawrence, M.D., p. 97.
‖ Paper read before Medical Society of London, Jan. 1867, on "The Electrolytic Treatment of Tumours," by Dr. Althaus, p. 23.

digestion, and sleep return. . . . . Professor Massey, of Philadelphia, has recorded a case in which a cancer . . . . had been excised. A relapse took place, and amputation . . . . was thought of. Electrolysis, however, was used. . . . . The tumour entirely disappeared, and after two years no relapse had taken place."

The same author also gives in detail the case of a member of the American Congress, who, after eminent surgeons had declared his disease cancerous, underwent two knife operations, and when "further surgical procedures appeared inadmissible," was treated by electricity.

"The patient, who had been very feeble, anæmic, and cachectic, became stronger from day to day, and the tumour gradually began to shrink. Two months after the first application it had almost entirely disappeared, and three months after no trace of it was left. The general health of the patient had improved *pari passu*, and was, when last seen, excellent . . . . He died three years afterwards of another complaint, no relapse having taken place." *

About the same time, in a report made to the Illinois State Medical Society, we are informed that "growths which exhibit the appearance of malignancy, or which stand upon the disputed boundary between scrofula and cancer, are induced to disappear speedily . . . . by an electrolytic process of very short duration." †

Dr. Vivian Poore mentions the pain-soothing power of electrolysis when applied to cancerous tumours as the experience "of most surgeons who have given this method a trial," ‡ and in quick succession, with differing degrees of confidence, follows the testimony of other independent workers.

"I have electrolysed a number of cancerous breasts. . . . . The severe pain has in all instances been relieved, and the rapid development of the disease, in the greater number of instances, arrested . . . . The general health has been improved, and, with better sleep and increased appetite, hope has returned to the patient." §

"I do not know any circumstances in which I should be inclined to treat by electrolysis a malignant tumour otherwise removable. . . . . Nevertheless, under certain conditions, electrolysis may prove beneficial in cancer. As has been remarked by various observers, it possesses a wonderful power of relieving the pain which often attends this disease . . . . I record the fact because it consists with my own experience and the observations of others. Moreover, in using it for this purpose in hopeless cases, one may also have some expectation of retarding the disease—I can hardly say of curing it. My colleague, Mr. Annandale, has just made trial of it in a . . . . sarcoma of the thigh, in which amputation was the only possible resource. . . . . After one application of the needles, not only has the pain been relieved, but the tumour has diminished." ‖

"Whether or not the voltaic current exerts a special destructive influence upon disease germs, it seems certainly proved that there is a less frequent

* "Treatise on Medical Electricity," by Dr. J. Althaus, pp. 696–704.

† "Galvano-Therapeutics," by D. Prince, M.D., 1873, p. 43.

‡ "Text-Book of Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," by G. Vivian Poore, M.D., 1876, p 242.

§ "Outlines of Medical and Surgical Electricity," by Hugh Campbell, M.D., p. 83.

‖ "Lectures on Electrolysis," by John Duncan, *Brit. Med. Journal*, June 10, 1876, p. 716.

return of cancerous growths removed by electrolysis than by the ordinary operative procedures or by caustics. . . . . The treatment of malignant tumours by electrolysis is yet *sub judice*, but the evidence in its favour has recently accumulated." *

"I am firmly convinced that the removal of a malignant growth by electrolysis does lessen the liability to a recurrence of the disease. That in any case in which operative interference is necessary, electrolysis is the preferable method; that in certain cases where interference by the knife is not to be thought of, electrolysis is advisable. . . . . I have had many cases . . . . which, having been previously operated upon by the knife, recurred in less than three months after the operation; but the secondary, and in some instances tertiary, growths having been removed by electrolysis, the patients recovered and remained free from any tendency towards recurrence. Some of these operations are of several years' standing, and speak for themselves as to their value. They represent almost every variety of malignant disease. . . . . That I have failed in preventing recurrence is true, but in each case of failure either the whole of the diseased part could not be removed, or else the system was so impregnated with the disease that the operation was undertaken with the view of prolonging the patient's life rather than with a hope of the disease not reappearing." †

"Electrolysis appears to have a sedative effect on the pains of cancer, and deserves a more extensive trial in this respect than it hitherto has had." ‡

And while English and American surgeons and physicians were recording their conclusions, Professor Groh, of Olmutz, treating eighteen cases of epithelial cancer by electrolysis, had cured thirteen, and of the remainder two had improved; in two there were no results, while one ended fatally. Professor Schwauda, of Vienna, electrolysing a dying cancer patient whose "pain spasms and sleeplessness were so severe as to defy all the usual means for the relief of these symptoms," had so relieved her that "the use of the current was continued up to the time of her death, and was the only thing which did any good"; § and Professor Semmola, of the University of Naples, proved the beneficial influence of a weak long-continued current on malignant tumours in six cases, in five of which "amputation of the diseased part had been recommended by experienced surgeons, and the sixth was a case of recurrence." ‖

A curious bit of evidence as to the curative virtues of electricity in its most intense and perilous form was contributed by Dr. Allison in a letter to the *Morning Post*, relating how a patient of his, about to undergo an operation for cancer of the lip, was, while out ploughing, struck by lightning. His team was killed, and he himself carried home insensible, but soon afterwards the cancer lessened; in a few months every trace of it disappeared, and for years he remained well. ¶

To continue the chronicle up to the present time:

* "Handbook of Medical and Surgical Electricity," by Dr. H. Tibbits, pp. 224–6.
† "Electricity in Surgery," by John Butler, M.D., 1882, p. 47.
‡ "Practical Introduction to Medical Electricity," by Dr. de Watteville, 1884, p. 202.
§ "Treatise on Medical Electricity," by Dr. J. Althaus, p. 696–697.
‖ "The Electrolytic Treatment of Malignant Tumours," *Lancet*, Nov. 26, 1881, p. 921.
¶ *Brit. Med. Journal*, Dec. 27, 1879, p. 1052.

"It is only in changing the action of the part and destroying the cells that any satisfactory issue can be anticipated. More and more it is becoming clear that at first cancer is local, and if it be then and there dispersed by this beautiful and life-giving process, there is far more hope of what practically amounts to a cure than by any other mode of treatment." *

"Electrolysis is no doubt sometimes very useful in cancer . . . . not only to destroy portions of the growth, and thus check the advance of the disease, but noticeably to diminish the pain." †

"The effects produced by the action of the electricity consist in a cessation of growth, gradual disappearance of pain. . . . followed by improved nutrition and a better state of the general health. . . . . So far, cases able to bear the full strength required have shown no sign of recurrence. . . . . The interrupted voltaic current apparently causes atrophy of the morbid cells from pole to pole in the path of the current if the details of the application are efficiently carried out." ‡

"Besides local destructive agency there is a possibility that currents of from 50 to 150 milli ampères may exert a toxic influence upon cancerous tissue at some distance beyond the point of electrode contact owing to its relatively lower vitality." §

So much for the treatment of cancer by electricity. It would be easy to multiply quotations till they became wearisome. As regards those selected, it will be seen that they are by no means all in accord either as to the certainty and range of its power or its best mode of application, but the unanimous assertion that it *has* power is all the more striking by reason of these very discrepancies.

When, however, we come to fibroid tumours, we find that though "the galvanic battery was used by Sir James Simpson forty years ago" ‖ for the dispersion of one of these growths, a special form of electrolysis, introduced by Dr. G. Apostoli in 1882, is now generally adopted. Of it he himself predicts "that it will henceforth be admitted we have in electricity a most powerful means of safely treating fibroid tumours, and that it will in future be felt as a duty by the surgeon to make use of it before adopting other measures." ¶

Let us see how others regard the treatment he initiated. "The labours of Apostoli," says Sir Spencer Wells, "have expanded and given a definiteness to our knowledge of the special power of galvanic currents. . . . . As to the permanence of cure, where cure there has been, one can only say that though five and a half years is but a short term to form estimates upon, when we are assured that during that time the return of symptoms or the necessity for further measures has been quite exceptional, it augurs well for the future, and the objection of the possibility of relapse becomes of little weight. . . . . There are tumours so large that no prudent surgeon would meddle with them.

* "Cancers and Simple Tumours dispersed by Electricity," by G. Edgelow, M.D., p. 4.
† W. E. Steavenson, M.D., *Lancet*, Dec. 7, 1889, p. 1198.
‡ "Arrest of Growth in Four Cases of Cancer by a powerful interrupted Voltaic Current," by J. Inglis Parsons, M.D., *Brit. Med. Journal*, April, 27, 1889; *Lancet*, Dec. 14, 1889, p. 1253.
§ "Electricity in the Diseases of Women," by G. B. Massey, M.D., p. 212.
‖ Dr. Aveling, *Brit. Med. Journal*, May 12, 1888, p. 1013.
¶ *Lancet*, Dec. 22, 1888., p. 1223.

Here, surely, is the occasion for the electrician to show his power. His method is a new resource for a desperate condition, and should be welcomed as such." *

Again we have the verdict of one whose success in knife operations for such tumours has been pronounced "phenomenal." Dr. Thomas Keith writes: "I have thrown . . . . over all surgical operations for this new treatment, and the longer I follow it the more I am satisfied"; and elsewhere, "We have already, my son and I, in scarcely five months, applied electricity in strong accurately measured doses upwards of 1200 times on considerably over a hundred patients, the majority in cases of fibroids." †

A Harvard professor tells us how, "Many years ago, ... when I argued that electricity, hygiene, and massage would do many things which the knife was called upon to do, I had not a sufficient array of facts to back my argument up, and I was somewhat mocked. But with the advance of years came riper experience, ... until it culminated in a personal association with Dr. Apostoli, a personal investigation of his cases reaching nearly 2500, and a personal witnessing for four hours at a time and three times a week of the large number of cases that came to his *clinic* in the Rue de Jour. . . . . What I have seen Apostoli do . . . . scores of observers all the world over are doing and repeating every week. . . . . I do not yet know that it will dissipate the tumour. I have not seen such an instance, but I believe the time to be in the near future when we shall be able to do even this. I only claim now that it will . . . . dissipate pain, improve nutrition, and diminish size without danger to life. Is there anything known to our science which can offer so much?" ‡

The "scores of observers" is no mere figure of speech. In more than one London hospital, in several provincial and Scotch hospitals, Apostoli's method is now employed. At New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Montreal "the treatment of fibroid tumours by the galvanic current has of late been . . . . universally recognised by the profession." § Dr. Championnière, of the St. Louis Hospital, Paris, reports favourably, ‖ and M. Delétang, of Nantes, stated at a meeting of the Académie de Médecine that he had treated ninety-seven women suffering from fibroma by electrolysis with excellent results. ¶

Such are some of the attested successes to be set against failures

* "Electrical Treatment of Uterine Diseases," by Sir Spencer Wells, *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 98, p. 397.

† Dr. Thomas Keith, *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 100, p. 405, and *Brit. Med. Journal*, Dec. 10, 1888.

‡ "Paper on Dr. Apostoli and his Work," by Professor H. Bigelow, *Lancet*, Dec. 22, 1888, p. 1222.

§ "Electricity in the Diseases of Women," by G. B. Massey, M.D., p. 117.

‖ *Lancet*, Sept. 14, 1889, p. 571.

¶ *Brit. Med. Journal*, Dec. 22, 1889, p. 1412.

cited by opponents, which may or may not have been due to imperfect instruments, clumsy manipulation, or mistaken diagnosis.

Turning now to scrofulous and enlarged glands and goître, we again discover our first advocates for electrical surgery in the dark ages of the science.

Dr. Percival, in his "Medical Commentaries," relates how by its means he "removed a number of hard tumours from the neck, where they had remained during three years, and resisted a variety of applications."* And in Dr. Joseph Priestley's "History of Electricity" we read that "swellings in the face, neck, or other places, are oftentimes very much reduced by a few moderate discharges of the phial through the part; but these will frequently be found to yield to the drawing of strong sparks from the place without using the phial."†

Nous avons changé tout cela, but still there seems a certain significance in the belief which electricity, even in this crude form, was able to command. Between 1850 and 1880 Continental doctors were busy with their currents.

"Remak in his 'Galvano-Therapie,' mentions that he had succeeded in removing a number of swollen and painful lymphatic glands in the neck. . . . . Meyer, by the use of strong and often interrupted faradic currents, had succeeded in removing or diminishing multiple indurated lymphatic tumours. . . . . Choostek has treated in several instances strumous glands, many of long standing, with stabile galvanic currents, and has often reduced them with wonderful rapidity, sometimes completely. . . . Seeger claims to have been equally successful in inflammatory glandular swellings. Omnius and Legros give similar instances of cure in connection with glandular tumours."‡

More lately the Professor of Materia Medica in the Medical College of Philadelphia states: "Solid tumours, as goître, enlarged and submaxillary glands . . . . and similar growths have been repeatedly cured by electrolysis."

From Edinburgh comes the record of six out of fourteen test cases of goître absolutely cured by the same method. ||

A very few lines must suffice for one other form of tumour. In the *Lancet*, of March 20, 1875, there is mention of forty cases of nævus electrolytically treated by Mr. Knott, of St. Mary's Hospital, and he dwells upon the certainty and safety of the process, the faintness of the cicatrix and the absence of all after-pain; while the surgeon to the Children's Hospital at Nottingham says: "I am induced to give the experience of about ten years' use of electrolysis

* "Observations on Medical Electricity," by Francis Lowndes, p. 44.
† "Essay on Electricity," by J. B. Beckett, p. 64.
‡ "Electro-Therapeutics," by Erb, translated by Dr. de Watteville, pp. 678, 257, 259.
§ "Medical Electricity," by Roberts Bartholow, 1881, p. 263.
|| "Treatment of Goître by Electrolysis," by J. Duncan, *Brit. Med. Journal*, Nov, 3, 1888.

in the treatment of nævi, because in my hands it has answered so well, and seems to possess advantages which none of the more commonly adopted methods of dealing with these growths can be said to have."*

I now lay down my pen. As regards the conflicting theories touching the action of electricity on human tissues, and the comparative efficacy of weak or strong, interrupted or constant currents, it would be presumptuous to hazard an ignorant opinion, grounded only on one personal experience.

All I have aimed at doing is to collect and arrange the arguments and evidence of men of medical repute in our own and past times in favour of surgical electricity, and to present them fairly, omitting no word that modifies their meaning. Even this aim I have most imperfectly fulfilled, for I have only had means of access to a fraction of the American works on electro-therapeutics, and have perforce left unexplored a mass of foreign literature on the same subject, while time did not permit me to exhaust the mine of English medical periodicals. Probably this mine, however well worked, would not have produced a very abundant yield, for if it did there would hardly be, as I think there is, a *raison d'être* for this paper.

The little I have accomplished will have served its purpose well should it lead any deeply exercised about themselves or others to consult such authorities as are within their reach, and, if thereby satisfied that electricity deserves a trial, then, under the advice and at the hands of a master of the craft, to put its powers to the proof.

EDITH FAITHFULL.

* "On the Treatment of Nævi by Electrolysis," by Lewis Marshall, *Braithwaite's Retrospect*, vol. xcix. p. 288.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AT THE ANTIPODES.

IT is impossible for me to commence any detailed references to my Australian tour without briefly commenting upon the almost universal enthusiasm and extreme kindness with which I was received. It was in every sense a reception entirely out of the ordinary course of things. I felt that it was due to the fact that I not only had behind me a somewhat lengthened public life in the cause of God, but that I was also received as founder and originator of the Salvation Army. I had been preceded by a body of workers representing the Army, who had proved to all classes alike their self-denying devotion. They had won the approval of all by their successful labours in reclaiming some of the most vicious and criminal characters in nearly every locality where they had laboured. These facts were borne testimony to not by any isolated individuals, but by the ministers and the clergy of all denominations in every part of the Australian colonies. No small element in the creation of the enthusiasm with which I was greeted, was, no doubt, due to the fact that my scheme of social salvation had been very widely read. Whilst not accepted in all its details, the motive underlying it had been appreciated and approved in every part of the Australian Continent. It was a matter of very considerable satisfaction to me that I should receive so hearty a welcome.

I was especially gratified to find ministers of different Churches predisposed to receive me in the kindest possible manner. This resulted, no doubt, considerably from the fact that ministers of the different bodies in Australia more frequently occupy a common platform, and meet one another on terms of greater friendliness than in this country. Of all the denominations, the Wesleyans were perhaps the most hearty in the reception they accorded me, though they were closely followed by other Nonconformists, and earnest progressive

clergymen in all parts of the colonies joined very heartily with their Nonconformist brethren. In New Zealand, I was welcomed at Auckland by the bishop, and in some of the colonies, even Roman Catholic priests manifested great sympathy with me and my plans, and an earnest desire to help me whenever they could.

Nothing could have been heartier than the manner in which I was received by the officials of the Government. They seemed to recognise me as a friend of law and order, and to regard our twelve hundred officers working all over the Continent of Australia, as in a kind of partnership with themselves for the advance of the commonweal. My reception at Hobart Town was a forecast of all my later receptions, and will serve to illustrate them. The Premier and the Minister of the Treasury came on board the steamer to meet me, and I was entertained by the latter. In the same way at Brisbane, every person of note came to greet me, and in other colonies, Sir Henry Parkes and other leading men availed themselves of every possible opportunity of manifesting the confidence which they had in the work that the Army was carrying on. I praise God and take courage.

My comparatively brief stay in the Southern Continent convinced me that the Australians are in possession of the most magnificent inheritance that has ever fallen to the lot of a young nation. All that is required to ensure them a splendid future, and to make them in the days to come the United States of the Pacific, rivalling the great American Commonwealth in prosperity and influence, is a large increase of population *and a strong Government*. The one danger that confronts Australian politics is the danger which results from the fear in the minds of the legislators of the people whom they ought to govern. The constant danger of losing their seats is always before their eyes.

Speaking somewhat hastily of the characteristics of the Australians as they impressed themselves upon me I should say that they are far more English than the Americans. They are hearty, friendly, and outspoken. They especially possess those qualities which may be described as sailor-like—the qualities of the man who has gone through many difficulties to attain to the position which he at present occupies. It seems to me that the greatest danger which confronts them is the danger which comes from prosperity. They are in constant peril of setting too much store on the good things of this life. Their attitude is too much like that of the bishop whom, when he was dying, his chaplain endeavoured to comfort by telling him that there was a better place prepared for him. The bishop replied with a good deal of force, "I don't want a better place than —— Palace and £10,000 a year; that is good enough for me."

The besetments of a young nation are very similar to those which

come to a young man. The hilarity and vigour of youth lead to a love of excitement, with all its consequent dangers. One manifestation of this is to be found in the terrible hold which gambling has upon the Australians. It comes well-nigh to being a national calamity. Boys at school, servants in families, and every class of society from the highest to the lowest, are infected with this moral disease. Almost every small town has its own race-ground, and facilities for gambling are permitted by the law, in the most deplorable fashion. Another manifestation of the same thing is to be found in the tremendous passion for outdoor sports. I was told by one lady whom I met that her son had been at a school where sports received much more attention than education. These are blemishes and defects almost inherent in a young nation, and especially in one which has known such unparalleled material prosperity as has fallen to the lot of the Australian colonies.

At the same time, I should by no means be inclined to say that there is more vice in the Australian colonies than in the older nations of Europe. It may be more bare-faced, just because of the very vigour of the national life, and also because of the very much smaller influence exerted by public opinion. Australia is a very long way off. The family that has a scapegrace son feel this, and they say, "Where shall we send John? It's not far enough to America, it's not far enough to the Cape, let us send him to Australia." What is the result? He feels that he is far enough away from home to do just what he likes, and becomes the prey of the very same class who were his danger at home, and goes down to destruction, unless he be rescued by the Salvation Army. The very openness of his immorality is due to the fact that he has left home far behind, and that no one whose opinion he values knows him in the colonies.

The Labour Problem.

When we come to deal with the labour question in Australia, we find very much the same evils there as at home, though not in the same proportions, notwithstanding the boast of Australia that it is "the Paradise of the working man." There are many working men to whom it proves in no sense a Paradise. Lady Jersey told me in the course of one of our conversations that she had been waited upon by a deputation of ladies to urge her to take up the cause of seamstresses, many of whom were only earning five shillings per week. A striking proof of the comparative similarity between the condition of the labour class in the large Australian towns and in this country was afforded me on one occasion when I had been invited by a Chinese tea-merchant to discuss these matters at his house. I was surprised to find that he had got a number of representative men

together to meet me on this occasion, and amongst them some representatives of the labour party, who were arranging to get up a demonstration to denounce me and my proposed schemes as likely to injure the Australian working man. I said to them, "If I had been going back to England intending to say to the carpenters and the builders and the plumbers and the blacksmiths, 'Australia is a Paradise for you,' it is probable that they might have listened to me, and that there might have been a large emigration of men who would have competed with you. I do not, however, propose to do anything of the kind. All that I intend to do is to bring men out to this country who will develop the agricultural industry of the country." One of the labour members of Parliament present thereupon made the following statement. He said: "A short time since, a census was taken in Sydney of fifty of the most representative and most respectable artisans in New South Wales. It was found that they were earning on an average only £2 a week each, and that of this sum they paid twenty per cent. in rent."

As another illustration of my contention that the conditions of the labouring class in the Australian towns do not largely differ from those which prevail at home, may be found in a statement made to me by the second largest shipowner in New South Wales, who was introduced to me by Sir Henry Parkes. He told me that although it was true that the dock labourer got a shilling per hour for his work, there was such a large number of men seeking this work that the majority of the dock labourers lived in a state of constant poverty. This statement is confirmed by a telegram which appeared in the *Times* of February 19, in which it was stated that the authorities at Sydney had opened a Labour Bureau (an imitation of the Salvation Army's), and that four hundred men out of work registered on the first day. This means a great superabundance of men. It means that there is the same deplorable centralisation going on in the large Australian towns to-day that we find to be such a grave social danger at home. Even when emigrants go from the old country and settle on the land, their sons and daughters find their way to the cities to increase the pressure there.

The Remedy.

My remedy for all this is to get the people there, as in this country, to work on the land. I am well aware that we are confronted with the difficulty that "man does not live by bread alone," that the real reason why the people crowd to the centres is because they care more for excitement and all that city life gives them than for the mere ability to subsist comfortably. In seeking to remedy this state of affairs, I would therefore insist first of all upon the thorough instruction of the people in the evils of the present state of affairs. I

would then lay it down absolutely that charity must come to an end. There must be no more giving out of doles. Money must not be handed over to the destitute unless they are prepared to make a return in labour. Those who are unable to work must be supported, but the idle able-bodied men must be compelled by Government to work. Idleness must be treated as a crime. Having instructed the people in the necessity for a return to agriculture, the Government must transfer them from the crowded centres to the agricultural districts by compulsion if all other means fail.

The next step upon which I should insist would be the formation of industrial villages, with plenty of provision for recreation and other amusements, and, above all, for the development of the higher side of human nature by religious services. The present system is entirely wrong. One hundred and eighty acres are granted for nothing to one man with only a few pounds of capital. He finds it impossible, with his limited capital, to work such a large farm. He borrows money, and gets into further difficulties. If he has energy and courage, he fights his way through; if not, he caves in. But even if he succeeds, what happens? Here he finds himself in the midst of one hundred and eighty acres, which separate him from the rest of his fellows, and prevent that social intercourse which is as necessary to man with his social faculties as the very bread he eats. Instead of giving him one hundred and eighty acres, I would give him six acres for spade culture, and a run for his horse and cow. I would then find him implements, plant his orchard, provide him with a horse and cow, and everything else that was necessary to start him, and then surround him with a community similarly circumstanced. In such conditions the temptation to migrate to the town would be reduced to a minimum.

I am well aware that I shall be told that this is not work for a Government to undertake. I shall be told that, though there may be plenty of good land in one part of an empire and men starving for want of that land in another part of that empire, it is not part of the duty of the Government to remove men from the crowded centre to the open country. I reply to that objection by asking my objector what would be his opinion of a Government which had abundant corn stored in granaries in one part of its domains, and a population starving for want of bread in another part? Would not the whole world execrate the Government which refused to convey the corn to the starving multitudes? What, then, shall we say of a Government which has millions starving for want of land in one part of its dominions and millions of acres of land unoccupied in other parts of the same realm? Instead of attending to these matters we have a Government which spends its time in debating Home Rule, Local Government for Ireland, and similar topics, all of a most absolutely

secondary importance to those which we are now considering. I am reminded by such conduct of the nurse who was left in charge of a baby, and when the mother returned and found the baby burnt to death, the nurse excused herself by saying that she had saved the baby's fine clothes. Truly our Government is attending to the clothes whilst the body politic is being destroyed.

I have not submitted my scheme to a single practical politician or a single labour leader whose objections have not been silenced. All that they can tell me is that I am treating the people too much like children. My answer is that this is absolutely necessary; that the people prove themselves to be children, and as such they must be treated in order that they may be taught to become men and women. We do not go to children's schools and say: "Now, boys and girls, we want you to hold a little meeting this morning, and decide by vote how much time you would like for playing marbles, and how much for learning your lessons." We decide for the children what they need. Or let me take another illustration. The shepherd who has a flock of sheep which has eaten all the pasture in one field does not leave the sheep in that field, but he drives them to another field, and if the sheep have a spark of sense they will be grateful for being driven.

There are three elements in national wealth—Production, Preparation, and Distribution. In the present state of civilisation the last two elements have had sufficient attention; but what is the good of this if there is no production? As I said to the Australians: "You have here boundless wealth and luxury; where did it all come from? It certainly did not drop from heaven; it came out of the earth, and where you four millions have got your riches from there is enough to provide for a hundred millions." I pointed out to the people in Brisbane that near their city was a splendid tract of country known as the "Darling Downs." This country would not require manure for years to augment its fertility. It is held by squatters, and used for sheep runs. There is enough land there to contain the whole of my three millions who make up the "submerged tenth" in England, and I assured them that if these three millions were planted down there, and walls built round them reaching up to heaven, and the gates sealed up for ever, the three millions might live there and never trouble any one till the Resurrection morn.

The Chinese in Australia, though they are hated by the Australians, are showing what can be done by land culture. The Californians, in their large wheat-growing tracts, produce fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, the Englishman twenty-seven bushels to the acre, the Scotchman thirty-five, the English allotment holder forty-five to fifty, the Chinese, with his careful use of every available drop of manure, and his painstaking care for each clod of ground, would produce about a hundred bushels to the acre. This shows conclusively that my main

contention is right—that ground, like everything else, produces in the exact proportion to the amount of labour expended on it.

I am well aware that any scheme which involves the peopling of these fertile tracts with the men necessary to cultivate them thoroughly would mean a great expenditure of money. At the same time, it cannot be too often pointed out that we are spending in England to-day £10,000,000 for the administration of our Poor-Law, and another £10,000,000 for private charity. This is mere amelioration, and leaves the country at the end of the year in just as bad a plight as at the beginning. This £20,000,000 is lost capital every year that it is expended, but let the £20,000,000 be expended on my plan, and if sunk for ten years a great property would be created.

I have had large tracts of land offered to me in the Australian colonies for nothing, which, when cleared, would be worth £20 an acre. What I ask is that the Government should advance the money necessary to carry on this work, and take the land as a security. The land in my farm at Hadleigh cost £18 an acre, and I am assured on competent authority that in a few years this land will be worth £50 an acre. Two of the members of the Government (one a Cabinet Minister) have been to Hadleigh recently, and have expressed their gratification at the success of the work which is there being carried on. I am prepared to spend £25,000 in developing an Over-the-Sea Colony on the lines which I have described, and, when that £25,000 is expended, I shall ask the Government to advance another £25,000 on the security of the property already created, to further extend the work.

I do not hide from myself the fact that the agriculturist is to some extent inclined to object to my scheme, on the ground that if it be largely successful, it will lower the price of agricultural produce. My answer to this is that such pastoral communities as I hope to establish will largely consume their own produce, as they will tend to become industrial villages. Meanwhile, the condition of the working man in the crowded centre will be so much improved by the removal of surplus labour that he will become a better customer to the agriculturist than he could otherwise be. What happens at the present time is that you have four hundred men with work for three hundred and fifty. It does not help matters for the three hundred and fifty trades unionists to swear at the fifty blacklegs. I say to the trades unionist, "Help yourselves by all means against the rapacity of the capitalist when he is rapacious, but the solution of your difficulties is not to be found in all this, but in making more work. This can only be done by leaving the towns and getting to work on the land."

Many difficulties will be quoted as likely to interfere with the working out of my plans. On my return to England I came by the wonderful Mont Cenis railway. There were many difficulties in the

way of that railway. Capital, skill, and disciplined labour had to be used to overcome them; but they have been overcome, and now you have a splendid road from Italy to France. In the same way I insist that the difficulties in the way of the development of my scheme can be overcome by skill, capital, and authority. I am convinced, as I believe the English public will be convinced before long, that the necessary skill and the necessary authority for carrying out this great work are to be found in the organisation of the Salvation Army. The English people, either through their Government or by voluntary subscriptions, must advance the necessary capital. If I cannot raise it in any other way I must borrow it at 3½ per cent. But the money must be raised, and then the work of transferring the surplus population from the crowded centres of England to the unoccupied fertile tracts of Australia and our other colonies will be accomplished, if not in as short a time, yet with the same precision and certainty that have characterised the construction of the great international thoroughfare from France to Italy through the very foundations of the Alps.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

PART THIRD.

BY the time Carlyle reached Chelsea, after a visit to his people in Scotland, I had revived the *Nation*. He took a genuine interest in every honest attempt to help a country decimated by famine, and where industry was paralysed by the death or flight of the industrious classes. He wrote constantly on the subject, and it will be a revelation to those who believe him to have been indifferent or hostile to Ireland to note what long and anxious thought he bestowed on the Irish problem. Here is a letter written six weeks after our separation in Ulster. In this, and in all his letters, he speaks his mind with perfect frankness and unreserve; they need no comment, and I have refrained from offering any; but a glance at the circumstances in which a letter was written is occasionally necessary to the better understanding of it, and in such cases I have endeavoured to make the note as brief and practical as a telegram:

IRELAND IN 1849—THE LAND QUESTION.

"CHELSEA, 29*th Sept.* 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I got your *Nation* No. 1 far up in the Highlands of Scotland; the other Nos. (except the 2nd, which now lies *here* again) at successive more southerly points; and, finally, the night before last, on my return home from these long roamings, I found your letter, left, by mistake of somebody, here instead of being forwarded, and safe, though among a heap of rubbish. This is what news I have had of you since the day you rolled away from me on the street of Stranorlar; news enough if one will consider it well, and spread it out to all its expansion.

"I like the new *Nation* very well, especially No. 3 of it, which was the second that reached me. I seem to see there a beam of real star-fire and manful insight and endeavour, shooting forth from amid the old too-smoky and

fuliginous elements; and destined yet, by heaven's blessing, to subdue them all to itself, and beam clearer and clearer by whatever real substance was in them. I wish much—perhaps you do not know, or decipher from my vehement and impatient speech, how much I wish—that it may be so. Better or worse, yours is the only voice I hear in Ireland entitled to any considerable regard from me—the one human voice there amid the infinite barking and howling, which is all we have heard this long while. May you truly *love* wisdom, and regard all other things, popularities, nationalities, &c. &c., as mere noise and nonsense in comparison. Him that is loyal to wisdom wisdom *will* reward and him only; he shall 'acquire strength by going,' for all the universe is on *his* side, and his light, in the darkest of nights, even in Ireland's night of 1849, 'shall shine more and more unto the perfect day.' Your temptations, and open and disguised impediments, I discern too well, will be many; but the task is great, and, if you front them well, the prize, too, is great. Courage, patience, the eye to see and the heart to endure and do, may these be yours, and all that follows from them!

"To-day I have already written two letters, all on Ireland, and must not go deep into the subject again just now. Your account of the potato failure is much stronger than I have yet gathered elsewhere, though it corresponds in tendency with what I saw in Scotland, where the miserable roots were daily getting spotted more and more, yet it was without that murrain rapidity of '46, and one's conclusion then was that nobody could yet say or guess to what extent it might go. Anyway, there cannot now be any 'famine' as in '46; poor rates being everywhere established, and the potatoes, rotted or not, being now altogether the property of the farmer, properly of the landlord, to be struggled for between *them*, the poor cottier having now no share in that game at all. May they rot, I say, always; may the past existence of Ireland remain *past*, unrestorable by human cowardice or cunning any more in this world! Alas! even rotted they will do much mischief still; they will for years to come make of agriculture a kind of gambling, or at least keep alive an element of that kind in it, pernicious in all pursuits of men. A farmer in the Perth region, I was told repeatedly, had gained £2000 by his potatoes alone last year; the prices in London were some sixfold, and the Perth man's potatoes *had* lived. This year it is likely enough they may have died, and his loss—nay, who can estimate his loss (if there really be a soul in him) whether they have died or lived

"You are surely right in what you argue about the state of the land: that it is a covenant of iniquity, clean contrary to God Almighty's law, and conformable only to my Lord Chancellor's law, that now gives a ploughing man access to Irish soil (and you may add Scottish and English and European if you like); a terrible solecism—alas! alas! the outcome of a million other silent and spoken solecisms; of *all* our solecisms, cants, cowardices, and contraventions of the everlasting Acts of Heaven's Parliament! The sight of it, fallen upon us in its naked horror, and the thought, how far beyond the most distant mountains the sources of it lie, and the remedies of it lie, may well make a man sad.

"You are sure of my poor sympathy, and of all good men's on this side of the water or on that, in any feasible attempt to improve even a little that

misery of miseries. In 'land tenure' itself, or the direct question of tenant and landlord, it is possible some considerable improvement might by express law be brought about; but I confess the figure of an 'Act of Parliament' that could rectify all that is inconceivable; and even of one that could tend at all decidedly to rectify it, I have no clear notion hitherto. If you have, by all means explain it publicly, but not till you have studied it well, and talked with lawyers, political economists, and all such classes upon it. What they have to say, were it even all false, has to be taken along with one, and known both to be, and to be a falsity. The 'land tenure' in England, you perhaps are not aware, is precisely what your Irish one is, in that most essential respect that the tenant has no lease. Generally throughout this South of England leases are not known, or only beginning to be known; yet nowhere in the Queen's dominions does the farmer, with all his workers, sit so easy. From the practice of England you will get no help; I think the Scotch law, if it were investigated with that view, would be found to yield you something. Did you ever speak with Hancock on the subject? He is full of zealous notions on that or kindred matters, and speaks from under a wig withal. On the whole be practical, be *feasible*, that is the one condition; support in abundance awaits you here if that be complied with.

"Also do not much mind Linton, who is a well enough meaning but, I fear, extremely windy creature, of the Louis Blanc, George Sand, &c., species. And more power to your elbow every way, and always more.

"Yours ever sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

"One E——, a young Edinburgh man, now and for some years past in Manchester, I accidentally learn, has written to you, offering services, which have been declined. Very well, upon that be there no return. But, somehow, I feel that you do not probably understand this poor young man, and that I ought to say a word in explanation of him. Poor fellow! he is a kind of (illegible) this little E——, and is now threatened with changing into a kind of Scotch *Rousseau*, so unpropitious are the elements to him. An excellent scholar, especially in German, &c., full of exact information on all manner of subjects, discernment sharp as a hawk's (especially on the satirical side); in all ways an honourable, proudly veracious, anti-humbug little fellow (strange as you may think it), and very much to be relied on for doing whatsoever he undertakes to do. Of a contemptuous, proud temper, as I say, though honest to the bone; that is really the man's character if you can believe me, who have known him for several years. Of late I find he has once or twice taken to the most flagrant imitation of me, which looks absurd and almost mad, quite unfit for any journal, but I assure you he can write in quite other styles than that, and used to do literary, &c., articles for the Manchester *Examiner* very well indeed, till he took some huff at them. In the interest of suffering humanity, and for the sake of a young man of real superiority, I testify these things. In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

Carlyle never saw Mr. Linton, and misunderstood him I think. W. J. Linton, the well-known wood engraver (and who, judging him by the illustrations of one of his own poems, was also an artist of profuse fancy and skilful pencil), was less a French Republican of the

school of George Sand and Louis Blanc, than an English republican of the school of Milton and Cromwell, to which Carlyle himself may be said to have belonged. Like many gifted young Englishmen of the time, he found himself drawn towards the *Nation*, and contributed to it largely in prose and verse. The prose was, for the most part, controversial, justifying or illustrating opinions on which he differed with the editor; the poetry was incitements towards a generous and lofty nationality. I was delighted at the time, and still recall with pleasure the picture he drew of the future we aimed to create. The sympathetic reader will not regret, I think, to make acquaintance with one little poem of this class.

"THE HAPPY LAND.

"The Happy Land!
Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see,
With garden grace and household symmetry:
How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien,
The matron's smile serene!
O happy, happy land!

"The happy land!
Half-hid in dewy grass, the mower blithe
Sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe;
And to his babes, at eventide again,
Carols as blithe a strain.
O happy, happy land!

"The happy land!
Where, in the golden sheen of autumn eves,
The bright-hair'd children play among the sheaves
Or gather ripest apples all the day,
As ruddy-cheek'd as they.
O happy, happy land!

"O happy land!
The thin smoke curleth through the frosty air,
The light smiles from the windows; hearken there
To the white grandsire's tale of heroes old—
To flame-eyed listeners told.
O happy, happy land!

"O happy, happy land!
The tender-foliaged alders scarcely shade
Yon loitering lover and glad blushing maid.
O happy land! the Spring that quickens thee
Is Human Liberty!
O happy, happy land!"

A few days later, I was gratified by a note expressing emphatic and quite unprecedented approval of what I was labouring to effect in Ireland. All my colleagues in the earlier *Nation* were either dead, exiled, suffering the penalties of the law of treason, or (in a very few cases) disheartened by failure. I aimed to enlist recruits to fill their places, but I did not conceal from such new-comers the hard terms the service of Ireland imposed, or that the class of work to be done in the existing condition of the country would be slow and obscure. They were no longer invited, as of old, to share in literary

projects; reviving historical traditions or singing madrigals was scarcely an honest employment in such a country. Our ship was a wreck on the waters, floating fast towards the breakers; whoever could help to raise the shattered masts aloft, or unravel the tangled ropes, would be thrice welcome. Carlyle's approval was a strong incentive to press on.

"CHELSEA, *Tuesday, October* 2, 1849.

"Capital article, dear Duffy, that in last *Nation*: 'Wanted, a few Workmen!' To every word and tone of that I say, Amen. Stand by that; that is the real text to preach innumerable sermons from. Properly the one result to be striven for; all other results whatsoever to be measured precisely by their effect towards accomplishing of this! *I call this the best article I ever read on Ireland;* a noble 'eloquence' in this, the eloquence of sorrow, indignation, and belief. Cart is not put *before* horse in these utterances of yours, the first time I have ever seen that condition observed (that I can remember) by any patriotic Irish writer or speaker whatsoever.

"Steady, steady! Hold on in that course, which will spread out wide as the world for you, and you will do immense good; *ut fiat!*—In great haste, yours, "T. CARLYLE."

Sympathetic readers will be curious to see what sort of an article in a Nationalist journal Carlyle could pronounce the best he had ever read on Ireland; and if I gratify this sentiment by printing it, the reader, I trust, will understand that I would do so with less hesitation if it were the work of any one else.

"WANTED, A FEW WORKMEN.

"Ireland has urgent need of workmen, able and willing to work—of men who will gradually create about them, each in his own city, hamlet, or narrow corner, a circle of light and vital warmth, where there is now ignorance and lethargy.

"It is singular to remark how the obscurest and the most conspicuous offices of public service have become vacant together. The panorama of history nowhere presents a great stage so nearly deserted, or on which the prizes of generous ambition are so feebly contested.

"But competitors, high and low, must be called forth again, and the ardour of a noble rivalry re-awakened, or the hope of rebuilding Ireland from her ruins is a dream. Unless there are labourers sufficient for the labour, the very attempt becomes a cheat or a jest.

"The generous young men who last bore the heat of the contest have received the wages that oftenest pay heroic toil. They stood in the front rank, nearest the danger, and they have been struck down. They are now pining in exile or seething in prison-ships, and Ireland, it is said, is slavishly indifferent to their fate. This is the very hour when we demand with most confidence new recruits to fill their places. For it is in the hour of her moral eclipse that our country moves the profoundest pity and devotion; and the men capable of helping her in this extremity are plainly men not to be enlisted by cockades or bounty, by promises of easy triumph or visions of personal distinction. If there be not many candidates who will undertake her service, knowing the wages—men ready to work in obscure toil,

willingly embraced and patiently persisted in, without the encouragement of applauding hands or glorification of any sort for the present, we have seen the latter end of Celtic Ireland.

"If there be practical capacity anywhere in this country, it never had a more favourable field in the world. No class of interest is so adequately represented as to shut its ears to intelligible counsel, if it could hear it. Few offices, under popular control, are so satisfactorily occupied that men do not desire and speculate upon a change for the better. The very offices of Government are vacant—nearly as vacant as if a revolution had given up Dublin Castle to the people. Whoever is able to perform the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland efficiently, or Minister of Public Works and Industrial Progress, or Minister of Public Instruction, will find the place vacant, waiting for his coming. Not the official uniform, and the salary, indeed; but the power to create and guide operations, and get work done—the true essence of authority.

"The places are vacant, but the list of candidates who have hitherto appeared with claims worth considering is very scanty. The difficulty in ejecting usurpers is exactly the want of successors worthy of succeeding; and nothing more.

"Spouting, speeching, and operations of that sort can be performed by a large proportion of the adult population of this island. The faculty of writing sonorous and swelling sentences is nearly as common. O'Connell made a guerilla of ruthless speechifiers who disturbed the peace of private society with the thunder of their afternoon eloquence; and Young Ireland must plead guilty to having created 'a mob of gentlemen who write with ease.' But there is no country in Europe where there is so little *practical* genius, practical skill, or fruitful practical knowledge as in Ireland. The smallest official trained in the petty routine of public business, the dullest intermittent commissioner who does 'jobs' for the Executive, has generally more administrative capacity than some of the best of our public men. The grand, romantic, and picturesque fire the Irish imagination; but it plunges restlessly in the harness of practical work. And mark the result on our popular institutions. We have Irish members who originate nothing; Irish corporations bankrupt in funds, character, and influence; Irish boards of guardians replaced by paid officials, who do the work better, to the deep discredit and permanent injury of the country.

"Whoever knows anything of the administration of public institutions or political societies amongst us, knows that, however large the body may be, the actual labour falls on half a dozen men. It does not seem possible to get a larger number together in Ireland who will do habitual work. Yet a country is framed and shaped, lost or won, not by institutions, but by the individual labours of men. Better a dozen men like Thomas Davis than an Irish Parliament; for a dozen Thomas Davises would imply that conquest, and many others more impossible to ordinary capacity. Such men, working together cordially for an honest purpose, multiply their mutual strength in a ratio too subtle for arithmetic. Twice five is often equal, not to ten, but to ten hundred. It is precisely workmen who will work in this spirit Ireland has need of.

"Our soil, climate, sea, situation—the capacious harbours so much more familiar to eloquence than at Lloyd's, the mill sites, the water powers, the immultiplicable treasures that lie locked up in Irish soil, of which we have sung and said so much—what are they but the tools of men—the tools with which they may glorify races, and build up States, if they will? And here are the tools awaiting the young men of Ireland—plentiful as they ever were in any country on the earth, and obedient to the hands that will learn to wield them. The devil and all his angels could not keep them

from possessing this country if they were worthy of it. Even now, thinned and scattered as they are by exile and emigration, they have immeasurably a stronger hold upon Ireland than the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain, if they had virtue to make a noble use of their capacity and opportunity.

"The waste lands, waste resources, waste powers, even the waste labour of Ireland (shut up in workhouses) is not so strange a violation of national economy as these waste opportunities—waste simply for want of the individual enterprise and action so common in other countries. In America, the forest is scarcely cleared by the Irish pioneer till a city springs up, and mill wheels are whirling and engines panting, and soon a hundred miles of iron railway links the city of yesterday with the great marts of the Republic and the distant centres of commerce in the Old World. In Australia, where the kangaroo and the cannibal shared the silent shores a few years ago, when Ireland was fighting for religious liberty, cities have grown up which already vie in riches, and even in social organisation, with many of the old fountain-heads of civilisation in Europe. It is true these countries have wide territory, and are not pressed upon by old domineering institutions; but the essential difference does not lie here, but in the hopefulness and irrepressible energy with which men work in these new, growing countries. Ireland is new; Ireland is unexhausted and untried; and, if we set deliberately to work, filling up the details of a great design day by day, we would see similar results accomplished; to-day clearing away old rubbish, to-morrow laying a foundation-stone; quarrying materials here, training workmen there; till the design, of which the ignorant could discern little or nothing in the rude details, stood revealed at last a perfect and eternal work.

"If it be possible to get together a small number of men who understand these deficiencies, and will conscientiously endeavour to amend them, in themselves and others, it will be a good beginning. Such a brotherhood, like the modern giant of steam, would find no work too heavy or too light for it. They might preach the rights of the poor with the burning zeal of a Howard or a Vincent de Paul, and teach the ignorant with the patient, humble assiduity of Gerald Griffin. At lowest, they would take care to master with anxious study the principles of all weighty measures prescribed to the people, and refuse to cry out that this or that was a remedy without making sure as life and death that it was so. And, having made sure of the right, they would refuse to sit still while anything remained to be done to advance and accomplish it. Ireland is falling to ruin for want of workmen like these.

"Let such young men as feel honestly called to help us in this design send us their names, and they will be enrolled in a company from which we predict substantial and permanent services to Ireland. But it is workmen we want. With idle politicians, amateur politicians, trading politicians we propose to transact no business. One hour from the man who gives ten to his own proper pursuits will be precious. Ten hours from the student who is feeding his spirit with heroic generous purposes, and training his intellect in the school of public affairs, will be welcome. But no magic can turn the jaded hacks of politics, or the fops of literature, into men fit for this company. The fitness of candidates will be tested by the work they can accomplish; and this is a thermometer that takes no account of any quantity of blatant commonplace, or of eloquent sentiments if they mean nothing, or nothing worth meaning. All candidates shall have a fair trial. For the successful a great prize is reserved—the re-creation and government of Ireland: a prize surely among the divinest that man ever aspired to win. Many will aim for it.

"'Time slows who *will* and *can*.'

"Although we begin to work in the midst of social disorganisation, our main task is not to combat and resist, but to found and create. This is a work of a tangible, practical kind for all who are ready to undertake it. Vague incentives to self-reliance, and the minor morals in general, are like sowing chaff—no harvest grows from that kind of toil; but we purpose to demand *precise* and *specific* results from all who are prepared to help us in taking possession of our country; results that will enrich the country and ennoble the workers. The drill, the jacket, and the discipline transform an Irish peasant into a sub-constable, with as military a carriage and as expert an eye and hand as a veteran of the Peninsula. A few years in a National school, and the boy who emerged out of a smoky and squalid cabin, shared with a pig, is turned into a clean and shapely youth, fit to wrestle with the world, and to win the match. Look at a railway porter or a railway policeman—the decent uniform and the punctual system soon make a new man of the peasant. And this physical training is a small thing compared with the result of discipline on the *intellect* and *practical power* of cultivated, aspiring men. The one multiplies iron, the other multiplies rarest gold of Ophir. A poorhouse, or a lunatic asylum, is scarcely a sadder spectacle to us than the hall of the Four Courts, with its multitude of keenest faculties wasting in endless barrenness, waiting for work to do, which to many will never come, while nobler work ready to be done is waiting for them, if they would learn to do it. There will be many gloomy, discontented hearts in Ireland while idleness is counted a social distinction, and until it becomes the point of honour to be usefully employed. And this is a gospel which we must preach by work done.

"When Napoleon turned administrator, he proclaimed as the issue of his task that not one pauper should remain in all France; and that gigantic worker was striding towards this result when the clash of arms called him away from his nobler war against social disorganisation. In the enormous lazar-house of Ireland it is not out of the range of rational ambition to attain the same goal. If the young men of Ireland do their duty we shall see in a few years a happy people sit on our soil, and the pauper workhouses become houses of work for free prosperous labour. We shall see raised on this solid basis that glorious temple in which Tone and Davis, O'Brien and Meagher aspired to worship and devoted their lives to consecrate. That new nation which shall gather back beneath her wings the scattered children of our race, and bid them fulfil her promised destiny. We shall see our free, developed, purified Ireland at last become what foreign genius has predicted, and native genius may accomplish, 'the new and better Carthage of the West.'

"This is the work of one generation. In one generation the Electorate of Brandenburgh grew into the powerful, populous kingdom of Prussia. In the lifetime of one man the loose, boundless, disjointed tracts of the two Russias condensed into a firm and coherent empire. The trampled provinces of Spain in the Low Countries—a huge Bog of Allen, a gigantic public work—arose and expanded into the Empire of the Sea in less time than our young men may still hope to live and work.

"And no generation of men born into the world had nobler work to do if they be worthy of their destiny.

"If they prefer sloth and apathy, great results are of course impossible. If they prefer bellowing inane noise and nonsense, they are more hopelessly impossible. But if they will be wise and resolute, a great thinker has foretold their victory. 'Even the casualties of life,' he says, 'seem to bow to the spirit that will *not* bow to them; and yield to subserve a design which, in their first apparent tendency, they threatened to frustrate.'

"Ireland wants a few workmen of this calibre."

Among the recruits who answered this appeal, several had afterwards remarkable public careers, notably a young Munster Catholic who, after forty years, is now an official entrusted with the greatest industrial enterprise committed to any Irishman in our day; and a young Munster Protestant, who became leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons between the death of Mr. Butt and the rise of Mr. Parnell. Out of these speculations on the duty of Irishmen came not all that was hoped indeed, but at any rate the Tenant League of 1850, and the commencement of a Land war not yet finished, and the establishment of the first Parliamentary party of Independent Opposition.

In the succeeding month, Carlyle surprised me by a contribution from his own pen. Here is the letter which accompanied it.

"DEAR DUFFY,—The enclosed blotch of writing is tumbling about my blotting books for a while past. I ought to *burn* it at once; but as penny stamps have come into the world, prefer that *you* should have the pleasure of burning it. Do so, in Heaven's name; do what else you like, only *don't* (except to your own heart) speak of my mortal name in connection with it. The thing wavers so between being something and being nothing, that, in short, I think you ought to have the burning of it. '*Fas et ab hoste.*' 'A Friend with a surly severe face, from Mr. Bramble's *Arboretum Hibernicum*,' &c. &c., some such reference, if you print any portion of it. Do as you like; only, you are sworn to silence deep as death, mind that.

"Terrible quantity of cry for any symptom of wool that yet clearly appears. Nobody speaks sense (on the whole nobody there) but yourself. So in the *Nation* too.

"Adieu in haste,

"T. CARLYLE.

"CHELSEA, 26*th November*.

"Can you recommend to me a reasonable collection of *Irish songs?* I do not care how *vulgar* they are, how &c. &c., provided only there be in any form a trace of human veracity and insight discernible in them.

"Will you be so good as read the slip of paper inside; and then, having done the needful, reinsert, seal and dispatch. I have marked the two questionable points with a pencil and interrogation.

"Pray make my respects to the good Mayor, and give him many thanks from me. I have a copy of an old Kilkenny pamphlet for you ("Clamacnoise Declaration of the Irish Prelates," January 1649-50) so soon as I have myself done with it.

"T. C."

The promised pamphlet was intended for use in a book I was meditating at that time, a defence of the Irish at the Convention of Kilkenny, under the title of "The Great Popish Rebellion."

I printed the contribution with the sort of preliminary note he suggested, and strictly preserved his secret; but he was a man who could not hide himself. Mr. Rintoul of the *Spectator* immediately

identified the article as Carlyle's, and complained that the *Nation* should talk of a surly face, when, in truth, it was a sweet and sympathetic one to those who understood it. Since his death the article has been referred to in biographies and reviews, and printed, in America at any rate. The reader will like to see it, and there is no longer anything that needs to be concealed:

"TREES OF LIBERTY.

"FROM MR. BRAMBLE'S UNPUBLISHED ARBORETUM HIBERNICUM.

[This was the preliminary note in *The Nation*: "A friend with a surly, satirical face flings in our way this banter upon 'Irish indolence.' Very well, friend; we shame the Devil and print your libel. *Fas et ab hoste doceri.* If there be any seeds of truth in it they will grow, when the chaff and wrappage only make manure for them."]

"Many Irishmen talk of dying, &c., for Ireland; and I really believe almost every Irishman now alive longs in his way for an opportunity to do the dear old country some good. Opportunities of at once usefully and conspicuously 'dying' for countries are not frequent, and truly the rarer they are the better; but the opportunity of usefully if inconspicuously living for one's country, this was never denied to any man. Before 'dying' for your country think, my friends, in how many quiet strenuous ways you might beneficially live for it.

"Every patriotic Irishman (that is, by hypothesis, almost every Irishman now alive) who would so fain make the dear old country a present of his whole life and self, why does he not, for example—directly after reading this, and choosing a feasible spot—at least, plant one tree? That were a small act of self-devotion; small, but feasible. Him such tree will never shelter. Hardly any mortal but could manage that—hardly any mortal, if he were serious in it, but could plant and nourish into growth one tree. Eight million trees before the present generation run out, that were indubitable acquisition for Ireland: for it is one of the barest, raggedest countries now known; far too ragged a country, with patches of beautiful park and fine cultivation, like shreds of bright scarlet on a beggar's clouted coat—a country that stands decidedly in need of shelter, shade, and ornamental fringing, look at its landscape where you will. Once, as the old chroniclers write, 'a squirrel (by bending its course a little, and taking a longish leap here and there) could have run from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway without once touching the ground'; but now, eight million trees, and I rather conjecture eight times eight millions, would be very welcome in that part of the empire. On fruit-trees, though these too are possible enough, I do not yet insist, but trees—at least, trees.

"That eight million persons will be persuaded to plant each his tree, we cannot expect just yet; but do thou, my friend, in silence go and plant thine—that thou canst do; one most small duty, but a real one, if among the smallest conceivable, and a duty which henceforth it will be a sweet possession for thee to have lying *done*. Ireland for the present is not to be accounted a pleasant landscape. Vigorous corn, but thistles and docks equally vigorous; ulcers of reclaimable bog lying black, miry and abominable at intervals of a few miles: no tree shading you, nor fence that avails to turn cattle—most fences merely, as it were, soliciting the cattle to be so good as not to come through—by no means a beautiful country just now! But it tells all men how beautiful it might be. Alas, it carries on it, as the surface of this earth ever does ineffaceably legible, the physiognomy of the people that have inhabited it: a people of holed breeches, dirty faces, ill-roofed

huts—a people of impetuosity and of levity—of vehemence, impatience, imperfect, fitful industry, imperfect, fitful *veracity*. Oh, Heaven! there lies the woe of woes, which is the root of all.

"'Trees of Liberty,' though an Abbé wrote a book on them, and incalculable trouble otherwise was taken, have not succeeded well in these ages. Plant you your eight million trees of shade, ornament, fruit: that is a symbol much more likely to be prophetic. Each man's tree of industry will be, of a surety, *his* tree of liberty; and the sum of them, never doubt of it, will be Ireland's."

I probably wrote him, what it would have been discourteous to print, that his pleasant little paper betrayed a fundamental unacquaintance with Irish affairs. It was hopeless to reforest a country where, if a tenant planted his seed or sapling, and tended it until it became a mature tree, the law declared it to be the property of the landlord, without a scrap of compensation to the man who reared it.

Next month he did the next best thing to encouraging what he thought right, he discouraged what he thought wrong, always with a gracious frankness characteristic of the man, but impossible to the Carlyle whom a heedless public have latterly invented for themselves.

"CHELSEA, 9*th December*, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Read the enclosed testimony (if you have a pair of spectacles at hand), and show it to the contributor who denounces Hargreaves' appointment to the Encumbered Estates Commission as a Ministerial job—thereby instigating me and others against Hargreaves and the Ministers. The fact is *other* than your contributor supposes; the *fact* is not so at all. Let him in future know this; or do you at any rate, who abhor injustice to anybody, keep it in view on occasion. My correspondent is a man of the strictest veracity and equity, and even of a pedantic scrupulosity in regard to exactness. Poor fellow, hearing my righteous indignation against Hargreaves and Co., he went silently into the matter, and two days ago surprised me (and, indeed, bored me; for I had forgotten Hargreaves, and cared and care nothing about him) with letters from barristers, verbal testimonies, &c. &c., which I cannot for a moment refuse to take as decisive evidence that Hargreaves, probably, is a truly able man in this business, and that his appointment indisputably is *not* a job, but the best the poor men could do for the service of Ireland. 'Copy me that testimony,' I said, selecting the first read to me, 'and it shall go where right will be done upon it.' And so there you have it; and so I, at least, am quit of it, and of my indignation on this subject for ever and a day!

"We sometimes get the *Nation* on Saturday night; but the last two times your man, I think, has been too late, for it has failed. Quicken him a little; punctualise him—that might be worth while.

"Adieu.

"T. CARLYLE."

At the beginning of 1850 Carlyle commenced to issue the famous "Latter-Day Pamphlets." He sent me No. 1, and my acknowledgment of it brought this note:

"LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS.—IRISH ERRORS.

"CHELSEA, 13*th February*, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—As you seem to take an interest in the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' I have directed the publisher to send you a copy of No. 2 and the others that follow. I also gave him your admonition about speed on the Irish side of his affairs. The 'edited' is a mere figure of speech, I am afraid. Alone under the stars, with nothing but all the dogs of the parish barking for accompaniment: this is once more like to be my history in the present ugly feat of walking against time! I should be infinitely gratified, and delivered at once from a variety of very ghastly emotions, if any true brother out of Adam's general posterity could join himself to me, and with a 'Pamphlet' in the orthodox vein; but there is nowhere that I know of any prospect or probability of such; so we must try to do without him, as in former cases. In myself I seem to see some dozen or so of Pamphlets, which if I can get fairly uttered (a doubtful point in the state of health, state of &c. &c., I am in), it will be an extraordinary relief to my own inner man; and the dogs of the parish, and even the parish itself, and the universe to boot, shall be right welcome to do whatever is *their* part in the concert, according to their own judgment of that.

Pray for me, therefore, and wish me well through this adventure: I mean to speak more plainly than is usual upon a good many things. The world, I think, had better be *burnt* than stand as it at present does. God help it and us!

The *Nation* does not yield me much that I entirely approve of, except your own articles, which run like a rivulet of light and human sense through a great continent of very turbid incanite and dim materials. Do not let that patriot abuse poor Clarendon and his cigars any more! His lordship is not a crapulous man by any means or in any sense: he learned to smoke in Spain, and is glad to solace himself with an innocent whiff in the middle of his troubles; really the style of that censure is canine, not by any means above the vice-regal phantasm of a Government, but below it, and incapable of mending it. Also, don't rejoice over the 'Breaking up of the British Empire': the British Empire is nothing like broken up yet, nor like to be for a thousand years to come, I may prophesy. Nor is it *dis*honourable to you to be an Englishman, but honourable, if you had even been born a Roman or Spartan, withal. Believe me—— Alas, I find this is only a *half* sheet; so must say adieu.

"Yours always truly,

"T. CARLYLE.

"You talked of coming over 'about New Year's Day,' but have not come."

In one of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets"—the one named "Downing Street"—Carlyle, after pouring a torrent of contempt and obloquy on Parliament, whose only function in these times was to select some insignificant individual to be First Minister for a little space, suggested that the thing might be done better and decidedly cheaper by transferring the authority to the *Times* newspaper. It must have

tickled the philosopher's midriff to find this mad banter taken seriously by one of his admirers, who was willing to subscribe £10 a year towards setting up a newspaper which should supersede Parliament in the minds of all reasonable people. This was the subject of Carlyle's next letter.

A PAPER TO SUPERSEDE PARLIAMENT. THE FIRST TENANT-RIGHT MOVEMENT.

"CHELSEA, *27th July*, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—The enclosed note—otherwise a model in its way—brings me in mind of poor old Ireland, and of this time twelvemonth on the street of Stranorlar, where I saw you last. Take the note, therefore, and a transient sincere blessing from me along with it. Look at 'p. 17' (of 'Downing Street'), however, if you chance to have it within reach, and then let us lift up both our hands, and bless the anonymous Coleraine friend.

"These 'Pamphlets' are now out of my hands, thank God. The last of them is waiting for August in the printer's or publisher's hands, and that ugly piece of work, like some others, has been got into the rear. Such a universal howl of astonishment, indignation, and condemnation seldom rose around a poor man before. Voice of the 'universal dog-kennel'—Whap thap! Bow-wow! No *human* response hitherto, or hardly any, but that also will come so far as needful I have no doubt. Thank your *Nation* critic, however; the news of such insight on his part was really welcome.

My poor *liver* is gone almost to destruction with all this, and with the summer heats, and other fell *etceteras*, I seldom in my life felt more entirely worn down, and am now straight for the country—Glamorganshire (S. Wales), most likely, there to lie perfectly silent for some three weeks, and after that, Scotland, &c. &c., perhaps, for a good long while.

"Your 'Tenant Agitation' looms out very big on me, and I must say it wears a more business-like aspect than any of the previous 'agitations,' and, I could fancy, may give work to all the 'authorities' (on your side of the water and ours) for a generation or two to come! Yes, that is the heart of the matter, and a terrific universe of 'work' lies *there* before we get to a solution of it! *Cosa fatta ha capo*—to end one must *begin*. That is true, too. *Suaviter in modo* then, and God be with you.

"Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The following is the passage from "Downing Street" referred to:—

"The notion that any Government is or can be a No-government, without the deadliest peril to all noble interests of the Commonwealth, and by degrees, slower or swifter, to all ignoble ones also, and to the very gully drainer and thief lodging-houses and Mosaic sweating establishments, and at last without destruction to such No-government itself—was never my notion, and I hope it will soon cease altogether to be the world's or to be anybody's. But if it be the correct notion, as the world seems at present to flatter itself, I point out improvements and abbreviations. Dismiss your National Palaver; make the *Times* newspaper your national palaver, which needs no beer-barrels or hustings, and is *cheaper* in expense of money and of

falsity a thousand and a million-fold. Have an economical red-tape drilling establishment (it were easier to devise such a thing than a right *modern University*), and fling out your orange-skin among the graduates, when you want a new Premier."

And here is the letter from the Coleraine correspondent :—

"COLERAINE, *July 21st.*

"DEAR SIR,—You mention an admirable project in p. 17 of your 'Downing Street.' But why should not something be done as well as said? There is small chance for such a project if it be put before the said 'Palavering Parliament.' Why not do something yourself? Say you start a paper at the beginning of next session; you write a leading article now and then, to explain the pros and cons of certain questions before the House, to explain the nature of the difficulties which it is necessary to meet, and to give statistics when necessary, and let the rest of the paper be open to any M.P., in the way you propose. If your objection to this be of a pecuniary nature, I for one would readily subscribe £10 a year until there are sufficient funds to carry it on, and surely I should not be the only one who would give as much. You find fault with others who talk and do not act, and therefore I suppose you yourself ever ready to act in earnest! Pray forgive me also if it be very impudent of me to address you thus. I sincerely wish you well, and am anxious for the good of my country, and would do all I could to benefit any fellow-creature, and care not to have my name known. Let me repeat that if I hear that any such plan will be adopted, I shall not be remiss in subscribing from my own funds, and in persuading those real M.P.'s with whom I am acquainted, to write instead of speaking, and in inducing the mere effigy M.P.'s to assist you with their subscriptions.

"Yours sincerely."

In the year 1850 I was deeply engaged in a task, which had Carlyle's warm sympathy, the organisation of a Tenant League to secure fair rents and permanent tenure for Irish farmers. During our journey in the previous autumn I had obtained the assent of many provincial gentlemen to the scheme, which was launched as soon as the public mind had been prepared for it by the press. Carlyle watched its progress with constant interest from the date when it was first foreshadowed in the *Nation* till a career of practical action commenced.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, N.B.
Sept. 15, 1850.

DEAR DUFFY,—I am very glad to have a word from you again. I ran into South Wales, directly after writing to you, and then lay in the utmost attainable inaction for three weeks; after which, nearly other three weeks ago, I came over hither to my Scottish birthland, when your letter soon found me—where I have been ever since, endeavouring with all my might to keep free of every botheration (a difficult problem in this world!) and to continue doing absolutely nothing. I do not even speak, unless it cannot be

helped. Amid these old scenes of infancy, which have grown so supernatural to me, peopled with mere *ghosts* and inarticulate memories, I find silent occupation enough! One is much called to sink silent, at intervals, in this Babel of a world, and let the turbid elements settle into sediment a little. Could I abolish grouse-shooting, and doom all the *wasted* classes to sit as I am now doing, for a month each year, what immeasurable quantities of manure should I precipitate out of every mind, and out of the poor world's business, by that act alone!

"The *Nation* comes to me, round by London, on Tuesdays; everything Irish has got a new impressiveness since I saw the poor old land with my eyes. Depend upon it, I have by no means forgotten poor old Ireland, nor the people that dwell there. A strange ragged, still beauty is in my memory of Ireland; a country bare and waste, and poor, but noble nevertheless; poor souls, how kind and patient all the people too were with me and 'never minded' my sulky humours! From no human soul in Ireland that I can bethink me of did I get one uncivil word or look. 'A kind of nobleman thrown into the poor-house (by whisky and other sins and misfortunes)', really this is in some sort the definition of poor Ireland; shall get *out* of the poor-house and cast away the sins and whiskies yet, if it please heaven! I have told certain proud Yankees on occasion, 'Well, you have many dollars, immensities of bacon, molasses, and such like; but there never yet was a soul of you that could bring a *Coolun** out of it, much less *teach Europe Christianity* in old days; be patient with poor old Ireland, I tell you!' Ireland, it is to be hoped, will learn wisdom by experience at last; learn to know a lie from the truth a little when it hears it, and no more expend its breath and hope upon 'Mullaghmast Caps,' and the like Dom-daniel-ware (authentic produce of the devil, however fine it looks); Ireland will cease to be a lie to itself, and gradually become a truth; every Irishman that does not lie to himself is helping her towards that!

"You never did a wiser thing than that of excluding *stump-oratory* from the Tenant League; I duly noticed that fact, with good hope at the time. And on the whole, I continue to say your present 'agitation' looks more like doing work than any I have ever seen in Ireland. But the work, alas is *immense*, and God only knows when or how it will be got done. 'Rent by a valuation' is not intrinsically so unfeasible—nay, so *unusual*—witness the old *usury laws* only abolished in these years; but it is utterly at variance with all the free-trade, *laissez-faire* and other strongest tendencies of this poor time; and though said tendencies appear to me mostly mean and wooden, and nine-tenths untrue, yet it is precisely the true tenth that rules at present. In fact, to succeed altogether, you must have a new era, no less! Nay, I cannot but perceive that 'fixity of tenure,' with such a set of tenants as you now have in Ireland, would never do, though you even could get it —that in fact, independently of all obstacles on the landlord's, parliament' and official sides of the question, there is a total unpreparedness on the part of the population: 'more ado than a dish to wash,' as the proverb says before you attain this same new era of justice on the land question! Nevertheless, I must say always, pause not, use all your courage, all your wisdom

* A peculiarly sweet, pathetic Irish air is the "Coolun."

in continually advancing! You will do good in every way, if you advance wisely; every step you secure is a laying bare of new intolerable abuses; a bringing of the Grand Problem (in all its figures, moral, political, social, not agricultural alone, and not Irish alone), nearer to the thoughts of the practical necessities of all men, and thus nearer to its only possibility of solution. Like other such problems it will be solved by slow degrees (I suppose) so soon as all men feel that they cannot live without solving it—not much sooner I doubt.

"One thing, it strikes me, will become in the course of your struggle much more apparent than it now is: The necessity of that '*regimenting* of *paupers*' in which I see clearly, and nowhere else at all, the *beginning* of new government, and the necessary advancement towards that, for the afflicted world in this epoch. Suppose every Irish 'free' tiller of the earth, so soon as he declared himself a 'free' beggar in need of Indian meal from his poor brothers, fell at once into the hands of an agricultural Sir Duncan Macgregor, and became a 'well commanded' tiller of the soil, doing his feat as your green police do theirs; and not only relieving all men from the burden of him, but gallantly exterminating bogs, and approving himself a blessing to the earth and to all men. I leave you to compute a little what boundless relief to all interest whatsoever would lie there; free space granted to *laissez-faire*, and all extant principles of proceeding to try themselves against the fact, and run their very utmost without shackles on their feet. If they proved equal to the problem of the nineteenth century, well and good; if (as I see to be inevitable) they proved unequal, at least they (what was good in them) would be able to last longer, and to see their successors *ready* before departing hence. These things, I fancy, will gradually come athwart you there and so many others of the like genus, either in this or some other form of the 'Tenant Agitation,' and whatsoever real *work* you do in that is done for behalf of these also, which lie so far away from the general thoughts at present, but will become, if I mistake not, very familiar to it by and by!

"Lucas, I do believe, is capital in his present place. Give him my compliments and true good wishes for that and all other real service to Ireland that may lie in him. When he took to Catholicism first (which seemed to me so distracted an operation), and I heard what he had to say about Irish tenants and landlords, I could not help recognising the finger of heaven in his change of religion.

"No Irish 'list of good members,' nor indeed of English, has fallen in my way. They are a dreadfully scarce commodity, I imagine. Nevertheless you must seek for them, as for the vital air of your undertaking. The more honestly you seek the better is your chance both of finding what is, and of calling forth a set far worthier to be found, in time coming. And so, good speed to you, in this and in all other honourable courses; and adieu for the present. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Callan,

"Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

This was the era of Cardinal Wiseman's arrival in England and the clamour about Papal aggression. I confidently counted on seeing

Carlyle vehement against the insensate outcry of ignorance and bigotry, but the Old Covenanter, who lay beneath all his later day philosophy, awoke. We in Ireland were warned to take no offence, and were not, he conceived, in the least manner aimed at in the business, but when Parliament met we got a full share of the tempest.

"CHELSEA, *December* 2, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Will you send me the exact *name* and address of Shine Ialor—is he not John, or something else beside Shine? As to the address, I suppose Killarney itself will do, if he is still resident in his castle thereabouts. *Item:* the Christian name of Dr. Cane, Kilkenny. I am to send (as you perhaps guess) a certain volume to each of the gentlemen, by way of testifying, in a most imperfect manner, what a remembrance I have of them. *Ay de mi!*

"You seem to make rapid way with your Tenant Association; indeed, I see clearly that is the direct road into the centre of the abyss; *facilis descensus Averni*, if you will take the metaphor in good part, for surely if the world's cloaca *have* any bottom, I do clearly perceive it lies there.

"Our poor old friend the Pope has committed a sad blunder in sending his pasteboard cardinals with their Bull thunder over to us just now! All men think it an impertinence and futile infatuation on the part of the old gentleman; and among the general mass of the English people there is such an uproar as I have not seen for twenty years past, of which I cannot say, for my own part, that I altogether disapprove. The Pope may depend upon it, we will by no means come back to *him*; never through all eternity, to him! We may find worse fellows, too (nay, I expect far worse). For the rest, I warn you in any case to take no offence against us, you in Ireland, for we do not in the least mean you! That is truth, and I am very glad to see the *Nation* teaching that, and hope you will all along keep it well in mind.

"The *Nation*, in point of real talent (bating perhaps a little worldly wisdom, and *savoir faire* which is not quite its forte), seems to me the cleverest weekly paper I read. Really on Saturday nights there is none of them that (spite of the exotic colour) has so much the ring of the real metal in it. Go on and prosper! I have had some difficulty to defend you, to myself and others, for voting against the 'Godless colleges.' Beware of that; look on both sides of that! What if this that poor, dark, angry menials now call 'Godless colleges' were actually the beginning of the real *religion* of the future for Ireland, and for us all; destined to live, and rise ever higher *heavenward* (I grant on occasion); but we are travelling, these three centuries now, quite in the opposite direction, and have not, I think (for all our bleeding feet and bad weather) the smallest vestige of a notion to turn back! In brief, it will not surprise me at all if, when the Parliament meets, a law (after infinite jargon) is passed to send Wiseman & Co. about their business again, and prohibit any British subject henceforth from importing ware of that kind into this country. The beautiful 'principles of toleration'—in which I myself do not believe a jot—will receive some illustration in this business; and to me, sure enough (if I could have patience with the vile temporary

dust), this beating of humbug against humbug is the destruction of nonsense to such and such extent, and ought to be regarded as a gain. Heaven love you always, dear Duffy. I meant only to write a word, and you see!

"Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE."

The reference to the "Godless colleges" had this meaning. When the scheme of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland was proposed by Sir Robert Peel, the Catholic bishops were divided upon the question of accepting or rejecting them. A majority of the bishops were prepared to accept and support them on condition that certain not unreasonable amendments were made for the better protection of the faith and morals of students. The amendments were refused, and a Synod of the Catholic Church of Ireland declared that the institutions as they stood were dangerous to faith and morals. Under these circumstances I advised that Catholic pupils should not be sent to these colleges till the necessary reforms were conceded.

JOHN STUART MILL.

In 1851 the Council of the Tenant League determined to invite John Mill to represent an Irish county, that he might advocate in Parliament the principles of land tenure taught in his Political Economy. Mr. Lucas and I were authorised to communicate with him on the subject. Lucas was not able to go to London at the time, and as it was necessary I should see Mr. Mill at once, I asked Mr. Carlyle to introduce me. He complied promptly. He could do this much without scruple he said, but I must understand that Mill and he had ceased to see much of each other in later times, as, in fact, they had nothing at all in common. Mill had one faculty in great perfection, he possessed the power of setting forth his opinions with a lucidity which no one in England could match. What he aimed to make you see you saw as plainly as a conspicuous object set in the sunshine. But he had the habit of approaching everything by the way of logical analysis, and when he brought that method to bear upon a question he got out of it nearly all it could yield him. There were probably quite other qualities in it, not at all to be detected by logical analysis, and altogether unsuspected by him. Of the true relations of things in the universe Mill had small insight or none. He was inclined to scream and shriek about matters of no real importance and to believe in unrealities of various sorts.

After pausing a little for anything I might have to say, he proceeded: At one time we saw a good deal of Mill. In the Reform Bill era he was an innocent young creature, with rich auburn hair and gentle pathetic expression, beautiful to contemplate; but a domestic embroilment drove him to adopt a secluded monastic sort of life, in which

people saw little of him but the work he did. His life had been wrecked by a Platonic, and quite innocent, affection for a married lady who had since become his wife, concerning whom he had got possessed by an idea, or, indeed, a series of ideas, which were altogether absurd and insupportable. He regarded her as the paragon of womankind, which she was not by long odds; far otherwise than a paragon one might safely say. She was the daughter of a Radical doctor, who married her to Taylor, a Radical and Socinian, an honest, simple sort of man, who had no doubt that the ideas which prevailed among this class of persons afforded a sufficient solution for all the hard problems of life.

W. J. Fox, who had a chapel in Finsbury where he patronised Peter and Paul as ignorant but well-intentioned persons, and delivered prayers which some one described as the most eloquent prayers that ever were addressed to (*mimicking and laughing*) a British audience! Fox had probably the Taylors among his congregation, at any rate, he came to know that Mrs. Taylor, a vivacious little body, who found her life among the Socinians wearisome, and he told her that John Mill was the man among the human race to relieve in a competent manner her dubieties and difficulties. He brought Mill to see her; and Mill, who had probably never before looked into a woman's face, was spell-bound. She was a shrewd woman, with a taste for coquetry, and she took possession of Mill and wrapped him up like a cocoon. He used to go to her in all his trouble to be comforted, and in all his difficulties to be guided, and probably to be flattered a little besides.

From that time all Mill's enjoyments in life centred in her. Taylor remonstrated with her on the extent to which the intimacy was carried; but she told him he might blow up the house if it seemed good to him, but she could not, under any circumstances, give up this friendship as she would probably call it. There were children to be considered, and he thought he had better endure the thing than make a clamour and a catastrophe. . . . . The elder Mill, John's father, James Mill, was a skilful and experienced man; while he was editor of a newspaper in London he wrote a history of British India remarkable for its curious acquaintance with the laws and customs of the natives. It was a book still worth reading. John when he began writing used to produce long sounding essays on human affairs, very clear in style and expression, and with bits of knowledge too, even considerable bits at times, but, on the whole, not meaning much. Old Sterling, the thunderer, used to say there was a good deal of sawdust in them.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said Mrs. Mill was not the pink of womankind as her husband conceived, but a peculiarly affected and empty body. She was not easy unless she startled you with unexpected sayings. If she was going to utter something kind and

affectionate she spoke in a hard stern voice. If she wanted to be alarming or uncivil she employed the most honeyed and affectionate tones. "Come down and see us," she said one day (*mimicking her tone*), "you will be charmed with our house, it is so full of rats." "Rats!" cried Carlyle. "Do you regard *them* as an attraction?" "Yes," (*piano*) "they are such dear, innocent creatures."

Mrs. Carlyle at the same time told me the story now sufficiently known of how the first volume of the "French Revolution" got burnt. When Mill suddenly appeared at Cheyne Row to announce the misfortune, he looked so like the ghost of Hamlet's father, that she knew some catastrophe must have occurred, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Gracious Providence, he has gone off with Mrs. Taylor!" but happily the misfortune proved to be a more remediable one.

Carlyle went on to say that when he came down to London his intimacy with Mill was for a considerable time close and regular. The Sabbath bells were not more certain than Mill's friendly visit to Cheyne Row. He could not account for this intimacy suddenly ending; neither had altered in fundamentals, nor were they further from agreeing than they had always been.

I suggested that if Mill had heard his estimate of Mrs. Taylor this would account for the change.

Mr. Carlyle and I called on Mr. Mill, who states in his autobiography the decision he came to on the proposal from Ireland.* I knew Mr. Mill from that time till his death, and regarded him as one of the most just, upright, and valiant of men.

The Encumbered Estates Act threw a great deal of the land of Ireland into the market at this time at prices unexpectedly low; I thought a national effort ought to be made to enable the occupying tenants to purchase these estates, and I framed a plan of a Small Proprietors' Society for this purpose, which had the good fortune to secure the sympathy and approval of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, and some of the best men in Ireland. It is to the prospectus of this Society Carlyle's next letter refers.

"CHELSEA, *April* 26, 1851.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I think your Prospectus perfect; it has colour enough left; all you have taken out of it is the angry controversial smoke, whatever could obstruct the clearness, which is here perfect, that of an object seen by sunlight under the general azure of the sky. Few things can seem more

* "In this summary of my untoward life, I have now arrived at the period at which my tranquil and retired existence as a writer of books was to be exchanged for the less congenial occupation of a member of the House of Commons. The proposal made to me early in 1865 by some electors in Westminster, did not present the idea to me for the first time. It was not even the first offer I had received, for, more than ten years previous, in consequence of my opinions on the Irish Land Question, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Duffy, in the name of the popular party in Ireland, offered to bring me into Parliament for an Irish county, which they could easily have done; but the incompatibility of a seat in Parliament, with the office I then held in the India House, precluded even consideration of the proposal."—*Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.*

creditable; certainly nothing at all in any best Irish programme we have lately seen. In reading, I almost feel a kind of desire to invest money in the scheme myself—if I had any money worth investing!

"At page 22 you speak of draining and improving (to the extent of main drains and roads) the estates you purchase, which, undoubtedly, is very proper so far, before allotting them: but you will have to specify the limits of that a little more, I suppose. The statement at this point of the Prospectus startled my attention as a new circumstance, perhaps some warning of it could be introduced about page 10 with advantage? Indeed, I do not quite know about those 'quarter shares,' whether to vote for them or not; nor, in fact, about any detail of the plan is my vote good for much. I used to believe immensely in small farms; and certainly the best people of the labouring class I have ever seen lived in that manner: but there goes much more than a small farm to such a result; and failures enough (in an ever-increasing proportion) have become manifest to me withal. Brief 'he who is a free man' will do rather well in small culture, which is his true position if he is poor; will in small culture or in big; but he who is 'not free,' again, whom Nature has made a fool and a slave (*i.e.*, *too* foolish and too slavish for his difficult position), he will never do well, unless, perhaps, if well *ordered* and compelled; and it is a pity to put any portion of our poor old Mother's surface under the control of such a one, if we could help it. *Democracy*, here as elsewhere, I clearly see, is not possible; but, on the other hand, your 'aristocracy'—Good Heavens! So you must even do your best according to the day and hour. Surely, by this method, you may hope to push out the finest of your Irish peasantry, these *likeliest* to be able to live as 'free men' under our terrible pressures; and for every one of these you can retain within the four seas gods and men will be obliged to you! The others they had better go to America, or even to final chaos, than live as they have long been doing: I deliberately say so. But they are not, I believe, going either of these roads just yet; they are pouring over into Scotland and England (Watt's steam engine is worth a million of O'Connells and stump-orator 'Liberators!'); and are fast making us all into one uniform mess of pottage, which I cannot but admit is fair to the Three Kingdoms and her sacred Majesty and Co.! Oh Heaven! one tries to laugh at the things (in this poor epoch), and they are terrible and sacred as the baring of the Lord's right-hand upon Iniquity and Quackery and Doggery too long continued.

"Did you ever read a small octavo volume, almost 150 years old (London 1703, I think), called 'Fletcher of Saltoun's Works'? I recommend it to you for a couple of evenings. A proud Scotch gentleman, a noble Scotchman, he will show you an advocacy of 'Repeal' conducted not *à la* stump-orator, and yet not destined or deserving to succeed at all on those terms, also a Scotland not so unlike your present Ireland; on the whole, a variety of rather curious things, and the soul of a right gallant man for one, and will repay perusal well I promise you.

"Your lady-critic is getting very wild upon Leigh Hunt, woman, &c. &c. Beautiful alcoholic steam too; but it requires to be resolutely cooled, rectified, and condensed, if we are ever to swallow it with satisfaction.

"Adieu, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE."

I may mention that this scheme came to nothing because it had the misfortune to include among its directors John Sadlier, M.P., who made his final exit from the world on Hampstead Heath, in circumstances familiar to the reader. He was chairman of a bank in England, and of another in Ireland, and an attorney dealing with real property on a prodigious scale, and was supposed to be a buttress to the society. When we were about to commence operations, however, he wished to transfer our account to the two banks with which he was connected, from the Bank of Ireland announced in the prospectus, and to sell the society half a dozen estates which he had on hand, remnants I fancied of purchases which had not proved successful. As projector of the society, answerable to the country for its character and probity, I positively refused my consent. The majority of the directors, however, were disposed to support the man with great reputation for practical ability, and who carried the proxies of several capitalists ready to support our scheme. Thereupon I publicly retired, specifying the need which had arisen for doing so, and the society gradually dwindled away and came to nothing.

Among the friends whom I introduced to Carlyle during the Irish visit was Dr. Murray, Senior Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. He was a man of vigorous intellect and many accomplishments, peculiarly familiar with the English classics, and master of a style which has been rarely excelled for poignancy and lucidity. He wished to become an Edinburgh Reviewer. I asked Carlyle to aid him, which he did promptly and cordially. Here is his letter on the subject:

"CHELSEA, *January* 30, 1852.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I will cheerfully do all I can for Dr. Murray; and indeed have already as good as done so, of which I hope to communicate to you the issue in a day or two. I have described Dr. Murray and his project to the editor in question this morning, and put the question to him: *Will* you deliberately read his paper if he send one? By this means, taking part of the risk upon myself, I think the problem may perhaps be a little *abridged*, and the risk of the other parties less. You shall hear at once what answer there is; till then, keep silence, please. My conviction is that any deliberate essay of Dr. Murray's would decidedly deserve the trouble of *reading* by an editor; and doubtless I could *so* have managed it in general, and perhaps with this entangled blue and yellow in particular; but, as I said, it will be surer, and may probably be briefer, to proceed as now.

"Can you send me, one of these days, Dr. Kennedy's address—the doctor of whom I saw so much in Dublin, who is *Pitt* Kennedy's brother, and who lives somewhere in the southern outskirts, I think—a well-known man? No haste about it, only don't quite forget.

"I am truly sorry to hear that your land scheme has come to ruin in so provoking and paltry a way. There can *nothing* be done, then, for the poor Irish people at present? Nothing by express enactment or arrangement;

but they must follow the *dumb* law of their positions, and sink, sink, till they do come upon rock? I rather judge so; nothing considerable, either for them or for any people or object whatsoever; all objects having got so frightfully enigmatic (hideous and *unintelligible*, as the old official *masks* drop off them), and our chief interpreter of enigmatic realities being Lord John at this moment—an interpreter that probably defies the world for his fellow, if we consider where he is and when he is? Well, there is no help; we must all get down to the *rocks*; we are in a place equivalent to *Hell* (for every true soul and interest) till we do get thither; there, and there only, on the eternal basis, can there be any 'heaven' and land of promise for the sons of Adam (sons of Hudson, millionaire and penniless alike, I exclude). Thither *must* we, as God live—and God knows many of us will have a good bit to go before we arrive there, and will need considerable thrashing and tossing before the chaff be well beaten off us, I guess. It is the dismallest epoch, and yet one of the grandest—like a putrid Golgotha with immortality beyond it; I do verily believe (in figurative language) comparable to a 'resurrection from the dead.' It is in such way I look at it, in silence generally, and welcome even a Brummagem Cromwell of the French as a clear step forward. Five-and-thirty years of Parliamentary stump oratory, all ending in less than nothing; now let us try drill-sergeantry a little even under these sad terms! I find the talk of France to be, and to have been, much madder than even their silence is like to be. God is great.

"You are dreadfully unjust to what you call 'England' in almost all you say about Ireland, and in general your interpretation of the former hated entity is altogether mistaken, too often (I swear to you) at once lamentable and absurd! I forgive it, as before, but pray always it might alter. There seems to me no possibility of profit in that direction. I had a letter from a brother of Mitchel the other day, who dates Washington, an inquiring struggling, ingenuous, and ambitious kind of nature, to whom, for John's sake, I made some reply. Adieu, I hope only for a few days.

"Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE."

Dr. Murray contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for a brief period, during the editorship of Mr. Empson. When Cornewall Lewis succeeded him in the editorial chair, he made objection to something in an article submitted to him, and Dr. Murray seized the occasion to retire altogether. In a note on the subject to me, he said:

"A strong religious scruple got into my head about being connected with the *Edinburgh Review*. Though professedly a literary and political journal, yet, of late years especially, it had become rather theological—the theology being, of course, of a very bad stamp. It occurred to me that there was an impropriety in my contributing to such a periodical. I reasoned myself out of this—still I felt very uncomfortable, though keeping my uneasiness all to myself. There were four articles out of nine in the January number, and two in the last number, more or less of this character. Lewis's note took a heavy weight off my mind."

Disraeli.

At the General Election of 1852, I came into Parliament, and attended a winter session towards the close of that year. I visited Cheyne Row whenever it was practicable, and on Sunday afternoon had generally a walk with Carlyle in some of the parks. When he was not disposed to walk he had chairs brought to the grass plot behind his house, and tranquilly smoked a long clay pipe, with a friend or two sitting or standing beside him, to whom he talked at intervals. Later, when the Derby Government fell, we spoke of the event. I said, though I had voted against them, I could not help having a certain sympathy with Disraeli for the indomitable pluck with which he faced his enemies at the head of a party which distrusted him only a little less than the honourable gentlemen opposite. The Peelites seemed to hate him with a preternatural animosity, but I had never heard that he had done anything cruel or cowardly against them or any one else. He was a political gladiator no doubt, as Bolingbroke and Canning had been before him, but it was idle to complain that he struck deft blows at his opponents; that was his vocation.

A base vocation, Carlyle observed. The case was not a perplexing one at all, it seemed to him. A cunning Jew got a parcel of people to believe in him, though no man of the smallest penetration could have any doubt that he was an impostor, with no sort of purpose in all he was doing but to serve his own interests. He was a man from whom no good need be expected, a typical Jew, ostentatious, intrinsically servile, but stiff-necked in his designs.

Jus diabolo detur, I interposed. Let it be remembered that he exhibited a generous courage on behalf of his race, in face of the fierce hostility of the party which he led. He was true at any rate to the interest and honour of his own people, which counterbalanced a multitude of sins; and I had a personal satisfaction in seeing a race, who were persecuted for a sin committed centuries and centuries before they were born, reassert themselves.

They were, he said, paying for sins of their own, as well as of their ancestors. They were an impotent race, who had never distinguished themselves in their entire history by any estimable quality. Some of them clambered to what they called prosperity, but, arrayed in the showiest garniture, there was always an odour of old clo' about them. They made great quantities of money up and down, and glorified the speculator who made most as the most venerable of mortals. When of old any man appeared among them who had something to tell worth their attention one knew how such a one was received by the Israelites, and their vices of character were intractable.

In London I saw Carlyle under a new aspect. Among friends he was still simple and genial; but he was much run after by inquisitive

Americans, who got brief glimpses of him from time to time, and as they wanted for the most part to interview him, he got into the habit of uttering almost as soon as his visitors had settled down the sort of harangue on some great topic which they expected from him. At times his friends had to listen to long discourses of the same character, which were only an expansion of opinions they had become familiar with in conversation. When he delivered himself of one of these set speeches his conversational manner disappeared, and his language came forth like a douche-bath, in a strong, unbroken stream, while, like the Ancient Mariner, he fixed the spectator with his glittering eye. This foaming torrent was as unlike the ripple of his familiar talk as Niagara to a trout stream. To arrest it was nearly impossible, and he was impatient of interruption, even by way of assent, much more of dissent. The reader will probably like a specimen of this method, and here is one:

AN HARANGUE.

"Decidedly the figments of opinion one encountered in every quarter about Ireland were a perplexity to human reason. Irishmen might be assured there was no one in England wished ill to Ireland, as they had come to imagine. Quite the contrary, good men on all sides would applaud and assist any practical method for her relief. If he were given the task of lifting Ireland our of her misery, he would take counsel on all sides with men of practical knowledge on the best means of setting the people to work. He would ask such assistance from Parliament as might be necessary, and then carry out his scheme with unabating stringency. Whoever would not work must starve. He would begin with the workhouses, where men had delivered themselves up as bond slaves to society, by the confession that they could not exist by their own labour; and at the outset he would organise *them*. By-and-by he would transfer his workers to the Bog of Allan, or elsewhere, and bring them into contact with work to be done. Organisation was the essential basis of success, and he believed every trade must finally get itself organised as much as it could, even the trade of authorship, so that each man would be put to the work he was fittest to do, and not left wasting his strength and spirit in a totally useless direction. If a wise scheme like this were opposed—as, indeed, it was sure to be—one might rely on the sense of the community for maintaining it. If the Ministry of the day set themselves against it, men of sense would say to them, Get out of that, you ugly and foolish windbags: do you think the Eternal God of Nature will suffer *you* to stand in the way of his work? If you cannot open your eyes and see that this is a thing that must be done, you had better betake yourself elsewhere—to the lowest Gehenna were fittest—there is no place for you in a world

which is ruled, in the long run, by fact and not by chimera. This is the course which ought to be taken. Men of sense might get the thing done, but men of no sense not at all. In democracy there was no help. Universal suffrage might be worth taking, and then men of sense would discover the limited use of it. For his part, if he could consult his horses, he would certainly ask them whether they preferred oats or vetches, quite sure they were the best judges on *that* point; but if they presumed to question the propriety of the road he was travelling, he would say, 'No, my worthy quadrupeds, it is not to London I am going, but in quite another direction. I am going to Greenwich, for reasons too tedious to mention, and so let us set out without more delay.' The notion of settling any question by counting blockheads, or referring it to the decision of a multitude of fools, was altogether futile. The wise man must ponder on the right path in the silence of his own heart, and when found take it though the whole multitude brayed at him with its many heads, which most probably they would—for a time."

John Forster, who was present on one of these occasions, as soon as Carlyle paused, took the opportunity to assure me that there was no dislike of Irishmen in England, and no assumption of superiority.

Carlyle said, if there was dislike, it arose from the way Irishmen conducted themselves in England. They often entitled themselves to disfavour by their private performances. Irishmen who knew better must teach these persons to live quite differently, and they ought not to feel the slightest necessity for championing blackguards because they happened to be Irishmen. The curse and destruction of Ireland was her putting up silently—even contentedly, it would seem—with lies and falsities, and making heroes of manifest liars. Till this practice ended her case was hopeless.

After an harangue there was generally a conversation on the subject of it. On such an occasion, Carlyle listened patiently to dissent, and justified or illustrated his opinions calmly. The Scottish peasantry, he said, were gifted with silent intrepidity and valour. Their constant submission to the Divine Will, and their strict veracity were qualities which it would behove Irish peasants to imitate, for, to say the truth, he had not found these qualities plentiful among them, nor the plain speaking which comes of honest thinking.

I replied that he had never seen an Irish peasant in his natural condition, he had only seen a population resembling a famished crew just escaped from a shipwreck; the Irish peasantry were intrinsically pious, generous, and veracious. The shiftiness and evasion which they sometimes exhibited in the witness-box were the devices of a people harassed by cruel laws and harsh masters. They evaded, but they would not violate, the sanctity of an oath. I remembered reading, when a boy, the story of a peasant put into the witness-box

to give evidence against his own son, which clung to my memory. The son was charged with stealing a sheep at a famine period, and his father, a venerable and pious old man must, it was supposed, have seen the transaction. "Did you awaken," he was asked, "on the night of Easter Eve after midnight?" "Yis, sir, I did." "What did you see in the cottage at that time?" "God help me! I saw my boy with a sheep between his hands; but oh! your Honour, it was for me and the little Michael who were starving that he took it." The old man broke down, and the prisoner in the dock said something to him in a low voice in Irish. The judge asked to have it translated. "Courage father, may the Saviour protect you and all of us, you only do what is right, to tell the truth." This was the Irish peasant in his natural condition.

Carlyle said the stories current of them by writers of their own country gave the impression of an idle, reckless race, with a levity which was not agreeable, but painful, to contemplate.

I replied that one might as well judge England from the stories of Tim Bobbin, as Ireland from the stories of Maxwell or Lever. Some of the most significant maxims I could recall were Irish sayings, which I heard from my mother when I was a boy, and Irish legends revealing the deep sagacity which lay at the bottom of the national character. Here was one: In a dear summer, as the famine periods were called in Ireland, a small farmer was induced by his wife to send out his father to beg. The old man was equipped with a bag, a staff, and half a double blanket, which the frugal house-wife prepared for him. After he was gone, she inquired for the moiety of the blanket to make sure he had not carried it off. When the house was ransacked in vain, the father thought of asking his little son if he had seen it. "Yis, father," the boy replied, "I have put it by till the time comes when I'll want it." "What will you want with it, Owen *agrah?*" inquired the father. "Why, father," replied the boy, "you see, when I grow up to be a big man, and I'll be sending you out to beg, I'll want it to put on your back."

Carlyle said it was a homely apologue intended no doubt to illustrate the force of example; we might safely assume that the old man was recalled from his begging expedition and put in the most comfortable corner of the cabin after that transaction.

Yes, I rejoined, and he must remember it was the apologue of an Irish peasant; *quod erat demonstrandum.*

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM.

" Du bist noch nicht der Mann den Teufel fest zu halten ! "—*Faust.*

THE Emperor's now notorious speech at the annual dinner of the Brandenburg Diet, on the 24th of February last, and the notification of the press prosecutions that are to follow it, have intensified the curiosity of public opinion in Europe, which for the last three years he has already largely monopolised. And yet neither speech nor threat of prosecution can lay claim to an originality which would justify so sudden an increase of interest. At most they combine with what has gone before to form a dramatic climax: they may fitly be styled—" le couronnement d'un étrange édifice psychologique." For previous speeches of the Emperor, rightly understood, harboured similar ill-considered ideas; and prosecutions for *lèse-majesté* have for years past belonged to the order of the day in Germany.* It is the high standing of the persons who have this time spoken out (though if all were known, they are as nothing beside those who agree with them and remain silent), which lends exceptional importance to this latest ebullition, and seems to render an impartial glance at the events connected with it opportune. When thoroughgoing patriotic and monarchical papers, such as the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Münchner Allgemeine Zeitung* adopt the tone they have now taken up; when such men as Professor Helmholtz, Professor Delbruck,† and Dr. Pachnicke‡ speak out as they have done, and scores—yes, hundreds

* According to the *Münchner Allgemeine Zeitung*, 488 persons were punished for *lèse-majesté* in the year 1889; 554 in 1888; and 540 in 1887.

† Professor Delbruck, in the March number of *Preussiche Jahrbücher*:—"The passionate feeling which has been excited by the speech will not pass away. The speech itself may be forgotten, but the traditional sentiment that has been drowned by it is lost for ever."

‡ Dr. Pachnicke, member of the Reichstag, at Magdeburg on the 7th of March:—"The Emperor cannot believe that his views alone possess decisive importance. That would be impossible, for judicial as well as for actual reasons. . . . . The time for all-controlling genius is past."

of others no longer shrink from speaking in unison with them, it is time to ask, "What does it all mean?" "Where are things drifting to in Berlin, and in Germany?" "Who is or who are responsible for the present state of affairs?" And finally, "What are *au fond* the personal characteristics of a ruler, who, on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal, was heralded by nearly all as a man of exceptional ability, and by many as at least a man of a strong character, possibly with a touch of true genius?"

What it all means is easily suggested—namely, that the back of Germany's character and intellect is ominously up, and most ominously so where it is as yet unseen. Men are heartily sick of this everlasting flow of phrases, which becomes more copious and more mischievous, instead of "drying up," as had been fondly hoped. For, if there is a country where on practical matters windy phraseology is viewed with detestation and contempt, it is Germany. There is a German saying, "*Bange machen gilt nicht*," which translated means, "It is against the rules of the game to frighten your adversary." Thus, when the modern Hotspur calls out—"Albrecht Achilles once said, I know of no more reputable spot on which to die than in the midst of my enemies,"* they simply smile and think of Harry of Monmouth; or, worse still, they whisper "*Es ist nicht so gefährlich*" (there is nothing to be afraid of); "men who are in the habit of dying in the midst of their enemies are never known to proclaim it beforehand."

It means farther, that the class of men of to-day, whose ancestors led Germany in her many struggles for priceless spiritual possessions in the past, and who form the cream of the intellectual culture of the country, are determined to oppose the threatened educational *Krebsgang* (crab movement) with might and main. The full meaning of this, if things were to come to extremes, only those can conjure up who know Germany fairly well. But things will not come to extremes, at least not at present; it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell as much as that. And this for two reasons: the Emperor has nothing like the necessary resources at his command to fight such a battle as that would portend; and secondly, neither is he made of the stuff of those men who have fought similar battles before. Thus things for the present will drift back to about where they were a month ago—that is to say, to that stage of apparently interesting but rudderless experiment, which has for some time bewildered all those who have no other means of judging the present than by endeavouring to fit it on as a logical outcome of the past.

What next and most powerfully impresses us is the immense responsibility incurred by the advisers—seemingly non-advisers—who have succeeded Bismarck in the counsels of the Emperor. It is

* Albrecht Achilles was a notable Elector of Brandenburg: "Public Speech of the Emperor," 1891.

significant that Herr von Bennigsen, one of the ablest men in Germany, is not among them. But Count von Caprivi bears a responsibility the load of which few will envy him. The ready gift of tongue and suave amiability of manner are his, and both qualities have, to our thinking, been unduly extolled—particularly the latter, which is part of the flesh and blood of all Prussian officers of high rank. But what has met with scant notice is, the full significance of his being a soldier. He has bluntly said as much himself. He has said that he looks upon the duties of his position in the light of a soldier called upon to obey the order of his superior officer. No reproach can be pointed at a man who is simply incapable of having a will of his own, or an opinion contrary to that of his supreme war-lord. It would in his eyes be a breach of discipline. In this Count Caprivi is consistent. But is such a man, despite all his versatility, the right man to put the brake on the exuberant fancies of his Sovereign? We know that to do so is the necessary function of a responsible Minister, even in Germany, and we also know that Prussia's greatest monarch since Frederick the Great was grateful to him to whom he had confided the task of doing so. Now, either Count von Caprivi has endeavoured to check the Emperor, in which case he has been unsuccessful and ought to retire, or he has not tried, and consequently has not proved his fitness for the tremendous responsibility of which, so long as he holds his present position, he cannot rid himself. Had he put his foot down when William II. started issuing manifestoes without Ministerial counter-signature, the Emperor would have dropped the habit. Of this we are convinced, for though the Emperor has dismissed a Bismarck we do not for a moment believe that he possesses one-tenth of the tenacity of purpose of his grandfather.

And if Count von Caprivi is unequal to his task in this matter, one cannot expect more of lesser lights. Unfortunately, Herr von Bötticher, although a man of great working capacity, and of unblemished integrity and heart, is, through no fault of his own, not quite in such a position of independence *vis-à-vis* his Sovereign, as to follow out what his keen understanding might doubtless tell him would be the only right course to pursue. None of the other Ministerial luminaries of Prussia possess sufficient weight for any successful attempt to control the exuberant verbosity of the Sovereign.

Now with regard to the Emperor himself. His intentions are as well known as his feverish energy has been widely extolled. But what has hitherto attracted less attention is the question, whence his good intentions, his restless energy, draw their motive force? What kind of energy is this? What is it for? Goethe's words might well recur to us: "*Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube.*" * We want to know a little more about the soil on which these

* "I hear the message, but lack faith in it."

qualities have grown, so that if we cannot yet judge the seed by its mature product, we may at least be able to guess whether it is within the range of possibility that such soil should produce valuable fruit, and not only noisome weeds.

Long before he had come to the throne the character of Prince Wilhelm had excited exceptional curiosity, and in many hearts an amount of sympathy which was accounted for by pity for his well-known physical defect, and the efforts he made to overcome its consequences. Great things were prophesied for him in sundry places, though it is difficult to recall to-day any oracle of undoubted weight on the matter. On the other hand, he had not long left the University of Bonn, when it was whispered that he was a man of little heart, of inordinate vanity, and capable of great want of consideration for others; though all these qualities were dwarfed by an ever-present restlessness. He could not bear to be alone, or to have one hour not filled up with some plan or other. It was further hinted, that when his conduct in any way belied this estimate, it was simply a case of acting, in which all are agreed he is an adept. On one memorable occasion in Bonn he had no time given him to disguise himself and throw himself into an attitude. It was at an evening party, which Prince William honoured by his presence. The late General Herwarth von Bittenfeld presided with his niece, who may not have been either young or beautiful. In going in to supper the old General, according to social custom, requested Prince William to give his arm to his niece. Instead of the conventional thanks and bow, Prince William hardly concealed his ill-humour. So old Herwarth von Bittenfeld—one of those true-gritted Prussian fighting men to whom his Sovereign is still a divinity, but nobody else besides of much account—burst out before the whole company, "*Gut, dann nicht!*" (All right, leave it alone!) and turning his back on Prince William, he led his niece in himself.

In after years, among other things he was supposed to learn statecraft, and was placed for a time under a high administrative official, to familiarise himself with the technical routine of provincial administration. It is on record that this functionary, in answer to the query, what he thought of Prince William, replied: "I can give you that in two words: Prince William is a modern being" (*ein moderner Mensch*). To those who are familiar with the meaning of words from such a man, this is far from being a flattering estimate. It implies superficiality, the love of noisy notoriety,—something akin to what Carlyle must have had in his mind's eye, when fifty years ago he wrote:

"Examine the man who lives in misery, because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his

gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you should find something in him. In good truth I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way."

In the first burst of enthusiasm from the credulous after the Emperor's accession to the throne, any indication of eccentricity of manner was put down to the effervescence of youth, and excited the less attention as his personality was still dwarfed by the shadow of his great Chancellor. Thus the dismissal of Prince Bismarck may be said to have first put him on his own legs in more senses than one. Every Bismarck-hater in poor envious Germany became in one night a man ready, under favourable conditions, to accept the young Emperor at his own valuation:—a task since proved to be beyond the digestive powers of all but the most robust. But for the moment there was at least "*eine That*,"—action. Contemplative dreamers, and even persons who have hardly the capacity for dreaming vouchsafed to them—that is, most of us—are impressed by action. The maker of Germany had been almost violently turned adrift, and public opinion applauded the doing of it! It is a sickening memory this, of the hyenas at work; even the unsightly Yankee, fired by Imperial favour, daring to contribute his discordant howl at the fallen lion to Transatlantic magazines. There was nobody there to tell the intoxicated people:—"The dismissal of a Bismarck might have been a supreme act of self-denial in a strong deep-feeling nature, but in one of abnormal self-consciousness and vanity it could be no proof of strength of character at all; only another instance of those who lightly 'rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

Still it would be manifestly unfair to argue that there were not two sides even to this question. Without trespassing beyond the limits set to ourselves and enlarging unduly on political matter, it may be granted, that on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal the young Emperor stood very high in the opinion of a large majority of lookers-on in all countries. To many there was something fascinating in the idea of the young, generously impulsive, and withal "strong" young monarch, pinning his colours to the mast of sympathy for down-trodden toiling mankind, and parting, at the cost of untold anguish, from the old, aristocratic, class-interest-hardened pilot. If ever a man had an opportunity it was he. Silence was the ally

he wanted in that moment more than the Deity: in reality he acted according to the spirit of neither. Ah, had he but kept silence!

But as so often appears in the records of royal romantic Liberalism, the wildest hopes flourished for awhile. Some apparently judicious measures too were brought forward, and luck, if not acumen, seems to have favoured him for awhile. His Imperial progresses through many lands had all the glamour of success—although it is whispered that in England, whilst uniforms were being changed and deputations received, and gala performances were in full swing, astute observers in high places had come to the conclusion that the busy young man was an over-rated article, and certainly not a well-balanced, still less a strong man. For all that, fortune seemed with him still; the dreaded Socialist party showed a rift in its ranks. For the Emperor is filled with a dread of the Socialists, such as all histrionic natures feel for those who make on them the impression of being seriously in earnest—not in words only.

But this one positive result, the full consequences or insignificance of which time alone can show, was far from satisfying the Emperor. "Time" is not the agent he relies on, or the material he works with; he must hurry things on by throwing himself daily into the breach, under the influence of the spirit of the corporal who expects orders to be executed "at sight." He transplants the methods of the barracks to the green baize table of the Cabinet. Thus he gets too much in advance of "time," is soon out of touch with it, and will be forced to recede a bit or pay the penalty, as others have done before him.

In the meanwhile the fear is spreading in Germany that the ultimate consequences of the Emperor's departure from Bismarck's foreign policy will be disastrous; for a thorough reversal it is, notwithstanding the emphatic declaration of Chancellor Caprivi on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal, that the foreign "course" remained unchanged. But little public expression of this fear is heard because the press in Germany does not fulfil the same position as that of England in giving full voice to public opinion; and patriotism instinctively silences many who fear to discuss what they feel they are powerless to change. But there is a great deal of silent opinion in Germany: and it is this silent opinion which has been growing for the last two years, and has been quietly forming its own impartial judgment on the personality of the momentary figure-head of the German Empire. The thoughtful section of the community have never taken the Emperor at his own valuation, and their number has lately been increasing in geometrical progression, particularly in the south of Germany, precisely where the founders of German unity were most

anxious to avoid future friction.* But the full extent of anxiety will possibly not be known until after Bismarck's death; for, sad as it is to have to say it, a portion of the German press still harbour so petty a resentment against the man who made their country great that they would rather submit to anything than point even indirectly to his "irreplaceability." Still, it is this silent opinion which seems to us to outweigh in ultimate importance all that could possibly be expressed outside the Fatherland.

These unreported grumblers question the sincerity of the Emperor's benevolent interest in the working classes, which finds its daily expression in peripatetic sermons on the virtues of patriotic self-sacrifice, thrift, frugality, and contentment. They hear that his rough treatment and persistent snubbing of the wealthy aristocratic officers have been such that many of them have thrown up their commissions and quitted the army in disgust. People do not sympathise much with these officers, but many persons ask: "How does the Emperor's example fit in with this crusade against extravagance?" For, on the other hand, they hear of extravagant projects for building an Imperial palace in Frankfort-on-the-Main (since abandoned), of expensive pleasure steamers kept up, of sailing yachts, of four million marks thrown out for a special train of carriages picked out in white and gold, and lastly of a brand-new cathedral to enshrine the tombs of the Hohenzollerns and to cost the trifle of ten million marks.

These unheard grumblers are further of opinion that the personal importance of the Emperor has been largely the creation of the daily press, to the slightest expression of which he attaches abnormal importance, and with regard to which he evinces a hyper-sensitiveness quite unique in a monarch, and all the more to be wondered at in a fellow-countryman, and presumably a student, of Goethe, who had such a contemptuous opinion of hyper-sensitive people. In publicly calling the exponents of the press "*press-bengeln*" (press-youngsters) the Emperor seems to have been both ungrateful and unwise. The press has a knack of unmaking its idols. It may unmake him, as it has unmade others before now in other countries besides Germany, and leave him stranded, neglected, diminished, only with the powers for harm his position confers upon him, the power of undoing the work of genius.

For the Emperor's powers of direct action, as embodied in the Constitution of the Empire, are in reality far more limited than is thoroughly realised abroad. The perennial journalistic chorus about the German Emperor being the corner-stone of European peace is

* According to all reliable reports there has never been such deep-rooted uneasiness and dissatisfaction throughout South Germany as at the present moment.

largely "humbug." It can only be understood in the sense of a man earning praise because he refrains from using his power of setting a light to his neighbour's house, knowing full well that if he did so it would infallibly involve the burning of his own. These peace pæan-singers mix up the past and the present. Prince Bismarck enjoyed a prestige as guardian of the peace, which Germany to-day without him has largely forfeited. For the initiative, the decision in these matters, lies to-day far more in the hands of France and Russia combined, or even in those of Austria, than in those of Germany. And we hold to this view even though we may be of opinion that Germany might still be able to face France and Russia for a time successfully. But this view brings no comfort; it rather indicates a possible temptation to vanity egged on by infatuation or the stronger will of others, and, thinking only of the success of the moment, only too likely be drawn to risk the future. The sense that such are among the possibilities of the future, and that they might not be unwelcome to a party in England, is one reason why the Emperor's sudden friendship for everything English is viewed with mingled feelings in the Fatherland. Nor can even we ourselves lay much unction to our souls on the strength of the Emperor's latest admiration for England and English things. It is only a mushroom growth of yesterday, a capricious reaction against former undisguised dislike and vilification. There is no character, no backbone in it.

Hence distrust and pessimism as to these matters. And let it be borne in mind that when the Emperor speaks of "My army," as he does so often, it is only the Prussian army that can be meant. The application of the term to the German army could only imply a slight to those other kings and princes who are but his allies, and whose armies are only in time of war by treaty placed under the supreme command of the German Emperor. Thus such expressions are calculated to re-awaken that spirit of particularism which it has been the one aim of the creators of Germany to extinguish.

The instances in which the Emperor, with all his good intentions, has hurt men's susceptibilities right and left, without the slightest excuse of a political object, are simply untold. Some months after Bismarck's dismissal, a historical play called "*Der neue Herr*," was performed at Berlin. The subject was the glorification of the young Elector of Brandenburg (known to history as the Great Elector), who, on ascending the throne of his fathers, dismissed his father's wicked Minister. Of course nobody could fail to notice the singularly ill-chosen historical parallel; but it did not end there. The Emperor visited the performance night after night, applauding vociferously, and even went out of his way to confer marks of distinction on author and actors. This episode was in general discreetly passed over by the press at the time; the fruit was not ripe,

the cup not yet full. But for all that it wounded the feelings of many, who, whatever their party, had retained unsullied the sentiments of chivalrous gentlemen. A more recent attempt to propagate political ideas by means of a stage play, which also found demonstrative patronage from the Emperor, was choked at its birth by the apathy of the public, who sat on the half-empty benches in disdainful silence, amid the boisterous applause of the Emperor.

But all these incidents sink into insignificance beside the disastrous record of His Majesty's oratory. After posing for a while as a hater of class privilege and ostentatiously favouring men of burgher birth, on a memorable occasion he suddenly exclaimed, that the nobility were the "*Edelsten*";—the noblest of his country; a sentiment that would only cause a smile in England, but digs deep trenches of resentment in partially feudal, but largely and aggressively democratic, Germany.

There are many who say that the Emperor's irrepressible habit of after-dinner speaking is an exotic, one that he has learnt at public dinners in England, and with exceptional tendency to imitation, as distinct from origination, has transplanted to Germany, where it will never take root. For whereas in England the character of society and long political habit have enabled the public to take harmless after-dinner platitudes at their true value; in Germany they arouse resentment, possibly contempt, if they contain anything offensive or effusive —but never indulgent appreciation. They are foreign to the temper of the nation: anywhere else they might go down, but not there. Also, what little taste Germans have for phrase-making has been rendered very hard to please by the superb grit of Bismarck's rare but sledge-hammer utterances. What could the Emperor's phrases mean to them after the winged shafts of the man who built up one great historical empire and humbled two others?

The Emperor's intellectual stock in trade is said to consist mainly of the gift of quickly grasping the outward aspect of many things—*Auffassungsgabe*. Thus, there is in him a specious, plausible affectation of acquaintanceship with literature, ranging from the works of Jules Simon to those of Mark Twain—naval matters, military matters (statecraft goes without saying)—all this notwithstanding that his life has been short, and that he has not read a book for years. Indeed, of late reading has been a physical impossibility, for all available time has been duly chronicled as filled up with hunting parties, yacht sailings, torpedo trips, railway journeys, festive banquets, christenings, weddings, funerals, manœuvres, and such like efforts, for all of which there has ever been ample time and opportunity.

But the glamour of it all sufficed for the time for endless reporters' articles. It was just of a kind to dazzle and excite the admiration of the enthusiastic American who wrote home, after being the Emperor's guest at the manœuvres, that another Frederick the Great

was the least that the world had to expect. Men of that stamp do not stop to think, much less to listen, even supposing that they have the faculties for doing so. Otherwise it might have dawned upon them, or been taught them, that such gifts are ever, except in such rare instances as that of Napoleon the First, the almost infallible signs of superficiality. And if listening had been cultivated, the following story might have been brought home from the manœuvres. The field day is over, and the Emperor rides down the front, taking the report of each commanding officer as he passes along the line. One of them in answer to the Imperial query had nothing to report.

"What, nothing?"

"No, nothing, Sire."

"Nonsense; I command you to make me a report."

"Well, then, if your Majesty commands, I must obey; and all I can say is, that the whole affair was one confounded mess."

That dilettantism must be the outcome of this superficiality, allied to a morbid craving for immediate tangible positive results all along the line, is self-evident. Everything is to go by the word of command; opportuneness, maturity of time, the one condition of all sound work, this is at once abolished; it is not to be found in the corporal's drill book. The consequences have not been long in showing themselves in more departments than one—let us say in every department.

The record of this unfortunate dilettantism—spelling the outcome of good intentions and phenomenal energy, translated into concrete performance—is open to the inspection of him who runs. It traverses every field of the Emperor's manifold activity. The disastrous attempts to win French sympathies by tentative visits, by letters to painters' widows, &c., are still fresh in the memory of the public. The ill-judged premature dragging forth of poor Dr. Koch—the most retiring of men—under the garish lamp of publicity, to endow the world with a gratuitous boon (but see, it is *I* who have given it), is also sufficiently well known and appreciated.

Of military matters it is difficult to judge. We are invited to believe that the aged, the used up, and the unfit have been weeded out; but we hear nothing of the approved capacities which have been shunted. For these men do not air their grievances—like linen hung to dry—in the sun of publicity. Silence on these matters is the golden watchword of such men in Prussia. And besides, the Emperor has a gift, almost amounting to genius, of loading with flattery those whom he has decided to cast out. But a straw may indicate the direction of the wind, and there are several such. All the cavalry have been armed with steel lances, whereas in Austria lances have been totally abolished. Which is the right course? No one can tell for certain, it is true. But the lances

themselves have been tested and are said to have failed in the manœuvres, for they break easily and cannot be as readily replaced as those made of wood. The small sword of the infantry officer with its leather scabbard has been abolished, and a heavy dragoon sword substituted. So that, whereas formerly the officer's sword was a distinct symbol of the moral authority of the officer, for all officers are armed besides with revolvers (and that equipment seems to have answered fairly well in two great wars), the heavy sword is thought by many to be an unnecessary encumbrance. The Emperor in his spirit of imitation is even said not to disdain to take hints from English military arrangements, and is credited with the intention of introducing regimental canteens into Germany. It is to be hoped that he will stop short of introducing English adulterated bread.

But the educational crusade crowns the edifice. It was originally intended to broaden the character of Germany's youth. It has taken a strange road to attain that end.

No wonder that jokes at the Emperor's expense, the sum of which would fill volumes, are current throughout the land. One of them, referring to his mania for travelling, will, we think, even bear rendering into English :

"All hail to thee! In special train
Still travel on and on again.
When soon you do run off the rail,
You'll hurry off to Bismarck then
And we shall welcome him again." *

Yet his vanity is said to be such that he has no idea of the comments his eccentricities call forth. His faith in his personal irresistibility is said to be invincible. In fact so much so, that the shock of a discovery of the real feeling of a large section of the community might have serious mental consequences. Hence the superb naïveté of his "pose" on all occasions. Those who have watched it smile, when they read that the Emperor has consented to preside on such and such an occasion. Why of course he consents: it is a necessity of life to him to preside, or to be doing something—by predilection something to be reported. Even during these northern journeys something must always be on the *tapis*, practical jokes—*jeux de société*—or some weird eccentricity or other, to contribute to which a staff of bottle-holders and yarn-spinners is necessary.

Perhaps the most ominous joint product of the Emperor's vanity

* "Heil Dir im Sonderzug
Reisest noch nicht genug,
Reis' immer mehr.
Wenn Du dann bald entgleist
Rasch Du zum Bismarck eilst
Holst ihn uns her.'

and superficiality combined is the "*Grössenwahn*" (megalomania) which he seems to be developing at an alarming rate. This is not surprising, for megalomania—the diseased estimate of the relative properties of things—has something of a local character; it is among badly balanced creatures in Germany what is called spleen in England. Even Napoleon's was a simple nature until he became afflicted with this dreadful complaint, and yet what a Cæsar's head that man had! It is this megalomania which causes the deepest anxiety in Germany, because it is feared that it may lead to some irreparable piece of want of tact, and thence to war. For it is argued that, vanity being at the bottom of it all, and the Emperor finding he is unable to gain the premature immortality he thirsts for by peaceful prodigies, his restless nervous irritability may further increase, and degenerate into recklessness, and then his megalomania may blind him to the dangers he, and above all poor blood-soaken Germany, must encounter on the war-path. It would seem that the danger of this is largely increased when we bear in mind that there is a party in Berlin eager for war with Russia—the sooner the better,—and that the opinion of military men in Prussia in general is strongly optimistic as to its probable results.

Therefore the Emperor's intended journey to Copenhagen in the coming summer is viewed with anxiety. It is even said that his sudden resolution with regard to the Guelph fund, without consulting the voice of the nation, let alone the man who was responsible for its sequestration, is only dictated by a wish to make his reception the more cordial at the golden wedding of the Danish royal couple, at which he is not wanted. Neither does it add to the popularity of this step, or lend weight to the argument of its opportuneness, when the Germans read that foreign potentates—notably the Queen of England—have urged the settlement. The Germans have the highest admiration for the Queen, as Queen of England, but they think they have no reason to desire her counsel in their own affairs.

The proposed journey to Roumania is also not to the liking of many; for they remember the words of their great statesman, that the affairs of the Lower Danube are not worth to Germany "the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier." The Emperor evidently sees German interests on the Danube, as elsewhere, through a different glass to that of his former Chancellor.

This incapacity for seeing the due proportions—the fitness of things—also shows itself in other matters besides politics; be they important or trivial, as long as they admit of personal treatment, there the idiosyncrasy is apparent. Hence endless incongruities and instances of maladroitness, of wounds that fester on long after they have slipped the memory of him who had inflicted them. Such instances are indeed so numerous as to make selection a difficult

matter. Last summer all Germany was fed with accounts of the reception of the Emperor in England, and of the lavish distribution of presents—the inevitable portraits included. In the autumn the Emperor was a guest of the town of Erfurt during the manœuvres. £5000 were spent on his reception there. Yet he hardly deigned to smile on the city fathers assembled to greet him, and—a most unusual thing in Germany—left the town without conferring a single token of his favour on anybody. This is but one instance of marked slights alternating with disproportionately lavish prodigality. In fact, it is said to be not easy to avoid being decorated or snubbed by the Emperor.

A most pregnant example of both was his slighting conduct on the occasion of the jubilee of Professor Virchow, contrasted with his going out of his way, immediately afterwards, to distinguish Professor Helmholtz, whom, by the way, he saw the other day, in the unwelcome part identified with the words "*καὶ σύ, τέκνον*" among the Berlin professors protesting against the proposed Education Bill. It is not necessary to know a man such as Professor Helmholtz personally, in order to feel sure that a compliment to him implying a slight or a reproach to his distinguished colleague must have lost a great deal of its value.

But there seems to be method in this procedure, for it was only yesterday that the Emperor addressed words of flippant, ironical banter to a deputation of professors of the University of Halle, such as these men are not likely to forgive in a hurry, even to an Emperor. For the German professor is a gentleman who has a very keen sense of his personal honour and dignity, which he does not easily lose sight of, even in the presence of royalty; and the traditions of his class justify him in holding them above every attempt at slight or contumely. But this tone of undergraduate banter, which the Germans know under the term of "*Burschikoses Benehmen*," and which the Emperor adopts, as the humour takes him, with the highest as with the humblest, has already had worse than personal results. It is indirectly answerable for the large increase of an offensive type of German, formerly unknown. No wonder, when the Emperor inculcates beer drinking and rapier-play as the means of attaining ideals in life! And this in the grandson of a man whose urbanity towards all was proverbial; who at his death was said, with some justice, never to have conferred distinction on an unworthy person, even in fields of activity beyond his knowledge. Could anybody say as much of the grandson to-day? But William the First not only took advice: he knew whence to take it.

In nothing has his successor's indiscriminate want of tact, in combination with the love of "pose"—the artificiality of feeling of the born actor—shown to greater disadvantage than his relationship to

the late Field-Marshal Moltke from the moment of Bismarck's dismissal down to the death of the former. It was of a nature to make one doubt the sincerity of what seemed to be his most genuine utterances and actions. Poor old Moltke had to accompany his Sovereign by day and by night on his excursions, and everybody could see through the transparent motive. In fact it disgusted many to see the old gentleman's courtier-like devotion to his young Sovereign thus taken advantage of, and some are still of opinion that these ridiculous journeys hastened Count Moltke's death. But the climax was reached when the news of his death—meeting the Emperor on one of his many excursions—produced the following telegram :—

"I am amazed; I have lost an army; I am coming back!"

Was ever the first personal pronoun used with more damning effect—and that too, by a man whose kind-hearted father on coming to the throne thrilled all hearts by his simple words? How easily, one would think, might the son have imitated his father on this occasion! What could the shrewd Berliners think of the Emperor's tears at Moltke's bier, after those pronouns? Besides, they knew that the eagle-eyed Moltke was not the sort of man people easily cry over—least of all a born actor!

And yet with the German Emperor, as with all things human, there are lights as well as shades. He is insensible to the attraction of money, though unfortunately not equally so to the things that money can buy. There can be no doubt that he possesses a certain love of justice and fair play, as far as it does not interfere with the gratification of his vanity. Thus the reformed income-tax was undoubtedly due to his belief that the wealthy classes escaped their fair share of taxation. Also it draws our sympathies towards him to bear in mind that he has often been the subject of malicious libel and slander—poisonous weeds that flourish luxuriantly in Germany—and this without the slightest justification. The legend of his heartless conduct to his mother has even reached the English shores. To discuss such things in one less eager for the light of publicity himself would seem to savour of bad taste, for they are mostly beyond the ken of outsiders, and most certainly beyond their judgment. But the Emperor's personality is so exceptional that we feel no diffidence in insisting on the groundlessness of these tales. The real fact of the matter is, that his strong-willed mother used grievously to outrage his vanity by ordering "Willie" about long after he had come to the conviction of his divine mission. Even now the Emperor has unconsciously a feeling of profound awe—yes, of jealousy—for his mother; and if she would only frankly acknowledge the heaven-sent Evangelist—the Great Man—in her son "Willie," there is nothing she could not do with him. But his mother is a proud and obstinate woman.

More serious are the doubts that have been expressed with regard to his qualities of heart. Frederick the Great had little heart, but he was above vanity. Vanity is a mortgage on the heart, as it is on the understanding. We believe the Emperor to be endowed with as much heart as his vanity leaves room for and allows him to possess—heart of an emotional, surface kind. An exaggerated boisterous *bonhomie* seems to monopolise the place in his system which German "*Gemüth*" held in that of his finer-strung father.

To sum up: his whole demeanour is at variance with the one imperative quality to which Lord Macaulay refers in his essay on the Earl of Chatham: "He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character."

Do the Emperor's flatterers lead him to believe that he is another such rare exception? There is yet a sphere in which he can do sound work of the highest order; and this at once—over night—in a single day. It is of the kind the German poet extolled as being far and away nobler than the slaying of dragons. It is the fight which not only the German Emperor, but each of us must wage, if he would conquer the spirit of crass self-advertising egotism which more or less pervades our time.

This is the only way to attain what the Emperor has himself declared to be his aim, and the distinguishing feature of his best ambitions: the being abreast of the "time," and thus being able to direct the course of events. But to do that you must conquer yourself before you aspire to the mastery of others. In his special case it would mean to conquer this restless energy in the cause of self-glorification, to subdue within reasonable limits this excessive vanity which, like the naked flesh of the beggar, peeps out beneath the rags of his Titanic energy, these publicly vaunted good intentions. This would be a fight, compared with which his diplomatic duel with Prince Bismarck would be child's play. It is sad to think that he would have to fight this battle alone, single-handed, alone in communion with the Deity he so often invokes.

FORMS OF HOME RULE.

HOWEVER good Mr. Gladstone's reasons may be for maintaining reserve as to his next Home Rule Bill, and I do not question their soundness, no reason prescribes a similar reticence to his unofficial supporters. Before the United States adopted their Constitution, every point underwent a piercing and protracted criticism. Exhaustive discussion made easy a new departure of great inherent difficulty. Our task in Ireland offers perplexities, less numerous but more formidable: to apply a written Constitution where such a thing is unknown, piecing it into a very ancient fabric without marring the original structure, in face of an apparently irreconcileable opposition in one island, abetted by a most powerful party in the other. If this is to be done, people must first become familiar with various bearings of this question, what changes are possible, and how they can be effected, their several drawbacks and advantages; lest an electorate, not usually studious of detail, and unprepared by previous instruction, be startled by discovering too late some unexpected corollaries of the principle they have affirmed. For Home Rule in any shape is an affair far from simple, abounding, indeed, in problems that afford considerable opportunities even for legitimate attack. I propose accordingly to state the difficulties and their solution, as they have presented themselves to my mind, regarding temporary expedients less than final results.

Those who contemplate a reconstruction of our Parliamentary system must take into account how the fabric grew, and where and why the growth has stopped. It is the outcome of a gradual process. England, to begin with, by several steps at intervals gathered into the House of Commons representatives of her own entire area. Wales first sent members in 1535, the county of Chester in the same

year, Durham in the reign of Charles II. Then came legislative union with Scotland in 1707, a great increase of duties to Parliament. In 1800 the Irish Parliament was in its turn incorporated in the British Parliament, thenceforward the sole legislative authority for all three kingdoms. At this point all attempts at further enlarging the area of direct representation in Parliament ceased. Vast territories have accrued to the Crown, some by conquest, others by settlement. At first all were governed more or less despotically; of late years many have acquired complete freedom, but always with a separate legislature. Men speak of Imperial Federation, but no advocate of that project thinks of fusing Colonial Legislatures into our own. Reason and nature forbid any further centralisation of that kind.

It is of capital importance for the purpose in hand to appreciate the true position of even our most favoured colonies. Many varieties of government prevail under the British flag, from an elaborate federal system in Canada to a sheer despotism in India. But no line of demarcation is so deep as that dividing the United Kingdom from every other British possession. No colony has a voice upon any question of peace or war, any point of foreign policy, the management of other dependencies, the acquisition of new or the abandonment of old territory, or anything outside its own borders. All colonies are disentitled to representation in Parliament, yet bound to obey its enactments. On the other hand, their expenditure is equally limited. Practically all the cost of military, naval, diplomatic, and other Imperial establishments falls upon the United Kingdom, for such partial experiments at self-defence as some colonies have undertaken are local as well as voluntary.

At one time, when ideas upon these subjects were more crude, proposals were advanced for placing Ireland in the position of a self-governing colony. And before any other point be decided as to Home Rule, we must first settle that question: Is Ireland to become a colony or to remain a part of the United Kingdom? The reasons against the former alternative are overwhelming.

Owing to her proximity, Ireland has always been as much associated with our common fortunes as Scotland, and has furnished for the common good quite her share of soldiers and sailors, and certainly a full share of statesmen, lawyers, doctors, divines, and other lettered classes. A large Irish working population is spread over Great Britain. Ireland has had a common purse with us now for ninety years, and, unhappily, also a common debt. Even before 1800 she accepted the duty of contributing to war expenditure. She is within sight of our shores. Hostile invasion of Great Britain would bring imminent danger to Ireland; and invasion of Ireland would bring imminent danger to Great Britain. Such an event as the conquest

of either island would paralyse, if not destroy, independence in the other. Now none of these things can be said of any single colony. No colony has been associated with our domestic, though all partake of our Imperial, fortunes. No colony, except New South Wales, and that on a solitary occasion, has furnished any substantial number of soldiers or sailors. Colonial statesmen and other men of learning are reared for home consumption. The number of colonists resident among us is insignificant. We have never had a common purse with any colony, or a common debt, or received from them, except in a most limited and trifling degree, any contribution to outlay incurred for the common benefit. All of them are at an immense distance, and although some smaller dependencies might fall into the hands of a victorious enemy, the remainder could protect themselves, even if Great Britain were subdued; while the conquest of any among their number, dishonouring as it would be, could not produce actual danger to Great Britain. To these must be added other equally important considerations. Colonies have a modern, Ireland a most ancient, hold upon our interests. Colonies have their own laws and customs, their own problems and difficulties, a different climate, strange neighbours, and sometimes an almost cosmopolitan population; Ireland resembles us in laws, and largely in manners, has kindred problems, a similar climate, the same neighbours, and a population wholly European, of which every racial blend has its counterpart within England and Scotland. Alike from historical, geographical, and racial causes, our relations to Ireland must be different from our relations to any colony. This conviction is universal.

Much of the hostility encountered by Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886 was due to a misgiving that it did violence to this very conviction by excluding Irish members from Westminster. Such a project might ease Parliament of much vexation, and gratify those who fancy that Irishmen alone can be obstructive and unmannerly; but it goes a considerable way toward obliterating the constitutional difference which at present discriminates Ireland from any colony, and rests not merely upon laws that can be made and unmade, but also upon natural and traditional features that cannot be effaced. Representation at Westminster is a symbol of this difference. It was a true instinct which demanded its continuance. Upon this solitary point all sections of opinion are, or at least have been, at one. Mr. Chamberlain denounced the clause for excluding Irish members as his main ground of opposition. Mr. Gladstone regarded the exclusion as temporary. Mr. Parnell considered it a blot upon the Bill.

If you exclude Ireland from representation at Westminster, however truly you may still profess to maintain the Union, you do thereby alter her status: she no longer has a place in the inner circle, or a

voice in supreme control; but, from being a part of the nucleus in which all power resides, dwindles to an item in a miscellaneous aggregate of dependencies to which she has hitherto had a share in giving the law. The Union would still be maintained, it is true, but it would be a Union of a somewhat different character. And there are grounds of objection in purely monetary considerations. If Ireland is no longer to partake of rights belonging to an integral part of the United Kingdom, how can she be expected permanently to share in correlative obligations? This touches the most vulnerable part of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. While excluding Irish members, it yet imposed upon Ireland a fixed annual contribution towards Imperial establishments; thus placing Ireland, at all events for a time, in a position wholly anomalous, and less favourable than that of any self-governing colony: unequal to Great Britain, because deprived of the privileges; unequal to a colony, because saddled with the burdens of empire.

Such an exclusion could hardly have been, indeed was not expected to be, permanent. No doubt important considerations recommended it; historical, because it approximates to Grattan's model; practical, because for some years Irish members had been an irritating and disturbing element, and the fact of their disappearance might, on a superficial view, redeem any number of theoretical imperfections. But, though momentarily silenced, in time remonstrances would have come from Ireland, shaping themselves into one of two demands, either for a release from Imperial charges, or for a re-admittance to Imperial councils; of which the former would have been the more probable, as importing present pecuniary relief to a poor country, and the latter certainly the more welcome as evincing a desire to make common lot with Great Britain. One or other must have been conceded, and we should have been again face to face with the problem which confronts us now—How best may Ireland be incorporated with us for Imperial purposes, self-governing for her own?

Mr. Gladstone's project of excluding Irish members has now been authoritatively abandoned, but that abandonment has furnished in its attendant train of fresh difficulties a very tolerable apology for the original proposal. Imagine a Parliament assembled in Dublin for Irish business, and Irish members in number proportioned to population, say 75, still summoned to Westminster, with power as now to vote upon all occasions. Quite right where foreign or other common business of the whole United Kingdom is concerned; quite wrong where purely English or Scottish affairs. For 75, or a section of 75 members might easily turn the scale on important divisions, and daily control our home policy and Government, with no corresponding control by English or Scottish members over Irish policy or

government. Illustration gives a clearer impression than argument. Take the case of denominational schools, a subject surrounded by sectarian jealousies in both islands. It would be strange that in Roman Catholic Ireland a settlement should be made without England being able even to whisper a preference; whereas in England, divided between two conflicting Protestant policies, the decision should hinge upon Irish Roman Catholic votes. Like examples might be indefinitely multiplied, but one will suffice.

So much for the inconvenience in practice of this arrangement. In principle it is also objectionable. Members are returned to give effect to their constituencies' wishes in matters that concern them; here members would be giving effect to those wishes in matters that do not concern them. British ascendency in Ireland would be replaced by Irish ascendency in Great Britain. Pocket boroughs were disfranchised in less advanced days, because the will of genuine constituencies were thereby overridden at the bidding of individuals; yet these pocket boroughs could at least claim to be situated within a district and inhabited by persons, however few in number, directly affected by the legislation which they contributed to make. In the arrangement under discussion a phalanx of free lances returned by Irish constituencies would be enabled to make laws neither directly or indirectly affecting their constituents. It is unprecedented to obtrude into a representative assembly, an extraneous element not elected by those whose business it transacts; the anomaly is halved, not removed, if that element is elected by those who are concerned only in half of that business, and unconcerned in the remainder.

An argument deserves notice which has sometimes been used in answer to the foregoing or kindred criticisms, namely, that after Home Rule is granted Irish members may still legitimately vote upon purely English affairs, seeing that the British Parliament would still maintain its supremacy, and thus be able to legislate upon purely Irish affairs. This view is founded upon an imperfect appreciation of what is meant by supremacy, or upon a covert design so to limit Home Rule in its operation as to deprive it of all its grace and most of its value.

Jurists lay down that the British Parliament is a sovereign Parliament, whose sovereignty over all Her Majesty's dominions is inalienable even by itself. This is merely another way of saying that our Parliament, unlike most others, may pass any laws it pleases or repeal any laws it may have passed; whereas in the United States, for example, Congress has its limits of jurisdiction, as have all the States legislatures; so that if the former trenches upon the domain of the latter, or the latter upon the domain of the former, any citizen may snap his fingers at laws so unwarrantably enacted by either: they are not laws, but nugatory and inoperative proclamations. Otherwise with

our Parliament. If it enacts Home Rule in 1893 it may repeal or qualify that enactment in 1894, or if it precludes itself by statute from passing laws for Ireland to-day, it may, by repealing that statute, re-acquire the power to-morrow. No Act of Parliament can secure Ireland permanently in the position of a State in the American Union, whose rights are co-ordinate, so far as they go, with those of Congress, and cannot be withdrawn (as they were not conferred) by Congress or by any method except violence. In Great Britain the Constitution is the creature of Parliament, or of custom, which Parliament may over rule; in the United States, Congress and State Legislatures are the creatures of the Constitution. Thus it is that the supremacy of the British Parliament remains unimpaired whatever measure of Home Rule be given to Ireland: it would be the same were Home Rule given to England or Scotland; either could be repealed, and in this sense all three kingdoms are upon a precisely similar footing. Once appreciate what is really meant by the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and it is no longer possible to argue that its continuance offers any equivalent to Englishmen or Scotsmen, in return for a daily exercise by Irish members of a right to make laws for England or Scotland, while Irishmen make their own laws without interference in Dublin. Supremacy indeed remains in such a case over Ireland as over England, but in practice Dublin has a good deal to say at Westminster, while Westminster has nothing to say at Dublin.

But in the argument I am canvassing the term "supremacy" may have a very different meaning. It may mean that Home Rule is indeed to confer upon an Irish Parliament a power of making laws, but under such conditions that these laws shall be reviewed, allowed, or disallowed at Westminster. Those who fear or hope for such a consummation lay stress upon Mr. Gladstone's declaration that an Irish Parliament shall be a "subordinate" Parliament, as if that imported a supervision by some higher assembly; whereas it merely means that constitutionally we cannot create any legislature within the British Empire which shall be in law exempt from the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament as already defined, although the practical use of that supremacy may be restricted. Now it is undeniable that if the proceedings of an Irish Parliament were in practice subjected to supervision at Westminster, England and Scotland would possess an ample equivalent for the interference of Irish members in their affairs. It is equally undeniable that, in point of equity, if they are to exercise that supervision, they must submit to that interference, or Ireland would be the party deprived of an equivalent. So two things, both of them irritating and inconvenient, are to be accepted, though neither is desirable, lest either unaccompanied by the other should inflict an inequality. Dogged Unionism is an intelligent attitude in comparison

with a half-hearted, craven policy which would concede the shadow of Home Rule and deny the substance. Three main considerations, apart from historical claims of justice, point to the expediency of Home Rule: the necessity of relieving congestion of business at Westminster, of shaping Irish policy in accordance with Irish aspirations, of healing internal antipathies in Ireland engendered by a long ascendency of one class and one creed, removable only by associating all classes and creeds in a common responsibility. Conceive the folly of a measure, which should exhaust Westminster by furious controversies prepared with unlimited time to command at Dublin; perpetuate the super-session of Irish opinion by British votes, first carefully providing that it should be solemnly formulated before being crushed; and inflame antipathies, by fanning them to white heat in inconclusive debates in Ireland, and then transferring the combat to this country, where acrimony would be stimulated by a sense that the responsibility of decision rested with others. Far better to blunder on as now than call into being such a pandemonium. If Home Rule is to be given at all, it must be in such a form that the British Parliament, while retaining its inalienable supremacy, should leave Ireland really to manage her own concerns. But, if that be done, it cannot be just that Irish members should vote upon purely British questions.

No one gainsays these difficulties, though some minimise them as only formidable in theory. It is said that Irish votes would be divided and largely neutralise each other. Possibly, but not in troubled times, nor can such things be left for long to chance. Or, it is said that Irish members would themselves decline to vote where Ireland was not concerned. Why then give them a right to do what proper feeling would lead them to refrain from doing? That they would in fact refrain is more than I can credit. But assume it for purposes of argument. Even so our embarrassment would not disappear; we should only be remitted to another perplexity.

A self-denying ordinance of this kind would have (if observed) precisely the same effect as a legal prohibition. We must consider then what would follow if Irish members, either voluntarily or in deference to law, abstain from voting upon purely English and Scottish business, intervening as now in all other matters. In that case the House of Commons would be split into two sets, one partaking in all debates and divisions, the other only in a limited number of debates and divisions. This would be embarrassing, unless accompanied by corresponding change in the executive.

As things are now, one group of Ministers is responsible both for Imperial and domestic policy alike in legislation and administration, resting for support upon the whole House of Commons, whose disapproval upon one important point involves resignation of office. Now

if the House, upon which Ministers depended, were to consist on some questions of 642 * members, on other questions of 567 (Irish members withdrawing), manifestly Government might be in a majority on Monday, and in a minority on Tuesday, without any change of opinion having occurred in the interval. And if, resigning upon their defeat of Tuesday, they were replaced by their rivals, new Ministers would soon incur a like disaster, though upon a different question.

What consequences might flow from such a system, were the experiment hazarded, may be easily seen. A recurrence of Ministerial crises would be found intolerable. Ministers cannot do business if they are mere creatures of a few months; they would gradually be compelled to defy the hostility of the House upon one class of subjects or another; it does not much signify which, though probably that majority would be respected which had control of supply. Either choice would lower the House of Commons, whose admonitions have heretofore been equivalent to commands, and proportionately aggrandise the Crown or the House of Lords. Suppose, for example, a Conservative Administration, supported by a minority in Great Britain large enough to be converted into a majority when Irish members are counted. Inasmuch as effective legislation on any scale can be passed only by governments, who have most of the time of the House, the Liberal majority in England and Scotland would be powerless to carry their cherished reforms. Or, if the hypothesis of a Conservative victory in Ireland be deemed too extravagant (though I know not why it should be a few years hence), reverse it, and suppose a Liberal Administration, supported by a minority in Great Britain, large enough to be converted into a majority by counting Irish members—Great Britain would then have to endure an uncongenial management of her internal affairs by Ministers reprobated by her representatives, and necessarily indifferent to that reprobation; for resignation could only lead to another equally flagrant anomaly—tenure of office by a government displeasing to a majority of the entire House of Commons.

These arguments and illustrations do not exhibit all the situations that might ensue, but they establish one cardinal conclusion; that if, under Home Rule, Irish members remain at Westminster, their presence necessitates a readjustment of the Ministerial system. We can then no longer retain one group of Ministers, united in a common destiny, transacting both Imperial and domestic business.

No limitation in number of Irish members would avert the inconveniences already described, though diminishing the frequency of their occurrence.

Thus are we driven to consider whether the Ministerial system

* I take 642 members as a full house on the hypothesis, before made, that 75 members, instead of 103, would represent Ireland after Home Rule. The argument would be just the same whatever were the proper number; but for clearness I have adopted a fixed number.

admits of change. Is it possible, without injury, so to relax the bonds uniting our Executive Government, that ministers charged with Imperial or common business of the United Kingdom shall have a separate existence, independent of those charged with English and Scottish business? If the functions of these two sets of Ministers are so severable, then all difficulties will have been overcome. The former will depend, as now, upon support of an entire House of Commons, comprising Irish members; the latter will depend upon support of English and Scottish members, with whose particular concerns alone they have to deal. Irish members might thus remain at Westminster, disabled indeed from voting upon subjects in which they have no interest, but able to partake in what concerns them, without injustice to the rest of the United Kingdom, and without disorganising government. If the House, as a whole, was of the same political complexion as the English and Scottish members, nothing would prevent a government from being constituted exactly as it is now. If the House, counting Irish members, was of one colour and, omitting them, of another, we might see Imperial Ministers of one party and Home Ministers of another party in office at the same time. That might be the result; whether it is practicable is another matter, now to be discussed. In order to avoid complicating the argument, all reference to the case of Scotland as apart from England is at present omitted, and Great Britain treated as an homogeneous unit.

There would be less departure from what we have been accustomed to than is commonly supposed. Only nine great officers of State are entitled by constant usage to a seat in the Cabinet: the rest may or may not be Cabinet Ministers. Of these nine, seven are incontrovertibly Imperial officials, if one must use that term; being concerned either with the common affairs of the whole United Kingdom, or with territories outside the United Kingdom. They are the First Lord of the Treasury; four secretaries of State for foreign, colonial, Indian and War departments; First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of the remaining two, one, the Lord Chancellor, though technically concerned only with England and in a slight degree with Scotland, in truth is the prime legal adviser of his colleagues, and therefore in the highest sense an Imperial official: he would, however, be stripped of his patronage, which is wholly English; a reform on other grounds most desirable. Only the Home Secretary is left, who, though in theory responsible for the peace of the three Kingdoms, is in reality the one purely English official in the Cabinet. Were this change effected, the Lord Chancellor would lose some of his feathers, the Home Secretary might have to quit the Cabinet and stand by himself, together with a small handful of Parliamentary colleagues, at present concerned with only limited portions of the United

Kingdom, such as the President of the Local Government Board and the Secretary for Scotland. The administration would be split into two independent portions. No Act of Parliament with its rigid clauses would be needed to define the line of cleavage. Once Irish members were restricted to vote only upon Imperial questions, the rest would follow automatically from the dependence of Ministers upon the House of Commons.

Opponents deride the notion of two executives within one country, as though duality imported conflict. In unreflecting fear they imagine and depict to others rival governments thwarting and vying with each other, much as rival parties do now. No one could be so benighted as to advocate that. The error lies in forgetting that these two executives would be concerned with mutually exclusive duties; their functions would not overlap any more than the functions of a Town Council overlap those of a School Board.

Even if some change of this character be not a necessary corollary of Home Rule, it is desirable for its own sake, as tending to mitigate the bad side of party government. There is no reason in nature why the party which is right in foreign should also be right in home policy, or why Ministers who agree upon one should not in the course of six years often and widely differ upon the other. Notoriously they often do so differ, though open rupture occurs only in flagrant cases. The doctrine of homogeneity in opinion in an administration is of modern date. Little more than a hundred years ago Ministers sat together in one Cabinet with divergent or even contradictory views, voting, indeed speaking, in opposite senses upon important questions. Since then they have been disciplined into a more solid phalanx: absolute identity of action is regarded as a point of honour, although public controversies have so much increased in number and variety that absolute identity of opinion is more impossible than ever. Hence arises a subtle temptation. Ministers are tempted for harmony's sake to argue themselves out of their own convictions, or, if that cannot be, then to minimise the point of difference, lest by recognising its true magnitude they be compelled openly to renounce their colleagues. Honourable men may easily be thus misled and thus mislead others; for if candour is meritorious so also is fidelity. It is a hard choice between two competing virtues. Contemporary illustrations abound. Lord Hartington, in excusing a vote diametrically opposite to that he had recently given as Mr. Gladstone's colleague, avowed that Mr. Gladstone had been the keeper of his financial conscience; and no one seemed at all surprised. The same gentleman, and Mr. Chamberlain also, have of late attacked the foreign policy of a government to which they themselves belonged. Presumably they thought the same at the time, yet they remained in their places, no doubt from a conventional sense of loyalty, or even more from a desire to keep

alive, for the sake of its home policy, an administration whose existence their secession might have destroyed. So it happens that domestic virtues may further the perpetration of Imperial sins. The reverse is equally possible. And what is true of government is also true of their followers in Parliament. Votes are often refused or given, arraigned or defended, not upon their naked merits, but for their ulterior effects on perfectly different subjects.

No sensible man will deny that there must be, ought to be, a good deal of give and take in every government; but if the range upon which Ministerial unity is imperative includes a vast number of matters wholly unconnected, affecting different interests, and dissimilar countries, and often so diverse from each other that even a common factor can nowhere be discovered, unanimity is not arrived at by a reasonable compromise of detail in pursuance of accepted principles (the only commendable form of concession), but by a daily abandonment of principles themselves. Now, these inconveniences would not be wholly removed, but they would be halved if a line were at least drawn between home and Imperial affairs, so that a man should not be drummed out of his party when agreeing with them upon the one, merely because he differed upon the other.

Still greater relief would be afforded in another way by the same change. The present Ministerial system retards progress. There is delay and hindrance enough in the struggle for precedence between rival domestic reforms in a legislature already congested beyond endurance; but when some Imperial question of sufficient magnitude comes upon the carpet, farewell to all advance at home. Extension of the franchise was long buried, as much by the Crimean and Indian wars as by the characteristic Whig duplicity of Lord Palmerston. Jingoism was an excuse or device for doing nothing from 1874 to 1880. Six years ago the country sacrificed its unmistakable Liberalism to a persuasion that not otherwise could a separation be averted. To-day we are told by Mr. Gladstone that unless we grant, and by Mr. Chamberlain that unless we refuse, Home Rule, needed reformations must again be postponed. For present purposes no matter which is right. Both are right in making our prospects of English and Scottish legislation hinge upon our determination at the polls of a perfectly different issue, an Imperial issue. This is not the way to foster among our own people a pride and interest in the maintenance of the Empire. They painfully find the money, recruit the armies, man the fleets necessary for its security, not grudgingly, but from an admirable national spirit. If, in addition, they must be doomed, as a penalty for patriotism, to be perpetually foiled in efforts for home improvements, by some overshadowing question of Imperial policy, they may commence reckoning which is the better—an ill-governed England and vast possessions abroad, or a well-governed England and

no possessions at all. And I have no doubt the great majority would declare another century of privilege, extravagance, land monopoly, and irredeemable poverty quite too large a price to pay for dominion over a hemisphere. Fortunately the choice need not be made if things are so arranged that progress at home shall pursue its even tenor, wholly unaffected by external relations. If this can be effected by a slight change in the Cabinet, why should it not be done? What does it signify except to a pedant whether the Home Secretary has a voice in foreign policy or not?

The case of Scotland has not been mentioned; yet it has an important bearing upon this discussion. Next general election will most likely show a great majority north of the Tweed in favour of Scottish Home Rule. Even Unionists will hardly refuse to Scotland what she asks. What effect such an occurrence may have upon their determination not even to entertain Ireland's claim need not now be conjectured. It must have weight in the deliberations of those who, admitting Home Rule in principle, contemplate either the exclusion of Irish members from Westminster, or their retention with power to vote in every kind of division. Scotsmen would not, nor ought to, listen to exclusion or diminution in the just number of their representatives at Westminster, so long as Imperial affairs are there transacted, or moneys raised in Scotland are there spent. But what would happen if, Home Rule being granted both to Scotland and Ireland, 140 or 150 Scottish and Irish members remained in a Parliament charged with English as well as Imperial business. All the anomalies and the inconveniencies, all the injustice already shown to be under our present Ministerial system inseparable from the presence of 75 Irish members in such an assembly, whether permitted or forbidden to interpose upon English questions, would reappear in double measure, avoidable only by recourse to the measure advocated in this paper. If each kingdom passed its own laws, and chose its own Ministers, combining to regulate what is common to all three, and preserving unimpaired the sovereignty of Parliament for occasions of necessity, all difficulties would vanish.

In truth, such a scheme is merely a rectification, not an annulment, of the two great Acts of Union; preserving the objects they were designed to attain, removing only what seemed at that time unavoidable, though indifferent, accessories. Both these celebrated enactments were based upon military and dynastic reasons, and on such grounds alone aimed at establishing one sovereign Parliament, with supreme control over every part of the British Isles. In the case of Scotland there was danger of a renewal of international hostilities, some risk even of separation of the Crowns. In the case of Ireland there had been recent civil war, recent peril of a divided Regency, armed demonstrations in 1782, which did not ripen into open rebellion only

because everything that was asked was granted. Once the advisers of Queen Anne and of George III. determined that in the interests of common safety one Parliament must be supreme in regard to the succession of the Crown and military levies, they were forced to intrigue for an entire obliteration of both Scottish and Irish Parliaments. For both these Parliaments were at the date of their extinction (that of Scotland had always been) co-ordinate and sovereign, in no sense limited in their authority or subject to the Parliament of England. Had the idea occurred to any one, it would have been futile to ask from either such a partial surrender of their powers as would have met the necessity of the hour, and yet left them in existence with a diminished lustre. The memory of many centuries in Scotland and of Grattan's triumph in Ireland made this impracticable. Nothing remained but to get rid of both by an incorporation, upon terms ostensibly of honour and equality with the Parliament of England. In both instances it was an affair of Imperial policy throughout. England had no particular ambition to meddle in making internal laws for Scotland and Ireland, nor any particular wish that they should meddle in making her own laws; that was merely an incidental consequence of a policy adopted for very different considerations.

Now the main objects which inspired both these unions were legitimate enough, and have been attained. There seems to be now a general consent that power over all matters affecting the Crown, or military, naval, and diplomatic establishments, or touching colonies, dependencies, or foreign States, ought to be concentrated in one Parliament, not dispersed among several. Grant this, and all for which Somers negotiated and Pitt bribed remains intact. Both unions, most conspicuously the second, have failed in a point of quite secondary moment, if of any moment, in the views of the founders. These statesmen could hardly foresee how a vast accumulation of the business of three kingdoms, under different laws, in one House of Commons would produce evils distinct in character but little less serious than the dangers which they desired to avert. The mischief was not in Parliamentary union—had the methods of achieving it been honest—but in that form of Parliamentary union which has laid the less populous countries at the mercy of numerical majorities in England, and so clogged the House of Commons as to enormously impair its efficiency. Probably any other scheme was impossible then. Other schemes are not impossible now.

For simplicity's sake it has been assumed throughout that in leaving English members to transact English business, Scotch members Scotch business, Irish members Irish business, the members of each Parliament are to be the same individuals as are returned to the House of Commons for Imperial purposes. Probably this will always

be the case with English members, for it is not likely that England will surrender the House of Commons to the United Kingdom and establish a new legislative assembly for herself. It may be otherwise in Scotland or Ireland. We are not concerned here to discuss whether a separate set of members would prove the better arrangement. It would make no difference in the working.

Nor is it necessary to dwell upon another most important consequence of adopting this form of Home Rule all round, namely, the exclusion of the House of Lords from all practical interference in domestic affairs. Almost every man who accepts Home Rule in principle is convinced that an Hereditary House ought to be abolished, or, at all events, prevented from meddling in home legislation. Some, however, desire a Second Chamber. If that opinion should prevail, there is nothing to prevent two chambers instead of merely one being the legislative authority for each or any of the three kingdoms. Upon these and similar details much may be said on one side or the other. The main point lies apart.

Let the several methods of Home Rule for Ireland that have been under review be now finally contrasted in respect of the justice, convenience, simplicity, and degree of innovation they respectively import. Absolute exclusion of Irish members means an alteration in the status of Ireland, which must either be followed by her release from all contributions to Imperial expenditure, or provoke an unanswerable complaint of inferiority to every other self-governing part of the Empire. Retention of Irish members, with liberty to take part, as heretofore, by voice and vote on all subjects, affixes a disadvantage to England and Scotland by daily subjecting them to Irish interference in their internal affairs, including the choice of their Ministers, without a corresponding right to interfere in the internal affairs and choice of Ministers in Ireland; a grievance alike practical and sentimental, which, though slightly abated, would not be substantially removed by a reduction in the number of intruders. Retention of Irish members, with liberty to take part only upon Imperial questions, unless accompanied by a reconstruction of our Ministerial system, involves such instability, that the mere necessity of avoiding constant changes of Government would weaken the authority of the House of Commons, and thereby enhance that of the Crown or the House of Lords. Of these three methods the first would be convenient for our ease, and simple to perfection, but a vast innovation, either not just or not final. The second would be unjust to Great Britain, inconvenient as breeding a legitimate resentment, simple enough if it could be maintained, and of a novelty quite startling, because though Great Britain may have inflicted, she has never hitherto submitted to, inequality. The third method would be free from injustice, except that created by the worry, complication, and impotence inseparable from a

constant succession of short-lived governments, or by a diminution of popular power, whichever might appear to posterity the lesser evil. Nevertheless there are a good many—myself among the number—who, for one plain reason, would rather accept for a time any of these methods than go on as now, with Ireland at heart mutinous, under an unconstitutional rule, contaminating our own traditions of freedom, and with a congestion of business in Parliament so serious that the prime wants of our own population can scarcely be discussed, while public expenditure evades control, and foreign, colonial, and Indian matters are determined by a virtual autocracy of Ministers and permanent officials. For each of these three methods could be but a stage in a journey longer or shorter toward the fourth, namely, the maintenance of a House of Commons and an Imperial Government precisely as they are now, committing to representatives of Great Britain and Ireland respectively the duty of making and administering their own domestic laws. This method alone is at once just, convenient, and simple, involving in reality less of novelty than any other. It would maintain the status of Ireland without encroaching upon self-government in Great Britain, avert risk of Ministerial instability, preserve the authority of the House of Commons, and offer a visible sign of union which Unionists could hardly gainsay. And, though scoffed at by many as an intolerable innovation, it would in truth be redolent of ancient usage, and salutary in itself even were it not demanded by necessity.

R. T. Reid.

THE EVACUATION OF EGYPT.

CAIRO is the city of malaria and lies. Physically it is one vast sewage-bed, which poisons no small proportion of the people who visit it, and while English doctors send their patients to recover in Cairo, honest doctors there at once assure them that there is no recovery except by leaving it. And morally it is the champion falsehood-factory of the world. "I know of no reason for disbelieving the report," said a diplomatist to me there, "except that everybody here says it is true." After the death of the late Khedive no rumour was too wild for circulation or credence. The dead ruler had been poisoned by the English—that, of course, was one of the first. The next was similar and inevitable—the English were about to proclaim the annexation of the country. The army of occupation was to be immediately increased, and the 91st Regiment, on its way home in the *Orontes*, was to be landed at Suez in view of immediate events. (It is curious, by the way, that barracks in Cairo were actually made ready for additional troops at that moment, though very little extra accommodation would have been needed for the 91st in the ridiculous strength to which they had been reduced by the wretched "linked battalion" system.) The French were to land a force, and, finally, the new Khedive had offensively treated Sir Evelyn Baring. All these rumours, and many others, were so reiterated that even experienced sceptics of Egyptian gossip began to think something was really about to happen. Yet everything was going on quite smoothly, and, in spite of the sudden sprout of lies and intrigue, British influence was never stronger than at that moment, and was never getting its own way with less trouble. Partly, however, because of all this talk in Egypt, and partly because of the recent utterances of statesmen at home, official residents in Egypt have been led to con-

sider their own position, and the prospects of the country they are helping to govern. Therefore there has been a good deal to be learned this year between the Citadel and the Sudan by any one with interest and opportunities. Both of these, for myself, chiefly concerned the Egyptian army, and I have come back from a week with the frontier force on the very edge of the Sudan with decided views upon one of the conditions of evacuation which I have not yet seen discussed.

There is much, however, concerning the question of evacuation not open to discussion. And first of all, the benefit to the Egyptians themselves of the British occupation. This is universal, conspicuous, and colossal. No more brilliant piece of social, political, and economic disinfection and restoration has ever been accomplished than that which stands to the credit of Sir Evelyn Baring, and the little band of Englishmen in the Egyptian service (with a few equally worthy French coadjutors), who, numbering but thirty-nine (counting superior officials only, and of course excluding the Egyptian army), and drawing a total salary of only £37,700, have saved a State from bankruptcy and rescued a people from utter oppression and misery. To take a couple of examples from the whole field of them. In 1884 the *corvée*—"the forced, unpaid, unfed labour of the peasantry"—amounted to 85,000 men, working for sixty days; in 1890, "for the first time, perhaps, in all history," every man working for the Egyptian Government was paid for his labour. Again, the great "barrage," or dam of the Nile was built by French engineers in 1867, at a cost of £2,000,000. It cracked immediately, and remained useless for sixteen years. In 1884 the Egyptian Government were about to wipe off the two millions sterling as a bad debt and undertake pumping arrangements, at an initial expense of £700,000 and an annual cost of a quarter of a million, when English engineers under Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff intervened, in the teeth of every kind of hostile criticism, restored the "barrage," and enabled it to fulfil its intended work, at a total cost of £460,000; so that, during several years, it has caused the cotton crop to increase in value by no less than £835,000 a year. Such facts as these two, and similar ones which may be found in almost every department of Anglo-Egyptian administration, silence criticism. Secondly, British engagements to leave Egypt to the Egyptians at the earliest possible moment are too numerous and too precise and too solemn to admit of either discussion or diplomatic jugglery. One of the French newspapers of Egypt keeps this fact conspicuous by publishing from time to time, in large type across its front page, a damning summary of "Les Engagements de la Grande-Bretagne," coupled with the facts of which it terms, more accurately than politely, *l'intrusion anglaise*. Now, "the earliest possible moment," in the above undertaking, is a

phrase of no meaning, except "when the British Government shall deem expedient." If A. takes charge of a sum of money belonging to B., on the promise to return it when B. shall be fit to take proper care of it, there is nothing in the undertaking to prevent A. from keeping the money for ever. He has only to declare, when challenged, that in his opinion B. is not yet fit. One must suppose that successive British Governments, although this has been their constant and consistent reply, are free from this dishonest intention. There is also another supposition to be discussed, namely, that the British authorities, believing war to be not very far distant, and the internal control of the Suez Canal to be absolutely essential to Great Britain in time of war, have determined to remain in practical possession of Egypt until war has come and gone, using every delay and subterfuge known to diplomacy in order to effect this object. This supposition, I say, must also be dismissed to clear the ground, first, because it is extremely doubtful that the Canal would be essential, or even possible, to us under any circumstances of war; and, secondly, because, if this be the case, all discussion of Egyptian evacuation and its conditions is mere waste of paper and ink. We may take it, therefore, that "the earliest possible moment" means under two circumstances:—When the internal organisation of Egyptian affairs has reached such a point that its movement may reasonably be expected to go on, and not to turn back; and when the Egyptian army is sufficiently strong to guarantee this progress an undisturbed course.

The first of these circumstances I have neither the intention nor the ability to discuss. I will only say that to some of the most thoughtful and responsible English officials in Egypt, the present state of things is very distasteful. They feel keenly the theoretically indefensible nature of the British occupation, while profoundly convinced of the practical impossibility of its sudden and immediate cessation. They dislike intensely the necessity of pursuing their work in the face of unceasing and unscrupulous French and other intrigue. They regard the present relations of Great Britain with the Triple Alliance as affording an admirable opportunity for some more just settlement than the present one of theoretical-evacuation without its advantages, and practical-annexation without its advantages. For at present the Powers in Egypt stand four to two on all disputed points—England, Germany, Austria and Italy against France and Russia. The representative of one of the former tried a little independent curvetting and coquetting a short time ago, but a very smart rap from home brought him back to the ranks again at once. And finally, the officials of whom I am speaking are for the most part strongly in favour of the gradual extinction of the debt by means of a sinking fund. In spite of her enormous debt, Egypt can win her way back to financial prosperity again, if permitted, and

hardly any price would be too high to pay for the ultimate prospect of developing this extremely fertile part of the earth's surface for its own undiminished advantage. As one of her financial advisers said to me, "Let Egypt buy her financial independence at any price. Almost any temporary extortion would be preferable to the present state of things, arranged when Egypt was in very different circumstances from the present, and in which she is only able to dispose of one-half her surplus as she wishes." So much for the first condition of evacuation.

The Egyptian Army was disbanded, forcibly, by the action of Tel-el-Kebir, and afterwards, administratively, by Khedivial Decree. So the army of to-day is nine years old. Its fighting strength is something over 12,000, of which 10,000 are infantry, 1000 artillery, 750 cavalry, and 300 camel corps. It is stationed at Cairo, Suakin, and on the Southern frontier—Assouan, Korosko, Wady Halfa, and Sarras—by far the largest proportion guarding the last-named territory. (The Army of Occupation, 3000 strong, costing the Egyptian Government £87,000 per annum and the British taxpayer nothing, is stationed at Alexandria and Cairo, and does not move except for special duties, war or otherwise, as when I saw a party of Royal Engineers engaged in the dizzy work of removing great masses of rock overhanging and seriously threatening the colossi of Abou Simbel, near the Second Cataract.) The Egyptian Army is commanded by 75 British officers, and contains about 35 British non-commissioned officers. The period of service is six years with the colours, five in the police (which is thus the real reserve), and four in the reserve. The cavalry, artillery and camel corps are all Egyptians; the infantry consists partly of Egyptian battalions and partly of Sudanese (black) battalions. The former are conscripts, under an extremely light conscription (1500 men annually being required from a list total of 150,000 available); the latter are volunteers, and indeed deserters from the Dervish ranks, into which they had been most unwillingly forced.

Eight days spent among these troops, on the edge of the Sudan, and far away from all civilian influences, enables one to form a judgment upon their condition and value, and this I was able to do through the hospitality of Colonel Wodehouse, R.A., who lent me his house during his absence, and the great kindness of Lieut.-Colonel Kempster and the officers of the Halfa Brigade. Wady Halfa itself is merely a military station on the right bank of the Nile, a few miles below the Second Cataract; there is a small village a mile from the lines, called Debaroussa, or more patriotically, Tewfikieh, but it is hardly worth mentioning. The troops are quartered within the fort, a mile long and a few hundred yards wide, with its back to the Nile and its front to the desert, and solidly built, like almost everything else, of Nile

mud. The desert in front is about a mile wide, and then ends abruptly in a broken mass of hills, through which bewildering *khors*, or dry valley watercourses, run in all directions. This hilly country extends eastward for many miles. The desert lying east and north of the military lines serves as drill ground for the troops. On the opposite bank of the Nile there is a small fort, no longer occupied, and the only military steps there are occasional patrols undertaken by a camp of irregulars of the Shaggieh tribe on their own excellent camels. The advanced post is held by half a battalion in the fortified camp at Sarras, thirty miles south by railway, among the hills of the "Belly of Stones," on the very edge of the "black Sudan."

When Major von Wissmann visited Halfa a week before I did, he rode out one morning to a field-day of the troops. At its conclusion he said, "I cannot express my astonishment. I thought you had taken a number of Egyptians and blacks, dressed them in soldiers' clothes, and put rifles in their hands. I find you with an army!" This surprise he repeated emphatically to me on several occasions. Of course he is particularly fitted to judge of the results achieved, but no one possessing any acquaintance with military matters can fail to share his astonishment. To appreciate properly this nine-year old army, however, one must recall what it was before its reorganisation. Then the troops were just like the victims of the *corvée*—"forced, unpaid, unfed." Nothing more unpopular has ever existed in the world. No mutilation was too dreadful as a means of escaping conscription—eyes gouged out, blinded by lime, trigger fingers cut off, even certain native doctors doing a lucrative trade in poisoning a man's whole body for life to prevent his being available on one occasion for military service. To-day one sees constantly the victims of these horrors among the population. Then, despatch to the Sudan was regarded as a sentence of death. The mere word "Sudan" was heard with a shiver. "The recruits wept in their chains," says Wingate.* "Driven up in chains by the police, and followed by a weeping, screaming crowd," wrote Colonel Parr. But the most touching testimony is that of the wild, brilliant, and unfortunate Edmond O'Donovan, who went knowingly to his death with an "army" of these curs. In one of his last letters to the *Daily News*, written just before leaving Khartoum in 1883 with Hicks Pasha, he wrote: "The troops, to a large extent irregular, scarcely deserved the name of soldiers, so little were they acquainted with even the most elementary principles of the military art; their pay was many months in arrear; they were without sufficient clothing; and some of the regular battalions . . . . looked upon their despatch to the Sudan as a species of exile." And

* "Mahdiism and the Egyptian Sudan." By Major F. R. Wingate, D.S.O., R.A. London: Macmillan. 1891. A most valuable work, exhaustive in information, and fascinating to any one interested in its subject.

in a private letter to Mr. J. R. Robinson, almost the last he ever penned, he used these terrible words—terrible in their significance when one remembers the fearless character of the man: "I am writing this under circumstances which bring me almost as near to death as it is possible to be without being under absolute sentence of execution or in the throes of some deadly malady." And so he went out to the slaughter which instantly overtook the whole twelve thousand; "in company with cravens that you expect to see run at every moment, and who will leave you behind to face the worst," as he too truly prophesied, "to die, even out here, with a lance-head as big as a shovel through me." A month ago, at Halfa, I watched a whole Egyptian battalion doing the new bayonet-exercise without the words of command, in a way which (although their commanding officer apologised for its shortcomings on the ground that it was new to them) would have passed muster with any troops in the world; I walked through their quarters, smart and clean and comfortable, and tasted their first-rate food in the kitchen; I saw them swaggering about the villages, and obviously, as Lord Wolseley would have them do, "despising the virtues of civil life"; I heard of time-expired men coming back daily to re-enlist; I rode behind them for hours in the desert on field-days, through the choking sand, and under the blazing sun; and I talked long with the officers who had led them at Toski and at Tokar. At the latter place the Dervishes had planted their flags within fifteen yards of them, and could be heard shouting to each other to keep still, as the ammunition of the infidels would soon be exhausted, and then they could all be killed. And these same Egyptian troops had been so steady, and so well in hand under such nerve-shaking circumstances, that their commander, to reserve their fire, got them to bring their rifles at command from the "ready" to the "present" and back again to the "ready" without pulling trigger. I happened, too, upon an interesting comparison of conscription. At one village five or six conscripts came to the steamer accompanied by a couple of soldiers. Their fathers came on board with them and chatted pleasantly until the steamer started. All their female relations sat in rows on the bank, and kept up a sort of chorus of wailing, waving their hands, and pretending to throw dust on themselves. But there was no heart in the sorrow. It was quite clearly a performance *de rigueur*, but the women grew extremely tired of it and were much relieved when the steamer started. They were out of sight before we were. From this spectacle back to the mutilations and "screaming crowds" and "weeping in chains," there is an age in feeling, and yet a handful of Englishmen and English organisation have accomplished it in less than nine years. For the first time in the Nile valley since the four great Ramses sat down in stone for ever at Abu Simbel, the man of the people has been treated as a man, and consequently he is

fast becoming a man—"so near is grandeur to our dust," even when the dust has been ceaselessly trodden down in slavery by every successive conqueror of this tempting green strip of earth, from Ramses to Roman and from Ptolemy to Turk. But the most significant and impressive sight is the tomb of Wad-en-Nejumi, the slaughterer of Hicks, the conqueror of Khartoum, ablest and bravest and most fanatical of all the fierce Emirs who have fought first for Mohammed Ahmed and then for Abdullah-et-Taaishi, doubly-false Mahdi. This nine-year-old army, composed half of his former slaves and half of those whom he had met so often before and butchered like sheep, went out to meet him, forced a fight upon him, and wiped him and his levies from the earth. And now, by the indifferent old river, a few miles from the battle-field of Toski white with the bones of his men, Wad-en-Nejumi lies in his deserted grave, and only the gentle chameleons, changing colour with the dawn and dusk, keep watch by him from the acacia-tree overhead.

This picture of the Egyptian army, however, would be far too rose-coloured if I did not at once add that it has another side. The profession of arms is still unpopular with the Egyptian; he is an agriculturist through and through; his *gamus* and his *shaduf* and the ceaseless lament of his *sakiyeh* far outweigh for him all the charms of glory and gold lace. Where he has won in fight, it has been because he could not help winning—because his British officers would not let him lose. To see how little of the soldier is in him by nature one has only to ride behind a firing-line of him, and observe how, when the halt is sounded, he will calmly lie down exactly where he happens to be and blaze away with his blank cartridges at a hillock of sand a few yards in his front, whereas another step or two would have placed him in a commanding and covered position. He is very happy when he can fall out by command as an "amateur casualty," and sit cleaning the powder-marks off his bayonet with a handful of sand until his regiment picks him up again on its march home. Even in a much loftier position—that of commander of a battalion—discipline is such a wooden thing for him that I saw him sitting calmly on his horse, while his battalion was supposed to be advancing rapidly to the attack of a position, and listening to his bugler sounding the regimental call with variations and flourishes before he sounded each rapidly recurring "halt" or "advance." There was an amusing scene when the officer in general command discovered at last why the Egyptian Bey's battalion was always behind the rest of the line. The English officer commanding a battalion of Egyptian infantry, which distinguished itself in one of the actions I have mentioned, told me that he had seen a number of his men make no effort to defend themselves with the bayonet, but simply grasp their rifles by each end and try to ward blows from their heads until they were cut down. Imagine the distance between this

attitude of mind (and body) and "the soldier's complete prayer," according to my friend "wee Dawvid" of the 91st: "God keep our hearts frae the bullets, and we'll fend our ain heads frae the sword"! And the Egyptian officers, it must be said frankly, are much worse material than their men. Cowardice seems easier to extirpate than corruption. "I trust them as far as I can see them," is a common verdict. Fortunately a new and better and more soldierly-educated class of native officers is rapidly growing up. Finally, the backbone of the Egyptian Army is the Sudanese regiments. These are the men who lead the attack, and an Egyptian regiment is put between two black regiments. These are the men who really beat Nejumi and drove the Dervishes out of Tokar. Sir Charles Dilke fails to appreciate this fact when he speaks of "Egypt being able to maintain her own internal peace," and of Nejumi "being attacked by the Egyptians." For the number of Sudanese is limited—practically all that there are, are in the ranks—and as they die or leave their places cannot be filled, except from the Sudan. So far as flesh and blood go, the Egyptians are splendid soldiers. I saw rows of them, big, stalwart, brown fellows, bathing along the Nile banks, and then afterwards I watched the boys of the Dorset Regiment march by in Cairo, and the comparison, so far as size went, was very painful. The British officers have done a magnificent work with this material—no praise can be extravagant for it; but they would be the first to declare that the work is still very far indeed from being completed.

The Sudanese troops are vastly interesting. These jet-black creatures, resembling amiable gorillas in face, of all heights and only one thickness, narrow-hipped, thin-chested, with no backs to their heads and no calves to their legs, are liked and trusted by their officers to a remarkable extent. There is a little of the Red Indian in them; *they* would not fire into a sand-hill, or stand still to be cut down. The Dervish is their oppressor and natural enemy, and they only desire the opportunity to "get at him" at as close quarters as possible. They are children in their love of decoration, and their whims and their devotion to their officers. They are savages in their dislike of discipline and their passionate impatience of restraint on the battle-field. For this reason—to keep them back—they have more English officers to a battalion than Egyptian troops. They detest drill and blank cartridge. They are enthusiastic over every rumour of approaching fight. I was told a delightful story of one recent action in which they took a prominent part. The enemy was under cover not far off; but the firing-line of blacks were blazing away at him as fast as they could open and close their rifles. In vain their officers tried to stop them. The waste of ammunition threatened to become extremely serious, and their commanding officer, a Scotchman who had seen many fights with them, losing his temper, rode up and

down behind the line, cursing them with every abusive epithet in a fairly adequate vocabulary of Arabic invective. But entirely without effect. At last one of them happened to turn, and discovered the beloved Bey in evidently a very excited state of mind. He at once rose, ran back to him, and, patting him reassuringly on the boot, he said, "Don't be frightened, Bey. It's all right. We're here—we'll take care of you!" The Scotch Bey, however, was equal to the occasion. He rode out through the line, and walked his horse up and down in front of the rifles. "Now," he said, "if you must fire, fire at me!" After this it is not surprising to read in despatches that this officer has twice recently had his horse shot under him.

From the foregoing it should be evident that the Egyptian Army is a pyramid resting on its apex, and that apex is its British officers. They have created it, and they alone can keep it. If their authority and personality were removed, or even weakened, it would be practically worthless in six months. And their strength has been rooted in the British occupation of Egypt. Each Englishman wearing the *tarbush* in the Khedive's army has been strong because behind him stood the Sirdar, Sir Francis Grenfell; behind the Sirdar stood Sir Evelyn Baring; and behind him again the Army of Occupation and the British Government. Remove the base, and the position of the English officer in the Egyptian Army becomes at once a very different thing. At present it is a very popular service. There are no vacancies, and two hundred applicants. The pay is practically double; there is one step, or perhaps two steps, of rank; experience and fighting are to be had; the time of service counts toward promotion at home; and the military authorities at home are very lenient about the extension of the theoretical seven years, so that a man may frequently stay until he becomes second in command of his own regiment. Then he must either return or resign his commission. When British influence in Egypt ceases to be paramount, most of these advantages will disappear; the individual officer will have no support to fall back upon in case of difficulty; he will be plunged into jealousies and intrigues; he will probably find himself serving, in more or less rivalry, with French and Germans and Americans; and the military authorities at home, whatever the Government of the day may say, will no longer regard his position and achievements with much interest or sympathy. For these reasons and others it is safe to say that the evacuation of Egypt would deal a severe blow at the Egyptian Army. But, whatever the Egyptian Army might become after evacuation, it will always be easily equal to the task of preserving internal order, and, as Lord Dufferin remarked long ago, Egypt is fortunate in having no external enemies. There is only one quarter from which Egypt is threatened, and against which the British-backed army alone guards it—the Sudan. If this reasoning is good, the conclusion is obvious:

before the British occupation of Egypt ceases, the Egyptian army must replace the Sudan under the authority of the Khedive.

Curiously enough, the rumour-laden air of Cairo has recently borne the whisper of a southern advance of the Egyptian forces. Major von Wissmann's jocular accounts of his exchange of Christmas cards with the Sirdar grew until they were telegraphed to the London press in the form of a statement that he was about to enter the English service for the contemplated advance to Khartoum—of course a *canard* pure and simple. Mysterious suggestions of possible active service have been conveyed to men doubtful whether to accept official situations offered them in Egypt. Even to the black troops themselves the rumour has penetrated. I heard of this several times above the First Cataract. There is probably nothing in it—but perhaps it is telepathy.

The Eastern Sudan has been cleared of dervishes by the action of Tokar, where most of Osman Digna's fierce Jaalin levies were killed. While I was at Wady Halfa the news came down that the people in Khartoum—or, rather, in Omdurman, for Khartoum is deserted—were cutting each other's throats. Three-fifths of the inhabitants of the Sudan have been destroyed since 1882 by disease, famine and war. A large proportion of those remaining are women. All the inhabitants of the Sudan except the Baggaras—who, with the destroyed Jaalin constituted the fighting core of Mahdiism — would welcome an Egyptian force, and even the Baggaras are torn by dissensions which are provoking bloodshed. The Khalifa is devoting himself to the encouragement of agriculture, a step which, since his prestige rests upon his carrying out the tradition of the "Jehad" and keeping up an offensive campaign against the unbeliever, is tantamount to an abandonment of his position. The Dervishes are very greatly in need of munitions of war. All these items of information come from Father Ohrwalder, the escaped Austrian priest from Omdurman. He brings, too, the certain assurance that the Khalifa will not attack Egypt *so long as the British remain*, but is devoting himself to the consolidation of his rule, chiefly by attempting to conciliate the tribes hostile to him. It is no wonder, then, that Father Ohrwalder is "strongly in favour of an immediate reoccupation of the country," or that he believes that "delay will increase the difficulties of reconquest."

Setting aside the "pitiless exigency of prestige," and the destruction once for all of the awful slave trade which is flourishing again, there are substantial reasons for desiring the restoration of the Sudan. Sir Evelyn Baring estimates the value of the former Sudan trade to the Egyptian treasury at £50,000 annually at the least, and there is no doubt that it might be largely increased. There would be no more expenses of anti-slavery work in the Red Sea. A re-settled Sudan would ultimately be of great value and assistance to all the

other European interests in Africa. If the reconquest of the Sudan would set free the Army of Occupation, that would be another saving of £87,000 a year to Egypt. And above all, there is the practical certainty that the Mahdiists will not attack Egypt while we are there, and that they will attack it if we go. Should they even temporarily succeed, where would Egyptian internal reform be? Sir Evelyn Baring might conceivably be reduced to donning the "*zublet*, belt, beads, drawers, grass cap and pair of shoes" which the Mahdi sent him. Therefore it seems to me that the advocates of evacuation must be also the advocates of previous reconquest.

There would be no need to strike the whole blow at once. A comparatively small addition need be made to the present Egyptian Army to enable an amply sufficient force to advance to Dongola, and hold that and the line of communication with Wady Halfa. This single step would bring many waverers at once from the enemy. A pause then would enable that portion of the Sudan to settle down into peaceful development before another step was taken. Then a further advance to the next most convenient place might be easily, leisurely, and irresistibly made. The moral effect of the knowledge that the Egyptian troops under English officers were slowly but quite certainly coming back to Khartoum would be enormous. There is now a sum of over £300,000 in the Egyptian treasury, only awaiting the consent of the French Government to be spent in increasing the army. The French at present obstruct this and everything else simply for obstruction's sake. If they believed that the increase of the army was a step towards British evacuation, their consent would be instantaneous. And while this slow and sure advance was making towards Khartoum, in Lower Egypt reforms would be crystallising towards independence. So that the restoration of the Khedive's dominions to geographical integrity would finally coincide with their return to national integrity. England must be like her prince "who never promiseth but he means to pay," and this would be a double event in the way of promise-keeping worthy even of England.

HENRY NORMAN.

NONCONFORMISTS IN POLITICAL LIFE.

NONCONFORMITY remains and is likely to remain a powerful factor in English political life. Many have been the efforts to ignore, or to suppress it, but they have all ended in failure, or worse than failure. Mr. Disraeli sagaciously recognising in it the most formidable hindrance to the policy of fantastic Toryism, of which he was the author, boasted that under his treatment it would become an extinct volcano. But Lord Beaconsfield has become little more than a mere tradition—the centre of a sentimental worship on Primrose-day—whose ideas exercise not the slightest influence on English politics, while the Nonconformity he hated compels the recognition of its strength alike from friend and foe. There could hardly be a stronger proof of this than is supplied in the remarkable articles on the forthcoming General Election which the *Times* has recently published. The writer certainly is not prejudiced in favour of Nonconformity, and yet his letters teem with confessions of its political strength in large districts of the country. In many cases he gives an estimate of its strength for which individually I was not prepared. On reflection, however, the reason for this was manifest enough, and it is one which is of the happiest augury for the future. The powerful force of Methodism which hitherto has but seldom been thrown on the side of Nonconformity and Liberalism has inclined much more decidedly in that direction, and present indications all point to further development of a similar character. The remarkable action of the President of the Conference and the gallant band by whom he was supported in connection with the recent election for the London County Council is itself a promise that, in future, the force of Wesleyanism will help to swell the power of Nonconformity in the constituencies. The momentum which will thus be added to a true Progressive movement in the country cannot easily be calculated.

There are, of course, some of their own number, who strongly deprecate all political action of Nonconformists *qua* Nonconformists, and with a certain show of reason in their favour. It would seem at first sight as though questions as to the right government of a municipality, for example, had no relation to the distinctions between Church and Chapel, and as much might be said with equal truth of a large number of the political issues that are continually being raised in Parliament. But it is impossible to deal with public affairs on these principles. Nonconformity is something more than a mere objection to a particular Church. It is an assertion of the right of the individual conscience, a protest against invidious class privilege and distinction, an emphatic testimony on behalf of liberty and progress. There are, no doubt, able and earnest adherents of the old Nonconformist Churches, who have but little sympathy with this view, and whose Nonconformity means little more than their preference of the Church of their affections to that which the State has established. No one has a right to question the sincerity or conscientiousness of their action, and so far from denying their loyalty as Nonconformists, I should be the first to recognise the eminent service which they are rendering to its interests. But they cannot be allowed to challenge the position of others who take a broader view of our spirit and work. It is of the very essence of Nonconformity that each man should be true to his own convictions, and as a necessary consequence that there should be varieties in the mode of its development. Assuredly all the most powerful tendencies of our own times are to the fuller identification of Christian men with public life. The old idea that the great business of a Christian was to care for the happiness of his own soul has given place to a much wider and grander conception of obligation and duty, and with this has come a changed idea of the work of the Church itself. For myself, I should be the last to desire that the Church should subordinate its purely spiritual service to work, however important, of social improvement or political reform. Its first aim is the regeneration of the man himself, and no amelioration of his outward condition can be accepted as a substitute for that. But not the less is it the Christian's duty to seek to change the environment of poverty and vice which renders the condition of multitudes all but hopeless. Legislation has very much to do in this matter, and therefore Christian citizens must concern themselves with the spirit and character of the Legislature. To forget this is not only to neglect their duties as citizens, but to be unfaithful to their obligations as messengers of the Gospel itself. If Nonconformists are in a specially favourable position for doing this work, because of their freedom from entangling alliances with systems of privilege and vested right, there is the deeper responsibility upon them to make full use of their opportunities.

This view of course implies an altered conception as to the principles and aims of political life. The strong prejudice existing in many minds against politics is doubtless due to the fact that its struggles have been to so large an extent mere faction-fights and not contentions for great principles. The manner in which political controversy has been, and still is, conducted, has often been a discredit and a scandal. Political speeches, instead of being a fair statement of arguments on both sides, have too often degenerated into personal attacks flavoured with epithets and charges against opponents which have little real meaning in them, but serve to keep alive the bitterness of partisan feeling. When under the pressure of some political emergency, or possibly in consequence of some factious intrigue, some of these feuds have been composed, and the old antagonists who formerly spared no effort to blacken each other's reputation rush into each other's arms and exhaust their eloquence in mutual eulogies, the effect must necessarily be not simply to discredit the individuals, but to lower the whole conception of political controversy. The uninitiated do not understand how much of the sound and fury of these contests is simulated, and how little reality there is in feelings which apparently are too strong to find adequate expression. Hence they are shocked at what seem to them the unintelligible inconsistencies of public life. Mr. Disraeli showed his usual sagacity when he said that England hates coalitions. But that hatred would be unreasonable were it not that the tone of previous controversies between the parties seemed to render any alliance morally impossible.

The celebrated coalition of Fox and Lord North is one of the most noteworthy in this respect, and its effect was to degrade both the combining parties in public opinion to an extent from which they never afterwards recovered. What the Unionist alliance has done in this respect remains to be seen. The strong difference of opinion on Irish Home Rule explains the schism, but it does not account for the personal elements which have entered into the controversy. Unquestionably the prominence which has been given to this particular side of the question has weakened instead of strengthening the cause which it was intended to serve. Men who believe the integrity of the Empire to be in danger would certainly have acted more wisely, had they sought to concentrate the attention of English constituencies upon the points of real danger. Granted that there was any actual fear of a separation between the two islands, which would mean a revolution of the most serious kind, and the gibes and flouts and jeers which found so large a place in the speeches of Unionist orators, much more their absurd rhapsodies over the virtues of their own little circle, become about as rational as the performances of Nero when Rome was in flames. Mr. Chamberlain's clever speeches have failed to convince his hearers, partly because they have been so largely occupied with attacks on his old

colleagues and especially his old chief. The net result is that to a very large extent the question before the constituents at the next election will be confidence in Mr. Gladstone. It is very undesirable that this should be the case, but it is the Unionist tactics which have made it inevitable. As a consequence the decision will be taken on a point the most unfavourable possible to themselves. It may be urged in their defence that they have only fallen into the ordinary line of political controversy. They have carried it to an absurd excess, and they will have to pay the penalty. But the tendency of recent times, owing to the changes in the centre of political force, has been to lift politics up from the low level of personal wrangle to that of a great struggle for principle. The old battle between the "ins" and the "outs" has hardly even the faintest interest for the democracy. It has not the slightest respect for the old political saws and maxims. It cares little for political shibboleths, or for mere party leaders. It has no faith in the traditional idea which still finds favour in some quarters, that the opposite political parties should take their turns in governing, and it certainly will have very little tolerance for any party which, when in office, betrays or trifles with those popular principles by the profession of which it has secured its position. It means progress, —steady and consistent progress—and the sooner aristocratic and middle-class politicians of every party recognise this, the more likely will they be to retain some measure of influence in a future which they can no longer hope to control by any traditional authority, or to manage by the old-fashioned methods of party intrigue.

Under these conditions, political life will not only have more attractions for men of a sedate, religious temper, but they will come to recognise a sphere of service to God and to man, which they cannot neglect without a grave dereliction of duty. But this means the introduction of conscience as a distinct authority in a region where hitherto its writ has not been supposed to run. I well remember a solicitor who had considerable reputation as an electioneering agent, and who, I must admit, had been all his life an attendant at a Nonconformist chapel, and professed high respect for his minister, deliberately saying, "When I engage in an election I take my conscience and lock it up in a box, and lay it by until the contest is over." A listener very sensibly asked, "Do you always find it again when you need it?" The reply pointed to the certain result of this lax morality in any department of life. But it is not to be denied that the electioneerer was master of his craft, and that his doctrine was one that was accepted in some quarters where it was least to be anticipated. The prevalent idea was that everything was fair in politics and war, and even religious politicians were not sufficiently careful to repudiate the immoral suggestion.

It required a severe struggle to establish a better order of things in the constituency in which the agent whose words I have quoted

was a potent influence. It was successful, owing mainly to the strength of a determined lead on the part of one who made his politics a matter of conscience, and who had to brave a keen opposition from the old political hands because of his consistency, but who was well sustained by the democratic sentiment to which he appealed. In the view of the professional politician conscience is simply an impertinent interloper whose intrusion must be resisted at any cost. It is from him that the sneers which are so common against the Nonconformist conscience mainly proceed. They mean no more than the old shouts of the Ephesian artificers, "the craft is in danger," and those who live by it have no patience with the men who create the peril. But they are only resisting the inevitable. It would be absurd to expect that politics should be suddenly and completely purified from every evil influence, that personal ambition will be suppressed, and party feeling eliminated from the strife, that there will be no party combinations, or that where they exist all their actions will be controlled by high principles. Human nature is the same everywhere, and in public life there must inevitably be opportunities for the play of unworthy motive, and the unscrupulous activity of selfish men. But other and higher influences are at work to an extent hitherto unknown in our history, at all events since the days of the great Puritan struggle.

What Puritanism did in the seventeenth century it is quite capable of repeating in the nineteenth. The Nonconformist conscience is simply a revival of the spirit which men like Sir John Eliot, and Hampden, and Pym, and Cromwell carried into public affairs. Many of their ideas and methods may be out of date, but the spirit in which they looked at all questions, their loyalty to conscience, their love of righteousness, are living forces to-day, and the forces to which we must trust for the elevation of our political life. It is a great misfortune that this kind of action should have become identified with one particular class of religionists. "The Nonconformist conscience" is simply a slang phrase which has been skilfully used by politicians, not always of one party, with the view of discrediting an unwelcome kind of action. I am unable to trace the genesis of the term, but if it be intended to imply that there is anything peculiar about the conscience of Free Churchmen, or that they have a keener sense of what is due to right than other Christians, such a Pharisaic assumption would be earnestly and emphatically disclaimed by themselves.

Special circumstances have given Nonconformists a prominence in these matters, which is as undesirable as it certainly was unsought. But they do not pretend to any peculiar virtue in the matter, and if they have had to bear the burden of a duty, which belongs to other Christians as much as to themselves, it has been of necessity not of

choice. They must have a singular taste indeed if they could find any pleasure in taking the front place in the controversy which gathered round the late leader of the Irish party, for in doing so they simply made themselves the targets for poisoned darts of all kinds and from all sides. Whenever a Liberal Unionist orator had exhausted his poor stock of worn-out platitudes, miscalled arguments, he could always feel himself safe of a cheer if he could drag in a scoffing reference to the Nonconformist conscience, and neither speakers nor writers have been slow to avail themselves of such facilities. A careful anthology of all the sneers of the *Times* on the same subject would be entertaining reading. There is no obvious reason why Nonconformists should have courted all this obloquy, which, it must be confessed, would not have been wholly undeserved, if they had set up any claim to superior sensitiveness and purity of conscience. Theirs, however, is simply the ordinary Christian conscience. They were forced into a public expression of its judgment by their relations to the party in connection with which a great public scandal had arisen. The opponents of Home Rule might reasonably feel that their interference was not only unnecessary, but would probably be resented, but its supporters were compelled to speak, unless they were prepared to stand quietly by and see what could not fail to be a moral degradation of public life. If the censures and criticisms which their speech has incurred distress any of them they may well find consolation in considering what the judgment would have been had they been silent at such a grave crisis in the history of the party, and the policy to which they had given such a hearty support.

What would have occurred had they followed counsels of selfish cowardice and party expediency, and Mr. Parnell been allowed to retain his position without any warning as to the probable effect on a large section of Liberal opinion can hardly be a matter for mere speculation. There would certainly have been secessions from the Liberal ranks so numerous as to change the entire relations of the contending parties. Under such conditions, the Tories instead of giving more or less countenance to Mr. Parnell would have denounced him in every Primrose Habitation, and from every Unionist platform, would have included in their bitter diatribes the Liberals, who still countenanced a cause with such a leader, and would not unfairly have been specially caustic in their criticisms of the religious men who were silent about this moral iniquity. Lord Salisbury would have been saved from the reproach that must now rest upon him for having advised his followers to put their money on the hero of the Divorce Court. The ultimate result would have been a continuance of the Tory *régime*, and the end of all the prospects of Home Rule, at all events, for this generation. If it is the action of Nonconformists which saved Liberalism from such a catastrophe, Irish

Nationalists are surely the last people who ought to indulge in unfriendly taunts.

It so happens, however, that the action of Nonconformists pleased neither friend nor foe. This is no uncommon experience in political controversy. We accept the attacks of opponents, and bear them easily, but it is a little hard to have our action misunderstood by those to whom we have really rendered essential service. A friend of mine was enjoying a quiet cigar and social talk at the National Liberal Club three or four months after the Parnell incident, when a well-known member of the Irish party observed that all would have gone right, but for those —— Nonconformists. Considering what these Nonconformists have sacrificed and suffered in the cause of justice to Ireland, and remembering that their action has been in direct opposition alike to their prejudices and their interests, this was a harsh and unrighteous judgment which it was not easy to bear. But the listener had the consolation of feeling that it was as shallow as it was ungenerous. The speaker who had himself been forced by the pressure of irresistible evidence into the ranks of Mr. Parnell's enemies should have seen on a little reflection that the men who saved Ireland from the government of such a man had done the cause of Home Rule inestimable service. But it is not necessary to insist on this. The politician who could think it would have been possible to rally a great English party in support of a cause whose leader had been so deeply and irretrievably discredited only showed that he knows nothing whatever of the English people, and especially of the Liberal party.

The incident is only an illustration of the way in which numbers, who get their ideas of public opinion from the lobbies of the House, or the newspaper letters of London correspondents, are absolutely self-deceived. The influence of journalism is often greatly exaggerated. Instead of readers in the country correcting their opinions of men and things by the verdicts of able editors, they are much more likely to reverse the process, and to judge these gentlemen by their agreement with their own ideas. This is not said with any intention of depreciating the yeoman service done by certain representatives of the Press, both in town and country, but simply to correct the current idea of London coteries, that when they have decided on a line of action, and have given the cue to a few editors and their correspondents, the country is sure to follow. There is far more independence in the Liberal party than is recognised in such a view, and it would be well for its best interests that the wire-pullers should be fully enlightened on the point. That the influence which Nonconformists possess should be in the hands of men who will not be dragged at the tail of any party, but who insist that political life is within the domain of conscience, may be a very unpleasant fact for

some on the Liberal side, but is one on which they will, nevertheless, have to reckon. But it was not Nonconformists only who would have resisted a tolerance of Mr. Parnell's delinquencies. The Liberal party includes a large element, which neither journalist nor wire-puller could have manipulated, that would have revolted against such an immoral procedure. It was this revolt which the action of the Nonconformist conscience averted.

The most plausible, and at the same time most dangerous argument against the Nonconformist action, was that raised by some of their own number, as to its inconsistency with the silent tolerance shown to previous offences charged against the Land League and its abettors in the Irish party. In the determination to ignore all distinction between political offences and moral crime, there is a confusion of ethical ideas, which can only be referred to the blinding influence of narrow partisanship. It is the interests of morality which suffer from the strange perversity which placed boycotting and adultery on the same moral level. The Corporation of Eastbourne and their friends have gone a step even beyond that, and have made themselves and their cause ridiculous, by representing the poor Salvationists as guilty of some heinous transgression, because of their disobedience to a clause in their Local Act. Far be it from me to make any apology for boycotting, which, in my judgment, is simply a barbarous mode of carrying on a political struggle, and whose overt acts of oppression and injustice the State is bound to suppress. I am not aware that Nonconformists have ever said a single word in extenuation of these crimes of violence, but to bracket the excesses of a political party, goaded into illegal acts by a sense of cruel wrong, in the same category with the contemptuous defiance of the moral law, is to undermine the foundation of virtue itself. There is no advantage to be gained from this defect in ethical perspective, for no one is imposed upon by the mistake, or believes that any wise man would, if the subject were taken out of the domain of party controversy, be prepared to maintain such a proposition.

If, indeed, Nonconformists had any sectional interest to advance by the deposition of Mr. Parnell, there might have been some point in the taunts levelled against this sudden awakening of conscience. But there is no room for such a suggestion. They were supporters of a great principle, not followers of its Irish representatives. One Irish leader was the same to them as another. Some of them never shared the enthusiasm for Mr. Parnell which at one time was fashionable in certain circles, and which, if we may judge by the intrigues of 1885, was shared by Tories as well as Liberals. But though the feeling was absolutely unintelligible to them, it was not for them to disturb it. The leadership of the Irish party was a matter on which they had neither right nor desire to express an opinion. Even when

Mr. Parnell had made himself impossible, there was no reason beyond that which they avowed why they should have been eager to draw attention to the fact. Their action may have been unwise, or hasty, or Pharisaic, as their critics represent, but, at all events, it was not selfish. If it saved the Liberal party from the most serious calamity with which it has been menaced during the six years of its wandering in the wilderness, that cannot be regarded as a piece of calculated policy, unless they are to be credited with an extraordinary political sagacity. The secret of their action is an extremely open one. They obeyed their moral instincts, and these instincts have proved right.

All this has now become ancient history, but, in view of the coming controversies of the General Election, it is worth while to take this retrospect. It has been made doubly necessary because of the unhappy discussion which has gathered round the candidature of Sir Charles Dilke at the Forest of Dean. There is here, at all events, a clear issue raised, and one which cannot be complicated with any of the vexed questions which arose in the previous case. There have been some attempts to introduce a discussion of Mr. Stead's mode of dealing with the subject, but they are more ingenious than candid or convincing. Ever since Mr. Stead entered on his crusade in defence of purity, he has been the object of the most violent antipathy, and it has been cleverly sought to turn this prejudice to account in favour of Sir Charles Dilke. But the plea is absolutely irrelevant. In no sense is the choice between these two men. The suggestion, indeed, that Mr. Stead's action was prompted by some personal antagonism to Sir Charles Dilke is not sustained by a particle of proof. So far as evidence has been produced it tells rather in the contrary direction. But were it otherwise, were it conclusively shown that the eminent journalist was influenced by unworthy spite against the equally eminent statesman, and that he had been so carried away by this despicable feeling as to adopt methods to injure him from which all honourable men would have shrunk, what then? In that case there would have been reason for a very unfavourable verdict upon Mr. Stead, but the case against Sir Charles Dilke would remain absolutely untouched. That case is not dependent on any individual man, but it is based on two separate decisions in the High Court of Judicature. It is the proceedings in that Court which have to be dealt with. The evidence that was given, the summings up of the learned and impartial judges, the verdicts of the juries, these constitute the case, and while these remain, abuse of Mr. Stead passes by as lightly as the wind. It is quite possible that Mr. Stead may have been injudicious in some of his utterances and unwise in some of his methods, but it is not alleged that he manufactured any of the evidence, that he influenced the mind either of judge or jury, or even that he prepared the counsel's brief. He is really not a party to the suit at all, and, for all practical purposes, may at once be dismissed from it.

But before we part from him, it is only fair to say what can truly be said on behalf of one who has been the subject of much vituperation and calumny. Mr. Stead is an enthusiast—some would use a stronger word, and describe him as a fanatic, but, at least, we may use the milder term. If he has the faults of an enthusiast, he has his higher qualities also. His judgment is often extremely questionable, but the suspicions which have often been cast upon the purity of his motives are as base as they are groundless. Even for his errors there is much to be pleaded by way of extenuation. He has thrown himself into the breach in a conflict with a giant evil, and if in the heat of a generous passion he has been guilty of what more sober-minded men, and even he himself in his calmer mood and more dispassionate moments, might regard as indiscretions, the condemnation of these individual acts must not be allowed to pass into an unfavourable verdict on the man himself. Many of his proceedings deserve very sharp criticism, but I find nothing in them to suggest that he has been acting from any discreditable motives. I do not write this from any sympathy, either with the method of that new journalism of which he is the most brilliant representative, or with the tactics which he is so fond of employing for the advance of his particular ideas. There can, indeed, be very few men to whom they are less acceptable, and if it were desirable, it would be easy to present a somewhat long list of the objections I entertain to his general policy and his style of advocacy. But it is impossible to deny that he is a considerable force in our political struggle, possibly less considerable to-day than he was a few years ago, but still one that cannot safely be left out of account, and one that is wielded on the side of righteousness. I cannot but regard it as the force of a man of undoubted genius, full of high ideals. That it is erratic, that while it has accomplished much good it has also done much mischief (witness especially its influence in causing the extraordinary additions to naval estimates, in other words, the increased opportunities for that shameless waste which burdens the taxpayer without making efficient provision for national defence) may be admitted, and yet it may be felt that such a man is of great value to a community. Enthusiasts are the great pioneers of progress, and in this world of ours, and certainly in this Conservatively-minded England, there is no lack of restraining influences. Now and then a man of this type may on some particular question be in sympathy with the policy of one or other of the classes, as in the case referred to above, and the result of such a strange alliance is unfortunate. But their sympathies are for the most part popular, and their influence friendly to progress. It is not necessary to accept all their ideas because we honour their daring and courage.

This is all I ask on behalf of Mr. Stead, and it might have seemed almost impertinent to say so much, but for the savagery and

injustice of the attack made upon him, in connection with the Forest of Dean controversy. It was all the more necessary to say it because I am compelled to dissociate myself from his action in the matter. The protest which he initiated appeared to me a more than doubtful interference with the independence of an individual constituency, and as such a precedent of extremely dangerous character. A declaration of a number of Christian ministers against a man is certainly a novel and formidable weapon in our political warfare. Whether it is desirable to create it is a point which ought not to be hastily decided, and the most unsatisfactory mode of settling it is by personal appeal for individual signatures.

But this is, after all, the least weighty of my objections to Mr. Stead's action. In undertaking to re-argue the case against Sir Charles Dilke, he literally gave himself away to his adversaries. Let it be once accepted that the whole question has to be re-discussed out of Court, and there is clearly room for a difference of opinion, which will certainly divert attention from the real issue. Neither the electors of the Forest, nor the readers of the "Welsh Review," nor the general public can be a proper tribunal to try the delicate and painful issues involved, and the very attempt to place the evidence before them is itself demoralising in its influence. Of course, if this were a necessity, it would have to be faced, but so far is it from being necessary, that it is eminently undesirable and misleading. Arguments, set forth in pamphlets or "Review" articles, are little more than the briefs, or to put them at the strongest point, the speeches of counsel. Before their actual value can be appraised the witnesses must be called, confronted with the Court, and possibly with each other, subjected to cross-examination, and their whole evidence submitted to the comment of legal experts on both sides. In the absence of this the discussion is practically worthless, and if worthless, then the invitation to those who cannot be in a position to give an intelligent verdict to study the odious and degrading story is distinctly injurious to public morals. It may be said that the exculpatory pamphlet demanded elaborate reply. But did it? Would not the case on the other side have been much stronger had it been allowed to pass in silence? To publish a confutation was in some measure to acknowledge the authority of the tribunal to which the appeal had been made, and the propriety of the method by which the question had been raised. On both of these points, I venture to hold, a firm stand should have been taken. Sir Charles Dilke was not in the position of an accused man, but of one who had been condemned in two successive trials. That verdict, arrived at by a careful process of law, can only be reversed by some tribunal of admitted legal competence. It need not necessarily be one of the established courts, in which we are told it would be very difficult to raise the

old issues again. It would be sufficient, so far as the practical business of politics is concerned, that it should be a court of honour constituted of eminent lawyers, whose impartiality would be admitted by both sides. Without some authoritative deliverance of this kind, Sir Charles's own pledge is unredeemed. Surely this position is an impregnable one, and to abandon it in order to engage in a battle of pamphlets is a mistake in strategy.

Sir Charles Dilke's position was, to say the least, not improved by the publication of the pamphlet. It was really a confession of weakness, and was felt to be such by many who, like myself, were inclined to regard the story told in the Divorce Court as absolutely incredible. But however strong the disinclination to believe in the truth of such revelations, there were the verdicts of two separate trials to be faced, and it needs but a little insight to see the peril of calling in popular sentiment to set aside the decision of constituted tribunals. There has been a growing tendency of late, for which the new journalism cannot wholly evade responsibility, to re-argue great cases, about which popular feeling has for any reason been excited. The case of Mrs. Maybrick was a notable example, and the treatment of the Judge by the excited mob, who disapproved of his summing-up, was a natural consequence. A more recent illustration has been supplied by the Eastbourne trials. After the decision of the Court of Appeal I had a letter from a very worthy man—deacon of a Congregational church—pronouncing in the most confident manner against the law as laid down by a Court composed of some of the most distinguished judges in the country. There can be little doubt that he expressed the prevalent sentiment of Eastbourne, and that the eminent champions of "law and order" there were unconscious that they were undermining the foundation of both in their flouting contempt of the highest tribunal in the land. There are judgments on which criticism is not only justifiable, but positively necessary, but if disappointed litigants are to be encouraged in setting aside the decision of Courts, on whose ability and impartiality not a fleck of suspicion rests, there will be no end to such controversy. Reasonable men will certainly refuse to be influenced by these protests of interested parties until they have been advised by some authority on a level with that by which the adverse verdict has been given. Attempts to snatch a hasty verdict from those whose qualifications for judging at all are so extremely doubtful can only injure the cause they were intended to serve.

Mr. Stead might safely have left the pamphlet to work its own effect. By answering it he, in fact, constituted the constituency of the Forest judges in the case. They seem to have accepted the office, but it is hard to believe that many of them have even read the respective documents. A few leaders have probably done so, and the rank and file accepted their judgment. It is idle now to reproach

those who have pronounced in favour of Sir Charles's innocence. It was certain that such would be the case, and I fail to see how those are to be blamed who take this view. Especially am I unable to understand all the menaces to Nonconformists as to the evil consequences to the cause of Disestablishment and the interests of Liberalism generally, if they do not join in the condemnation of Sir Charles Dilke. They proceed upon a confusion of two questions which ought to be kept entirely separate. If Nonconformists were to show indifference to the moral issue, and to say that the brilliant gifts and long service of the politician ought to cover the faults of the man, they would simply commit moral and political suicide. But this is what no one would venture to impute to them. If support is given to Sir Charles, it is because of a belief in his innocence. It is somewhat too much to suggest that men are to be condemned because having had the facts presented before them, they have not arrived at a particular conclusion as to its merits.

The mistake was the raising of this false issue. The *onus probandi* in this matter rests with Sir Charles Dilke, not with his assailants. He comes before the world as a man already condemned, and he has to satisfy the world that the condemnation is based upon error. If Nonconformists failed to insist on the vindication, they would certainly throw discredit on their previous action. In urging the necessity for it upon Sir Charles Dilke, they are showing themselves his true friends, not his enemies. His real enemies are those doughty champions, who are ready and eager to enter the lists against all critics, who fancy that Old Bailey advocacy will avail with sensible men, and who treat all hesitation to acquiesce in their views as a sign of unfriendliness. Political opinion, least of all the opinion of those who only care for political life so far as it can be made an instrument for the social and moral improvement of the people, is not thus to be won. It is folly to assume that there is a prejudice against Sir Charles Dilke, which inclines many to adopt too readily a belief in his guilt, and to employ all possible force, not excluding those of menace and bullying, to beat this down. The prejudice does not exist, but if it did, this certainly is not a wise method for getting rid of it. It is the interest of the Liberal party, and of Nonconformists as a section of that party, to believe in Sir Charles Dilke. Our front bench is not afflicted with such a plethora of rising politicians that we can afford, on any light grounds, to part with one whose past service is so full of promise for the future. His relegation to private life has already been a serious loss to the Opposition, and it will be more serious still if it is to be made perpetual. But even that would be trivial when compared with the injury which would be inflicted were he to assume the position which his talents would secure for him, without such a full vindication of his character. Up to this period nothing has been done in

this direction, and the delay only suggests that no further defence is intended.

To any of the more ardent friends of Sir Charles Dilke who think that injustice has been done him in the matter, or even that undue pressure has been put upon him, there are two or three considerations which may be submitted. It must be remembered that on one of the main points of contention there is no controversy between men who take a serious view of the situation. Cynical politicians may scoff at what they are pleased to regard as an outburst of Puritanism, and pronounce it hypocrisy and cant, but no rational man would venture to defy a demand whose justice even Sir Charles Dilke himself has admitted. It is a question of fact and of that only, and surely no passion or prejudice ought to be admitted into the discussion that is necessary in a candid and judicial examination of the evidence. There are those who have investigated the matter for themselves and have arrived at a definite conclusion. Unhappily for the public outside, their conclusions do not agree, and we are as much at sea as ever. Some of us envy the absolute confidence with which assertions are made on both sides, but we are not satisfied by it. With equal honesty of purpose and apparently with the same opportunities of forming an opinion, they are absolutely irreconcilable in their conclusions. If judgment inclines more and more against Sir Charles Dilke every day, it is not because of the strength of the case put by his opponents, but because of his own failure to fulfil the pledge he was understood to have given. Until that is done his action may embarrass the friends who would gladly see him restored to his old position, but that restoration is impossible.

J. Guinness Rogers.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

"THEY have Moses and the prophets" will not be urged against the Eastern nations at the Day of Judgment. Their absence should be remembered in the day of criticism. The Indians, the Chinese, and the Japanese have had no Moses to tell them of the holy God whose voice is in the thunder which rends the mountains, in the gentle breath of conscience, or in the law which giveth wisdom unto the simple. They have had no prophets who have convinced them of sin and told them of a golden age in the future. If their standard of morality is not that of Western nations who have inherited Jewish teaching, their loss should be had in remembrance by their accusers.

Their most weighty accusers are naturally Christian missionaries, who, familiar with a high Christian standard of conduct, condemn the low moral tone, the callousness and the levity of the East. These missionaries do not always remember that the people have not had "Moses and the prophets." They come to preach the Gospel; some eagerly tell the story of the Atonement and explain the process of their own conversion; some tell simply the tale of their Lord's life and death; some, devoting themselves to education and the care of the sick, draw out love to themselves and respect for their faith.

The missionaries as a body are men and women of devoted lives, not always wise, not always fit for the work they have chosen, but as a rule setting an example of upright conduct, of duty, and of service. Their detractors are often those who judge success by the vulgar test of numbers or those whose own lives they condemn. "If," said one official, "the missionaries were popular in this European community, it would reflect badly on the missionaries."

The missionaries, though good and devoted, do not succeed. The best among them would be the first to acknowledge the fact. Those who preach "conversion" get perhaps the adhesion of outcasts, who adopt Christianity as a last resort, while their doctrines and their methods win the contempt of the thoughtful and dignified majority. Those who tell the tale of the gentle life of Christ evoke some admiration among those whose lives are also gentle, and whose weakness is not that they are not meek enough, but that they are not brave enough. Those who are content to teach in schools and serve the poor and nurse the sick create a respect for their own devotion to duty which, if it does not end in the profession of Christianity, is yet the soil out of which in time a Christian life best grows.

All together, working in their different ways, the missionaries may be able to count up a considerable number of converts and to show some flourishing organisations of Churches. Their more thoughtful leaders will not, however, claim that the harvest of Christian fruit is good when quality as well as quantity is considered.

There is among the converts a general want of earnestness, of the stuff out of which Puritans were made, of that sense of righteousness which makes a man willing to be crucified rather than offend. There is also a general want of freshness, of the delight in the possession of truth out of which grows always new development of forms and ritual, and sometimes heresies. Converts whose past has lain amid the subtle thoughts and gorgeous colouring of the East adopt without questioning the phrases and the forms which have been developed in Europe by Anglicans, Romans, or Presbyterians by different needs out of a very different past. An Eastern Christian Church with its own development of ritual has not appeared in India, China, or Japan, and heretics are unknown. There is, lastly, an absence of missionary enthusiasm. The converted do not burn to convert others, they do not say, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel."

Instead of earnestness, freshness, enthusiasm, the traveller hears how impossible it is to leave native churches to themselves. "It is difficult," it was said with reference to one well-known and successful mission, "to get and keep the people straight about money matters." He finds too, by his own experience, that converts become partisans; that, for instance, the native Christian pastor's usual question to the English visitor is about the effect of the Lincoln judgment, and his anxiety is that his sect should be the most generally accepted among the Christian sects.*

A general conclusion will never be correct as to all the individuals, and there are doubtless Christian converts in the East who are devout and earnest. The general conclusion, however, that the mis-

sionaries have not succeeded in developing that love of God and of Christ which means a new birth, will hardly be disputed.

Many causes for the failure of missions have been suggested. The missionaries have been charged with idleness and the great societies have been charged with wasting their resources in rivalry. The methods adopted have been condemned. "What," it has been said, "is the use of preaching to people whose delight is in controversy? Surely teaching, visiting, and living would be more effective." "Why," others object, "should the money collected from the faithful in Britain be used in giving high school education which will enable young men to compete for Government employment?" "Too much stress," others say, "is laid on making machinery and on forcing organisations." And these last enlarge on the absurdity of driving upon the East a system of bishops, presbyters, deacons, pews, and churchwardens.

All these causes of failure may be in existence. Some may obviously be remedied. The class of men sent out as missionaries might be higher even if this meant that the number would be smaller. The men needed are those trained to think—well read in the literature and history of the countries, and above everything else, men with faith to have patience. If some missionaries are now idle it is often because they started with too great eagerness to make converts, they have been in a hurry and disappointment has made them despair. The best missionaries are those who go out to prepare the way and expect to see no fruit of their labours. The other causes of failure might also be modified, but there is yet another cause of failure which may be more fruitful than any to which I would draw attention. Indians, Chinese, and Japanese need to know Moses and the prophets as part of their Christian teaching. The missionaries do not, as a rule, lay sufficient stress on this knowledge.

Through many avenues the Eastern world is being taught the majesty of law. The results of scientific teaching penetrate even to the centre of India and China, and gradually every one is learning that cause and effect are indissolubly united. Germs of thought, like germs of disease, pass through the world no man knows how. All men, irrespective of race or climate, fall before the influenza; all men, Eastern and Western, are yielding their minds to scientific methods of thinking, and the idea of law as omnipotent and universal is gaining ground. A Cingalese, who had the devil-dancer to dance all night and attract the devil of disease from his body, told us next day that probably the damp was the cause of his rheumatism. The steam-engine has been often described as the greatest missionary. In more senses than one this is true. The steam-engine is an object lesson, showing what is done by obedience

to law; and wherever the steam-engine reaches, the minds of men become more actively observant. Under these various influences the Eastern world is turning from fancies to consider facts, and, tracing fact to fact, to accept the reign of law. The theory of a tyrant's will, changeable and passionate, is everywhere giving place to a conception of an unchangeable law. Moses is needed to teach the people that the God of righteousness speaks through unchangeable law; that truth is His service; and that every liar is a traitor who must be punished.

In the same way, by the passage of the germs of thought, by the effect of the steam-engine, and by other means, the sense of humanity is breaking through the barriers of caste and prejudice. The people of the Eastern world are slowly becoming conscious of the brotherhood of man, their interests are passing out to others beyond their own circle, and their hopes are laying claim to whatever is held good by any son of man. They introduce parliaments or make demands for representative government. They adopt some of the habits of the western world and the more convenient dress and the more economic industrial system. They try our wines, our food, and our music. Unrest is disturbing the old caste rules and breaking down old customs. The very anxiety of Indian Brahmans on the subject of education or child marriage and the risings of the Chinese are signs of the times. A prophet is needed who in the name of God will promise to each a share in the coming good time, and who will declare that the golden age and the promised land to which all things move have been prepared by God.

If the people of the East knew Moses and the prophets they would be trembling before a law demanding truth in the inward parts, and they would be hoping for a time of joy and peace. From such people the preachers of the Gospel would find a ready hearing. The offenders against the law of righteousness would rejoice to learn that the God whom they had offended and the law which must be fulfilled is Love. The weary and sad who had learnt how to hope would be glad to hear of the new heaven and new earth revealed by Jesus Christ.

The East waits for Moses and the prophets, but to each of the three great peoples of the East these teachers must come in somewhat different forms and in somewhat different relations to one another. The Indians—that is to say, the mass of the people—are apathetic, the slaves of custom and indifferent to principle. There are, of course, Indians and Indians, and the races of the Peninsula differ as much as do the races of Europe. There are, too, individual Indians who are high-principled, but it is still true to say that a characteristic of the Indian is indifference to principle. The habit of mind which puts right in the first place, which enables an English magistrate to die for what he thinks to be his duty, which treats right as if it were enforced

by armies, is almost unknown. The Indian does not, as Joseph, say: "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" or, as Athanasius, dare to take his stand alone against the world. For him custom holds the place of principle; custom, sometimes good, sometimes evil, but always oppressive. Custom forces kindness to animals and regard for the family; custom forces the sacrifice of the child to an early marriage; custom requires instant obedience to a tyrant's will; custom is the only security for order; and many of the better sort, seeing no principle which is strong enough to be the guide of life, deprecate an education which is destroying the power of custom.

The Indian has dignity, he has grace of manner, and is in appearance superior to the English "'Arry." The Indian is, in fact, inferior to the ill-dressed, pushing, vulgar youth who has "principle," and would hold to it even if it cost him his place.

The Indians need to be convinced of sin, and to be shown that the self-indulgence which hides behind many of their religious customs is against a law which has God on its side. A voice telling them of fire and sword, of pain and shame, must rouse them from their apathy. An image-breaker, as stern as Mohammed, must break up the customs they have worshipped. As Moses taught the Israelites of their sin, so must some leader bring the Indians face to face with the terrible God who is against lust and lies and indolence.

Christ was a prophet like unto Moses, who was stern and strong, hating wrong and intolerant of hypocrisy. He must be declared in that likeness rather than as the lamb led meek to his slaughter. Christ the man rather than Christ the woman must be preached. The Indians must have Moses to teach them the law they have broken; prophets who will search the heart and force home the conviction, "Thou art the man"; missionaries who will accept no compromise, and endure no inclined plane between heathenism and Christianity, When they have learnt how they have fallen, the news of One who has fulfilled the law, and by whom they too may come back to God, will be indeed a gospel. Indians who have not felt their sin cannot feel the joy of being forgiven.

The Chinese are ground down by a Government which holds control over every department of life. Sir A. Lyall, in his essay on "Religion in China," shows how the Government claims to administer the affairs both of earth and Heaven, and in the ordinary *Pekin Gazette* settles which God shall be worshipped, forbids re-incarnations, and apportions honours to the dead. The tyranny is absolutely crushing, and prevents the budding of the small seed of liberty which might grow till 400,000,000 people joined the Western world in its search after better living. The Chinese are not without principle, and they have a solidity of character which enables them to go bravely to their end. They are slaves in the sense that the Israelites

were slaves in Egypt, but they are slaves to the officials of their own Government, and are content because the flesh-pots are full. Their one anxiety, indeed, is lest they should lose the food they have, and they kill the stranger who is likely to disturb the established order. Their higher life is buried; they have no interest in humanity; little of that aspiration which is the measure of being:

> "All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me;
> This I was worth to God
> Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

They need a prophet like Moses to tell them of a promised land within their reach.

All men, we are told, are led on by illusion. The Jews were brought to greatness because they followed the illusion of a land flowing with milk and honey. The Chinese too will be brought to greatness and take a place in the family of nations when they have been led to see some of the good within their reach. They need a prophet who will tell the pleasures of freedom, the better houses, the better food, the longer life, the joy of living and of growing which holds among other people, and which God has also prepared for them. The words of the Jewish prophet, promising that every man shall eat of his own vine and his own fig-tree, must be brought within their understanding. The Christ who came to establish a kingdom on earth, and not the Christ who came to establish a kingdom in Heaven, must first be preached. When once they have been started in search after better things to be found here on earth, "their reach will soon be beyond their grasp," and then they will hear gladly of Heaven.

The Japanese are frivolous, caught for the moment into earnestness by the attractions of an American civilisation. "Frivolous" is a hard word for people who have been so thorough in their reforms, and are so simple in their lives, but it is the only word which seems to fit a people who have so little sense of awe and so little friendship with sorrow. They live over a volcano, but their talk is of flowers, and their interest is in the last foreign importation.

They have close to their capital city valleys of desolation, where the earth has been overturned, and its veins disclosed. Clouds of steam and sulphurous vapours rise from the earth, and the roar of the boiling waters is incessant. Hebrews or Romans or Saxons would, in such surroundings, have formed a theology of Hell. The Japanese have not even legends about the pit or the fire, and the name given to this scene of desolation and terror is "The Big Boiling." There is an absence in their art and their history of the grand. The terrible is interrupted by the grotesque, and the wish to provoke a laugh seems almost irresistible. There is no 51st Psalm in their language, and no Puritan in their history.

It is as a consequence of this frivolity that principle is weak and originality rare. They have not been awed into seriousness by a vision of the "I am," or of the "One high and lifted up"; they have not learnt that anything is fixed, and they do not know "The Eternal." "I am Shintoist and Buddhist; I help both religions; I shall help the Christians next year," are the words of a Japanese, and represent a common attitude of mind.

Certainty is necessary both to strength of principle and freshness of originality. He who is certain of a law within himself which is the will of the Almighty will hold on his course—will, that is, have principle. He who, like Jacob, has once faced that which he is certain is greater than himself, will not let it go till it tells its name; he will get at what is new, he will be original. The original man indeed is always he who has humbled himself before one greater than himself. There is no originality without humility. The Japanese have had no open vision of greatness, and they are therefore changeful; they adopted Chinese ways 600 years ago as they now adopt Western ways; they almost every year change their system of government, and many are not without fear that they may suddenly revert to old customs. "Man is hurled from change to change unceasingly, his souls' wings never furled." The Japanese go indeed from change to change, but their souls' wings have no air of divine purpose on which to beat. Because they have not come face to face with a vision of greatness compelling them to stop and forcing their awe, they are wanting in originality; their faces have not the variety and individuality of European faces; their architecture is just a series of repetitions, and town has copied town till there is none which has either character or feature; they have given to the world much that is beautiful, but nothing that is new.

The fear is lest it is in this spirit that they are adopting Christianity. The profession is certainly rapidly spreading. A Minister in the Government is a Christian; professors in the Universities are also Christian preachers; a Japanese Church, with its own Creed—*i.e.*, the Apostles' Creed, with a sentence added to exclude Unitarians—has been organised, and one of the largest colleges in the country is Christian. There is nowhere any appearance of antagonism to the new faith, and at any moment Christianity might be adopted as a State religion. But this success may not be what it seems. It may be that they have adopted a Western religion as part of Western civilisation, or even as a code of morals best fitted to promote respectable living. There are signs that this is the case. It is the reflection of one of the most experienced missionaries that seven-eighths of the converts are "intellectual" Christians.

The converts themselves show interest in Jesus Christ rather than devotion to Him as the revelation of God. They ask for opinions about

His work and discuss His character; they are willing to acknowledge Him as a teacher and a leader, but they have not the signs of being born again, the joy of those who know where they stand, and see before them an infinite beyond. They by their own confession have been taught little from the Old Testament, and themselves find in it little which seems to belong to Christianity. "Why do you read the Old Testament?" was a question frequently put to me by students. Their answers to my questions showed that even when they knew something about types and fulfilment of predictions, the teaching had taken no hold, and they certainly had not been shown how the God in history is the God in Christ.

They need Moses and the prophets lest they become Christian atheists, followers indeed of Christ as a man and a teacher, but without the knowledge of the God whose image Christ is. Moses, we are told, aspired to see the face of God, the author of the law he preached to the people. That was impossible, but as he hid in the cleft of the rock he was allowed to see the hinder part—he learned, that is to say, of God in history. The Japanese have need to be brought where, looking back on the past, they will see traces that the righteous God has passed by. A Moses must startle them by revealing the Almighty who is not far from any one, and is terrible in His righteousness; a prophet must convince them of sin, and force from their hearts the words, "Woe is me, for I am undone." The Christianity they are taught must be that which made Felix tremble; the Christ who is preached must be the Christ whose eyes are as fire; and the demand made must not be the acceptance of a form or a creed, or even of a code of morals, but of a new life. The Japanese need to be awed, to be smitten into seriousness, by the revelation of the God who is above the world, and of the hell which is underneath civilisation.

Up to now they have delighted to paint Fugi-yama, their sacred mount, surrounded by birds and flowers, and they have regarded the happy man as the highest man. They have need to learn of Moses and the prophets that fire is the fitting garment of the holy mountain, and that the Man of Sorrows is the highest man. When they know the Eternal, they will make friends with sorrow, and the Christian message will be comfort and joy and peace.

Missionaries, who know the East as no passing traveller can possibly know it, and who devote themselves to hand on to the people the joy and life of Christianity, can alone lay down the exact method of preaching. What has been said here is offered only as a suggestion. Christianity was first preached to those who knew the law. The preacher of repentance prepared the way for the preacher of forgiveness. The transfigured Christ was supported by Moses and Elias. The law is read in our churches before the Body and Blood is offered. The Jews, wherever the Gospel has spread in Europe, have been

the living evidence of the judgment of God, and have unconsciously preached Moses and the prophets.

The East seems to need more Old Testament teaching, given in the light of modern historic and scientific discoveries, so that the people may understand the law Christ came to fulfil, look for the "new earth" of which he preached, and be convinced of the sin for which He has won forgiveness. There ought, perhaps, to be a more aggressive Puritanism among missionaries—a Jewish intolerance of heathen ways and philosophies—a more vigorous assertion of the reign of law and of God's vengeance on all law-breakers—a more practical love of simplicity in life and in worship—a greater sympathy with the human desire for liberty—a more present consciousness of being God's ambassadors to man.

This may seem a hard saying for those who are anxious only to preach the Christ they have found, and who forget the training by which they were prepared to receive Him. But it is not given to one man, or even to one generation, to sow and to reap. It may be enough if in one generation we preach Moses and the prophets to the East, and leave to our children the welcome given to those who bring the Gospel of peace.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

THE LONDON PROGRESSIVES.

I.—The Facts.

THE statistics of the election admit of investigation from several points of view. In the first place the voting of 1892 can be compared with that of the first Council in 1889. It is not possible yet to ascertain the total number of individual voters, but a comparison can be fairly made by taking the highest Progressive vote and the highest Tory vote in each constituency at each of the two elections. There are fifty-eight constituencies in London; and, of these, six were uncontested on the present occasion; it is possible, therefore, to compare the polls only in the remaining fifty-two cases. In these, subject to the observation above made, the statistics are as follows:

Total Progressive voters in 1889 . . .	104,511
„ „ „ 1892 . . .	140,109
„ increase of Progressive voters . .	35,598
Total Tory voters in 1889	94,455
„ „ 1892	109,169
Increase of Tory voters . .	14,714

Or it may be put in another way:

Progressive voters in 1889	104,511
Tory voters in 1889	94,445
Progressive majority in 1889	10,056
Progressive voters in 1892	140,109
Tory voters in 1892	109,169
Progressive majority in 1892	30,940

Reckoned in the same manner, the total voters in these constituencies were:

In 1889	198,966
In 1892	249,278
Showing an increase of	50,312

or about 25 per cent., of which increase for every two who voted for the Tories, five voted for the Progressives.

There is still another comparison which can be made between the total figures, so as to obtain the percentage of those on the register who voted. Taking the figures for 1889 given in Mr. Stead's Electors' Guide, and those for 1892 given in the *Times*, we get, for the fifty-two constituencies concerned, the following:

Total on the Register for 1889	470,959
„ „ „ 1892	489,704

And therefore we have:

Percentage of those on the register voting in 1889	42.2 per cent.
„ „ „ 1892	50·9 „

It is important, however, to observe that, for purposes of comparison, the effective number on the register of 1892 is not so large as it seems to be in comparison with that in 1889. For the election took place in 1892 nearly two months later than in 1889. The register was, therefore, two months older, and Londoners move about so much that a register of 489,704 names does not practically contain more effective voters in March than one of 470,959 contains in January. The improvement, therefore, in the percentage of those voting is greater than it seems. There is another point to be considered, too, before these percentages are set down as indicating the exact truth. The one man one vote principle prevails in the County Council election. No person may vote in more than one division of London. Yet the names of many are on the registers of several divisions. There is no means at present of discovering the number who are thus on more registers than one, but several considerations render it not improbable that the diminution of the effective register of London by adopting the one man one vote principle would not be less than 20,000.

It will be observed that the increase of persons voting amounts roughly to about 1000 in each constituency. There are, besides the City, only four constituencies which show a diminution in the highest Progressive vote. These are West St. Pancras, Central Finsbury, West Islington, and North Kensington. In all these cases there were ecial reasons. The Tory vote has diminished in no fewer than teen constituencies, namely, Bow and Bromley, Deptford, East ury, Haggerston, Hoxton, Lewisham, Limehouse, West Maryle-

bone, Mile End, North Paddington, West Southwark, Stepney, and South St. Pancras.

There is another question no less important than those just considered: How does the polling stand in 1892 in comparison with that at the general elections of 1885 and 1886?

Perhaps this question may be best dealt with in the following way: Of the fifty-two constituencies contested in 1892, there were five, namely, the City, Strand, Wandsworth, Dulwich, and Hammersmith, which were not contested in 1886. In the remaining forty-seven, which were contested on both occasions, the highest Progressive vote was greater in 1892 than the Liberal vote in 1886 in no fewer than thirty-seven instances. This is a fact of such great importance that it is well to give the complete list of these constituencies. They are as follows:

*Battersea	North Kensington
*Bow and Bromley	Lewisham
Bermondsey	*Limehouse
Bethnal Green, N.E.	*Mile End
*Brixton	*West Newington
*Camberwell	*Norwood
*Clapham	North Paddington
*Deptford	*Peckham
*East Finsbury	Poplar
*Fulham	*Rotherhithe
*Greenwich	*St. George's-in-the-East
Central Hackney	North St. Pancras
*North Hackney	South St. Pancras
Haggerston	East St. Pancras
Holborn	Stepney
*North Islington	West Southwark
East Islington	*Walworth
West Islington	*Woolwich
Kennington	

In twenty of the above constituencies, which are indicated by *, the highest Progressive polled in 1892 not only more votes than the Liberal in 1886, but more than the Liberal in 1885.

And lastly, in the following constituencies, at present repres nted in Parliament by Tories, the Progressives of 1892 got more votes than the Tories of 1885, namely:

Bow and Bromley	Greenwich
North Camberwell	North Hackney
Clapham	West Newington
Deptford	East St. Pancras
Fulham	Walworth

It does not seem a very exaggerated inference that the Liberals may reasonably expect to win these seats at the next election, most of which in fact they held in 1885. It is not the object of this inquiry to go into the prospects of the next General Election in London

from other points of view, otherwise the prospects of certain seats might be dealt with where the Liberal outlook has been greatly improved by the results of the County Council Election, such for instance as in Central Hackney, where Mr. Pickersgill's action has rendered success at the next election so probable. But the point dealt with here refers only to what the statistics of the several elections considered may fairly be interpreted as showing.

In comparing the possible polling at the coming General Election with that which has just taken place there are some points which will at once occur to the reader. The constituencies are not identical. In the first place there is the plural vote. That is permitted, at least to a certain extent, in the Parliamentary Election, and prohibited in the County Council Election. So far as it goes the prohibition no doubt told favourably for the Progressives on the 5th of March. Then the Parliamentary register contains lodgers, and those voting on the service franchise; whereas the County Council register omits these, and contains instead women and peers. It includes also a certain number of men who have obtained the vote by successive occupations in various boroughs of London, which qualifies for the County Council, but not for the Parliamentary register. There can be no doubt that the inclusion of the lodgers in the Parliamentary voters will tell favourably for the Liberals at the next election. The peers are inconsiderable. As to the women there are various reports. They seem in general to have polled fairly well, and to have divided their votes between Progressive and Tory in much the same proportion as the men. The total number of lodgers seems pretty nearly to balance that of women. Thus in Hoxton there are 8011 votes on the Parliamentary register as compared with 8029 on the County Council register. On the one hand there are 1111 women voters and 88 men who vote in virtue of successive occupation in various parts of London; on the other hand there are 965 lodgers and 216 persons who vote in virtue of the service franchise.

Taking this and half a dozen other fairly typical constituencies the following list will show that though they individually differ, the aggregate number of voters is practically the same on the Parliamentary and on the County Council lists.

	Parliamentary Register.		County Council Register.
Hoxton	8011	...	8029
Holborn	12,217	...	13,307
Kennington	9356	...	8521
North Kensington . .	10,400	...	9642
Westminster	7971	...	7766
South-west Bethnal Green .	7821	...	8443
Central Hackney . . .	8951	...	8286
	64,727		63,994

One marked feature deducible at once from the figures of the election is the great straightness of the voting. The Progressive party kept well together, so did the Tory party; the Independents were nowhere. The two Progressives got precisely the same number of votes in Bow and Bromley, where one of them was a working man candidate; the same thing occurred in Central Finsbury. In eight more cases the two differed by less than 20 votes; and in twenty-four out of the fifty-two constituencies the two Progressives differed from one another by less than sixty votes. In Hoxton, for instance, where one Tory stood against two Progressives, a contest in which split voting is more likely to take place than in a fight two to two, the numbers were as follows:

	Votes.
For the two Progressives	4205
For the one Tory	1144
For the first Progressive and the Tory	68
For the second Progressive and the Tory	32
For the first Progressive alone	73
For the second Progressive alone	32
Spoiled Votes	31

Another instance which we may take as typical of a totally different state of things is that of Chelsea. There two Progressives, two Tories, and two Social Democrats stood. The voting was as follows:

Costelloe and Smith (Progressives)	3131
Plumpers for Costelloe	31
Plumpers for Smith	65
Chapman and Humphrey (Tories)	2798
Plumpers for Chapman	43
Plumpers for Humphrey	33
Quelch and Geard (Social Democrats)	95
Plumpers for Quelch	15
Plumpers for Geard	10
One Progressive and one Tory	135
One Progressive and one Socialist	50
One Tory and one Socialist	35

The smallness of the pure Socialist vote is marked not only in this constituency where perhaps it was most feared, but throughout London generally.

II.—How It Came About.

The victory came about essentially because the Progressives had something worth fighting for, and the Tories had not. The Progressives presented a more or less definite conception of a future policy. The Tories had no policy but that of negation. And Lord Rosebery summed it all up when he said, "You will never move the mass of your fellow-countrymen to any great enthusiasm on behalf of negation."

I think, too, it would not be unfair to say that the press on the Tory side helped the Progressive party. The *Times*, and the rest of the Tory press which practically followed its lead, overdid their part. Their abuse of the County Council knew no bounds. It was based on no facts. They rested their case on a rise in the rates, and they were unable to show that the rise was anything other than wholly insignificant. They relied on misrepresentation, and they found that the people to whom they appealed knew quite enough to see through the misrepresentation. In truth, they greatly overestimated the ignorance of those whom they addressed.

There are few things more remarkable in the recent campaign than the way in which the electors understood the issues before them. The vote given on March 5 was a thoroughly intelligent vote. One could see this at the meetings, and I had the opportunity of a pretty wide experience to judge from. This result is chiefly due to three causes. In the first place it is due to the action of the Liberal press. There never has been an occasion when the press has fought the people's battle better. Here is what Lord Rosebery said:

> "There had been two newspapers which had divested themselves to a great extent of the ordinary intelligence by which most papers grew to give prominence to London concerns—he meant the *Star* and *The Daily Chronicle*. (Cheers.) Other papers had done much to assist them; but, as far as his experience went, no two papers had done so much to give London an interest in itself as the two he had mentioned."

In corroboration of what Lord Rosebery stated, I may say that during the month preceding the 5th of March, the *Daily Chronicle* devoted no fewer than 63 columns to the County Council election, and the *Star* no fewer than 101 columns. The *Daily News*, too, should not be forgotten. It did much for the election directly, and indirectly it did a peculiar service in the full reports it gave of the great meetings held by the Liberal leaders, which, though not dealing specially with the County Council election, yet did a great deal to encourage and stimulate the enthusiasm of the Progressive party. The second great means of instruction lay in the leaflets issued by the London Liberal and Radical Union. These leaflets showed what the County Council had done for the people, and what further powers were still necessary for it. They embodied the London programme, with which the people had become familiar; they were short and printed in good type, and they bore each on only one point. The third means of instruction was afforded by the meetings themselves. These were numerous and well attended. I am in a position to compare these with meetings held just before the last two general elections, in many cases in the very same halls, and for size, enthusiasm, and intelligent understanding of the points raised, the meetings on the present occasion were better than those of

1886, and about equal to those of 1885. The fact that they are comparable with those at a General Election itself shows the extraordinary interest taken in the civic questions at issue.

It has been said that the Liberal organisation was not good. I daresay it was not so good as it ought to have been. It was better, strange to say, than that on the other side. And it was a great deal better than it was in 1885, 1886, or 1889. Thanks to the work of the London Liberal and Radical Union, ably led by Mr. Causton, and of which Mr. Seager is the indefatigable secretary, enormous strides have been made since 1886 in the organisation of the Liberal party of the metropolis. There are some men on the committees of that Union who thoroughly understand the work; and not a few associations in the different constituencies are exceedingly efficient. There were only two or three constituencies where the local Liberal and Radical Association did not lend itself to the support of the Progressive candidates, and without doubt the improvement of the Liberal organisation has contributed materially to the recent victory. In spite, however, of the excellent work done, and the untiring energies of Mr. Causton, Mr. Seager, and their coadjutors, there is still a great deal to be accomplished. It is not too much to say that no endeavour whatever was made to get hold of the removals during the late election, and that fact alone will unfold to the skilled electioneer of the provinces the backward state in which we still are. The local associations will in all these matters have heavy metal to contend against when the General Election comes on, and if they mean to win they should without delay look to their guns. The enthusiasm engendered by the cause for which they were fighting brought many to the poll; it also turned many who have hitherto held back into really active workers for the moment. There, indeed, has lain the real operative cause of success. While the work has afforded to the organisations a sort of preliminary canter for the General Election, it has, or ought to have, disclosed to them their own weaknesses. Whether the Liberals win or lose the next General Election depends largely on whether the local workers learn the lessons thus taught.

The experience of the School Board Election also contributed to success on the present occasion. Progressive London learned a sharp lesson there. Disunion brought defeat, and the lesson came in time to be of value for the County Council Election. There was a real endeavour made by all sections of the party to come to an agreement, to give and take in the matter of candidates; and the result has been a complete fusion for the time of the Liberal and Labour vote. The Labour party have treated the Liberals fairly and squarely, and have met with similar treatment in return. Union, in fact, has won the present election just as disunion lost the School Board election. The give and take has been facilitated by the double-membered con-

stituencies. When the Reform Act of 1885 was passed, there were many who desired the Parliamentary constituencies to be double-membered with that very object. They cannot be made double now. The only other way of meeting the difficulty is by having a second ballot; and, as this is a practical consequence of the payment of election expenses, it cannot be long before the difficulty is met. The clubs, closely allied as they are with the trades unions, rendered good help; Mr. Benn, the whip of the Progressives, was unwearying; and of the Socialists the Fabian Society stood in with the Liberals. And last, but not least, the great leaders of the Nonconformist bodies brought into the field an entirely new element, and urged the support of the Progressive policy for London as part of a religious duty.

Such were some of the influences at work to secure success as the election drew near. But the real causes of success must be looked for deeper down. London has been going through a long process of awakening to the importance of her own affairs. There has been an enormous amount of effort expended on the political education and formation of London since the great defeat of 1886; and it is as well at once to recognise that one of the first causes of London's awakening was the agitation for Home Rule in Ireland. During the latter part of 1886, and the whole of 1887 and 1888, a most active propaganda was carried out in every constituency of London. Many of the meetings were small; but by degrees, as the Irish question became better understood, the need of Home Rule for London too became more apparent, and the doctrines first preached so sedulously by Mr. Firth and his friends of the Municipal Reform League came once more to the surface, this time more widely diffused and better appreciated.

In the meantime the London Liberal and Radical Union had been formed in the early part of 1887, and in the following year the attention of Londoners was called to their own affairs by the Local Government Bill, and by the fight for London's rights in connection with that Bill. It was that fight which first formed the London Liberal members into the firm and unbroken body which they have from that time onward continued to be. The objects then entertained were described in a resolution adopted in August 1888 at a conference between the officers of the London Liberal Association and the general committee of the London Liberal and Radical Union. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Howell, and supported by Mr. Firth, whose far-seeing views it embodied, views which had been already expressed in his book on the Reform of the London Government, published in 1882, and were shared by Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Phillips, and his other friends on the Municipal Reform League. The resolution is quoted as follows in a recent article in the *Daily News*: —

"Resolved, on the motion of Professor Stuart, M.P., seconded by Mr. Geo. Howell, M.P., supported by Mr. Firth, M.P., 'That those present at the Conference pledge themselves to use their utmost exertions to secure the return to the new Council of London, as representatives for the several divisions, men in favour of careful management, efficient administration, proper application and economical use of the public funds of the metropolis, and of a progressive policy in all matters of interest and importance to the people of London; and who will be prepared to ensure constant attention to the interests of the vast industrial population of the metropolis, and who shall, as far as can be secured, be in favour of the adjustment of the incidence of the rates, the equalisation of the poor rates, the control of the police, the abolition of City privileges, the utilisation of endowments, the control of gas, water, markets, and hackney carriages, the control of metropolitan asylums, the reform of Poor-law administration, the reform of London local government, the abolition of the coal tax, the reform of the register, the abolition of aldermen, and the control of open spaces.'"

"This resolution," continues the *Daily News*, "was acted on in most of the constituencies; and, after the success of the programme in the County Council elections, Bills embodying it were introduced by the London Liberal members in the Session of 1889." It is this resolution which is the basis of what is now known familiarly as the London programme, and which has practically been reproduced, with the amendments and additions which the experience of four years has suggested, in the Progressive programme on which the present election has been fought. But the movement to give London political unity by formulating London requirements really began at a much earlier period. It started from the labours of Mr. Firth, and first assumed definite shape, as the proper policy for winning London, on the occasion of the great meetings at Leeds in the end of 1886, when the Liberal party began to recover from the stunning defeat which it had experienced in the earlier part of that year.

But in tracing back and enumerating the causes of victory, it would be absurd to omit the effect of the action of the County Council itself. That body, which was so despised and reviled by the representatives of privilege, had been, unknown and unperceived by them, endearing itself to the mass of London's people. It is unnecessary to enumerate here what the Council has done for the people; it is enough to say that it has received an imperative mandate to continue in the course it has begun. But the warning uttered seven months ago by Mr. Acworth, a Conservative councillor, in a letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, has come true. "Speaking," says he, "as one anxious for the success of the Unionist Government at the next elections, I will venture to assert that, of all the electioneering cards it is possible to play, it will not be easy to find a worse one, among moderate-minded men in the poorer districts of the metropolis, than promiscuous abuse of the London County Council." Their neglect of this warning was only one of the fatal mistakes which the Tory party

made. Another fatal mistake was made when they produced the Dukes to fight the battle of their own privileges. Nothing has been seen like it before in London, and the results have been such that it is probable nothing will be seen like it again. The Dukes worked hard, both at public meetings and behind the scenes. I have in my possession at least a dozen copies of an invitation to "a party to meet the Duke of Norfolk," sent to respectable tradesmen of the parish of Shoreditch, where no Duke has been, I suppose, for many a long year. These tactics were extremely injurious to the Tory party; and, in summing up the causes of the Progressive victory, one of the most efficient has undoubtedly been the extraordinary mistakes of their opponents.

III.—What It Means.

The victory of March 5 cannot fail to have a great effect on the coming General Election in London. It shows the truth of the anticipation that the advocacy of Home Rule was what would win London for Liberalism, but of Home Rule for London as well as Home Rule for Ireland. London has had an object-lesson in self-government. The County Council has done well with the powers which it has, and Londoners feel that it should be entrusted with more. The three points which have won the election are: that the Council must continue its past administrative policy; that the Council must be endowed with full municipal powers; and that the owners of ground values must be taxed.

Of these three points, the two latter require legislation; and the Liberal party has taken them up. Step by step during the past four years the Liberal party as a body has advanced towards an appreciation of the importance of dealing with London questions. It has now finally included them in the front rank of the Newcastle programme, and in the recent great Liberal meetings in London the leaders of the party have pledged themselves to London reforms. London has spoken for the past three years with two voices. While her voice in the County Council has been Progressive, her voice in the House of Commons has been Conservative. The extraordinary spectacle has been presented of London's representatives in Parliament impeding and reviling her representatives, elected by the same constituencies, in the County Council. If London is to get what she wants, she will have to speak with one voice. There has been obviously a considerable turning over to the Progressive side of the shopkeeper and small occupier class in the recent election, the class which went most against the Liberals in 1886. These men have turned because of the rates. They are struck most heavily by the rates, and they want to have the owners and ground landlords made contributory. Nothing else will bring them relief, and they want relief. So they

have voted for a County Council in favour of securing that relief, and of avoiding, till that is got, the great permanent improvements which otherwise must fall so heavily on the shoulders of the shopkeeper and the occupier. But the County Council cannot itself grant that relief. Parliament alone can do that. Are the voters of the metropolis so bent on securing their own relief that they will support the Liberal candidates for Parliament as they have supported the Progressive candidates for the County Council? In the answer to that lies not only the answer to whether London will be Liberal or Tory at next election, but the answer also to the question whether she will get what she wants. Full municipal government and the reorganisation of local taxation are within her grasp. Is she to lay hold of them or not? There is no doubt as to how the two parties stand. The Tories are against doing these things for London; the Liberals are in favour of doing them. London, if she means business, must not stultify herself again by giving out two different voices. And, while the line of action for Londoners is clear enough, the imperative duty of the Liberal party is no less clear. It must make up its mind that it has to meet the cry of London by some definite and immediate action; and of all that is pressing and urgent, the most pressing and urgent is the complete and effective reorganisation of the incidence of London's local taxation.

Some pessimists suppose that London is so inherently opposed to Irish Home Rule that the scale will be turned once more against the Liberals thereby, and that she will go back to 1886. I cannot for a moment entertain that idea. I believe London to be practically converted to Irish Home Rule. Where she is not converted to it she remains indifferent. But she knows, just as well as others do, that, whether she likes it or not, Mr. Gladstone is coming back to power in a few months; that he will be sent back with a Home Rule majority from the rest of the country, even though London stays still. Why then should the London working man, the London shopkeeper, be expected to sacrifice his own interests to the maintenance of the lost cause of Unionism? He is not such a fool; he will look after himself; he will return Liberals, because he knows that the Liberal Party is pledged to give him the reforms he so legitimately desires. And, if we go beyond the limits of the Irish question, every other point in the Liberal programme adds additional force to London's allegiance. Who wants, and who requires more than Londoners, such reforms as that of registration and the payment of members?

But while these are hopeful speculations, there is the other side of the picture. Progressive London is for the moment in great danger from over-confidence, which must, to some extent, be the result of so great a victory. She will have to encounter a desperate enemy. The Tory party will not sit quietly down under their defeat; they will

discipline their forces and perfect their organisation. They are much more amenable to discipline than Progressives. If Progressives once more become disunited they will be beaten; and every art will be used to disunite them. The only hope of safety is to maintain the present position, in which the Progressive party and the Liberal party have for the moment become practically synonymous terms in London, and wisely to continue to suspend our differences as to what should be done the day after to-morrow till what we can gain to-morrow by united effort is accomplished. On the work of the immediate future we are absolutely at one, and the success of union, and the development and modification of men's thoughts, may well be trusted to bring about the same harmony in the farther future. More than this, the Liberals of London must look to their organisation. This must be done in every constituency. Depend upon it the call to organise went out on March 7 through the whole Tory party of London; and if we Liberals are to beat them, organise, organise, organise, must be our *mot d'ordre*.

JAMES STUART.

THE REAL SIBERIA.*

I.

THE expressions, "Siberia," "Russian Exile," "Russian Political," have become in our time household words among English-speaking people. Unfortunately the ideas connected with these terms are often either so vague as to be quite meaningless or childishly grotesque. Dr. Lansdell speaks, in his book, "Across Siberia," as of a possibility of his entering a Siberian prison, seriously expecting to see a new "Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors." Mr. H. de Windt, in his voluminous notes on Siberia just published, confesses that when, in St. Petersburg, he went to interview the Inspector of Prisons, M. Kamorsky, he "expected to find an austere elderly individual, hardened, if not brutalised, by years of contact with criminals—a vulgar, dictatorial man, sly as a fox and close as wax." These babyish conceptions of two "investigators" of Russian and Siberian reality are very typical. It must be acknowledged that only too many English and American people imagine Siberia as a gigantic block of ice, covered with snow the whole year round, and inhabited by only three classes: Polar bears, officials, and exiles. The officials neither eat, drink, sleep, nor spend their time in anything except ferocity and oppression, and the exiles also neither eat nor drink, nor ever laugh, but only suffer, and walk about with faces on which can be read in capital letters, *I suffer*. This frivolous tendency to think of both suffering and oppression as always accompanied by the theatrical concomitants of a third-rate melodrama leads to a very sad result. In course of time these naïve people discover the astonishing facts that there is summer in Siberia, that there are flowers and fish, and many other good things, and that the exiles do not only suffer, but also eat and sleep, and even (*horribile dictu!*) laugh. Or else some "investigator," after the fashion of

* "Siberia As It Is." By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S., Author of "From Pekin to Calais by Land," "A Ride to India," &c. With an Introduction by Her Excellency Madame Olga Novikoff (O. K.). London: Chapman & Hall, Ld. 1892.

Mr. de Windt, makes a special journey to Russia, and brings back information (collected by him "with the utmost caution and deliberation") that M. Kamorsky, like many other Russian officials, is "a genial pleasant-looking gentleman, with laughing blue eyes and a fair moustache, fashionably attired in a light grey suit, with varnished boots, and wearing a gardenia in his button-hole." Then all the naïve people feel disappointed. "Where is the oppression," they exclaim, "when there seem to be plenty of cheerful looks? And how is it possible that people who wear such exquisite waistcoats as M. Kamorsky can do any wrong? It is evident that we have been deceived by sensational journalism."

Mr. de Windt is perfectly right in accusing English and American fiction of a certain type, of encouraging in the public bad taste and mischievous ignorance about the realities of Russian life; and I should like to think that it is just his wish to counteract this literature which accounts for many wearisome pages of his book filled up with descriptions and details of Russian and Siberian life which are generally known or self-evident to any reasoning being. I mean those descriptions of streets, hotels, and an evening dance in Tomsk; accounts of his conversations with uninteresting people, disquisitions on the excellence of Russian cigarettes and caviare, and compliments to Siberian beauties.

II.

If Mr. de Windt had confined himself in his book to counteracting the ignorant and sensational literature represented by such works as "Called Back," and an American novel by Miss O'Meara (of which I forget the title) he would have done a great service to both English and Russian society. Unfortunately, he is not content with this, but he has taken upon himself to correct the errors of Mr. Kennan—surely a somewhat risky enterprise, if we take into consideration that George Kennan spent a whole year collecting materials in Siberia and two years working on those materials, in addition to the time he had previously spent in studying the standard Russian works on the subject upon which he was going to write (for instance, S. V. Maximov's "Siberia and Penal Servitude"), whereas Mr. de Windt started for Siberia from St. Petersburg on July 20, 1891, and left Tomsk on his way home in September. Mr. de Windt does not give us a more detailed account of the time occupied by his journey: but from the general character of his narration it is plain that at the utmost his "investigation of prisons" could hardly have occupied three months, which were, moreover, warm, summer months. During this period, our author stopped to investigate the prisons (of the entire Russian Empire) in *one* place in European Russia (Moscow) and in *three* places in Siberia. In Moscow he saw one prison, in Tumen one, in Tobolsk one, and in Tomsk three. He also examined *one* convict barge. Of the

whole number of Siberian *étape* buildings (which according to the author's own statement reaches 140) he visited only *one;* and that in the year 1887, since which time it might easily have tumbled down from rottenness. This is the entire arsenal of facts *personally* obtained by the author. He did not see a single one of the convict prisons of the Kharkov province, or at Iletzk, so notorious for their horrors. He did not see a single party of prisoners tramping late in autumn up to their knees in mud, or through deep snow in a whirlwind. He did not visit a single place of exile, with the exception of three large towns; nor did he travel at all farther than Irkoutsk, although beyond Irkoutsk lies the whole Yakout land (a tract of country three times as large as France); nor did he leave the beaten highway, on both sides of which are many small towns and villages bearing no resemblance whatever to Tobolsk, Tomsk, and Irkoutsk, but overcrowded with exiles.

And with this diminutive array of facts, Mr. de Windt takes upon himself to judge of *all* Siberian prisons, of *all* the exile system, and of *all* the Russian prison life and administration. Not content with that, he positively asserts to be "erroneous" the statements of persons who have taken a hundred times greater trouble than himself to study the question, or who have paid with years of trial for the experience they have gained. With this array of facts, he does not hesitate to declare "that the oppressed and persecuted exile is more or less of a myth, a creation of modern fiction and sensational journalism, and that, whether a Russian convict be located in Tomsk, Nerchinsk, or 'where God is high and the Tzar is far away,' on sea-girt Saghalien, prison life in Siberia is as endurable as in most, and more tolerable than in many, of the countries of the world."

III.

Mr. de Windt's expressions, when referring to facts, are not remarkable for accuracy; and of this the above quotation is rather characteristic. Instead of saying "the unjustly" or "disproportionately suffering" and "ill-treated" exile, he says "the oppressed and persecuted exile." The latter expression may be, and sometimes is, applied to the position of *political* exiles in Siberia, but certainly not to the ordinary common-law criminal exiles, who form the enormous majority. No reasonable person has ever accused the Russian prison administration of "maliciously and feloniously" aggravating the misfortunes of the non-political exiles, in prison, on the journey to Siberia, or at their place of transportation; or of constructing for them, with deliberate intention, a hell upon earth. The Russian Government has no cause and no temptation to wilfully construct such a hell for thieves, swindlers, tramps, &c. It is accused of having taken upon itself to solve a problem—that of punishing the citizens for their crimes in proportion to the gravity of the latter—which it

has proved itself incapable of solving. It is accused of spending the considerable, though insufficient, sums of money which it devotes to the prisons, without any real control from the nation, and therefore wastefully. It is accused of undervaluing human life, and of lightly abandoning men to the tender mercies of a bad administration, a severe climate, horrible roads, insufficient shelter, and contagious diseases. To these accusations the Russian Government replies—and Mr. de Windt repeats this reply—that it has no money, and that everything cannot be reformed at once. But it has money enough to spend on an army of useless officials, on subsidies to the railway and steam-navigation companies, on supporting a host of spies and policemen, on the countless members of the Imperial family, and on many other unnecessary and unproductive expenses. As for the question of time, with the present bureaucratic system there never will be time for anything. Under this system, control is a mere fiction, and the sense of moral responsibility towards the nation is replaced by fear of the authorities, who can of course be tricked. Naturally, for every intelligent and conscientious official (who, moreover is always bound hand and foot with red tape) seriously trying to improve matters, there will always be ten whose only care is to live at the State's expense, and, if possible, to scrape together a little capital.

In answer to these accusations, our "investigator" has put forward no facts. He relates to us a programme of improvements invented and carried out by M. Galkin-Vrassky, the Director of the Central Administration of Prisons; he informs us what sums have been spent on reforming the prisons; he gives us the *rules* about the housing and escort of the prisoners, and imagines that he has proved something. He evidently does not even suspect that in official Russia you may believe what you read on paper only when you see the fact with your own eyes and feel it with your own fingers. We do not doubt for a moment that, for instance, the 55,000 roubles mentioned on p. 476 as having been spent on reforming the Siberian *étape* buildings, as also other sums intended to "improve" the other prisons, were *really spent;* but whether the *étapes* and prisons have been much benefited by this is a question to which Mr. de Windt can give no answer, as he did not visit them. Indeed, even if he had visited them, it is doubtful whether he would have got a much clearer idea of how matters stand; he did visit the infirmary of the Tomsk forwarding prison, and was enraptured by its cleanliness and order, remarking ironically: "I may further mention that this is the hospital which (according to the *Century Magazine*) is so saturated with contagious disease that it is unfit for use." Are we to suppose that contagion is a kind of thing which the visitor can see on the walls, beds, and utensils? The opinion which was expressed in the *Century Magazine*, and which really emanated from the medical officer then serving in the forwarding prison, was based upon the fact that

both the infirmary and the entire prison stand upon ground saturated with the excrement of typhus patients, and that the walls of several of the buildings are reeking with miasma. Our "investigator" should therefore not only describe the order, cleanliness, &c., of the infirmary, but should also prove the building itself to be a completely new one, constructed on non-infected soil. Until he can prove that, the fact must remain that in the Tomsk forwarding prison the typhus epidemic hardly ever ceases. Mr. de Windt visited the infirmary at the season of the year most unfavourable to the development of typhus, and nevertheless found a typhus patient there. When the rain and damp begin, and the conditions favourable to typhus arise, and when the prisoners, exhausted by the journey and by long confinement, are specially susceptible to disease, the infected soil and walls prove a real hotbed for epidemics.

It is the same with other questions of prison life upon which Mr. de Windt touches; he looks at everything solely from the formal and external side. He gives, for instance, the plan of an *étape*, and adds, "it will be seen by the accompanying sketch that in *étapes*, as in prisons, men are at night kept entirely apart from women." But this is not at all evident from the sketch; all that is evident is the *intention* to keep the men at night entirely apart from the women; but how can this intention be carried out when there is not room enough in the *étape* building for the party that has to spend the night in it? And what security is there, under the present system of control, against the soldiers of the convoy abusing the power given to them over the women they escort? This is the sort of thing that a true investigator should practically examine, but the need of doing so does not appear to have even occurred to Mr. de Windt.

He often says of the prisoners: "All were well-clad and shod," and also remarks that he has seen in the possession of prisoners such things as mattresses and pillows. But he only once or twice mentions such things as having the Government stamp on them; it does not enter his head to find out whether the possessions were not obtained at the prisoners' own cost. This is a pity, for a little trouble taken in such investigation might give him a clearer idea of whether the Government and the officials give to the prisoners even the most essential things.

IV.

Mr. H. de Windt is a gentleman of refined tastes, a fine palate, and a keen eye for beauty. His book is bedizened with such phrases as: "The supper excellent; and, last but not least, the women good-looking" (p. 57); "Cuisine unsurpassed" (p. 70;) "The exquisite moulding of her girlish figure and limbs" (p. 379); "The wines, if somewhat rough to a delicate palate, are at any rate pure" (p. 154); "The cuisine is clean and excellent" (p. 94); "A delicious sterlet, some stewed pears" (p. 95); "A pair of bare and

shapely white legs" (p. 123), &c. &c. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. de Windt has a very unfavourable opinion of the Russian "political offenders." "The men pay little regard to their personal appearance"; while "good looks are rare among 'political ladies.'" Besides, they have slain their Tzar (Alexander II). In re-telling at some length this story over again (though one rightly might ask, what has it to do with "Siberia As It Is"?), Mr. de Windt introduces in his version some innovations, drawn from his own imagination, which do not improve the thing. He calls Jeliaboff *Nicholas*, instead of *Andrew;* gives the name of Elnikoff to the man who threw the fatal bomb, whereas the man's real name—Grinevétzky—was printed by the whole Russian press; he calls him "a mere lad," whereas Grinevétzky was 28 years of age; and, finally, calls Perovskaia the illegitimate daughter of her father, which is not true.* He also defines the party of *The People's Will* (*Narodnaia Volia*) as "a society formed for the special purpose of assassinating the Tzar," which proves that he has never read either the literature of the party or the proceedings of the political courts in Russia, from which he might gather some more accurate idea of what the *Narodnaia Volia* really was. But what does this matter? They are "long-haired, dirty individuals," these political offenders (p. 119), and that is enough—all is summed up in this description of them. The reader, it is hoped, will realise that, whatever be the treatment of such men and women, it is good enough for such as they. But the Government is exceedingly kind to them. "No 'politicals' are ever sent to Saghalien" (p. 297). "They are lodged on the barges and in prison, in private cabins and cells." The exile, "by administrative order" (without trial), or, as he is ingenuously called by Mr. H. de Windt, "the political offender of another category," "is sent to reside in some Siberian town or village under police surveillance," for a term "varying from six months to two years." "In this case the exile generally finds his way alone in absolute liberty to his destination." The explorer has "invariably seen 'politicals' treated with the greatest kindness, not to say respect, by the soldiers of the escort." The political exiles were very well off in Siberia; they told Mr. de Windt that they were not troubled by the police, and many of them "regarded Siberia not as a land of exile, but as a home and means of existence." And so on, and so on.

I am sorry to say that Mr. de Windt's information about the subject is not so thorough as that about the "cuisine," "white legs," and neck-ties, but such is the fact. Here is a list of politicals, who *were* sent to the Island of Saghalien, and, so far as the latest information goes, are still there: Dombróvsky, Poplávsky, Gostkévich, Blokh, Schmáuss, Plóssky (with his wife), A. Seroshévsky, Bougáïsky, Khronóvsky, Meïsner,

* I should direct all who would like to verify my statements, to the Russian magazine, *Istorichesky Vestnik* (*The Historical Messenger*) for 1881, vol. v. It can be obtained at the British Museum.

Vólnov, Pilsoúdsky, Vólokhov, Gápner, Kóuzin, Tomashévsky, Uvachóv (formerly imprisoned in the Shlüsselburg State prison), and others. Moreover, the Island of Saghalien is used by the Russian Government not only as a convict colony for politicals, sentenced to deprivation of rights and penal servitude, but also as a place of exile "by administrative order" of persons, who were supposed not to have been deprived of any of their rights—those very exiles who, Mr. de Windt supposes, "find their way in absolute liberty" to some Siberian town or village. Such were Brázhnikov, Shtérnberg and Khmelióvtzev.

Concerning the terms of administrative exile Mr. de Windt has only to consult the so-called rules of the 12th of March 1882, an official document, printed and enforced as a law by order of the Tzar, to learn that those terms were originally fixed at not "from six months to two years," but to five years; this term, according to the rules mentioned, can be, and practically is, renewed, as it was for example, in the cases of Ivanchin-Pissarev and Prince Alexander Krapotkin, brother of Peter Krapotkin. In 1886 a new royal order was promulgated—which, however, was not made public—extending the maximum of the term of administrative exile to over ten years. The existence of this royal order is proved by the fact that Tzéitlin was *administratively* exiled *at once* for eight years, and Bogoraz and others for ten.

It is true that the Government lately found out that it can save some of its money and trouble by sending persons into exile *at their own expense*. Whatever Mr. de Windt may say about the comforts of the journey by *étape* for the political exiles, even if we admit all his assertions, the fact remains that such an exile has to follow in a *telega* at the pace of the gang of common convicts, marching on foot, sometimes over a year, nay, over two years, until he reaches his destination, and that he has to be imprisoned in a solitary cell several times on his way, for weeks and months, while awaiting the formation of a convict gang. Mr. de Windt himself admits that it takes ten months to reach Irkoutsk. But many exiles are sent hundreds of miles further than Irkoutsk. Every one will admit, I hope, that under such circumstances the journey by *étape* is *in every case* at least very trying. It is natural, therefore, that those administrative exiles who have the means of paying the expense of the journey (which is not small) are willing to do so for the privilege of avoiding the miseries of the *étape* conveyance. This, however, is permitted by the Government only in some cases, when the "punishment" inflicted is so slight that it is not likely the person in question would try to run the risks connected with an attempt to escape. The person enjoying this curious privilege of self-transportation is travelling not in the least "in absolute liberty," but is bound to follow a certain march-route given in his passport, and is liable to imprisonment whenever he stops on his way even for a day.

V.

I must draw the attention of the reader to one general point, which, if understood by Mr. de Windt, would have often saved him the not very enviable position in which he puts himself. Generally speaking, in Russia more than in any other civilised country, the average official (*chinôvnik*) cares far more for retaining his position and making his living, than for enforcing the law. He has to attain his aim under two necessities: to please his commanders, upon whom his position and promotion depend, and to keep peace with people with whom he has to live. This is not always easily reconciled, because the commanders, more or less, regard people as having been created for the sole purpose of being governed, while people like to live on their own account. Moreover, the orders coming from headquarters are sometimes hardly practicable, as they are often conceived in an absolutely theoretical way, without any notion of the necessities and possibilities of local life. Under such circumstances a certain *modus vivendi* is practically established. The subaltern official, generally speaking, permits himself the non-enforcement, to a certain extent, of the orders of higher authorities and the laws which make life impracticable, so long as he can conceal the fact from his commanders, or so long as he expects the authorities not to be very strict upon the point. This *modus vivendi* is, however, exceedingly unstable, being dependent upon the personal character, the amount of ambition, the pecuniary position of the official, and upon the question on which side, on the official or the unofficial, the *chinôvnik* finds his own advantage at any given moment. The same officer, who yesterday seemed to be (and really was) a kind and reasonable man, becomes to-morrow an insupportable petty tyrant: and *vice versâ*.

All I have said here in general terms is fully applicable to the position of political exiles, either on their way to their destination or at their place of residence. Mr. de Windt, pointing out some instances of a tolerable position of the "politicals," or of a humane attitude of the officials towards them (I do not mean all his statements, many of which are greatly overdrawn, but some of them), thinks that he has set the Thames on fire. But no reasonable man could ever think that in any place where there exists a large body of Russians—of any social position—there would be an utter lack of kindness, of sociability and generosity. Every one who is acquainted with the crying lack in Siberia of educated and skilled men takes for granted that in some—nay, in many—cases, the citizens and the officials themselves are compelled to have recourse to the help of those very political exiles, whom the Government tries to bar from any participation in public social life and to prevent from occupying the position of prominent and esteemed persons. But every conscientious and well-informed man knows also that, side by side with those fitful,

there are others, which are a disgrace to humanity, and that, in all, the life of political exiles, even of those most favourably situated, is far from being enviable, while only too often it is simply misery. The exile is never safe against the intrusion of the police at any moment of the day or night, against being ruined at the first suspicion of "mêddling with politics;" he cannot safely keep letters or other writings, perhaps the most dear and sacred to him. Now I ask every one who has a man's heart, is not this feeling of constant insecurity and humiliation a real torture, whatever be the exile's material position? But even the latter is, in the majority of cases, a miserable one, which can be easily proved by Mr. de Windt's own words. Mr. de Windt describes Sourgout as "a miserable place. It consists chiefly of dilapidated wooden huts, inhabited by a population of under twelve hundred souls"(p. 189). Narým is not better—"a dreary-looking place of two thousand inhabitants" (p. 246). Now both these places are used as places of exile for "politicals."

Will our "explorer" insist upon supposing the political exiles even there to be *modistes*, engineers, and so on; or will he rather admit that in such a dead-alive place one has no possibility of getting any work at all, and, being barred from the civilised world by distance and insufficient post-communication, one has to live in those "dilapidated" huts Mr. de Windt has seen? On pp. 210–212 our author describes the Yakoutsk province, not in a way to make it appear easy to live in. "Dense swarms of mosquitoes attack the inhabitants during summer, night and day, and deaths have occurred from their bites." The natives do not slaughter cattle, and are exceedingly poor, "the staple food being a sort of cake, made of fir-tree bark powdered very fine." Blocks of solid ice are used as window-panes in the houses during winter. "An idea of the lowness of the temperature may be gained by the fact that, notwithstanding the heat inside the hut, these seldom melt till the return of spring." Now among these natives who have nothing to sell, and in these not very warm huts, political exiles are living under circumstances which make their existence harder than that of a native. In Sredne-Kolymsk, for example, a place which is hundreds of miles farther north than the town of Yakoutsk, there were, in all, only sixty "houses," in some of which two families of natives, together with their dogs and cattle, were already crowded, when about twenty-five "politicals" were sent there. This was quite an invasion, and one can easily understand the anxieties and miseries caused by the scarcity of dwellings. Imagine now those male and female students of different universities, young doctors, professional nurses, technical engineers, literary men, and even schoolboys of sixteen to seventeen on a frosty day, bare-handed, patching up their huts with clay and snow, or cutting ice-blocks, 200 pounds in weight each, for their windows, or fishing in icy water. In summer, when a great deal of other work is done, they are obliged to carry every-

thing on their shoulders, as Sredne-Kolymsk does not possess even a wheelbarrow. Again, consider the food question. A native can easily live on putrid fish for months, but a European needs bread and some variety in food. Now let me quote a letter received some time ago from one of the political exiles in Sredne-Kolymsk. He thus describes his daily *ménu* during two months:

"During March and April our food consisted exclusively of rations of bad meat. The meat was boiled in water, and taken without any vegetables, sauce, or anything else to make it eatable. The microscopic slice of bad rye-bread given per man only awoke an insupportable longing for more. After having eaten such a would-be dinner in our common dining-room, every one of us took home a small piece of the same meat, wrapped in a little rag, and another microscopic slice of bread. That was for supper and for breakfast next morning. But as we were awfully hungry, the meat and bread were eaten up immediately after reaching home, and then we had for our sole food, or rather drink, in the evening and next morning, the detestable cake-tea,* without anything else to fill our stomachs."

To the physical misery you must add the moral or mental. The district post arrives in Sredne-Kolymsk once in every three or four months. That post is the only link between the unfortunate exiles and the world from which all their hopes, all their joys, emanate. It brings some books, soiled and torn on their way, and some letters. *Letters!* Can the reader realise what the meaning of that word is for a Sredne-Kolymsk political exile? I am afraid—not. I will try to help him to do so by quoting a passage from an exile's letter, inserted in the monthly *Free Russia*† of November 1891:

"The arrival of the post is a positive epoch in our life. It is a piteous sight when some unfortunate gets nothing; the way his lips will begin to quiver, and the convulsive efforts he will make to force a smile and not break down. There is a great deal of difference in the way that people read their letters. Some rush up, seize upon their prey, and hurriedly escape, as though afraid that some one would snatch it from them; others collect all their letters, examine the envelopes and seem afraid to open them; others, again, are regular epicures; they open their letters, look at the handwriting, run through a passage here and there, then finally hide their letters until they can get alone in their own rooms, and, in the meantime, try to pick up scraps of other people's news."

Let not the reader imagine that Sredne-Kolymsk is the only place of this kind. There are Verkhoyansk, Tourouk hansk, Obdorsk, which are as good. There are Balagansk, Kirensk, Selenginsk, and many others which, if not so cold, are almost as desolate.

VI.

Of course, for Mr. H. de Windt this is no evidence. He is inclined to regard all such things as nonsense, fabricated by "those

* Tea of the worst quality, pressed in the shape of cakes of the size of a copy of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, and as hard as wood.

† Ward and Foxlow, Publishers, 113, Church Street, London, N.W.

plausible, but scarcely conscientious 'political martyrs,' who in Siberia systematically waylay the traveller, and, if the latter be of a credulous nature, 'fool him to the top of his bent' with tales of imaginary experiences of sorrow and suffering." He goes so far as to pity "poor Mr. Kennan," who "has fallen a victim to the wiles" of such individuals (p. 470). One cannot help laughing outright when he comes to this passage, after reading (on pp. 370, 371) a story which circulated in Siberia for years as a legend about a common convict, but of which an impostor whom Mr. H. de Windt met in Tomsk made himself the hero. This personage declared himself to be a former *political* prisoner, who, having escaped from the silver mines of Nerchinsk, entered the police force, in which he served for some time, giving entire satisfaction, until a former comrade turned up in the character of a *brodyaga* (common-law tramp) (!) and denounced him, whereupon the authorities, in consideration of his faithful services as police-official, treated the culprit with great leniency. All this tissue of absurdities our not "too credulous" author repeats, quite seriously, in his book. Were he better informed on the subject he chose to treat of, he would be struck at once by two points: that it is a psychological impossibility for a genuine Russian "political" to enter the police-service, otherwise than for a special political purpose (which in the story related was not the case), and that in 1875–77 there were no political convicts in the Nerchinsk silver mines. To this I can add on my own part that in 1882-83, when the recognition is supposed to have taken place, I was living in that city, and neither did I hear of such an occurrence (though so exciting a story would surely have been talked of everywhere), nor have I come across a *political* exile of the description given by Mr. de Windt, although—I have no doubt about that—I have known all the politicals in Tomsk personally without a single exception. But, you see, our "explorer" is incredulous only concerning the stories of suffering, while the story of his friend Mr. G. V—— was rather a story of humanity on the part of the Russian Government, and so he "has fallen a victim" to his own predilections. Let Mr. de Windt give the name of Mr. G. V—— and prove, if he can, that I am not right.

Now, it is only fair to add that some particulars, given by Mr. de Windt in his narratives about those "political offenders" he came across, give the right to suspect that he was more than once duped by common felons and swindlers, whom he too readily took for genuine "politicals." But as he never gives their names, nor even an accurate statement of their offences, it is impossible to point this out more definitively.

VII.

However bad the general system of administration may be in a State which forms a member of the family of contemporary European

nations, it cannot remain absolutely immovable *in all its parts*. Financial and political necessities forbid a modern European State to quite ignore the public opinion and feelings of the educated world; and from this fact alone we might expect that, since the revelations made by Mr. Kennan about the conditions of Russian prisons and Russian exile, the Imperial Government would do *something* to improve both the one and the other. It would be vain to expect much, but *something* may—nay, must—be expected, as more than four years have passed since the time of Kennan's investigations. It would, therefore, be extremely interesting to know exactly what has been done, and a careful and conscientious investigation of just this question would be most valuable. I must, however, emphasise the point that the value of such an investigation would be in direct proportion to the carefulness and knowledge of the subject possessed by the investigator. The more so, as it is enough to read Mr. de Windt's description of his interview with M. Kamorsky to see how fervently the Russian administration is trying to show off its new wares in the hope of distracting attention from the old ones.

The reader was already presented in the preceding pages with *some* specimens of the methods adopted by Mr. de Windt, and of his knowledge of Russian and Siberian life. It is impossible to give all the jewels of that kind in a Review article. I affirm, however, that even if the extraordinary explorer were not so extremely careless and ignorant, his general attitude in the question would render it utterly impossible to decide what portion of the improvements in the Russian prison and exile administration of which he speaks has really taken place, and what portion must be attributed to the specially coloured spectacles and vivid imagination of the author.

The general standpoint taken up by our author is that, as the Russian peasant has, altogether, an unusually wretched life, a still more wretched life must be constructed for prisoners. But why so? Having undertaken a peculiar responsibility as regards the lives of prisoners, can the Government justify its carelessness on that point by the argument that its duties towards the whole mass of the people are no better fulfilled, or that the mass of the people does not hold correct theories as regards hygiene? Our author, however, goes still further, and maintains that what would be intolerable to English lungs is exactly right for Russian ones (p. 414)! With Mr. de Windt's permission, I would suggest that, apart from all other considerations, *he*, in any case, is not competent to decide that question, as his own lungs and sense of smell have evidently attained to the ideal which he assumes in Russian humanity. On pp. 288 and 289, in describing the only *étape* which he visited, he says: "The place was hot and stuffy, and smelt of humanity, for two hundred men had slept in the room. There were no ventilation appliances. . . . . *There was*,

however, no actually offensive smell, no mephitic odour, although the parasha had not been removed." The reader should know that the "*parasha*" is a large wooden tub with no lid (never washed), which is placed for the night in the general cell for the necessities of the prisoners, and which, towards morning, is always filled, and sometimes overflowing, with excrement. The reader will probably agree with me that if Mr. de Windt finds the stench of such *parasha* "not actually offensive," his notion of pure air must be somewhat peculiar, which should be taken into account in reading his testimonials concerning the prisons.

After what I have said, the reader will not, I hope, accuse me of prejudice, if I say that I cannot regard Mr. de Windt as competent to decide the questions: Have any improvements whatever been made during the last four years in the Russian prison and exile system, and, if so, to what extent are those improvements real and important? In any case, for every one who knows the facts of Russian life, and who has followed the course of events both before and after Mr. de Windt's journey, one fact is perfectly evident. It is possible that one, two, or even three prisons may have been built, in which hygienic conditions have been observed, and in which the administration is decent, or even good; it is possible that several new *étapes* have been built; it is possible that, in some of the prisons, the walls may have been whitewashed, two or three cells reconstructed, two or three new floors laid; in a word, that certain external improvements may have been made which can be pointed to in the accounts of the money in "reforming" prisons; it is most probable that in Saghalien such horrors do not now take place as occurred there before General Kononovich was appointed Governor of the island, and, indeed, that whatever, with the means given to him, he *could* do to improve matters, he has done. But the system of inquisitorial preliminary detention and exile (usually without trial) on political grounds remains the same. The absence of all feeling of law in the overwhelming majority of the executors of the law is unchanged. As before, every prison is regulated according to local accidents and the personal character of its governor; from which it results that, side by side with "well-arranged" prisons, there are prisons in a condition that is simply horrible. As before, the intolerable *étape* system obtains, full of licence on the one hand and misery on the other. And finally, Siberia, as before, is being filled with exiles of two kinds: the criminal off-scourings of European Russia, who, for the most part, bring with them into Siberia beggary and demoralisation of all kinds; and the "politicals," who might be of use to the country, but whom the Government tries to isolate as completely as possible from the native population, though it does not always succeed in doing so.

FELIX VOLKHOVSKY.

THE NEW STAR IN AURIGA.

THROUGH the modest medium of an anonymous post-card, an event of high importance to astro-physical science was, on the 1st of February last, announced to Dr. Copeland, the Scottish astronomer-royal. This was nothing less than the outburst of a new star in the Milky Way. Now such apparitions are not too common, and they are always short-lived. About a score of them have been credibly recorded during two thousand years, beginning with the star which, according to Pliny, determined Hipparchus upon the construction of his epoch-making catalogue. And the "modern Hipparchus" received a similar emphatic summons. Tycho Brahe was, on November 11, 1572, rescued from the quagmire of alchemy, and recalled to his true vocation, by the startling splendour of the renowned "Nova" in Cassiopeia. This extraordinary object was, to begin with, as bright as Jupiter, and by a further rise, placed itself, in a few days, well-nigh on a par with Venus at her best. Neither the glare of the sun at noon, nor the drifting by night of clouds thick enough to conceal every other sidereal object, availed to blot out its scintillating lustre. Yet it has utterly disappeared. Not even Mr. Roberts's searching camera can detect, in the place it once occupied, the faintest glimmer of its pristine fires. They are to all appearance extinct, and there is small probability that they will ever be rekindled. The idea, it is true, got abroad, and even still partially prevails, that the star of 1572 had previously manifested itself at intervals of about three hundred years, and might be expected to show once more towards the close of the present century; but it seems to have originated in pure misapprehension of some vague mediæval notices of comets. Kepler, however, enjoyed the privilege of observing, though in a totally different quarter of the sky, a new star scarcely the

inferior of Tycho's; and these two have, so far, met no rivals to their surpassing brilliancy.

Our own age has, nevertheless, no reason to complain. It has been on the contrary, exceptionally favoured in the unusual number of stellar apparitions presented to it. Half a dozen have been crowded into the comparatively short space of forty-four years, and may, accordingly, all have been witnessed with mature comprehension by many men now living. Eminent among them is Mr. Hind, the discoverer of the first of the series, the "Nova," as such objects are technically called, of 1848, the immediate predecessor of which, separated from it by an interval of 178 blank years, was Anthelm's Nova of 1670. This glaring inequality of apportionment has certainly been for the advantage of science. Astronomers in the last century were ill-equipped for taking advantage of such opportunities, while modern physical appliances are especially adapted for turning them to the best account. They are indeed eagerly welcomed, and the evidence afforded by them is earnestly invoked for the testing of novel theories, and for the decision of various moot questions relative to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. When rapid changes are going on, Nature's secrets are apt to slip out for the instruction of those on the watch for them; and new stars are the intensified embodiment of change. No wonder then that the Edinburgh missive of February, acted as a *réveillé* to the astronomical forces in all parts of the northern hemisphere.

The sender turns out to have been a denizen of Auld Reekie, Mr. Thomas D. Anderson, the example of whose success will doubtless kindle the zeal of many another amateur star-gazer. His discovery might indeed have been made a week earlier. Only by degrees, and after several observations, Mr. Anderson came to recognise the novelty of the object sending its straw-yellow beams from a previously empty spot in the southern part of the constellation Auriga. It was found moreover on inquiry to have unobtrusively recorded itself twelve times, from December 10, 1891, to January 20, 1892, on the chart-plates exposed at Harvard College for the purposes of the great spectrographic survey in progress there under Professor Pickering's direction. With the first of these casually secured impressions, its biography begins. No trace of its existence has as yet been pursued further back. Unless totally obscure, it belonged then to the crowd of uncatalogued small stars; and merely swelled by a unit the nameless multitude of the heavens. Nothing indicated the distinction in reserve for it.

For one of its class, however, its growth in light was to an uncommon degree leisurely. Most new stars have leaped upwards from obscurity with bewildering swiftness. They claim, as a rule, neither past nor future worth mentioning, and only a brief, if brilliant present. But the star of 1892 attained no strongly emphasised maximum.

Although absolutely brightest about December 20, it slowly regained light until February 8, when it was of the fifth magnitude—that is, well within the range of naked-eye vision—entering then upon a gradual, and not perfectly continuous, decline. In aspect it was throughout perfectly stellar. Its rays emanated from a sharp point, and, some incautious remarks to the contrary notwithstanding, were nowise blurred or hazy. And a long-exposure photograph, taken by Mr. Roberts with a view to developing possible nebulous surroundings, conclusively demonstrated their absence. A similar result was obtained at South Kensington by Professor Lockyer. To all appearance, then, the object was, and is a star like any other. But let us hear the dictum of the spectroscope in the matter.

The light of Nova Aurigæ, unrolled by prismatic dispersion into a rainbow-tinted riband, presented a dazzling spectacle. Splendid groups of bright lines stood out from a paler background; the red ray of hydrogen, Fraunhofer's C., glowed, as Mr. Espin remarked, like a danger-signal on a dark night; a superb quartet of rays shone in the green; shimmering blue bands and lines drew the eye far up towards the violet; the characteristic blazing spectrum, in fact, of a new star was unmistakably present. Its interpretation left no doubt that hydrogen played a large part in the conflagration; Dr. and Mrs. Huggins at once identified a yellow line with the well-known shining badge of sodium, and more than suspected an adjacent ray to belong to the solar element called "helium;" and a violet line distinctive of calcium imprinted itself strongly on numerous photographs. The substances accordingly ascertained to be glowing in this far-off body, are sodium and calcium, the metallic bases, respectively, of common salt and lime; with hydrogen, the universally diffused gaseous metal indispensable for the production of water. Iron and magnesium are doubtful; but carbon had certainly *not* stamped its sign-manual on the opened scroll of the new star's light.

It was marked, however, by one extraordinary peculiarity in the coupling with dark lines of all the bright rays conspicuous over its entire extent. Each lustrous member of the great hydrogen-series carried a black shadow on its *blue* or more refrangible side; the rays of sodium, calcium, and other unidentified substances being similarly attended. The meaning of this strange appearance was evident, if in the highest degree surprising.

The principle by which motion in the line of sight can be detected through its effect upon the spectrum of the moving body, is now fully recognised. The amount, moreover, of the observed change gives the velocity of the motion, and the *sense* of the change tells its direction. Thus, the rays, say, of hydrogen, when they proceed from a luminous mass rapidly approaching the earth, are pushed from their standard places towards the blue end of the spectrum, while

they shift towards the red when the movement is one of recession. The result is strictly analogous to the variation of pitch perceived by a stationary listener in the steam-whistle of a rushing engine. The sound is rendered acute, because the air-waves are shortened by the advance of its originating source; it sinks, on the contrary, as they are lengthened by its retreat. And so with the waves of light sent out by the stars. They are physically crowded together by a physical advance, and hence become *more blue*; but because their succession is retarded, they become *more red* when a velocity of withdrawal is in question. Astro-physicists can, accordingly, determine whether a celestial object be moving towards or away from the earth, and at what rate, by simply measuring on a photograph the deviation from its normal position of some known line in its spectrum.

But in Nova Aurigæ two amazing circumstances were disclosed by this method of procedure. First, the speed corresponding to the measured displacements was unprecedented; next, it was apparently pursued, at the same time, in opposite directions. The bright lines unanimously showed to the careful scrutiny of Dr. Vogel at Potsdam recession at the extraordinary rate of 420 English miles a second, while their dark comrades testified to an approach of 300. Plainly, then, both sets were not emitted by the same body; and a twofold spectrum, owning a twofold origin, was at once seen to be under observation. The whole range of bright lines, in short, was obviously marked out as the appurtenance of a mass rushing away from the earth, the dark ones matching them, as proceeding from a mass rushing towards it. And the two were separating at the rate of 720 miles a second, or about sixty-two millions of miles a day!

Moreover, these portentous velocities showed, during at least a month, no perceptible slackening. The coupled lines did not tend to close up, as they should have done if the bodies they served to distinguish relaxed their furious speed, or swerved from their straight course. Hence, these presumably did neither the one nor the other to any considerable extent. They can scarcely then be in mutual circulation; yet a pair of gravitating masses could not possibly have made so close an approach as theirs evidently was, without swaying one another into the description of some kind of orbit. Their orbit, however, may be of the hyperbolic variety; in which case the bodies just now visually conjoined are flying asunder, never to meet again. Their single encounter, if this be so, was what we, in our ignorance, can only describe as casual; and the greater part of their motion must be inherent; it belonged, that is, to themselves, *ab origine*, and was not merely imparted by the pull of their mutual attractive forces. And we should indeed naturally expect the solitary outburst of a "new star" to be associated with precisely such a temporary relationship as comports with hyperbolic travelling. In a permanently organised

system, on the other hand, light-fluctuations, if they occurred at all, might be looked for periodically. This state of things, in fact, seems actually to prevail in the only known example comparable in any degree with the wonderful star of our present experience. The variable star Beta, in the constellation of the Lyre, has, like Nova Aurigæ, been resolved, through the photographic study of its spectrum,* into a pair, of which one member emits, bright, the other shows dark lines on a prismatic background. But here there is clear evidence of revolution in a closed orbit, the bright and dark lines exchanging their relative positions once in nearly thirteen days. Moreover, this same period is observed with strict punctuality by the luminous fluctuations of the star. So that we have here a persuasive argument of identity in nature between continuous stellar variations in brightness, conducted regularly in short periods, and the catastrophic outbreak of temporary stars. Nay, we gather a hint that the shape of the orbits traversed by such bodies determines the character of their changes; periodical variability depending upon elliptical movement, ephemeral splendour followed by irrecoverable decay corresponding to a single approach at an excessive velocity, with consequent separation along tracks divergent to infinity.

The star of 1892 has then taught us to regard stellar apparitions as resulting, in some way, from the temporary vicinity of two rapidly moving cosmical masses. All new stars are, it may safely be asserted, during the brief epoch of their visibility, double stars.† The light that they send us emanates from a twofold source. Their duplicity, however, might not always be patent to observation. For the spectra of the bodies in conjunction could only be separately distinguished if their motion happened, like that of the components of Nova Aurigæ, to be largely directed towards or from the earth. If they advanced and retired *sideways* or *vertically*—terrestrially speaking—the combined powers of the spectroscope and camera could extract from them no sign by which their separate existence might be inferred. Sidereal science is thus indebted to the present unaccustomed inmate of our skies for the disclosure of a fact which, without the aid of a body so happily circumstanced for the gratification of intellectual curiosity, might have remained for ages undivulged.

But the knowledge that incandescence of the kind first analysed by Dr. Huggins in the star of 1866 is due to external influence, leads immediately to a further question as to how that influence is exerted. Direct collisions are not to be thought of. And for this obvious

* Conducted at Harvard College by Mrs. M. Fleming and Miss A. C. Maury under the direction of Professor Pickering.

† The compound nature of all variable stars has been advocated for some years by Professor Lockyer; and the merit of the suggestion should be fully acknowledged, although the "meteoritic hypothesis," of which it formed an integral part, has received a fatal blow from the spectroscopic investigations of Nova Aurigæ.

reason, that the impact of two inelastic bodies either brings them to a standstill, or reduces them to a unanimity of slackened motion. We know but too familiarly what takes place when oppositely rushing trains crash together. They certainly do *not* proceed onward at express speed to their respective destinations. But this is precisely what the components of Nova Aurigæ are doing. They have beyond question met no serious check in their flying careers. No considerable part of their motion has been sacrificed to produce their increase of light. Elementary though the principle be, yet it is not superfluous to insist upon it, that incandescence through collision implies stoppage, partial or entire. Since the evolved light and heat are only transformed motion, both kinds of energy cannot be present simultaneously. They are correlative. One disappears to furnish the other. Unless the motion be arrested, the blaze will not occur. One might as well expect to get a coat without curtailment of the piece of cloth affording the material for it.

Hence the outburst of the new star in Auriga cannot be attributed to an actual bodily encounter of two dark bodies swiftly traversing space. The hypothesis of a grazing collision has more to recommend it. Yet in this case, too, motion should be sacrificed in strict proportion to the development of luminosity. Unless evidence of retardation should be forthcoming, the supposition of outlying entanglements must be abandoned. The two masses, however, spectroscopically observed to be hurrying past at the daily rate of sixty-two million miles, cannot, one would imagine, have surrendered much of their velocity in the process of gaining enhancement to their brilliancy. There is, indeed, a possibility of a *third* body being present, travelling much more slowly than the others. Dr. Vogel, towards the close of February, observed the bright lines on his photographs to be, not only accompanied by dark ones, but themselves double; and he suggested (though with great reserve) in explanation of the phenomenon, the triplicity of the new star. This too, had, very curiously, been surmised by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins as early as February 3, and, if real, could only, one would think, be due to a division of the gaseous body, analogous to the breaking up of some comets in passing the sun. Yet the circumstance that the bright line spectrum of Beta Lyræ sometimes appears similarly twofold, warns us not to adopt over-hastily the hypothesis of physical disruption in combination with arrest of movement in the disrupted body.

Masses of matter may, nevertheless, be excited to luminosity by other means besides that primitive one employed in the tinder-box. But before hazarding a conjecture as to how these might be brought into action, let us see what has been learned as to the nature of the bodies concerned in the transient splendour of our Nova. One of them, as giving a spectrum of bright lines, must be of a gaseous

constitution. But it is known to be neither a comet on a vast scal nor a nebula, by the absence of the quality of light distinctive each of these classes of object. The yellow, green, and blue hydr carbon bands forming the chief part of cometary radiance wer clearly shown by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins to have no place in th spectrum of the star, which included conspicuously, on the othe hand, the unbroken hydrogen-series of rhythmically disposed ray from burning red to invisible ultra-violet. But not one of these ha ever been observed in a comet. The characteristic nebular spectrum too, is entirely unrepresented in the Nova, as the eminent investi gators just named were the first to point out;* and although affini ties are traceable between its light and that of the so-calle "Wolf-Rayet Stars" in the Milky Way, the resemblance is b no means complete. Thus, the gaseous component of Nova Aurig belongs really to no established category of celestial objects. It a body either peculiar in itself, or peculiar through its circum stances.

The second, and most likely the principal, member of the pair less difficult to classify. It is emphatically a sun, and an exceedingl hot sun. An enormously high temperature is implied by the strengt and compass of its ultra-violet spectrum, photographed February 2 by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins, at Tulse Hill, with an exposure of on hour and three quarters. As regards the proportionate intensity its actinic rays, it is, in fact, not outdone by Sirius itself. Th details, however, of its spectral hieroglyphics bring it nearer to Rig than to Sirius; and it may accordingly be ranked with the Orio variety of "white stars."

Now there is good reason to suppose that every such body is in state of powerful electrical excitement, and creates in its neighbour hood a very extensive magnetic field. A second body entering thi field, and sweeping with prodigious speed across the lines of forc traversing it, must then give rise to powerful electrical agitation And here, perhaps, may be found the chief source of the amazin displays registered by astronomers as "new stars." Gravitations disturbances, too, of the kind that raise tides in terrestrial oceans, bu immensely exaggerated in degree, no doubt come in as auxiliaries, an produce, at any rate, notable effects of bodily distortion, if not o bodily disruption; yet the view that the sudden illuminations i sidereal space exemplified by the apparition of Nova Aurigæ result in some measure, from the inductive action of highly electrified bodie dashing past each other at excessive velocities, may possibly be sub stantiated by future researches into the nature of the unmeasure forces thus brought into play.

* The two rays nearest to the chief nebular lines have since been identified b Dr. Vogel with well-known solar-chromospheric groups.

By its situation in the thick of the Milky Way, our present "guest-star" conforms to a rule almost universal in such cases. The significance of that rule cannot be mistaken, for it is too faithfully observed to be accounted for otherwise than by real physical location; and we are thus assured beyond doubt that "new stars" have their proper place among the "clusters and beds of worlds" collected into the zone of dim light spanning our wintry skies. The conditions then reigning there must be such as to favour in a marked degree stellar conflagrations. And two of these conditions are well ascertained. The galactic region, in the first place, is assuredly one of exceptional crowding; and it is abundantly stocked, in the second, with bodies of a gaseous nature, and showing gaseous affinities. Rapid and vast developments, accordingly, of gaseous incandescence through quasi-encounters between rushing masses, are much more likely, it would seem, to occur within Milky Way aggregations than elsewhere in sidereal space.

The components of Nova Aurigæ must be added to the list of what are called "runaway stars." Their headlong velocities are altogether beyond the control of any gravitational power which can reasonably be supposed to reside in the sidereal system. What other forces may be acting upon them, it were vain to conjecture; we can only hold to the secure conviction that they pursue no random career, and make no purposeless haste. Yet the revelation is none the less startling of the prevalence of so tremendous an agitation of movement within the seemingly rigid collections of the Milky Way. By their inconceivable remoteness, the visible effects of displacement there are well-nigh annihilated; the telescopic detection of them may demand centuries of refined observation; only the wonderful faculty by which the spectroscope is enabled, irrespectively of distance, to measure movements in the line of sight, has afforded the bewildering vision now unfolded to us of a mêlée of flying bodies in a realm of apparent immobility.

To this realm Nova Aurigæ properly belongs—a realm so far off that light can hardly spend less, and may spend much more, than a hundred years on the journey thence to our eyes. The blaze then, studied by astronomers with such curious results during the last couple of months, occurred undoubtedly before any of them were born; and may very well date as far back in absolute time as the Battle of the Boyne. Agile light-rays have, meantime, been bearing the news of the event across the portentous intervening gulf at the express rate of 186,000 miles a second. A proportionate magnitude must be assigned to the catastrophe. Our own sun would make a very poor show if removed to the distance of galactic aggregations. It could certainly not be discerned with the naked eye; it might not even have been thought worth registering in any of our hitherto con-

structed star-catalogues. So that the new star of 1892 may well have attained to one hundred times the solar brilliancy.

The certainty of the novel and striking disclosures obtained from it was in great measure due to the employment of the chemical method. No object of the kind had previously been investigated with the potent aid of the camera, reliance on which was, in the present instance, amply justified by the upshot. The star was photographed everywhere, under both its simple and its prismatic aspects, on the too rare occasions of favourable weather. The earliest records of its spectrum were secured by Father Sidgreaves at Stonyhurst, and by Professor Lockyer at South Kensington; and the Potsdam series extends from February 14 far into March. From the collation of these various documents, the history of the changes undergone by the remarkable pair of separately invisible bodies, the anomalous relations of which have nevertheless been brought within our sure cognisance, can already be minutely deduced, and may, at any future time, be revised from the higher point of view of freshly acquired knowledge. Thus, stellar science is, in none of its various branches, any longer dependent on the fleeting impressions of the fallible human eye. By an unerring process of self-registration, the phenomena it studies are rendered virtually permanent, and can be re-observed at will, long after the immediate witnesses of them have passed away. The application of this powerful engine of research to stars of the temporary class has assuredly borne memorable first-fruits. Their full value can hardly yet be estimated.

AGNES M. CLERKE.

THE ENDOWMENT OF OLD AGE.

IN the battle of conflicting and competing schemes for providing Old Age Pensions we have abundant evidence of the growing dissatisfaction with the working of the existing Poor-law system, and an unmistakable demand for the more humane treatment of the aged poor. The mode, the extent, and the application of the remedy may be hotly debated; the schemes of proposed State action may be specific or universal in operation, voluntary or compulsory in principle, but they will be found, one and all, to be the outcome of an eleventh hour realisation that *something* must be done to prevent the terrible risk of a large portion of the wage-earning classes ending their days in the union workhouse, existing on the starvation pittance of out-door relief, or perishing in the forlorn struggle to escape the "taint" of pauperism. It is quite true there are a few social economists who hold to the opinion that no case has been made out; still further limit, they affirm, the measure of poor relief, and practically old-age pauperism will be extinguished. They have no proposals to make, bring no schemes to the public market; but even these economists, we may be pardoned for suspecting, must have at times "great searchings of heart."

What is being done in other countries in the way of an insurance against old age is of great interest in the abstract, but I venture to think that the habits of thought and action of the typical British workman are so different from those of his Continental brother, that we shall do well to look at home, and make ourselves better acquainted with the conditions, social and economic, under which the labour classes of our own country live. They, the pick of them, have been accustomed to look to themselves, to trust largely to the combined forces of mutual providence and association for refuge in the stress

and storm of industrial life, and not primarily to external State action. The practice of other countries is consequently beside the mark.

Nor shall I content myself with mere negative criticisms of this or that scheme; but at once proceed to the more profitable, if more difficult task of laying down a few fundamentals which, as it seems to me, are essential to the successful undertaking by the State of a better provision for the old men and women of the nation. An examination and brief enforcement of those fundamentals will enable us at the same time to correct statements which have been sown broadcast, and to discover any apparently faulty arguments that have been urged in support of some special point. But it is only bare justice to say that we owe the forward position in social politics of the whole question of Old Age Pensions to the laudable exertions of Canon Blackley (the pioneer), the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. W. A. Hunter, and Mr. Charles Booth, whatever may be thought of their respective schemes.

1. The proposed State action must not, on the one hand, injuriously interfere with, or check the growth of existing thrift practice, as carried on through the medium of friendly or trade societies, or undermine self-respect and the forces of individuality; while, on the other hand, it must amend the present treatment of the aged under the Poor-law system, or, so far as they are concerned, supersede it altogether.

2. The benefits must be open to all, and that without in any way disturbing the bases of work or wages.

Let us first try State *insurance* by these preliminary tests.

It has, however, been stated by Canon Blackley, in his criticisms of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, that "a pension scheme involves no interference whatever with friendly society operations," because friendly societies do not attempt to insure their members against the disabilities of old age, or, if they have so attempted, have signally failed. In support of his statement he repeats once more the story (which has been going the round of the public press) that out of nearly 700,000 members of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows only two individuals have availed themselves of superannuation benefits. And the Canon argues from this that Mr. Chamberlain is under no obligation, moral or otherwise, to consider the interests of friendly societies, and under no necessity of inviting their co-operation, and in fact has made a mistake in policy by so doing. It is a pity that the late Chief Registrar, led astray by a member of the Board of Directors, should have given currency to the absurd statement so often repeated. I am in a position to affirm that, so far as Mr. R. Watson, the actuary of the society, has gone in the valuation now in process, he has discovered over 300 members of the superannuation fund, and

after diligent further search, the present writer has been able to make the number up to 2000 out of the—not 700,000, but—589,116 members in the United Kingdom. And, taking all classes of friendly societies giving sick pay as well as a small sum at death, 300,000, or one in every thirteen members of registered bodies, have made for themselves some distinct old-age provision. Friendly societies have therefore a very considerable interest in old-age pensions. Undoubtedly, some of the methods employed have not been based on sound principles, the annuity not being what is termed "certain" either in point of amount or in its nature, and consequently escaping the financial test of valuation. For instance, there is the annuity fund belonging to one of the oldest of the larger orders, in which 500 aged members are insured, but it partakes more of the nature of a dividing than an annuity society, disbursing in pensions only three-fourths of the subscriptions and the interest received during the preceding year. A similar fund has been recently introduced into another affiliated society. The time will, of course, come in both these funds when the interest will yield the aged members only a miserably small sum to be divided among them. Again, when sound in principle, the pension is often inadequate in amount. Membership in the "Hearts of Oak," the giant among centralised societies, is necessarily, from the rate of subscriptions, restricted to skilled artisans and the lower middle class, yet the pensions given are only from 3*s*. to 4*s*. The most satisfactory and "certain" deferred annuities or pensions are undoubtedly those incorporated in the benefits of some of the old "patronised" semi-county or local societies of the eastern and southern counties of England. As a grand example, we give that of the Stoke and Melford Union Association (Suffolk), with a membership of over 1800, and a disbursement for the past year, in pension benefits alone, of £2103; while the total amount received by the beneficiaries since the commencement of payments, forty-five years ago, has been no less than £24,200.

Canon Blackley in the March number of the CONTEMPORARY also throws a doubt upon what he terms the "confident assertion" of Mr. Chamberlain, that "the larger and well-managed orders are making vigorous efforts to attain a thoroughly satisfactory position" and "perfect solvency." The pioneer of State insurance does not, indeed, so much question the fact that these efforts are being made, but is much inclined to disbelieve in their being crowned with success; hence he declines to admit that friendly societies possess the necessary "financial qualification" for co-operation in the carrying out of any scheme of State insurance. Flying high, Canon Blackley instances the growing, instead of lessening, deficiency in certain lodges of the financial leader among friendly societies — the Manchester Unity; but in so doing he overlooks certain conditions which have

to be taken into account, besides misstating his case. Deficiency creates deficiency; and the critic credits the Manchester Unity with an increase in estimated gross deficiency of over half-a-million during the five years of the quinquennial period ending in 1885, whereas the actual increase was only one of £53,000; or, rather, as Mr. R. Watson points out, when the greater proportionate increase of assets and liabilities are considered, the gross deficiency in 1885 had been *reduced* from that in 1880, "speaking volumes for the innate sustaining and recuperative influences so often suspected to be in constant operation in deficiency lodges" (Valuer's Report). And this is the case, in the face of the steadily declining rate of interest against which friendly society investments have to contend, and without allowing for the gross surplus brought out under valuation, the presence of which at least shows the existence of reserves. The "staggering fact" which Canon Blackley regrets to learn, has, I am glad to say, no real foundation. There is no fear of the Manchester Unity, or any other of the better managed friendly societies, becoming commercially insolvent before its young members touch pension benefits. The reader must bear in mind that the far larger proportion of deficiencies are not realised or cash, but prospective, to be gradually worked out by the adoption of proper financial reforms.

But after due allowance has been made, the fact remains that, as a general rule, members of friendly societies are not insured for Old Age Pensions; it, however, by no means follows that they are without any thrift provision in declining years. Many writers on this Pension question appear to have overlooked the fact of the great proportion of *sickness* incident to old age. Taking the most recent inquiry into the sickness experience of the working classes, Mr. Neison shows us that, out of 274 weeks of average sickness benefit received by a member of the Foresters, between the years of twenty and eighty, no less than 212 weeks' benefit was received after sixty. And another point: insurance against loss of wages arising from the natural decay of old age has never been one of the recognised purposes of friendly societies; but only insurance against loss of wages arising from *specific sickness necessitating abstention from labour*.* To find fault with the thrift institutions of the working classes on this head is to exhibit a lack of acquaintance with their past history and their original aims.

Nevertheless, it will not do to jump to the conclusion that, since friendly societies have not covered the ground, a well-considered scheme for providing Old Age Pensions by insurance cannot injuriously affect existing voluntary thrift practice. I am convinced that the average workman will not make two separate weekly or fortnightly payments, one to his friendly society and the other to a State agency for providing pensions; and any scheme that *necessitates* a

* The present Chief Registrar, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, most conclusively pointed this out in a paper on "Provision for Old Age," contributed two years ago to the *Newbery House Magazine*.

young man going outside his friendly society for an Old Age Pension will not be taken up, or, if it is, the friendly society will be dropped. And if the State gives grants-in-aid to the society, all the ingenuity in the world will not ultimately prevent increased Government control and supervision. Grants-in-aid from public money will render the Government responsible for the fulfilment of the "assisted" contracts. The actual payment of the subsidy may be delayed until the pension becomes due, but even then, if the insurers feel that the portion of the benefit insured in the society is not secure, and that they are running the risk of losing the whole, a cry would at once be raised for increased Government control. And if this should be the case, unquestionably the cause of voluntary thrift would be injured, and the habitual practice of economic duty, as at present carried out, decidedly weakened.

Further, any system of State-aided insurance against old-age disablement that requires on the part of the beneficiaries individual contributions spread over a long term of years is open to the objection that a large number of the low-skilled labour classes and women workers are not in a position to avail themselves of its benefits. In his account of the poverty of London the author of "Labour and Life of the People" has told us that the amounts already paid out in insurance and club money in classes B, C, D, and E, "vary from 3½*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* per week, or from 1½ per cent. to 11½ per cent. of the whole expenditure." Now, setting aside class E, composed of those in receipt of regular standard earnings, it is manifest that members of the classes below the standard of comfort (B, C, and D)—the "very poor" and the "poor"—are quite unable to add to their thrift investments and bear the strain of forty years of weekly payments amid the chances and changes of industrial life; while, if we turn our attention to rural districts, the same *non possumus* meets us. When we look over the table of the minimum weekly expenses of a labourer's family ("Village Life in England," CONTEMPORARY, March, p. 401), and discover that the average weekly earnings are "lower than this minimum of decency and comfort by 5*s.* 6*d.*," he would be a bold man who would call for the smallest increase in the amount of outgoings of the agricultural labourers, whatever bait in the form of a State bonus be dangled before his eyes. His condition may shortly be improved—we trust, for our national honour, that it will; but meanwhile we have to take things as we find them. What system, however ingeniously devised, of State-aided insurance for old age is open to "the 90 per cent. of the actual producers of wealth who," as Mr. Frederic Harrison says,

> "have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value except as much furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed in a large part in places that no man thinks fit for his horse; are

separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that a month of bad trade, sickness, or unexpected loss, brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism."

On all counts, then, a system of State-aided insurance for old age must be accounted a failure; it will not work in with existing methods of mutual thrift, nor, on the other hand, will it enable those persons who are now thrifty to a very small extent, or not at all, to make a secure provision when working days are over, and remove from the path of life the dread of ending their days in a workhouse, or in receipt of the starvation pittance of outdoor relief.

But if we elect to sail under the flag of State endowment of old age, we are compassed about with difficulties and dangers of another kind. We shall be told in no uncertain tones that we are undermining self-respect and the forces of individuality, and would inflict a compulsory, ineradicable pauperism on the English race for all time to come. I shall not waste time and limited space to discuss, in the present day, the accusation of encouraging "Socialistic legislation." It is too late to do that. We have already "launched out into the deep." But here, as when we discussed the principle of State insurance, we must endeavour to diagnose the case. Extravagant statements have been put forward respecting the Poor-law and existing pauperism. And however much such may seem to strengthen the views of the advocates of the principle of endowment, the sober truth, so far as we can gauge it, is the only foundation whereon we can safely build. I therefore set on one side at once the violent language that has been levelled against the present Poor-law, as such, or against the persons who have received relief under it. If a poor old man and woman are destitute and are forced to claim assistance at the hands of the guardians of the poor, I fail to see the "stigma" or the "taint." The recipients of poor relief will probably at some time in their lives have themselves contributed to the rate, and are only receiving back their contributions *plus* the assistance of the wealthy and well-to-do.

Again, Mr. Charles Booth originally calculated that the annual number of persons over sixty-five years of age in receipt of poor relief was 507,660; further investigation (he tells me), spread over a wider field, has shown him that he had not sufficiently allowed for the permanent nature of old age pauperism, and that his revised figures come rather, if anything, within the present writer's estimate ("Pensions and Pauperism," p. 43) of 350,000. If, however, State endowment of old age be advocated at all, I cannot logically see how it can be less than universal in application, or rather open to all who care to take it. Besides, a lesser ratio of old-age pauperism than that commonly received as correct in no way lessens the amount of poverty that lies behind.

It has been said that a system of endowment would undermine self-respect and the power of individuality. But, as Mr. Charles Booth well puts it, its very universality will prevent this. Under the present Poor-law administration, in order to qualify for relief, an old man or woman must be *destitute*, having nothing in this world and without hope; this qualification will be unnecessary under the proposed reform. Under present conditions a poor man who has managed to provide himself with 2*s.* 6*d.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a week is cut off from all State aid, or at the best has the sum allowed him halved in consequence; and so the person who has saved nothing is far better off than he who has saved a little, but not enough to exist on.

But in order not to interfere with or weaken the springs of individual character and the power of saving, the pension should not be more than a sustenance allowance made by the State for *all* its aged servants when their full working days are past. Old-age pensions are granted to civil servants and others, but, though the way may not be so direct, the worker on the land—the territory of the State—should be held to be just as much a servant of the State as the clerk in the War Office. And if a minimum pension be given, carrying with it only the bare necessaries of life, the cause of thrift will be strengthened instead of weakened, and many will be roused to "gather and lay by," because dread of entering the workhouse prison will have been removed and a sunbeam of hope caused to shine upon their declining days. When the condition of labour is improved, when the unskilled workmen, and above all the women workers, receive a fair remuneration for their work, they will be encouraged to add the comforts of life to the bare necessaries; and so, making use of the principle of insurance for old age that is being set working in our great friendly societies, will be enabled to add from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* a week to the 5*s.*; while others in still better circumstances will double and treble their 5*s.*

The bases of work and wages will not be disturbed, because at the time the endowment is given the best working days will be over, but the basis of wages is much more likely to be disturbed by any system of insurance which the employer directly "assists," or under which his services are utilised for the collection of premiums.

Many difficulties and dangers attending the State insurance system would be obviated. Several of these are concisely stated in the adverse resolution recently passed by the executive of the London Dockers' Union:

"That this Executive Council of the Dockers' Union hereby declares its opinion that any section of pension fund not being directly controllable by payees should not be countenanced in any way. We are of opinion, also, that it is an insidious attempt to perpetrate an unjust taxation upon wages; also a means of retaining a large portion of the workers' earnings for em-

ployers' own benefits; while the possible good of such a system is so remote, the longevity of the toilers of so low an average, and industrial mortality so high, through insufficient wages and unhealthy environments, that we consider it opposed to economic fairness and a curtailment of remuneration, relieving capital and property of burdens at the expense of the already overtaxed and underpaid workmen."

There would be no large fund accumulating for fifty years to come, liable to the perturbations of interest and ever-changing circumstances of national life; consequently, no fund to be placed in the custody of some future Chancellor of the Exchequer, and open, under pressure, to be borrowed for some other national need. Current liabilities, as they arose, would be met by the present generation paying for the last, as it should do—the young for the old. In some such manner there would be a hope of a revival of the almost forgotten duty of the young and the working to provide for the aged and the past-working—a social duty as clear as that of providing for the infant and the child.

The difficulty of fixing the age when the pension should commence will be overcome. On the principle of insurance a movable age could not be adopted without seriously weakening the stability of the fund; but under a system of endowment the age should be at the period when loss of wages arises from a decay of working powers in different trades and occupations, and that age would have to be earlier than sixty-five in the case, for instance, of miners, flax and cotton workers, knife-grinders, dock-labourers, plumbers and painters, &c.

I have only space left to touch on two other points. It must always remain the duty of the statesman to provide by means of taxation, direct and indirect, the endowment fund. Without venturing to entrench upon his special prerogative, I would suggest, following the cue given by Mr. Charles Booth, a graduated income tax, under which the wealthy and well-to-do would be enabled to fulfil the social duties of their position a great deal better and more satisfactorily than under the present Poor-law, while all would contribute something. The expense looks large, some £17,000,000 for England and Wales alone; but, as I have endeavoured to show elsewhere ("Pensions and Pauperism," p. 98), £5,000,000 should be saved in Poor-law expenses, and the above estimate of Mr. Charles Booth allows for *all* the aged persons in England and Wales claiming their endowment. Death duties, as a sort of due to society, might also be added to taxation in the form of an income tax, and it is possible that certain public charities might be utilised. The vast expense of collecting, building up, and dispensing a huge insurance fund would be obviated.

As regards disbursement and management, these powers might be entrusted to District Councils popularly elected (composed perhaps of representatives from Parochial Councils, and so avoiding multiplicity of elections). Under local authority the so-called morally worthless

could be dealt with on a different footing. I am further inclined to think that in some cases municipal cottages will have to be provided at low rentals, unless, indeed, there is a large increase in the present number of habitable houses in rural districts. Existing cottages are generally required for the workers, and are fully occupied by them and their children.

There remain the political economy objections. It is to be hoped that some of these have incidentally been removed; for the rest, it must suffice to say that at a recent discussion on the subject of pension schemes Prof. Marshall indicated that, if he had to vote at once, he should give that vote in favour of an Endowment Scheme.

I will only add that it is my firm conviction that the friendly societies will have nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by the adoption of a Universal Free State Endowment List. But though their interests are large and entitled to the fullest consideration, the interests of the whole community must always be paramount.

J. Frome Wilkinson.

SPOKEN GREEK, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IS modern Greek like ancient Greek? This is the first question invariably put to a Greek when he is introduced to English society. It is a natural query, but the reply to it is far more difficult and embarrassing than might be imagined. For modern Greek appears to be a mongrel language having two distinct features, the literary or written language, and the colloquial or popular speech. Now, if we compare with the ancient Greek the literary style as it is represented in the books and newspapers published to-day at Athens, the similarity is very striking. On the other hand, a parallel drawn between the popular or colloquial language of to-day and the classical Greek which is commonly taught in English grammar schools would lead to a very different result: the modern representative of classical Greek would appear to be an entirely new language. Modern Greek has, then, two forms, one similar and another dissimilar to the ancient Greek. The puzzle seems to constitute a paradox, singular in the history of living languages. Yet, for all that the paradox lies not so much in the answer as in the question, whether modern Greek is like ancient Greek. For what is ancient Greek? The term is obviously very vague. We all know that the language of Homer is very dissimilar to that of the tragedians Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and entirely different from the Attic Greek of Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes and Xenophon, while the Greek of these classical writers differs widely both from the epic language and the style of Plutarch, and still more widely from the diction of the New Testament. Again it may be observed that between Homeric, Attic, and Byzantine Greek respectively there is almost less similarity than is to be found between Attic Greek and modern literary Greek. The question, then, of similarity or dissimilarity between ancient and modern Greek

cannot be promptly and easily answered, for the obvious reason that the term "ancient Greek" covers a period of more than two thousand years during which the language passed through various stages and changes. Internal and external influences of time, place, and culture, called into existence various kinds of diction, and this variety of style is naturally reflected in the literary compositions of each age.

But this is not all. Had we to deal with the language of these literary monuments in their original and genuine form, the comparison between classical and modern Greek might lead to some practical results. But other questions arise: Do our books of the classical writers represent the true and authentic diction of their authors? And if so, does that diction illustrate the colloquial speech of the times? These two questions are of the highest importance and urge the necessity of a serious investigation before we can form a correct idea of what Greek has really been and still is.

I ask, then, first: Is the text of the ancient writings, as handed down to us through the manuscripts, a true picture of the original language? Until recent years philology contented itself with the study of ancient literature, and admitted tacitly that the ancient Greeks used substantially the same language both in writing and speaking, namely, the style represented in the compositions which have reached us, and that the various stages of that language are reflected in the Homeric poems, in the writings of the Attic and Alexandrian periods, and finally in the Byzantine diction, which marked—so it was assumed—the close of the Greek language; subsequent, or modern Greek, being utterly ignored or even scorned. In upholding this pious opinion classical scholars were apparently justified. For while the literary, or book language, had left behind numerous monuments, an unbroken and immortal literature, testifying to its existence and history through the various periods of antiquity, the spoken or popular tongue had been always excluded from written composition and literature, and thus had left no distinct traces of its past existence. In these circumstances the very admission of a colloquial or vernacular language in classical antiqnity would have been considered a heinous profanation in regard to those wonderful Greeks. These views are now undergoing considerable modification, and the subject is examined in a broader and more tolerant light. The numberless inscriptions found within the last few decades on the one hand, and the rapid progress of comparative philology on the other, have established the fact that the language of the classical writings has through all times been artificial and studied, while the Greek masses, in their daily intercourse and life, practised a different (rustic and popular) language. Accordingly, the diction of the Homeric poems is a mixture of Æolic and Ionic forms, and the language of the tragedians differs considerably from the colloquial speech of the

Athenian spectators; while the Byzantines used to write a scholarly style, just as the present Greeks, in their compositions, practise an artificial diction, very dissimilar to what they use in their daily life.

The existence of such a double language through all times, much as it may displease some prejudiced scholars, is an established fact, proved beyond doubt both by the force of logic and by historical investigation. It is within the observation of everybody that no writer ever uses the same style both in writing and speaking, and that, on the contrary, every author makes it a special point to clothe his thoughts in a more or less elegant form. It may even be said of the majority of writers—a case particularly applicable to the Greeks of to-day—that a literary composition is likely to gain the more favour with the reading public the more it departs from the daily common talk. If this be true, the classical writings of the Greeks, which are characterised by elegance of style and diction must be artistic and artificial productions, different from the rustic and popular speech. This fact finds further corroboration in the very acknowledgment of Greek dialects and idioms.

Facts and common sense force us, then, to the recognition of a dualism in the Greek language through all times. It remains now to establish what was the form of the literary style and what that of the popular speech. But do we not possess, it may be observed here, the true form and style of literary Greek in classical literature? In other words, does not the language represented in our classical books reflect faithfully the diction of their authors? Before answering this question either in the affirmative or in the negative, let us examine the facts. We know that the classical texts of the ancients have been transmitted to us through manuscripts. We further know that, in the case of Greek literature, between the time of the original composition of each text and their date of its oldest manuscript now extant, many a dark century has intervened. During this long period copiers of various generations, while transcribing one another, transmitted to posterity copies which cannot claim absolute identity with their archetype. Let us take as an illustration the works of the Attic orators. We may assume, for convenience sake, that their texts were originally composed about the middle of the fourth century B.C. We know, on the other hand, that the manuscripts do not date farther back on an average than the thirteenth century of our era. We have, thus, between the date of composition and that of the manuscripts, an interval of 1600 years. During this enormous period, in which both literary spirit and spelling necessarily passed through many changes and vicissitudes, the texts were copied from one another by various generations, and in various countries, under various influences, linguistic, moral, religious, political, and intellectual. It is obvious that the copiers of each generation, labouring under such strong influences, were of

necessity tempted to introduce into the texts such "corrections and emendations" as their learning, common sense, and taste suggested. This is the more natural as no copier felt sure of the copy before him being an exact and faithful transcript of the original. It would be absurd to imagine that all copiers through all centuries transcribed scrupulously every word and letter, so as to reproduce an identical copy of the pattern before them. On the contrary, we are bound to assume that even the most conscientious transcriber used to read each time several words consecutively and then commit them from memory to paper. It was natural, then, that, being under the influences of the times, he should unconsciously substitute in the text the standard spelling and grammar of his time, correcting, besides, occasionally what seemed to him to be clerical errors of his predecessors. He thus unconsciously contributed to the further adulteration of the original text already corrupted by previous hands.

But the manuscripts were not always prepared in this way. It was a common practice among manuscript dealers, who corresponded to our booksellers and publishers, to have many copies taken simultaneously. Many transcribers then—usually Greeks—were seated together, and dictated to by a general reader. This practice led naturally to more errors and misunderstandings. The copiers being mostly poor scholars could not master the correct spelling of every classical word, especially when it happened to be obsolete. Then they often misunderstood the general "dictator," and wrote one word for another of similar sound. This error was very common, for both dictator and copiers followed the then universal modern Greek pronunciation, which has a great number of similar vowels (six identical sounds of *i* or *ē*, two *ĕ*, two *o*). We cannot reasonably imagine that each copier interrupted over and over the general reader and asked him to repeat or spell the wording of the text. We may rather take it for granted that he was left to his own judgment, sense, taste, and knowledge of the Greek grammar, and that he worked under the influence of the orthography, spirit, theories, and views of his time.

These facts are so obvious that they do not require any proofs or testimonies. Nevertheless, I shall cite, as an illustration, two instances. In the year 420 B.C. an alliance was concluded among the inhabitants of Athens, Argos, Mantinea, and Elis, and its capitulations, after ratification, were engraved on marble. These terms have come down to us through Thucydides (Book V. 47), who copied them at the time, and incorporated them in his "History of the Peloponnesian War." Now, the original inscription referred to happened to be discovered some fifteen years ago. Truly, it is but a fragment of the original text, but it enables us to judge of the amount of trust which is to be placed in the manuscripts. Every single line, fragmentary as it is, exhibits discrepancies from the text of Thucydides. This

cannot be otherwise explained than by admitting that the archetype has suffered heavily at the hands of the copiers of Thucydides.

As a second instance I may adduce the following Doric inscription as transmitted to us through the manuscripts of Pausanias :

Δέξο, ἄναξ Κρονίδα, Ζεῦ Ὀλύμπιε, καλὸν ἄγαλμα
ἱλάῳ θυμῷ τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίοις.

The original marble having been recently recovered, the inscription reads thus :

[Δέξοϝ]άναξ Κρονίδα [Ζ]εῦ ὈλύΝπιε, καλὸν ἄγαλμα
ἵλΗϝΩ[Σ ΔΑ]μῳ ΤΩΙ ΛακεδαιμονίΩΙ.

The divergences between the two readings, marked in bold capitals, are the more surprising when we consider that the comparatively recent age of Pausanias (50 A.D.), the dialectical restrictions—the language is Doric—and especially the fixity of the metre, are such hindrances as to preclude almost every possibility of alteration in the text.

To the corrupted state of the classical texts the ancients themselves had already become alive, since they often witnessed, while still living, the process of corruption and disfigurement practised in their works by reckless hands. They were naturally vexed, and many of them remonstrated, or even proffered curses, against the unscrupulous copiers. A writer of the Christian era indignantly exclaims :

"I adjure thee who wilt copy this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by His glorious presence when He comes to judge the living and dead, to compare the part thou transcribest, and conform it carefully with this copy from which thou hast transcribed, and also to copy this oath, and put it in the copy."

We see clearly, then, that the classical texts, as they are printed in our books, do by no means mirror the true and genuine language of their authors. And since they do not represent even the literary diction of their authors, it would be preposterous to claim that this language reflects the colloquial speech of the times.

Thus the sad history of the manuscripts considerably shakes our faith in the vocabulary and grammar of the ancient texts. This is of course disappointing, but sufficient compensation is offered by philological criticism, especially when it is founded on the inscriptions. These relics are most important monuments of antiquity, for they are not only contemporary and direct documents of their time and locality, but they also reflect faithfully and genuinely the very wording of their authors. It is to the inscriptions, then, that we must look confidently for the true vocabulary and grammar of the literary Greek in its various dialects and periods. These precious remains, which are daily increasing in number—there have already been found more than 30,000

inscriptions—coupled with the traditions of old grammarians, have upset also another ancient theory as to the original existence of three or four dialects (Æolic, Doric, Ionic, and Attic). In point of fact, all modern scientific investigations, supported as they are by inscriptional evidences, show that the Greek language branched not into three or four, but into numerous dialects varying more or less considerably from one another. However, among all these dialects, there are noticeable some common features which enable us to group them under two leading heads, the Non-Ionic (Doric) and the Ionic. The chief criterion for their classification into two groups is founded on the observation that the Non-Ionic element preserves, on the whole, the long *ā*, while the Ionic group has changed it into *η*. Consequently the archetype or Indo-European **sistāmi* (I place) among the Non-Ionic dialects sounded *ἵστᾱμι*, while the Ionic group pronounced it *ἵστημι*.

Whatever may have been the original number of Greek dialects, it lies in the nature of language that local, social, cultural, and political agencies and influences should favour this or that dialect, and help it to gain a gradual ascendency over the rest, and eventually supersede them. It is a phenomenon observed in every language and country, and needs no special illustration. In the case of Greek, it was the dialect of Athens, the so-called Attic—one of the Ionic group—which gained ascendency, and ultimately rose to absolute dominion over all other dialects of Greece. It was the Attic, because Athens rose to the highest prominence both from a political and an intellectual point of view. The greatest achievements recorded in classical history were performed by Athenians, and Athens is entitled to the deepest gratitude of the Greek race. The glory of Greece was redeemed with Athenian sacrifice and blood; the greatest generals and statesmen of Greece were Athenians; and the most illustrious trophies (Marathon, Salamis, Platæa) were erected in the neighbourhood of Athens. These immortal exploits naturally and deservedly secured for Athens a dominant position. While previous to these achievements she ruled only within Attica, Athens now rose to be the metropolis of all Greece. From this time onward she takes the initiative and lead in every line: art, science, literature, manufacture, trade, fashion, wealth, and all other political, social, and intellectual institutions are started and developed at Athens, and from Athens they propagate in all directions through the ancient world. The entire Greek population, both in and out of Greece proper, streams, either for the sake of business or pleasure, to the national metropolis, while younger people, eager for education, are compelled to come to Athens, the only and universal nursery and seminary of the times.

Under such conditions it was but natural that the instrument of thought and action of the Panhellenic metropolis, the Athenian

language, should become also the Panhellenic standard for every composition and literary production. Generally speaking, we may fairly contend that Athens exerted a far mightier influence on Greek language and culture than London exerts on English, Paris on French, St. Petersburg (or Moscow) on Russian, Constantinople on Turkish, and modern Athens on modern Greek. For in our own times several countries and nations are vieing with each other for supremacy, and moreover, several cities in each of these countries are competing with one another. On the other hand, speaking of classical antiquity, there was but one Greece, with but one leading city, and that city was Athens. Athens, then, was the absolute sovereign and mistress of the civilised world, and it was a foregone conclusion that her dialect, the Attic, should assert its authority and become the established or national language of all Greeks, and through them the international language of civilised antiquity. It is true that each locality and community which, previous to the ascendency of Athens enjoyed its own dialect, continued to speak it locally for a long period (some dialects survived down to the first Christian century), but all intercommunications and transactions of a public, national, and official character, were carried on in the Attic tongue. These facts are sufficient evidence of the immense influence and effect of the Attic dialect. On the other hand, the very propagation from Athens to other districts and countries of the Attic dialect had another telling consequence: that, as long as the local dialects subsisted and served as the natural medium of daily life and intercourse, the Attic was to all those localities and communities a *conventional* language imported from Athens and learned for general convenience and national considerations. In other words, it was a State or official language universally adopted in addition to the native speech of every locality or district. This dualism in early Greek finds its analogue in almost every language, and the supremacy of English over the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh dialects offers a very simple explanation of the phenomenon.

It is further a significant fact that while the political supremacy of Athens did not last for more than some 150 years (500–350 B.C.), her language not only outlived her hegemony, but also remained for all subsequent ages and generations the Panhellenic tongue. The rapid and vast conquests of Alexander the Great opened new worlds and fields to the enterprising and speculative spirit of the Greeks. They soon made their way into the various territories of Southern Europe, the Black Sea, Asia, Egypt, and North Africa, Southern Spain, and France, in short, along the shores of the Mediterranean and Black Seas, in many cases penetrating into the far interior. The Greek language then, already Atticised, gradually conquered the whole ancient world; even the Druids in this country are reported by Cæsar to have adopted the Greek alphabet. So current and familiar, so

universal ultimately became the Attic Greek that in the second century of the Christian era it was considered indecorous to speak any other dialect but Attic in the presence of strangers.

At the same time, while conquering land after land, both at home and abroad, the Attic dialect could not but interchange with alien dialects and tongues terms of new notions and objects. The scope and effect of this foreign influence may be comprehended only when we remember that by this time the balance of Greek culture had gone with political preponderance over to the East. Asia Minor (with Antioch and Pergamon as centres) and particularly Alexandria in Egypt, had become the centre of Greek culture and learning (Alexandrian period 300–30 B.C.). By this time, indeed, Greece proper had lost her supremacy, and Greek masses had settled among alien races and tribes (such as Syrians, Persians, Indians, Egyptians, Ethiopians) as soldiers, colonists, merchants and the like. These masses, who formed only a minority among the native populations, had to accommodate themselves to altered conditions: new (Oriental) life, new avocations, new climate, new influences of every description. This novel life and spirit, coupled with the absence of a national centre and Hellenic education, naturally influenced the language and called into existence various idioms of vernacular diction and grammar, essentially deviating from the ancestral Attic. This form of vernacular or spoken (colloquial) Greek, once originated, henceforth works its way through all classes and regions and eventually develops into the dominant language so far as common life and daily intercourse are concerned, and it is this form of Greek which marks the origin of "Modern Greek." Its appearance in this period (250–100 B.C.), in an already advanced stage, may be testified by a considerable number of inscriptional evidences, but I specify only a few *grammatical* instances as illustrations: The accusative singular of the so-called third declension takes a *ν* on the analogy of the acc. sing. of the first declension, a departure from the classical Attic which continues to be the characteristic feature of the present Greek; the endings *-ιος* and *-ιον*, of the second declension are reduced to *-ις* (*-ης*) and *-ι*, just as in modern Greek now; the verbal termination *-ον* of the third person plural makes room for a new ending *-αν*, a form since general in modern Greek; the so-called second aorist (in *-ον*) is driven out by the first aorist (in *-α*), which has become the only form in modern Greek. These grammatical testimonies might be considerably increased by a copious *vocabulary* which was already peculiar to the spoken language, and was accordingly strongly deprecated by the purists of the times on the plea of being "common."

The presence, then, of so many *modern* elements in the Greek language at so early a period as this (250–100 B.C.) suggests a very important reflection. The Greek literature produced ever since that time reflects, in point of spirit, the popular or spoken language, while in

point of diction it is essentially classical. Greek literature, then, dating since the second century B.C.—including the Bible as a matter of course—has to be studied in connection with and with the help of modern Greek. In point of fact, such has been ever since the influence of the spoken language on the book language or literary style, and *vice versâ*, that neither can Greek literature be thoroughly mastered without a proficiency in modern Greek, nor can modern Greek be fully comprehended without the knowledge of classical Greek.

To return to our point, I wish to call attention to the above-mentioned class of writers who have been designated "purists." Speaking of them, history supplies us with another indirect proof of dualism in the Greek language. In other words, we have to distinguish the literary style from the colloquial form. But who are those "purists" referred to? We are told by history that many writers and scholars contemporary with, and subsequent to, the above period, acting in a tacit conspiracy, like an organised league or propaganda, endeavoured to check the progress of the ascendency of the "common" or popular language, and to return to the ancient or pure Attic, a circumstance which gave them the nickname of Atticists or purists. Their tentative and example, though criticised and ridiculed by contemporary and modern *beaux esprits*, has been tacitly but unanimously and zealously followed by all subsequent writers down to our time.

We are then brought face to face with a very significant fact: beside the classical Attic represented in our school-books, we meet with an essentially different vocabulary and grammar, which illustrate the colloquial language of the ancients and at the same time mark the first stage of our modern Greek, or vulgar Greek, as it was styled in past centuries.

From this time onward the Greek language, while departing further from classical Attic, undergoes a double process of evolution. On the one hand, it relaxes throughout and proceeds analytically, tending towards simplification and modernisation; and, on the other, it manifests two distinct features—the literary and the colloquial. Both forms appear first intermixed, then gradually diverging, until they eventually terminate in a dualism analogous to that illustrated in modern Greek. How this came about, and how either style succeeded in maintaining its own against the ascendency of the other; how both evolved in mutual touch and parallel company, ever influencing and balancing each other, is a phenomenon which finds explanation only in the subsequent history of the Greek race.

In the first place Greece submits to the Roman sway, and her population, both at home and in the colonies, have to accommodate themselves to a new and alien administration. Whether it proceeded directly from Rome proper, as in the first centuries (146 B.C. to 330 A.D.),

or from New Rome (Constantinople), her Hellenised successor in the East, this new and alien *régime* had a marked effect upon the Greek language; a considerable vocabulary referring to Roman associations and novelties, especially official (administrative, military, and judicial) terms, social grades, and foreign titles, was appropriated in a more or less Hellenised form. Such Latinisms, both lexical and grammatical, are *e.g.*, δικτάτωρ, δούξ, πραίτωρ and πραιτώριον, καλάνδαι and the names of the months (Ἰανουάριος, Φεβρουάριος, Μάρτιος &c.); the grammatical terminations -άριος (still common in Modern Greek in the reduced form -άρις or -άρης), as ἀποθηκάριος; -πουλ[λ]ος (ever since preserved in Modern Greek), as ἀρχοντόπουλ(λ)ος, Παπαδόπουλ(λ)ος; -ούρα (preserved in Modern Greek), as κλεισούρα; -ᾶτος (since very common in Modern Greek), as γεμᾶτος (full), ἀμυγδαλᾶτος. But apart from these innovations and changes, there is another important fact to be noted: the Roman rule, essentially military as it was, had reduced intellectual life and culture to a low ebb, and thus brought into disuse and oblivion a considerable portion of the Greek vocabulary.

In this declining stage of the Greek language another event of great consequence succeeded: the conversion of Hellenism to Christianity. It was Christianity, indeed, which had the most revolutionary effects on the Greek language and literature. Christianity came not as foreign invader and conqueror, but sprang up among the masses as a friend and saviour. Once set in the hearts of the people it became part of their race, part of their nature, and turned them not to subjects but to zealous agents. The classical or Hellenic past now makes room for new ideas and doctrines, new culture and life. In their religious zeal and enthusiasm the Greek masses abjure their ancestral belief, history, and literature, and therewith the vocabulary associated with such unchristian and sinful things. The Greek temples are eagerly transformed into Christian churches or deserted as haunted spots; the traditional customs and beliefs are abandoned and disowned; the reading of pagan authors—of Greek literature altogether—is religiously shunned; the Hellenic colleges are abolished as pagan institutions; the very name of "Hellen," the hereditary designation for a Greek, being now associated with heathen reminiscences is repudiated, and the appellation, "Romaios," (Ῥωμαῖος), that is, citizen of the Christian capital New Rome (Constantinople)—"Rome *par excellence*"—universally adopted instead. To put it shortly, the decline of intellectual culture consequent on the military spirit of the Roman rule, and above all, the abrupt transition from Hellenic culture to the ascetic fervour of Christianity pauperised and benumbed the Greek language, and put out of use thousands of words and terms associated with science, literature, history, mythology (idolatry), philosophy (which now was represented to emanate from the devil),

and all such vocabulary as was associated with God-forsaken paganism. Thus the formerly copious stock and diction of the Greek language were now considerably reduced and modified in a Christian spirit.

Here, however, I must guard against misunderstanding. It is true that Christianity while ousting Paganism obliterated also Hellenic culture; but with regard to the Greek *language*, a very strange result has been obtained: once reduced and impoverished the Greek tongue met with a mighty support and shelter in the Christian Church. Not that the latter was in sympathy with the Hellenic language as such, but for another cogent reason. Apart from the influential factor that the Old Testament had been translated from the Hebrew into the conventional Greek, the then international or cosmopolitan language, the very founder of Christianity (apparently) and His Apostles (certainly) had preached in Greek; the New Testament, the foundation and fountain of the Christian faith, had been composed and promulgated in Greek; the early ecclesiastical writers and Church Fathers had devoutly imitated the Biblical diction: in short, the Christian Church had been founded upon the conventional and universal Greek of the times. Under such conditions it was a foregone conclusion—nay, it was almost prescribed and ordained—that all subsequent religious compositions should be guided by the sacred language of the Church whose diction and grammar, having once received a canonical sanction, continue in every way to influence pious posterity. In order to fully comprehend the reach and results of this factor, be it remembered that during all subsequent ages the languishing education was limited mainly to the clergy. Now, as these monks and priests, the only lettered class of people, derived all their knowledge from the devotional study of the Bible and the writings of the Church Fathers—Patristic literature—all subsequent productions were of necessity a more or less regular reflex of the Biblical and Patristic diction. Again, if we keep in view that this fixed and sacred form of diction has ever since remained, through the Middle Ages, the only reading matter, both in private and at church, of the Greek nation, then we can realise the momentous effects which the Church has had on the Greek language. If she extirpated the Hellenic culture on the other hand, she had a very beneficial effect on the language after she had reduced it to a narrow compass; in point of fact, she has preserved it in its essentially Attic form and stock.

It might be duly opposed here that secular writers of the Christian era, whose number is considerable, though Christian themselves, were not, by any means, compelled by religious considerations to frame their compositions after Biblical or Patristic Greek. This remark is apparently correct, but is also easily accountable. We know that, for pagan or secular compositions, the old classical diction, sanctioned as it had been through all previous ages, still stood as the only model

and standard for all composition. Thus it came to pass that all literary compositions produced since the fourth century of the Christian era, if religious in their character, have been framed after the ecclesiastical Greek; if secular in their tenour, they have been moulded on the classical language. It is needless to emphasise that either form points back to the same original, the Attic Greek.

To sum up, the Greek language has had a singular history. Once developed, its Attic form superseded and gradually effaced all other dialects. At the same time the conquests of Alexander the Great, which opened the East to the Greek race, and the absence of any contemporary rival tongue, afforded exceptional opportunities for Greek becoming an international or cosmopolitan language. So far its progress and development does not present any striking abnormality in the history of languages. But, while all other tongues mark a slow and tardy development, and their early productions represent a stage of infancy, which is surpassed and eclipsed by subsequent golden ages, the Attic Greek constitutes a singular phenomenon: in its early stage it produces the highest attainable literature. Starting, then, from this summit of a golden age it secures its recognition as a mother language of all Greeks, and tutors all posterity by prescribing the course to be followed by all subsequent generations. In other words, the Attic dialect not only Atticised the Greek language, but also converted all subsequent generations to zealous Atticists. Again, when foreign influence and ascendency threatened to overrule or transmute it into a new language, as Latin has been transmuted into the Romance languages, the Christian Church interposed, and, having adapted it to her own purposes, fixed its future course and saved it from the fate of other dead tongues. It may be added here by the way that it again met, in later periods of low ebb, considerable support and furtherance in the revival of the classical spirit in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries (during the reign of the Byzantine Emperors Comneni and Palæologi), and finally received new life in the recent regeneration of Greece.

A. N. JANNARIS.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENC WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

Part Fourth and Last.

THERE were few letters for the next three years except brief in tations or rendezvouses, as I lived much in London, to atte Parliament, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle habitually. Her appe ance at that time was peculiarly interesting. Her face was colourl but most expressive, answering promptly to every emotion; her ey were frank and pleasant, and her smile, which was gracious, pass easily into banter or mockery. Ill-health repressed the activity of h body, but not of her spirit, which was as vivacious as of old.

There is one letter of this era worth printing as an illustration Carlyle's thoughtful kindness for his friends, a disposition wholly i compatible with the character prejudiced gossips have come to attribu to him in recent times.

"Chelsea, *February* 6, 1853.

"Dear Duffy,—You never came to see me again, which was not well do altogether; but I am not writing of that at present. The time approach when you will return, and then probably we may do better.

"I remember hearing you speak, when here, about shelves for your books your Pimlico lodging. Now, it strikes me I have, lying in this garret, a of no use to anybody but the moths, a portion of my own old book-cas complete all but the nails; a couple of *standard* sides—namely, and perha six or seven shelves of 4 or 5 feet long; a thing which any carpenter wit sixpence worth of nails can knock together for you in an hour or two; whic might hold 150 or 200 volumes; and which it would be a small but re comfort for me to know doing service for some friendly Christian in thi manner! Pray think of it, if you still want such a thing; and pray dete mine to have it. It is lying here, safe though dusty in the garret, tie together with ropes; and can be brought to you in a barrow; and will b proud to assist in your Parliamentary career; and when that is ended, c changed, will cheerfully serve as firewood, and make itself generally useful

There is another couple of 'standards' here; but before I saved them for such a purpose, the headlong joiner had cut up the shelves of these. . . . . So stands it; and will stand for you. In the name of the Prophet!

"Some one of your clerks is falling asleep at his post, I think. The *Nation*, which did not fail once in seven weeks to reach London on Saturday night, now (this good while) does not, above once in seven weeks, come till Monday morning—often not till Monday at eleven o'clock (which latter mistake I know is not yours); whereby, of course, my use of it, and much more important uses it has to serve in London, is much obstructed. A thing that should be remedied if it easily can.

"One 'Thomas Muloch, Dublin,' sends me an acrid little pamphlet the other morning, solemnly denouncing and damning to the Pit, really in a rather sincere and devout manner, '*both* the Irish Churches' (Protestant and Catholic), in the name of Jesus, and of *any* instalment of salvation to Ireland, of which native country he is a passionate lover. I fear the poor man is maddish. But I have thought a thousand times, since seeing Ireland, to much the same effect, in the name of still higher entities and considerations—though virtuously holding my peace on the subject. The "Churches" alas, alas! Of all preachers and prophets and divine men wanted in Ireland (and in England, and Scotland, and all the other wretched lands, where hypocritical palaver reigns and rules and makes the world fetid and accursed) is the 'Divine Drill-Serjeant' (as I often say) who, with steel whips or by whatever method, would teach poor canting slaves to *do* a little of the things they eloquently say (and even *know*) everywhere, and leave *un*done. Poor Muloch! Really *is* there any such *totally* accursed *sin* as that (with no redeeming side *at all*): or even such general, nay universal one, in this illustrious thrice-hopeful epoch of Free Press, Emancipation, Toleration, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the rest of it?

"Adieu, dear Duffy; you need not write about that sublime question of the deal shelves, only send for them if fit to be accepted. I have been all this winter, if not idle, terribly abstracted, terribly unsuccessful in regard to getting any work done! That really is the one thing 'terrible' in this universe.

"Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

He took at first but limited notice of Parliamentary men or affairs, but I brought Mrs. Carlyle and her friend, Miss Jewsbury, to luncheon at the House of Commons, where she met some old friends, and her lively fancy played about the subject so habitually afterwards that Carlyle was incited to take a little interest in it. He asked my opinion from time to time of the notable men in the Parliament of 1852, and uttered trenchant comments on them, but he knew little or nothing personally of the men in question, and on reading the notes I find them hardly worth publishing.

As session followed session I got more engrossed in Parliamentary work, and less able to visit Chelsea as of old. The work was sometimes so engrossing as to exclude all other occupation. I served on a Select Committee on the Irish Land Question at that time, of which

Lord Palmerston, Bright, Sergeant Shee, Lucas, and other notab
men were members, and I frequently attended its sittings at noon, ar
did not escape from the House of Commons until after midnight,
life altogether incompatible with social engagements. Finally, n
health failed, and I had to take a holiday, during which a letter fro
Carlyle reached me.

"CHELSEA, *June* 22, 1854.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I have called repeatedly at your place, but without a
definite answer, till Sunday last, when the little girl informed me y
were 'not to come back this season!' 'Back' *from* Dublin or where, s
could not say; nor, indeed, give any other response at all, except as to t
negative fact, which has occasioned various confused reflections in me ev
since. Once, in the *Nation*, I noticed the address of *Malvern* on one of yo
papers; and a little while before, I had seen with concern that some ne
relative had been taken from you by death. Pray, on all accounts, write r
immediately a single word, wherever you may be (at Malvern still, as I cou
guess), to put an end to the freaks of imagination at least. Something ev
dently is wrong, or else I should have seen you long ago; how much may
wrong, it is better to know, than to keep guessing, in the morbid humour o
gets into. Alas! calamities abound, and sorrows of a harsh nature and al
of a soft; and there is no want of burdens for the poor pilgrim in this wor
—who often gets foot-sore too, not so able to struggle along with his loa
I am afraid you are not yourself in good health, in addition to all: but m
have gone to Malvern, where indeed the fresh hill breezes may do you goo
though the medical "sheetings," &c., not very much.

"I am myself in rather poor case this long while; decidedly below par
bodily health, and with a very fair proportion of other things to keep n
spirits from rising above their due level! My work, too, which ought to
the consolation for all sorrows, and is really the only conquest one can mal
in this world, sticks obstinately in the slough, these many long months, l
me try and wriggle as I will: in fact, it is the most ungainly job I ever ha
and *fire* enough to burn up such a mass of sordid litter, and extract t
thread of gold out of it (if there be any in it), is actually not at my dispos
in my present mood. Let us hope, let us hope, nevertheless! Nation
Palaver and its affairs are without interest to me altogether of late; and,
fact, lie below the horizon as a thing I have no interest in. Crystal Pala
Turk War, Policy of Lord John, do. do. Not an *ideal* heroic world thi
no, not by any means!

"Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

TALK WITH THACKERAY.

During succeeding sessions I saw more of Carlyle, but had no leisu
for notes; one pleasant day, however, I find fully recorded in n
diary:

July 28 [1855]. *Il Vero Tomaso* brought me to-day to see Thack
ray. He is a large, robust, fresh-looking man, with hair turnir
grey. The expression of his face disappointed me; the damaged no

and bad teeth mar its otherwise benign effect, and were imperfectly relieved by a smile which was warm but hardly genial. He is near-sighted, and said, "he must put on his glasses to have a good look at me." He told me he had met some of my friends in America and liked them. John Dillon was a modest fellow, and Meagher pleased him by laughing at the popular ovations offered to him. They both said whatever they thought, frankly; rather a surprise to him, as in Ireland he had only met three men who spoke the truth; but then, he added, smiling, he had not made the acquaintance of the Young Irelanders. I asked him if one might inquire the names of these three exceptional Irishmen. That would not be fair, he replied, to the remainder of his acquaintances; but he did not mind saying that Deasy was one of them [Rickard Deasy, then an Irish member, afterwards Attorney-General, and finally Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland]. He spoke of his intended lectures on the House of Hanover, and said he sometimes pondered the question whether every soul of these people he had to speak of was not d——d in the end. The Marquis of Hertford receiving London society in an attitude seen elsewhere only in hospitals, surrounded by smiling crowds, who ate his dinners and congratulated him on his good looks, was a story which could be told nakedly only by Swift.

I asked him about the Lindsay-Layard agitation, in which he had recently taken some part. He said they had ruined an excellent cause amongst them. Lindsay had made some remarkable statements certainly, but unhappily they did not bear investigation. Sir Charles Wood made pie of them. Layard was a good, simple soul, altogether unfit for the task he took in hand; he set himself to overthrow the aristocratic scheme of patronage, and quite recently complained to him that the aristocracy had ceased to ask him to dinner! The constitutional system was getting frightfully damaged in England, and we could not count on a long life for it in its present relations. I asked him how we were to get on in Ireland, where we had only the seamy side of it? He said he had never doubted our right to rebel against it, if we had only made sure of success; but in the name of social tranquillity and common sense, he denied the legitimacy of unsuccessful rebellion. I rejoined that it was no more possible to make sure beforehand that you were going to win in an insurrection than in a game of roulette. You had to take your chance in both cases. So far as my reading carried me, I found that a successful rebellion was often preceded by an unsuccessful one, which had the same identical provocation and justification as its more fortunate successor. I spoke rapidly of the Irish famine, the exportation of the natural food of the people to pay inordinate rents, the hopeless feebleness and fatuity of Lord John Russell's government, and the horrors of Skull and Skibereen, and I asked him to tell me, if he were an

Irishman, what he would have done under the circumstances? He paused a moment, and replied: "I would perhaps have done as you did."

We afterwards walked out together towards Hyde Park. We met an Italian image boy who had a bust of Louis Napoleon among the figures he carried on his head. Thackeray took off his hat and saluted it, half, but only half, mockingly, and murmured something about a man who understood his business and mastered the art of government. I said Carlyle's theory of governing by the best man would be very satisfactory if we could always contrive to catch the best man, but I objected under any pretence to be governed by the worst, however carefully he had studied the art.

We had been talking a little before of Prince Albert's speech (about constitutional government being on its trial) and Thackeray said that John Lemoinne told him that he was reprimanded for reflecting on it in the *Journal des Débats*, and that he believed the instigation had come from Windsor. The talk turned upon books, and I told him I had noted with wonder the accuracy, or rather the fitness, of the Irish names of men and places in "Barry Lyndon," that being the point where a stranger usually blunders or breaks down. He said he had lived a good deal among Irish people in London and elsewhere. Carlyle graciously refrained from taking any part in the conversation, which struck me as a fine piece of courtesy.

As we walked towards Chelsea, after parting with Thackeray, Carlyle said that all this talk about administrative reform was very idle and worthless. The people of England lived by steadfast industry, and took no heed at all of questions of patronage and promotion. The public service in England was notoriously the honestest in Europe, the least liable to be diverted from its duty by any temptation, and that was nearly all one wanted to know about it. If there was any possibility of getting honest work done just now, there was much need of quite other work than those people had in hand. Think of the inorganic mass of men in the disjointed districts called London, with a population equal to that of half a dozen Greek States, bestridden by aldermen and vestrymen, with all their haranguing and debating apparatus, whom we are ordered to obey (if it were possible) as the guardians of our interests, but who could not supply us from year's end to year's end with a wholesome glass of clean water.

I said it might be of slight importance to prosperous people how the service was filled, but it was not a matter of indifference to the considerable class who found the public service their only road to employment that was not servile. It seemed to me a serious and dangerous injustice in the English system that all the great prizes of public life were reserved for the aristocracy, and all the petty prizes for their nominees.

Carlyle replied that this assumption did not represent the actual

fact as one found it in operation. The higher classes having more leisure and easier access to Parliament, naturally came in for more of the guerdons which were distributed in that region, but probably no one was denied the share he was fairly entitled to, especially in the highest offices.

Edmund Burke, I said, was a conspicuous example of one who had been denied his share.

Carlyle replied that he did not know what Edmund Burke had to complain of. He came to London having nothing, and people there, the aristocracy chiefly, made him a leading man in the business he worked in; he became a Privy Councillor and a Minister of the Crown, and died leaving a good estate. This was not an inconsiderable payment for the strange industry he was engaged in; what was to be desired more?

Why, I replied, he might have been recognised for what he undoubtedly was—the brain and soul of his party. He was never admitted to the Cabinet of which he framed the policy, and which he defended in the House of Commons with supreme ability. It seemed to me a public scandal that Charles Fox was set over the head of a man who taught him his business, only because Fox was one of the aristocracy, that is to say, the son of a disreputable and unprincipled politician, who had grown rich by nefarious jobbing, and was made a peer only because he had become intolerable to the House of Commons.

The Cabinet, Carlyle replied, was in those days composed for the most part of great peers, and Burke, or any one on his behalf, might as reasonably complain that he was not made a marquis as that he was not made a member of the Cabinet. There is perpetually something above a man which he does not attain, and it was good sense of a very essential sort to be content without it. Burke's achievements, which might have been conveniently abridged, had obtained in substance the reward he sought and expected.

I asked him about a lively little book, written by one of the Lindsay-Layard party, in a dialect which was then called Carlylese, and inquired if he had read it. Yes, he said, he had looked into it, and noted the resemblance I spoke of. It was like his style, if he might be supposed to be a judge of the matter, as like perhaps as the reflection of his face in a dish-cover was like that entity.

He inquired whether the address of Malvern, which he read in a letter of mine in the newspapers, indicated that I had been at the water cure. I said it did. I read a pamphlet of Bulwer Lytton's, entitled the "Confessions of a Water Patient," describing the water cure as a magical remedy for the exhaustion of literary or political work, and I gave it a trial. The early hours, simple meals, and absolute rest, were balsamic; but I had slight faith in the system, which was kept alive largely by fables. We were told how patients were carried

into the establishment, and after a few weeks walked out, but nothing was said of cases where the patients walked in, and were carried out in an oak box. The fanaticism of some of the patients passed belief. One poor fellow, who was visibly fading away, told me that his relapses were part of the cure: the doctor must break him down before he could build him up! Crowds of new patients arrived every week, and nobody asked what became of those who disappeared. My time passed pleasantly enough, as there were intelligent people to talk to—Indian officers, Oxford professors, Californian diggers, and London men and women of letters.

Carlyle said he had marvelled to note during the summer months what a steady stream of simpletons set from London to Worcestershire.

Yes, I said, simpletons tempered by sages. My bathman told me, and every one who would listen to him, of his attendance on Mr. Carlyle, and of that great man's behaviour under the douche, or wrapped in wet sheets like an Egyptian mummy swathed in its cerements. The bathman was a living witness that a man may still occasionally be a hero to his *valet de chambre*.

Carlyle laughed, and said that it was very proper that he should be found out. A number of friendly people, John Forster principally, he believed, induced him to go to Malvern on the evidence of Bulwer Lytton that it was a panacea for dyspepsia and all its kin, and he had fared as a man deserves to fare who puts faith in such testimony. He was somewhat ashamed of the adventure. Dr. Gully was not without insight, but somebody said—it was probably Thackeray—of the other practitioners that the system had been discovered in Germany by an inspired peasant, and was administered in England by peasants who were not inspired.

Sir Arthur Helps.

I asked him about Mr. Helps, whose "Essays in the Intervals of Business" I had read with even more pleasure than "Friends in Council," though the vivid talk of the "Friends" gave a freshness even to commonplace. Elsmere seemed to me, I said, as dramatically conceived and as consistently drawn as Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. Helps, he answered, had been over in Ireland in an official situation, private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant or other eminent personage, but he left this place to retire on literature exclusively. He had been a rich man, but latterly had lost some of his fortune somehow, and now lived near Southampton and wrote books. He was not at all a considerable man, but he had some truth in him, and pretty bits of fancy too. One of his little books reduced him to death's door in producing it, and there was a long convalescence in each case. He was writing now on the slave trade from the far-off beginning of it. He was rather wearisome, from the little bits of

theories and speculations he kept talking and talking about, and he had a bad fashion, which he learned up in London, of making a joke of everything that turned up, even when one could perceive he was serious and anxious at bottom. When Emerson was in England, Helps met him and Carlyle down at Stonehenge, and brought them home with him. The circumstance remained in his memory because Emerson broached some amazing theories there about war altogether ceasing in the world, but when he was closely pressed on the method of this prodigious change, luckily for him luncheon was announced, and he would not speak one word more.

Australia.

In the autumn of 1855, I resigned my seat in the House of Commons and emigrated to Australia. The end for which I entered Parliament had been rendered hopeless by the perfidy of some of my colleagues, and I resolved to mark my sense of the condition to which they had reduced the Irish cause by peremptory retirement.* In July I said farewell to the Carlyles, sailed three months later, and landed at Melbourne in the beginning of 1856. During my first three years in Australia the only communications from Carlyle were a couple of brief letters of introduction; but in 1859 the stream began to flow anew.

The reference in the next letter to a town alludes to the township of Carlyle on the Murray river, which, as Minister of Public Lands, I had named after the philosopher.

"Chelsea, London, *April* 13, 1859.

"Dear Duffy,—I confess I have been remiss in writing to you; shamefully so, if you did not know the circumstances, or believe in them without knowing! To want of remembering you I will by no means plead guilty; and I have had no letters, or one and a *half* (with excellent continuation by Mrs. Callan) which were heartily welcomed—welcomer than hundreds that did get answer of some kind! The truth is I have been swimming in bottomless abysses, whipt and whirled about as man never was, for long years past; and there are still many months of it ahead; it was *after* all this should have once rolled itself away that I always want to write to you, a free man once more (no Prussian or other rubbish crushing the life out of me), till which fine consummation, though my conscience did a little back upon me now and then, it backed to no purpose, as you have seen! This is the true history of that phenomenon; and I leave it with you.

"As I said, there are months and twelvemonths still of that sad Prussian operative pressing on me; and one knows not how long the foolish speechlessness might have lasted, had it not been for a message that arrived this morning, the letter here inclosed, which cannot brook being neglected by me. I shove Frederick aside, therefore (more luck to him), and hasten, with a bad or good grace, to do the needful.

* The story is told in detail in the "League of North and South." Chapman & Hall.

"Please read carefully that inclosed letter from Macready to me; it will bring the whole case accurately before you; and if you can do anything in it, I will earnestly request you, for my sake withal, to do it with your best might. I know not if you are aware, as I am, that the private worth and merits of Mr. Macready, senior, are of the highest order; a man of scrupulous veracity, correctness, integrity, a kind of *Grandisonian* style of magnanimity, both in substance and manner, visible in all his conduct. I have often said, looking at his ways as a 'public' person, 'Here is a playhouse manager, dependant on the populace for everything, and there is no bishop of souls in England who dare appeal to the truth, and defy the devil and his angels, except this very singular' bishop, whose diocese is Drury Lane. In fact, I greatly esteem the man; and his domestic losses and distresses (loss of an excellent, noble little wife; loss of child after child, so soon as they grew up; loss of &c. &c.) have filled me and others with sympathy for him in these years. I add only that he is an Irishman (that his wife was Irish, a pretty little being, whom I think he found an *actress*, and whom he left a high and real gentlewoman in her sphere), so that you see the whole case is Irish; and if Macready junior, whom I do not know, but whose father's account of him I credit to the last particular, *can* be launched in an honest career, and made useful among his fellow creatures, it will be, on every side, in the line of your vocation. This I think is about the substance of all I had to say. You will take it all for truth, my exactest notion of the truth; and then I must leave it with you. The young man will appear in person, and you can take survey of him. What is fairly possible I have no doubt you will do; and I need not repeat that it would be pleasant to me among its other results. So enough.

"The 'Township of Carlyle' (more power to it) amused us very much, and there was in it a kind of interest, pathetic and other, which was higher than amusement. 'Stuart-Mill Street,' 'Sterling Street' (especially Jane Street) I could almost have wept a little (had any tears now remained me) at these strange handwritings on the wall; stern and sad, the meaning of that to me, as well as laughable. In short, it is a very pretty device; and if in the chief square or place they one day put the statue of C. G. D. himself, when he has become head in the colony and led it into the *good* way (which is far off just now), I shall by no means be sorry. For the rest, the Plans, &c., of Carlyle are firmly bound and secured, along with a learned volume of Scottish antiquarian biography, and there wait till they become antique if possible. I send the most cordial regards to Mrs. Callan, amiable, much suffering body. I am, as of old,

"Yours truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

This was the letter enclosed:

"SHERBORNE, *April* 13, 1859.

"MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I have a great favour to ask of you, a most important service; which, in the belief that, if you can, you will render it, becomes on my part a duty to request of you. I might introduce the subject with preparatory apologies, but I know I should gain nothing by them in your opinion or in the furtherance of the object of my application;

and that, if there should be impediments to your acquiescence in my solicitation, they will be valid ones.

"My second son, after some indecision, adopted of his own free choice the military profession and entered the East India Company's service with the most hopeful prospects of advancement. Unhappily he was not proof to the idle and reckless course of life too often pursued by Indian officers, and, after a brief career of folly and extravagance, was obliged from insubordinately resenting the rebuke of his commanding officer, to resign his commission.

"I have reason to believe he is now thoroughly awakened to a sense of his indiscretion, and is deeply repentant of the ill conduct into which he has been betrayed. I have full faith in the sincerity of his penitence, and of his desire and determination to redeem himself in character, if he can only obtain the means of exerting himself creditably.

"He is still in Bombay, where he has been unsuccessful (as indeed might naturally be expected) in all his endeavours to obtain employment. On all accounts it is desirable that he should leave India; and Australia seems the only land, where by diligence, endurance, and upright bearing, he may have a chance of raising himself in the esteem of friends and in his own respect. Our mutual friend, Forster, informs me that Mr. Gavan Duffy, who holds office there, which gives him the distribution of employment to a very considerable extent, would be happy in paying attention to any suggestion of yours. Here is my prayer: if you can befriend my unfortunate boy with your interest, he may yet do credit to his family and to your recommendation. My last wish would be a sinecure, or even easy work for him. The discipline of systematic effort is needful to sustain his good resolutions, and may be the making of him. His colonel, in writing to me, laid stress upon the point, that in his errors he knew of nothing to bring his honour into question; and his recent letters give me assurance, that if opportunity be granted to him, he will never again abuse it.

"Can you assist me in this most pressing need, either by writing direct to Mr. Duffy, or through the hands of my son Edward He is only 23, and has drunk deeply enough of adversity's bitter cup to receive from it a healthful tone for the life that may be before him. He is not without abilities, and with industry may turn them to good account.

"I am bold to think, that if you can thus greatly serve me you will do it. I will not say, being sure you *know*, how gratefully I should receive this saving act of friendship from you. I have been going to write to Mrs. Carlyle about an intimation of a western journey, which she held out; will you say to her, with my most affectionate regards, that I defer the letter but a little longer?—Believe me, dear Mr. Carlyle, always and most sincerely yours,

"W. C. Macready."

Macready Junior duly appeared, and was a gentlemanly prepossessing young fellow, with considerable intelligence and observation. He spoke of his Indian experience with perfect unreserve, and bewailed the ruin of young officers from indolence, and the habit of tippling brandy-and-water which the climate induced. He spoke like one who

saw and deplored errors of his own, which he would scorn to conceal I was pleased with him, and offered him an admission to the Civi Service of the colony, where none of the temptations which assailed him in military service need exist, and where he might re-establish himself in the good opinion of his father. He surprised me by replying that he had no desire to enter the public service; he believed he possessed some of the gifts which made his father famous and would prefer to try the stage. I predicted that his father would disapprove of this design, but he was immovable. I took him to Mr. Coppin, the manager of the principal Melbourne theatre and as the young man thought that light comedy was his speciality Mr. Coppin agreed to give him an opportunity of playing Captain Absolute, provided his real name appeared in the play-bills. Mr Macready drew one great audience, but not a second, and he gradually descended in the theatrical scale till he reached the bottom, and finally died prematurely.

His father acknowledged my slight services warmly, and I kept a eye on the young man as long as there was any hope of helping him effectually.

"SHERBORNE HOUSE, SHERBORNE, DORSET, *January* 24, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is not an easy thing to satisfy oneself in acknowledging benefits of the greatest value, and which are beyond the reach of requital. I am quite unequal to the task. You have done all that a *friend* could do to withdraw my son from a dangerous, I may say an evil course and aided him, as far as prudence could warrant, even when persisting in his most blamable resolution.

"My thanks are poor and weak in conveying to you my sense of your great kindness, and of my lasting obligation to you; but you will accept them, I am sure, in the spirit of sincerity in which they are offered.

"You will still further oblige me by drawing on me at Messrs. Ransom Bouverie & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, for the £10 which you so obligingly furnished my son. He had no right to be in need of it, and the adoption of the mode of life he has resorted to, he knew is beyond all others most repugnant to my wishes.

"I need not add my request that you will not make him any further advance. It is a sad reflection, that he should have turned to such a purpose the means I had used for re-establishing him in a respectable position But for all you have done to deter him and forward my views for him, I am, and must ever be, your truly grateful debtor.—Believe me, my dear sir your deeply obliged, and very faithful,

"W. C. MACREADY.

"Hon. GAVAN DUFFY."

I made some renewed efforts to restore the young man to serious courses, which his father acknowledged profusely.

"6, WELLINGTON SQUARE, CHELTENHAM, *August* 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel more obliged to you than I have powers of expression for. You have done all in your power to rescue my son from the

desperate course in which he has deliberately precipitated himself, and my gratitude to you for such invaluable service is sincere and most fervent.

"I wish I could encourage the hope, that he may yet see the error of his ways, and avail himself of your ready wish to aid him in recovering himself. I can only say, God grant it, again and again thanking you for your great kindness.

"With every cordial wish for your health and happiness,—I remain, my dear sir, most sincerely and gratefully yours,

"W. C. MACREADY.

"Hon. GAVAN DUFFY."

SIR HENRY PARKES.

The Parkes to whom the next note refers was Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales down to the close of last year, but at the time Carlyle wrote Emigration Agent for his colony in England. His fellow Agent for Emigration was William Bede Dalley, whose share in the Australian expedition to the Soudan has procured him the honour of a memorial tablet in St. Paul's—the first Irish Catholic on whom such a distinction was conferred.

"CHELSEA, *November* 10, 1861.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Your friend Parkes, who did not present himself till quite lately, 'hearing I was so busy,' came the other evening, and gave us a few pleasant hours. We find him a robust, effective, intelligent, and sincere kind of man, extremely loyal to C. G. D.; which is not one of his smallest merits here. He gave me several more precise notions about Australian life; seemed to be thoroughly at home in the anarchic democratic Universal-Palaver element, and to swim about it, with a candid joy, like a fish in water; and indeed, I could not but own that in comparison with the old Colonial Office and Parliamentary-Fogie methods of administration, it might be a real improvement; and that, in short, in the present anarchic condition of England, there was nothing for it, but to let her colonies go, in this wild manner, down the wind, whither they listed, till once it became insupportable to the poor minority of wise men among themselves, and they (probably sword-in-hand) could resolve to take some course with it, life to them having grown worse than death under such conditions. It is my prophecy for Yankeeland, and for England, and for all countries with National-Palaver and Penny Newspapers in them; if the gods intend that these nations are to continue above ground, said Nations will have to abolish, or tightly chain up, all that (so far as I can form the last opinion), or if the nation prefers not to abolish, it can at its own good pleasure go down; to very *hot* quarters indeed, and will find *me* a resigned man, whichever way! But I waste my paper sadly.

"The worst news Parkes gave us was, that you did not seem to be in good health; bad health he sometimes defined your situation to be, when we pressed him for details. That you are out of office for the last eighteen months is, since you have means of modest livelihood independent, rather a pleasure to hear; but this of health—Alas, alas! could not the Victoria

people be persuaded to send *you* as their 'Agent' hitherward? Anything that would bring you home, how welcome were it to us! Or would not your means, though modest, enable you to live *here* as well as at Melbourne? What a book *you* might write on that wild continent of things; what books and instructions; how much good you might really do. If not loaded with nuggets, if only able to live as a poor man, so much the *better*, on my word. You promised to come home at any rate, and see us again. If you delay too long, some of us will not be discoverable here, when you land expectant. I write to try for a letter, at the greatest length you can afford, and without long time, elucidating these and the cognate points, which you need not doubt are at all times interesting to me. Many people, as you may fancy, have criticised you to me; I answer always, 'Yes, yes, and of all the men I saw in Ireland, the two *best*, so far as I could judge, were Lord George Hill and Charles Duffy, even he and that other!'

"By the *lex talionis* I have not the least right to a letter; but if you knew the case here, you would completely drop that plea. It is a literal fact that I have not, for years past, any leisure at all; but have had to withdraw out of all society, and employ every available minute of my day (hardly four good hours to be had out of it with never such thrift, in these sad circumstances!) for running a race, which is too literally a flight from the infernal Hunt, who is at my heels till I get out of that bad Prussian business. I ride daily, have ridden on a horse, which I call 'Fritz' (an amiable, swift, loyal creature, now falling old) for eight years past; I think about 24,000 miles or so in quest 'of health to go on with;' and do not write the smallest note if it can possibly be helped! This is true, and I will say no more of it; only let it serve you for an explanation, and in the course of next summer or autumn, I do now hope I shall be out of this unutterable quagmire (dark to me as Erebus, too often, and too long); and shall then have more leisure, leisure to the end of the chapter, as I intend! For I have for once got a complete bellyful of 'work'—curiously enough reserved for me to finish off with. In my young time I had no work that was not a mere flea-bite to this which lay appointed for my old days.

"It is only by accident I have found time and spirit to write you so much. My intention, unexecuted for weeks and months back, was only to send you the enclosed bad *photograph* accompanied by a word or two, which might stand as apology for a letter. I daresay you recognise the riding figure, though he has little or no *face* allowed. The standing gentleman is Frederic Chapman, junior, of the firm, a prosperous gentleman who has dismounted from a horse ditto. There is a strange worth in *indisputable* certainty, however limited. I wish you would send me such a *sun-picture* from Melbourne; it would be very welcome here. Will you give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Callan? Parkes told me the doctor had got an honourable and profitable employment in his noble profession, which I was very glad of. My wife desires to be remembered, as do I, kindly to Mrs. D——, of whom I have still an agreeable shadow left. "Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

That visit home referred to in Carlyle's last letter was made in the beginning of 1865, after ten years' residence in Australia. A few

days after my return, before I had time to visit Chelsea, I had a pleasant note from Mrs. Carlyle.

"5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, WEDNESDAY, *April* 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had 'returned from Australia, and were stopping in London.' I said it couldn't be true; for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see *us*. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed I suppose he would have advertised for you in the *Times*; if still you had made no sign!

"You may figure then how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

"But we want to see you; when will you come?

"Mr. C. says he is going to call for you to-morrow morning; but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon if you please, for I am impatient to see you.

"Affectionately yours,

"JANE W. CARLYLE.

"Hon. CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, Grosvenor Hotel."

I remained a couple of years in Europe, and when in London went to Cheyne Row constantly. On Sunday I generally walked two or three hours in the parks with Carlyle; he talked as frankly as of old, but I was closely engaged and had seldom leisure to make notes. A few exceptional conversations, however, I have found in a diary in which I kept reminiscences of travel.

When I saw him first he thanked me for acting so promptly on his letters of introduction, and inquired if these sort of things were commonly of much use to emigrants. I said they were like French assignats, the emission was so excessive that no one any longer wished to touch them. It was easy to write a letter, but it was cruel to write it, if it raised hopes which could not be realised. And as of old there were forged assignats in circulation; a man brought me from New York a familiar and affectionate letter which I had reason in the end to believe he purchased, and it was from a person whose name I had never heard before. I was most provoked by introductions from men in Parliament and office who had patronage of their own. There was a case in the English newspapers a few years ago arising out of a complaint a schoolmistress made against a Minister of State, one of the most conspicuous men in Europe indeed, and shortly afterwards

the lady and her husband appeared in Melbourne and he called upon me with a couple of impressive introductions from important persons. I asked him if he were the plaintiff in such and such a case, and he said "Yes." I asked if the charges against Lord P—— were well founded. "Ah," he said, "that was a long story." "Well," I replied, "I must understand your long story very distinctly before I take these letters of introduction into consideration." I extracted from him by patient cross-examination that certain influential friends had advised him to drop the case, that the same generous patrons had sent him to Australia with a couple of hundred pounds in his pocket, and armed with irresistible letters of recommendation. I was in doubt at the outset whether he was an honest man driven to emigrate by powerful enemies, a blackmailer who had made a false charge against an eminent statesman, or an injured man who had salved the wound to honour by a handful of money. He left me in no doubt upon the point, and I showed him to the door and threw his letters of introduction into the waste-paper basket.

Carlyle inquired who had sent the letters, and when he heard their names condemned them sharply. One of my correspondents in London afterwards told me that when the septuagenarian (who had as little sense of moral diffidence as one of Congreve's fine gentlemen) was rallied by his colleagues on this unseemly adventure, he murmured gaily, "*Que voulez-vous?* Boys will be boys."

Carlyle told me an amusing story about the same eminent personage. There was a State dinner at his house including the cream of the official world. Every one present except the wife of the American Minister was familiar with a scandal which attributed to their host illegitimate relations with the wife of one of his colleagues, whom he married after her husband's death. Her son during the first marriage was brought in to dessert at the State dinner. When he approached the American lady she put her hand on the boy's head and looking affectionately at her host exclaimed, "Ah, my lord, no one need ask who is this young gentleman's papa."

I spoke to him of Cobden, whose death I had heard of with the deepest regret, from the pilot who came on board our ship in the Channel, who was full of the tragic news. Yes, he said, a pack of idle shrieking creatures were going about crying out that the great Richard was dead, as if the world was coming to an end, which it was not at all, at least in that regard. Bright, he considered one of the foolishest creatures he had ever heard of, clamouring about America and universal suffrage, as if there was any sensible man anywhere in the world who put the smallest confidence in that sort of thing nowadays. Their free trade was the most intense nonsense that ever provoked human patience. The people of Australia were quite right to protect their industries and teach their young

men trades in complete disregard of Parliamentary and platform palaver. No nation ever got manufactures in any other way.

I said it was not desirable to have a permanent population of diggers ready to fly from "rush" to rush, as new discoveries were made, but, if possible, a settled population engaged in all the ordinary pursuits of life; and Australians were willing to make a sacrifice to secure this end. They did right, he said, and I might lay this to heart, that of all the mad pursuits any people ever took up gold digging was the maddest and stupidest. If they got as much gold as would make a bridge from Australia to Europe it would not be worth a mealy potato to mankind.

The next time I saw him he told me that he had consented to be nominated Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on condition that no inaugural address should be required from him. His rival was Disraeli, who beat him before at Glasgow—being a person altogether more agreeable to the popular taste. Madame, who was present, assured me, however, that an address would be forthcoming in good time. He makes light of the affair, treating it as a bore, which perhaps, after all, it was better to endure patiently, since certain persons took an interest and had taken trouble in the business. Both he and she have a repressed but very natural and justifiable pride in it nevertheless.

Two days later I went over to Cheyne Row and found Madame going out to dine with Lady William Russell. I drove with her and had a very pleasant talk. She is frankly proud of the Lord Rectorship intended for Carlyle, and declares that he must deliver an address. She told with admirable humour a story of her going to inquire for a lost dog, to the shop of one of the gentry whose profession it is to find and lose dogs. When she entered she meant to ask him if he sold dogs, but her mind was so possessed by the actual facts of the case, that she blurted out, "Pray, sir, do you steal dogs?" Returned to Cheyne Row, where two Southern Americans, Colonel Latrobe and Mr. Thomson, were with Carlyle. They were evidently delighted with Carlyle's pro-slavery opinions. He insists that the South cannot be ruled on New England principles, and that towards any solution of the difficulty it would be indispensable to return to some modification of slave-holding.

I must mention a couple of incidents at this period which will not surprise those who knew Carlyle, but are hard to reconcile with the new theory of his domineering disposition and impatience of contradiction. In fact, good-humoured and good-natured dissent were never accepted with more equanimity and cordiality by any man, and if it bore a little hard on himself or his opinions, it had not the worse reception for that.

One Sunday walking to Battersea Park with two or three friends,

one of whom since became a judge and another was an eminent man of letters, we came on a street-preacher haranguing a mob at the top of his voice: "Will you open your ears to the word of God, my brethren?" he cried: "Do you accept this message which I bring you from the fountain of living truth?" "Not altogether, my friend, if you insist upon knowing," Carlyle whispered with comical emphasis when we had passed the preacher. "And why not?" asked one of his friends. "You reject him with scorn, but what he looks to you is precisely what the first Puritan looked to Laud or Strafford—an ignorant fanatic dogmatising on questions which he did not understand."

One evening he was declaiming against Oxford converts, a theme which he knew I disliked, for Dr. Newman was an honoured friend. When he had finished I told him that a comrade of mine was fond of saying that Carlyle's contempt for Newman suggested Satan disparaging the archangel Michael. "Why, sir, Michael, Satan would probably say, is a poor creature; he has never seen the world, but dozed away life in unquestioning service and submission. Michael, if one will consider it well, has the intellect of a cherub, a cherub, you will please to understand, docked at the shoulders, with nothing left but a bullet head to construct little bits of sermons and syllogisms."

Carlyle laughed and said he would have to insist in the end on my naming this anonymous critic who was for ever turning up as counsel for the other side. He manifestly suspected that I myself was the unknown critic, but this pleasant parody on Carlyle's method had been actually improvised over the dinner table in these identical terms by the late Judge O'Hagan.

Current Literature.

I inquired shortly after seeing him whether he would follow Frederick by any other historical study. No, he said, he would probably write no more books; writing books was a task to which a man could not be properly encouraged in these times. Modern literature was all purposeless and distracted, and led he knew not where. Its professors were on the wrong path just now, and he believed the world would soon discover that some practical work done was worth innumerable "Oliver Twists" and "Harry Lorrequers," and any amount of other ingenious dancing on the slack rope. The journalism which called itself critical had grown altogether Gallic, and exulted over the windy platitudes of Lamartine and the erotics of George Sand.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said we had small right to throw the first stone at George Sand, though she was caught in the same predicament as the woman of old, if we considered what sort c

ladies might be found in London at present. When one was first told that the strong woman of the *Westminster Review* had gone off with a man whom we all knew, it was as startling an announcement as if one heard that a woman of your acquaintance had gone off with the strong man at Astley's; but that the partners had set up as moralists was a graver surprise. To renounce George Sand as a teacher of morals was right enough, but it was scarcely consistent with making so much of our own George in that capacity. A marvellous teacher of morals, and still more marvellous in the other character, for which nature had not provided her with the outfit supposed to be essential.

The gallant, I said, was as badly equipped for an Adonis, and conqueror of hearts. Yes, Carlyle replied, he was certainly the ugliest little fellow you could anywhere meet, but he was lively and pleasant. In this final adventure it must be admitted he had escaped from worse, and might even be said to have ranged himself. He had originally married a bright little woman, daughter of Swinfin Jervis, a Welsh member; but every one knew how that adventure had turned out. Miss Evans advised him to quit a household which had broken bounds in every direction. His proceeding was not to be applauded, but it could scarcely be said that he had gone from bad to worse.

A Dispute.

In all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue though the earth and the devil united to uphold it, and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ireland, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws to compel her into the right course, till in latter times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked

into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently, that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of Popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offence strictly prohibited and punished by law. Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the Reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School. My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school where I was regarded as an intruder; not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster I could assure him. This was what I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilisation. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labour were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers for that matter I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them to-day? In my opinion, they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled

and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his Ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches: what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anna Boleyn's husband, to found a new religion, seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen, as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate, piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries, there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation as if a catastrophe was imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different to that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral, and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching, which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening, I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's, I sat beside him, and had a pleasant talk, and neither then, nor at any future time, did he resent my brusque criticism by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognise to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper, and arrogant overbearing self-will.

Modern Art.

As we passed one day the Albert Memorial going to Hyde Park, he spoke of the chaotic condition of art like all the other intellectual pursuits. England had not been fortunate in expressing her ideas in

this region more than any other, quite otherwise than fortunate indeed. Some one had compared the memorial to a wedding-cake with a gilded marionette mounted on it; the effect produced was insignificant or altogether grotesque. The huge edifice called the new Palace of Westminster was not insignificant or grotesque, but it wanted the unity of design which is apt to impress one in a work which is a single birth from one competent mind. When Thackeray saw the river front he said he saw no reason why it stopped: it ended nowhere, and might just as well have gone on to Chelsea.

I asked who was responsible for the disappointing effect of the Albert Memorial. The person to be contented he said was the Queen. She lived in such an atmosphere of courtly exaggeration that she ceased to comprehend the true relation and proportion of things. Hence the tremendous outcry over Prince Albert, who was in no respect a very remarkable man. He had had a certain practical German sense in him too, which prevented him from running counter to the feelings of the English people, but that was all. He was very ill-liked among the aristocracy who came into personal relations with him. Queen Victoria had a preternaturally good time of it with the English people; owing a good deal to reaction from the hatred which George IV. had excited. Her son one might fear would pay the penalty in a stormy and perilous reign. He gave no promise of being a man fit to perform the tremendous task appointed him to do, and indeed one looked in vain anywhere just now for the man who would lead England back to better ways than she had fallen into in our time.

Speaking of the relations of Ireland and Scotland, he said Scotia Major and Scotia Minor owed each other mutual services running back to the dawn of history. Scotland sent St. Patrick to civilise the western isle, and in good time the western isle sent Columbkille and other spiritual descendants of St. Patrick to teach the Scottish Celts their duties towards the Eternal Ruler and his laws.

I said it was disputed whether Scotland had sent St. Patrick to Ireland; a friend of mine, Mr. Cashel Hoey, had recently written a paper to demonstrate that St. Patrick was a Frenchman.

A Frenchman! he echoed; what strain of human perversity could induce an Irishman to desire to see it admitted that St. Patrick was a Frenchman? I laughed, and replied that the object probably was to relieve him from the reproach of being a Scotchman.

Well, he said, in a bantering tone, we might rely it was a controversy in no respect likely to arise about any other Irish personage, whether he was a Scotchman.

I was in Ireland when the news reached me of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death. There was none of her sex outside my own immediate kith and kin whose loss would have touched me so nearly. I had

known her for thirty years, always gracious and cheerful, even when physical pain or social troubles disturbed her tranquillity. She was perhaps easily troubled, for she was of the sensitive natures who expect more from life than it commonly yields. I verily believe her married life was as serene, sympathetic, and satisfying as those of ninety-five out of a hundred of the exceptionally endowed classes who constitute Society. The greatly gifted are rarely content; they anticipate and desire something beyond their experience, and find troubles where to robuster natures there would be none. There was an incident connected with her death which has always struck me as peculiarly tragic. When the news reached her husband by telegram, fresh from his election as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, he retired into absolute privacy, but his letters were brought to him next morning, and among them was one from her whom he knew to be dead, full of triumph at his success, and of lively speculations on the future.

When I saw Carlyle again some weeks after her funeral I found him composed, and at times even cheerful. His fresh mourning, a deep folding collar, and other puritanical abundance of snowy linen crowned with a head of silver grey, became him, and gave a stranger the impression of a noble and venerable old man. There is a photograph engraved with some of the memorials of him, which exhibits a man plunged in gloomy reverie, which did not resemble him even at that painful era, and is a caricature of the ordinary man. The photographer caught him doubtless in some fit of dyspepsia, and obtained quite an exceptional result. Before his great trouble, and even afterwards, his manner was composed and cheerful, and in earlier times no one was readier to indulge in badinage and banter; a smile was much more familiar to his face than a frown or a cloud.

When I returned to Australia the correspondence recommenced. The pains Carlyle took to recommend for employment young men whom he was never likely to see in the world again reveals the true nature of the man, generous, considerate, and sympathetic.

"CHELSEA, *March* 1, 1868.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your kindness to R—— on his arrival; it is a full honouring of the bill I drew on you in that respect; and whatever more ensues shall rest with yourself only, and your own discernment of the facts, not mine any further. That was a very awkward and provoking blunder, doubtless, that about the newspaper; but I ought to tell you withal that I believe it proceeded altogether from ignorance and irresolution in the matter; and that 'pride' had no share in it at any stage. The poor fellow, at our first meeting, cautiously told me he was busy night and day writing 'a novel,' and had the better half of it done, lodging the while with some charitable comrade. 'Literature' on those terms, *versus* Famine, his one alternative. You may guess what approval this project

met with from me. 'Better die,' I said, with denunciation of 'Literature' so called, especially of newspaper work and its raging blackguardisms (as here in London), the wages of which, however high, I pronounced to be Bedlam and Gehenna, *worse* almost than all other wages of sin! At our second meeting, after some weeks of consideration, R—— gratified me much by the report that he had now ('last night,' if I remember) *burnt* out of the world his 'novel' and all that held of it, and was wholly resolute now for a life of silent *working* as the real crown for him. This will have been, this and not 'pride,' his reason for rejecting your kind offer in that department; then soon after he will have repented (would have helped for the moment though) been ashamed to trouble you again on it, tried to help himself by the direct course, and so have gone into the quagmire, on ground he knew nothing of! Let him have the benefit of this hypothesis, if you can, as I think; and that is all I will say or expect on the matter.

"You say nothing of yourself or of your big Australian world, on both which points, especially the former, you might have expected a willing listener surely. I do not even know clearly whether you are in office again or not. A returned emigrant (newspaper editor, I think, but certainly a sensible and credible kind of man) gave me very discouraging accounts not long since of the state of *immigration* among you. 'Next to *no* immigration at all,' reports he; 'the excellent Duffy *Land Law* made of even no effect' by scandalous 'auctioneering jobbers' and other vulpine combinations and creatures, whose modes and procedures I did not well understand. But the news itself was to me extremely bad. For the roaring anarchies of America itself, and of all our incipient 'Americas,' justify themselves to me by this one plea, 'Angry sir, we couldn't help it; and we anarchies, and all (as you may see) are conquering the wilderness, as perhaps your Friedrich William, or Friedrich himself, could not have *guided* us to do, and are offering homes and arable communion with mother earth and her blessed verities to all the anarchies of the world which have quite lost their way.' Australia, of a certainty, ought to leave her gates wide open in this respect at all times; nay, it were well for her could she build a free bridge ('flying bridge') between Europe and her, and encourage the deserving to stream across. I pray you, if ever the opportunity offer, do your very best in this interest, and consider it as, silently or vocally, of the very essence of your function (appointed you by Heaven itself) in that Antipodal world! And excuse this little bit of preaching, for it is meant altogether honestly and well.

"What you say of Vichy and dyspepsia is welcome in two respects, first as it reminds me how kind and careful you always are about whatever is important to my now considerably unimportant self; and, secondly, as indicating which is your one point of personal news that the salutary effects of Vichy are still evident in you, and that your health (probably) is rather good. Long may that continue, and honourable may be the work you do in virtue of it while the days still are! As to myself, I know sadly, at all moments, *dyspepsia* to be the frightfulest fiend that is in the pit, or out of it; the accursed brutal nightmare that has ridden me continually these fifty odd years, preaching its truth gospel (would I had listened to it, which I would not), but, alas! as to any 'cure' for it, the patient is too old; the

patient has it in the blood, in the nerves and brain of him as well; and has no cure of the least likelihood, except the indubitable cure which is now near ahead. Last year about this time I understood myself to be within some fifty or eighty miles of Vichy at one point of my railway; and I had before made some inquiries and speculations with my brother and others (well remembering what you had said to me on the subject); but the result was, I considered the probable misery and botheration fairly to surpass any chance of profit to one in my case, and left Vichy lying silent in the muddy darkness (Lyon, to judge of it by night, an uglier chaotic vortex than even Manchester or Glasgow), all the ten or eight wells of Vichy, too populous, quack-governed (I was told), confused, and noisy, to be of real service. I do not know that I have grown better in health since I saw you, but neither have I grown perceptibly worse. Alas! I have 'health' enough (it must be owned) for any work I have now the *heart* to do; it is heart and interest that fail me, were all else right.

"We are in a mighty fry about 'education' just now, and about many other recipes for our late grand 'leap in the dark,' in none of which have I any faith to speak of. *Fenianism* has gone to sleep, more power to it (in that direction)! John Mill has issued a strange recipe for Ireland: to oust all the Irish landlords, and make all the Irish tenants Hindoo ryots. I did not read much of his pamphlet, but it seemed to me (though of the clearest expression and most perspicuous logic) to be still weaker and more irrational than his poor treatise on aristocracy, so famous among certain fellow-creatures in this epoch. Adieu, dear Duffy; write me a long letter if you would do me a pleasure at any time.

"Yours ever,

"T. CARLYLE.

"John Forster has had a good deal of sickness (bronchitis, &c.) this season, and has always rather an excess of work. My kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy; and best regards to her amiable sister, whose note, &c., I got, regretting only that the occasion furnished her so many stupid blunders to reprint withal."

"CHELSEA, *December* 19, 1868.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Above a week ago your letter reached me; a glad arrival, as all your letters are, communicating various bits of intelligence which are of interest here. What you report about R—— agrees very well with the rough outline I had formed of him, from physiognomy and a little talk chiefly; an Oxford youth of fair faculty, of honest enough intentions too, but as yet of little real insight into the world or himself, who might be liable to fail from want of discernment, want of prudence, patience and dexterity, but not much from any worse or deeper want, as accordingly it seems to have proved. Happily he has now got settled on a reasonably good basis, where we hope he will continue, and develop himself—and that both of *us* two have done with him and his affairs. To you, for my sake, he has cost something; to me not much, beyond a little trouble; and if we have saved a man from London newspaper *reportage*, and wreck in the lowest gutters, into useful teaching of languages in Tasmania, neither of us will grudge the bit of help we gave. From R—— himself I have had no word since his last *thank you* at this door, which is a symptom I rather approve in him, and certainly

wish to *continue*, for my own share of it. 'Silence is golden,' now and then, rather! That of 'losing a year and half of your time and life,' in the fruitless attempt to *sound* Colonial and British anarchy, is not so good! But I suppose you had it to do, by way of satisfying your own mind and conscience; and I don't wonder you found no bottom, for in fact there is none. I, non-official, have long ceased making any inquiry into these things; chaos is as big as cosmos one feels (or indeed infinitely bigger), and distinguishes itself moreover by having no centre: give chaos your malison and leave it alone! That thrice disgusting Governor Darling matter, I have always skipt away from, when it turned up in the newspapers, as from extensive carrion in the liveliest state of decomposition—most malodorously pointing out to me the state of both the Downing Streets, yours and ours. Ours, you may depend upon it, has no tyrannous intention of 'governing the Antipodes' or of governing or encountering it at all, except to keep its own poor skin out of trouble, and be a conspicuously floating dead dog amid the general universe of such. That is very certain to me. What your Downing Street with its appendages, democracies, &c. &c., are, I hope you will thoroughly explain in one of those new books you are meditating.; do, there is no usefuller or worthier employment could be cut out for a thinking and seeing man who has had Australia under his eyes till he comprehends it. In the name of manhood and honesty, and as a precept to you essentially out of heaven, regard that as your duty. About a year ago I read in the *Westminster Review* (by a man whom I have seen and believe) such an account of Australian Government, &c. &c., as refuses ever to go out of mind again; that, especially, of no emigrants arriving, of its being the wish and policy that none should arrive, fairly takes away one's breath; challenges the universe to produce its fellow in mal-government, ancient or modern, on this afflicted earth! I entreat you go down to the bottom of all that; and let any clear-minded man understand how it is and what and why.

"A visitor (not over welcome) staggers in; I am driven to this scrap of bare paper as the readiest to hand, for the pretext obliged me to conclude abruptly. You see with what mutinous reluctance my poor right hand writes at all; has been liable to shake of late years (left hand still steady).

"I am very sad of soul, but not therefore to be called miserable; nor am I quite idle, working rather what I can, in ways that you would not disapprove of. That you have the intention to come home is good, very good—and bring your two books with you. These I really think might help against this 'millennium' of the devil with the chains struck off *him*. I will believe it of you to the last.

"'In six years' it seems to me extremely uncertain (and doubtful of advantage, if it were not) whether you will find *me* still waiting here to receive you; but, if you do, you can be sure of a welcome from an old man's heart.

"Adieu, dear Duffy; I am forced to fling down pen and get out into the air.

"Forster is complaining a good deal—not dangerously. Recommend me to Mrs. Callan at the distance of St. Petersburg.

"Yours, always truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The reference to St. Petersburg alludes to my answer to some former message to be delivered personally, when I bade him look at the map and he would see that I was further from Mrs. Callan, then in Queensland, than he was from St. Petersburg.

He was now engaged in collecting Mrs. Carlyle's letters for publication, and his friend, John Forster, communicated to me his wishes to have her correspondence with me returned.

"PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, LONDON, *January* 25, 1870.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—We send you many most kind wishes from this place for all happiness in this New Year, and in all the coming ones (to you and yours). Carlyle and Browning dined with us on Christmas-day, and you were, I can assure you, 'very freshly remembered' by us all. Much interested were we by your last letter to me, and its interruption. You recollect who it was that laid down his pen, being 'interrupted by so great an experiment as dying.' Here was happily an experiment of the other—the creative sort, which we hope you will live triumphantly to complete, with the highest availant cast of characters. Carlyle sends most special message to you, which, indeed he would write himself, but that the condition of his right hand almost wholly disqualifies him from writing. It is only in an absolute extremity he now ever makes the attempt, and it pains me (so terribly does the hand shake) to see him strive to lift a glass with it. Fortunately, the left hand is not affected. Well, his message is to say that any notes of poor dear Mrs. Carlyle that you may have, and that you are not indisposed to send him, he will most gladly and gratefully receive from you. If you should send any, I will ask you kindly to mark on them the date, or approximate date, as far as may be. I meant to have written you a much longer letter, but I am writing under disadvantages. Immediately after Christmas-day I went down to Torquay to stay with Lord Lytton (who has a house there), most unfortunately caught cold, and was laid up with illness nearly all the time we were there. We returned only on Saturday last. I am still very ailing; and, amid much arrears of work, I am with difficulty getting this done. I then suddenly remembered 'the 26th.' Carlyle, who dined with us the day after our return, had not forgotten to ask me whether his message was gone. I wish you'd send us a paper when the other change, that will put you in your proper place, approaches more nearly, for the *Times* correspondent is very misleading. And further, I wish you to tell me how parcels are best sent to you—whether there is any special agency that is swiftest, safest, and cheapest? We are not in the most hopeful political condition here, very few of us believing that Gladstone has by any means yet got to the bottom of the Irish secret. My wife tenderly remembers all your kindness, and much desires that the regards she sends, and in which I heartily join, might be permitted to extend to Mrs. Duffy also. I have had such pleasant experience formerly of your habit of returning good for ill in the matter of letter writing, that I dare to hope you may forgive what I am now writing, and make liberal return to me of what I find such real and great pleasure in having from you that I am almost impudent enough to think myself entitled to it. Good-bye, my dear Duffy.

"I am, ever yours,

"JOHN FORSTER."

The following letter was in the handwriting of a lady, and from this time forth he either dictated his letters, or got a friend to write in his place, the process of engraving on lead (so he described the operation later) being past human patience:

"5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *December* 12, 1871.

"DEAR DUFFY,—A good many weeks ago I had your friendly and cheerful little note, which was very welcome to me after the long silence. It has lain on my table ever since, daily soliciting some answer, and, strange to say, daily in vain. Truth is, my own right hand having grown entirely useless to me for writing, the business is altogether disagreeable, and even in the old sense, impossible (for 'dictation,' do what I will, never rightly prospers); and the indolence and torpor, now grown habitual, especially in these heavy, dark November and December days, with their fogs and fitful frosts, deter me altogether from answering any letter, except under actual compulsion of the hour. *Tantum mutatus ab illo!* I also had safely delivered by the postman your copy of 'Homes in the Land of Plenty,' recognisable as yours by the handwriting outside, which also was kindly welcome to me. I already had a copy from the author, and had read most part of it; but this I sent to the Chelsea Library for behoof of my fellow citizens, and have put yours, as naturally worthier, in its stead. Another paper, excellently written and conceived, concerning the association of all your Australian colonies into one, I also received and read with approval and good wishes at the time you intended.* For all these things accept my hearty thanks in the lump; and pardon me for loitering so long with that poor return.

"It gives me real pleasure to find you again in office, and ruling, so far as any rule is possible, what geographically we may call one of the *largest* empires (for your colony is clearly the presiding one) that is to be found on the face of the earth. I rejoice also to hear that your Ministry succeeds, or was succeeding when we last heard. The ideas you had upon it, so far as I could gather, were sound and good, and deserved success. One thing I always earnestly wish, in reference to Australia and its progress, that you and Mother-Country could contrive some way to have ten times as much emigration. For fifty years the possibility of this and the immensely beneficial effects of it (especially for *us*) have hung before my mind as certainties, even as axioms, evident like those of Euclid, the total neglect of which, in the face of such circumstances as ours are now plainly becoming, has often filled me, and yet fills, whenever I think of it (which is now seldomer) with astonishment, impatience, and even indignation. 'Administrative Nihilism,' as Huxley calls it, that is the explanation; and, alas, what Huxley does not say or quite see, Nihilism of that kind is precisely the apple that grows and must grow upon every Parliamentary tree in our day. This I at least perceive; and it quiets me on many a grievance. A government carried on by Parliamentary palaver and universal suffrage, with penny newspapers presiding, must necessarily be a do-nothingism, and neglect not only its colonies,

* A report of a Royal Commission, of which I was chairman, on the Federation of the Australian Colonies.

but every other interest, temporal and eternal, except that of getting majorities for itself by hook or by crook. If on these terms we can consider it the best of all kinds of government, we are free to do so; but the consequences are, have been, and will be 'Nihilism,' as above said by Huxley, nay *minimism* (as I could say) to an ever more frightful, ruinous, detestable, and even damnable, extent; the ultimatum of which is petroleum and what we have seen in Paris not so long ago! In spite of all this, I still privately hope there is patriot honesty and probity enough on both sides of the ocean not to let the immense and noble interest sink to the sea bottom, but to save it as probably the very greatest that ever was entrusted to the guidance of a nation. Enough, oh far too much of this; what have I to do with it more?

"Your friend Forster has been here since I began this letter. He is still busy and unwearied, though laden with a great burden of almost perpetual ill-health, especially in winter time. He has just been some weeks on the southern coast taking his holidays there. He looks really a little stronger, and will front under better omens the three months' service that still remains to him. Were April the 5th once here, F—— can claim his pension; and will without a day's delay give the matter up. I do hope, and indeed expect, he will be able to achieve this without further permanent damage; and then there is plain sailing, so far as one can see, and nothing worse. The whole world is, in these very days and weeks, full of F—— and his 'Life of Dickens,' for which there is a perfect rage or public famine (copies not to be supplied fast enough). I should think it likely there is a copy on the sea for you too, and that you will read it with interest and satisfaction two or three months hence, in some holiday you may have. It is curious, and in part surprising; yields a true view of Dickens (great part of it being even of his own writing); only one volume of it, the second not to be begun till after the above-mentioned April 5th. Me nothing in it so surprises as these two American explosions around poor Dickens, *all* Yankee-doodle-dom blazing up like one universal soda-water bottle round so very measurable a phenomenon, this and the way the phenomenon takes it, was curiously and and even genially interesting to me, and significant of Yankee-doodle-dom. Volume first ends with a soda-water explosion, which we may reckon genially *comic;* volume second will end with a ditto, which has a dark death's head in it, and which has always seemed to me very tragic and very mournful.

"With regard to myself, there is almost nothing to be said that you do not already know. A week ago yesterday I entered on my seventy-seventh year. I am not worse in health than that means, nor can I brag of being much better. I do retain nearly complete *soundness* of organ, but the *strength* of everything is inevitably lessening every day; the son of Adam had to die, and if, like a tree, it is to be by the aid of time alone, one knows not whether that is not, perhaps, within certain limits, the less desirable way. But we have no choice left in the matter, and are surely bound to be thankful to be left on any tolerable terms in the Land of the Living and the Place of Hope. You ask me what I am doing, dear Duffy; I am verily doing nothing. Knotting up some thrumbs of my life's web, gazing with more and more earnestness, and generally with love and tenderness rather than any worse feeling, into the eternity which can now be only a few steps ahead. I avoid

all company except that of one or two close friends. Last winter I read most of my Goethe over again; reading a good book is in fact my most favourite employment. Even an intelligent book, by an honest-hearted man, is tolerable to me, and my best way of spending the evening. Adieu, dear friend, you see there is not a speck more of room.

"Ever yours truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The next letter was written under circumstances of painful difficulty. His right hand had become practically useless. It was only with a lead pencil, and by the slow laborious method he describes, that he was able to write at all. But I had become Prime Minister at that time, and he would not omit sending his good wishes under his own hand. I rejoice in these multiplied evidences of the genuine kindness of a man who has been so differently pictured by ignorance and prejudice.

"CHELSEA, LONDON, *May* 28, 1872.

"DEAR DUFFY,—About ten days ago I read the report of speech, the newspaper with your portrait and sketch of Biography, &c. &c. All of which, especially the first-named article, ever very welcome and interesting. The portrait is not very like, though it has some honest likeness; but in the speech I found a real image of your best self, and of the excellent career you are entering upon, which pleased and gratified me very much. Though unable to write, except with a pencil, and at a speed as of *engraving* (upon lead or the like), I cannot forbear sending you my hearty *Euge, euge*, and earnestly encouraging you to speed along, and improve the 'shining hours' all you can while it lasts. Few British men have such a bit of work on hand. You seem to me to be, in some real degree, modelling the first elements of mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds, which may grow to forests, and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work, *hero-like*, the utmost you can; be wise, be diligent, patient, faithful; a man, in that case, has his reward. I can only send you my poor wishes, but then these veritably are sorry only that they are worth so little.

"Nothing in your list of projects raises any scruple in me; good, human and desirable we felt them all to be, except that of gold mining only. And this too, I felt at once was, if not human, or to all men's profit, yet clearly colonial, and to Victoria's profit, and therefore inevitable in your season. But I often reflect on this strange fact, as, perhaps, you yourself have done, that he who anywhere, in these ages, digs up a gold nugget from the ground is far inferior in beneficence to him who digs up a mealy potato—nay is, in strict language, a malefactor to all his brethren of mankind, having actually to pick the purse of every son of Adam for what money he, the digger, gets for his nugget, and be bothered to it. I do not insist on this, I only leave it with you, and wonder silently at the ways of all-wise Providence with highly foolish man in this poor course of his.

"Adieu, dear Duffy, I have written more than enough. If I had a free pen, how many things could I still write; but perhaps it is better not! I am grown very old, and though without specific ailment of body, very weak

(in comparison), and fitter to be silent about what I am thinking of than to speak.

"I send my kind and faithful remembrance to Mrs. Callan. John, my brother, is gone to Vichy again (day before yesterday); Forster is looking up again, now that the collar is off his neck. *Good*-bye with you all.

"Ever truly yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

Of a brief visit to Europe in 1874 I find almost no record regarding Carlyle but a letter from John Forster (who was already stricken by the illness of which he shortly died), full of the overflowing kindness of his genial nature.

"PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W., *June* 27, 1874.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I shall be heartily glad to see you again, and so will my wife, who does not forget your kindness to her.

"Alas! that there should be such differences between what we seem and what we are. My health is completely broken. I cannot speak of it. Carlyle, whom you are to see to-morrow, as I hear, will tell you something of it.

"I am going to Knebworth for ten days or so, and might find myself unable to go to you before I leave, which will be, I think, on Monday. But if you change your address in that interval, you will kindly tell me.

"I sent a letter by a mail to Melbourne too recent, I suppose, to have reached you before you quitted for England. Illness alone had prevented my writing earlier—the third volume [of his 'Life of Charles Dickens'] had preceded my letter.

"In the last I referred to your visit in regard to the Athenæum, when I do not think there will be any doubt of your election by the committee. Froude, with whom I spoke of it yesterday, is of the same opinion.

"With all best wishes and kindest regards from us both here, ever, my dear Duffy, "Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN FORSTER."

I ought perhaps to say that I did not desire the honour which my friend contemplated for me, because I determined, whenever I returned finally to Europe, not to reside in England, and was unwilling to incur the expense of a club I could not probably visit once in a year. At a later period the proposal was renewed by Mr. W. E. Forster, in concert with Lord Carnarvon and Lord O'Hagan (then members of the Committee); but I was more convenienced by the compliment graciously conferred on me by the Committee of a month's honorary membership, on three separate occasions, when I remained for that period in London.

After my return to Australia I had but one letter from Carlyle before my final removal to Europe. Like many recent ones, it was devoted to the general purpose of serving a young man whom he

thought deserving, or, at any rate, in much need of help. When we find a man of eighty, who is done with most of the interests of life employing his remaining strength to serve a struggling fellow-creature whom he has never seen and can never hope to see, we have safe data, I think, for determining what was the nature and disposition of this old man.

"5, GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, S.W., *Dec.* 30, 1876.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Till the arrival, about a week ago, of the *Melbourne Review* with your article, addressed to me, which was very welcome, both as personal memento, and also as a bit of pretty enough reading, I had seen no trace of you, nor heard any rumour of news. Singularly enough, within the last three days, I have received from Melbourne, from a poor neighbour of yours there, a feeble but pathetic request, which, on reading it, I decided to send you, with two enclosures that were in it, which are now by mistake burnt, in hopes you might be able to do something for the unfortunate writer who has thus sent his message to you, written within a stone's throw of your own door, but obliged to go round the world before it could get entrance! Pray, for my sake, read with attention; understand, too, that the bits of mildly satirical verse, once printed in the *Melbourne Punch*, were not without some decided indications of a superior talent that way. These unhappily are burnt, and you must take my word for them. The poor creature's letter, as you will observe, expresses a kind of feeble hope that you, by some way or another, might find some employment for him to supplement his miserable £40 a year—if you had been in office, and if he, poor wretch, had not been on the free trade side of politics!

"The thing I do desire of you, dear Duffy, is that you would see this poor deformed creature, and examine him with your own eyes, and in right and brotherly pity and desire to help. To me it would give a real pleasure if you could in any way help him. And that is all my message; and so I leave it in your hands.

"Of myself I have only to say that, being now in my 82nd year, I feel more completely invalided than ever before, and have no strength left for work of any kind. But, except languor and laziness, I feel no decay of spiritual faculty; and I have in the late months read with enjoyment the whole of Shakespeare, and am now reading, still with a kind of real enjoyment and wonder, Brumoy's 'Théâtre des Grecs,' of which I have finished prosperously about the fourth part. Adieu, dear Duffy, may good ever be with you, and the blessing of an old friend, if that be of any value.

"Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

My final return to Europe took place in 1880. I arrived in London in the spring, and immediately visited Carlyle. It was deeply touching to see the Titan who had never known languor or weakness suffering from the dilapidations of old age. His right hand was nearly useless, and had to be supported by the left when he lifted it by a painful effort to his mouth. His talk was subdued in tone, but

otherwise unaltered. It takes a long time to die, he said, with his old smile, and a gleam of humour in his eye. He was wrapped in a frieze dressing-gown, and for the first time wore a cap; but, though he was feeble, his face had not lost its character of power or authority. He was well enough, he declared, except from the effects of decay, which were rarely beautiful to see. His chief trouble was to be so inordinately long in departing. It was sad to have survived early friends, and the power of work. Up to seventy he had lost none of his faculties, but when his hand failed that loss entailed others. He could not dictate with satisfaction. He found when he dictated the words were about three times as many as he would employ *propria manu*. Composition was in fact a process which a man was accustomed to perform in private, and which could not be effectually performed in the presence of any person whatever. But he had written more than enough. If anybody wanted to know his opinions they were not concealed. There were still subjects on which he had perhaps something to say, and could say it, for though he was suffering an euthanasia from the gradual decay of the machine, the mind was probably much as it used to be; but he was content to consider his work at an end. In looking back over his turbid and obstructed life, he saw only too well that he had scattered much seed by the wayside, which was as good as lost, leaving no visible issue behind. If it was sound vitalised seed it might perhaps spring up and blossom after many years; if not in Heaven's name let it rot. But much had been left altogether unspoken, because there was no fit audience discernible as yet, and a man's thoughts, though struggling for utterance, refused to utter themselves to the empty air. The discipline of delay and impediment of which he had had considerable experience had not, on the whole, been a hostile element to labour in. In his later life he had some share of what men call prosperity; but, alas! it might well be doubted, if for him and for all men, trouble and trial were not a wholesomer condition than ease and prosperity.

After a time he seemed anxious to quit the subject of himself, and spoke of general topics. He asked me if I had visited the National Portrait Gallery, which he had done something to promote. He was confident it would prove a school of history for many who had no leisure for regular study.

I said I had visited it several times, and with much satisfaction. It would prove a school of history no doubt, but it was a school in which the pupils would get a good deal *disillusioné*. What would they say to Lord Bacon looking as jolly and *degagé* as the burlesque personage who used to be known in London as Chief Baron Nicholson, or Queen Elizabeth as flaunting and overdressed as a milliner's lay figure in the Borough, or, in our own times, Charles Lamb transformed into an Italian nobleman by Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt into a

Venetian bravo by Haydon? One of the modestest of English worthies might recall the Dutch ambassador's bull about a colleague whom he described as strutting about with his arms akimbo—like a peacock. I told him, *à propos* of historical memorials, that I had been recently in Paris and visited Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honore, where the iron stairs which he had so often trodden were still in existence in the gloomy and now dilapidated house where he resided in the heat of the Terror.

It was from such seemingly insignificant fragments, he said, that history had to reconstruct the past, or some resemblance of it more or less credible, an operation rarely performed with success.

He walked no longer as of old, but he appointed an early day for me to share his customary drive from three o'clock to five. He was accompanied by his niece,* whose care was now essential to his comfort. We drove to Streatham, through Clapham Common, and home by Battersea Park. Carlyle talked of things which the localities suggested. He spoke much as usual, except that his voice was feeble, and was so drowned by the noise of the road that I had to guess painfully at meanings which used to be delivered with such clearness and vigour. I answered to what I was able to hear. He took occasional sips of brandy to keep up his strength, and solaced himself with a pipe.

I did not see him again before leaving London, and in the spring of the ensuing year the summons to his funeral, which followed me to the South of France, only reached me when the body was already on its way to Scotland. Time had brought to a close, not prematurely, but with many forewarnings, a friendship which nothing had disturbed, and which was one of the chief comforts of my life.

As these papers were published to present a more faithful portrait of Carlyle than the one commonly received, I intended to finish them with a rapid survey of the chief misapprehensions current in later years about the Chelsea household; but they have run to an unexpected length, and I prefer to postpone to another time and place this purpose, which is by no means relinquished.

C. Gavan Duffy.

* Mrs. Carlyle's niece, and by marriage with his nephew, Mr. Carlyle's niece also.

[This Review has lost another great contributor in Mr. Freeman—he would not allow us to call him *Professor* Freeman. It is not our province to speak of him as a historian, or assign his place in the world of letters; we can only record his genuine frankness, his winning, though rough, sincerity, and the goodness of heart which in him underlay the most uncompromising opinions. —Ed. Con. Rev.]

BISMARCK.

"Du glaubst zu schieben und du wirst geschoben."—GOETHE'S *Faust.*

IN the last number of this REVIEW was an article called *William*, charging the present German Emperor with every quality calculated to excite disgust for his person and mistrust of his actions. The writer was careful to conceal his name, and took equal pains to avoid giving his readers such data as might guide them in verifying the charges he made. The Emperor is accused of being a hypocrite, a coxcomb, a cad, a "temporary figurehead," a person who never opens a book, heartless, abnormally sensitive to Press comments. A story is even told of his having been once discourteous to a young lady!

The writer of the article made no statements that can be seriously discussed; in fact, whatever strength his words have springs from the position they hold in type. The German Emperor takes no interest whatever in meeting calumnies which periodically appear against him; and the "unsightly American" whom the writer tries to stab with his ill-bred language is helpless in a case like the present. On behalf of the latter, however, I beg to state that the United States Minister in Berlin is far from unsightly. He is, besides, an exceedingly agreeable man, famed for his wit, his political tact, and his generosity. He admires the Emperor, who has treated him with conspicuous favour. Mr. Phelps does not belong to the strictly Bismarckian order of physical beauty, but "unsightly" was not the word to use even then.

The writer in ambush offers us one clue to his identity, for had the article emanated from Friedrichsruhe it could not have breathed a more loyal tone to the fallen Chancellor. The writer obviously anticipates the speedy collapse of the Emperor's work, and prepares us for a recall of his late Minister as of another Napoleon from

exile. It may not be time wholly wasted, therefore, if I plac together some of the leading features of Bismarck's public life i order to show the reader why the vast majority of Germans side wit their Emperor in being complacently reconciled to the ex-Chancellor continuing in his present state of innocuous desuetude.

BISMARCK AND THE SOCIALISTS.—In 1863 Socialism celebrated i first birthday in Germany in the reign of Bismarck. Its first apost was a shallow, vain, high-living man about town, named Lassall who was happily despatched next year in a disgraceful duel with love intrigue at the bottom of it. He had been so shrewd as take advantage of a vague and widespread yearning for a less laborio state of existence, and had formulated into a quasi-philosophic system a set of dreams usually considered the political outfit of th demagogue. He did for the politician of Germany what Carey Pennsylvania has done for the Protectionists of the United States- started with half a dozen cranky premises and spun out a syste with every specious appearance of economic soundness. Bismarc whom his dearest friends cannot accuse of philosophic habits, caug eagerly at Lassalle's fallacies, just as some years further on he foun use for those of the Pennsylvania Protectionist. We need not as whether he seriously cared for any truth the new teaching migh contain. We have at least his own words, publicly used in 187 to the effect that he held familiar and friendly intercourse with Lassall

Assuming, in charity, that he cared not a button for Socialism a theory, still, as a politician, he saw in this new party the mean of dividing the lower classes, who were for the most part Liberal If he could set class against class, the Socialists against the litt tradespeople, then he would be the gainer, according to his maxi that to conquer you must divide the enemy.

Bismarck has been frequently charged with employing so-calle *agents provocateurs*, that is to say Government spies, who disguise themselves as Socialists. These agents frequented Socialistic meeting stimulated those present to extreme language and action, and the furnished the Government with evidence on which arrests might sub sequently be made. These charges against Bismarck have been openl made in the German Parliament, and never satisfactorily refuted Of course in a matter of secret police historical evidence cannot b produced at this moment, but information on the subject is ful enough to warrant us thus far.

Socialism has flourished under the administration of Bismarck in manner that surprised no one but Bismarck himself. Sober politician and men of the world assured him that Socialism was an intellectua movement and had to be fought like other movements of the sam kind, not by cudgelling and locking up but by public discussio

The Liberals consistently opposed Bismarck's exceptional Bills directed against Socialists, and every election confirmed them in this course.

The first Imperial election in Germany, in 1871, showed the Socialist vote to be less than 125,000; but thanks to the police government of the Iron Chancellor it grew steadily, until in 1877 it was 493,447. In May of the following year Hoedel attempted the Emperor's life, and Bismarck sought to make people believe that assassination represented the policy of the Socialist party. He introduced a Bill directed against Socialism. The Bill was rejected. In the month following another attempt was made on the life of the Emperor by Nobiling. Hereupon Parliament was dissolved, and at the ensuing election an exceptional Bill was passed. The Socialists lost somewhat, returning only 437,158 votes. In 1881 they were still further reduced to 311,961. From that date however their strength steadily increased until at the last poll, in 1890, the votes cast were nearly one and a half millions, giving the party 35 members in the Imperial Parliament.

The exceptional legislation passed in 1878 was nominally against Socialists as public enemies, but it acted against all of every party who ventured to criticise the Chancellor. Patriotic Liberals who disapproved on principle of special laws of this nature stifled their scruples in the midst of the universal horror felt for a party accused of such outrages. It was useless to protest that Socialism did not necessarily involve murder. It was pleaded in vain that Hoedel was a member of Stoecker's Young Men's Christian Association and that Nobiling had no relations to the Socialist party. Cooler heads pointed out that in other countries foolish men had sought to murder the head of the State. Queen Victoria herself had been shot at; so had two most popular Presidents of the United States. Napoleon I. and III., each in turn, had been targets for the assassin, to say nothing of many vastly more respectable men. That a whole nation should be treated like a Russian conquest because two youths had sought to gain notoriety by murder was worthy of a mob senate, but sounded strange as the sober proposal of a great Prime Minister!

The law was passed however, one which virtually gave the police permission to break into any house, at any time, seize anything they like, lock up any one they chose—in short, act almost as arbitrarily as the Czar's agents do in Warsaw to-day. The law was renewed at short intervals, the last extension being to October 1890. The present Emperor, we are happy to say, took the very first opportunity of dropping, and we hope for ever, this system of back-stairs police inquisition inaugurated by Bismarck. It was ominous to the friends of repression that William II. ignored the subject entirely in his speech from the throne at the dissolution of Parliament in January 1890. It is also pretty well known that Bismarck had made up

his mind before the session that a new Bill should be pushed, a harsher one than the last. And it is not risking much to guess Bismarck's final fall is not wholly disassociated from his persis efforts to force a generous young ruler into dragonnading sub whose only crime was political heterodoxy. So much for Bismar an eradicator of Socialism. He failed completely, and failed bec he despised the experience of other countries. His only remedy persecution failed was more persecution, and on this issue alon emperor was abundantly justified in trying some other medicine.

BISMARCK AS A FOREIGN MINISTER.—The world loves to contem the late Chancellor as the arbiter of Europe, a *rôle* in which it is difficult to follow him. History must be studied largely in confide reports made by diplomatic agents, and the secret instructions of m departments. These are not accessible to-day, and probably will n for fifty years at least. While Bismarck was in power it is well kn that he edited most of the newspapers of his country—that is to his agents furnished the material which was to appear in print, these agents took care that nothing was printed that was not in mony with the views which Bismarck wished ventilated. He had a large sum of money at his disposal for secret service of this kind, 200,000 marks annually. It would be unkind to Germans to say this amount could purchase editorial space in all their papers. might purchase some space, but we trust very little. The way business was managed was vastly less costly. The Government out hints, paragraphs, and sometimes articles in full, to partic papers. These papers were at liberty to throw the inspired stuff the basket, but they knew too well that if they did not do as Government wished they would not merely be boycotted in matter of advertising and other trifles, but what was worse, they w find that their rivals would always be ahead of them in news f headquarters. This consideration, and a very small subvention besi went a long way in producing the startling unanimity which charac ised the Press in Germany whenever it seemed opportune to abus enemy of Bismarck.

Every newspaper correspondent in Berlin was in the same expected to make a demi-god of Bismarck if he wished to succee that is to say, if he wished news from above; and thus it happe that the outside world never heard of this Minister except in con tion with some new triumph, or the mortification of some ene Hardly a year has passed since the Empire was founded that be not made his papers raise the war-scare; and we have been tau from the same source that he alone had been able to calm the distu ance. His hatred for England has been unconcealed, and harmon with his constant efforts to appease Russia. Yet his success with

Muscovites has been as feeble as with the Socialists. He could not see that while he was preaching peace the Russians were steadily arming against him, and not even Moltke could convince him that the Czar was persistently concentrating all his available men on the western borders of Poland, ready to cross at the first convenient moment. The present Emperor, as far back as 1885, saw the movement distinctly and warned the Government of exactly what has now happened. Germany is hated in Russia as heartily as she is hated in France; there is to-day but one vital religion in the Czar's dominions, the gospel of hatred. How this feeling has grown is a question that would carry me too far at present. It exists, and is to-day an immediate provocation to war. A great Minister might reasonably be expected to have followed this movement, and when matters came to such a pass that a musk-rat could not swim the Narew without being stopped by a Mongolian Cossack it surely might have been considered proper to ask the Czar what those troops meant.

BISMARCK AND THE POLES.—The war in sight between Russia and Germany forces once more to the front the melancholy condition of Poland, with her seven million police-ridden people, who have been kicked, flogged, and transported so vigorously in the last generation that it is nothing short of marvellous to find them to-day still superior to their conquerors in such civilisation as they have been permitted to develop, and still cherishing dreams of Home Rule, however slight. If sympathy for a down-trodden and generous people cannot find space in a statesman's heart, one might expect at least that Bismarck would have turned the Polish discontent to the advantage of his own country by winning for his Government the sympathy of a nation who would be his enthusiastic ally in the event of war. He might have done this by the simplest of means—by treating the Poles in Prussia with common justice. Instead of this he commenced in 1884 a system of persecution that can only be matched by the means Russia has since employed for the same purpose. He instigated measures that had for their object the expulsion of all Poles who were not Prussian subjects; he inaugurated the policy of buying up Polish estates for Government account and then parcelling them out to German settlers; he tried to force the Poles to give up their national language. The result was what every Liberal in Parliament prophesied. A race-war began where only friendship should have reigned. The Poles regarded themselves in the light of martyrs, clung the more tenaciously to their forbidden national features, and refused to amalgamate with their persecutors; in fact, began to hate Germans as heartily as they despised Russians. It is needless to point out that the economic results of this policy were disastrous. Eastern Prussia sadly needed agricultural labour; yet Bismarck's policy so irritated and demoralised the people

that emigration from that region became stronger than from any other in the Fatherland. Even large aristocratic landowners, who are men after Bismarck's own heart, even they protested at last against the expulsion of Poles, not because their conscience was troubled, but because they needed cheap labour in their fields. The Iron Chancellor, however, had distinct views on the efficacy of physical violence as a general pacifier; he had tried it in the French provinces; the Socialists had felt it, and the Poles should not form an exception. When the sad economic state of things was placed before him in 1889, and he was begged to discontinue expelling the Poles, he merely answered: "In four weeks 40,000 Poles must get out!"

Next year Bismarck himself got out, and William II. promptly traversed a policy that was alienating the sympathies of a most excellent section of his Empire. He gave them to understand that henceforth there was not to be one law for the Pole and another for the Prussian, but that all were to enjoy the same common protection. In 1890, at the Imperial manœuvres in Silesia, he emphasised this very strongly by saying that he wanted to feel that he was working, not with a class of his people, but with all of them, of whatever race or religion they might be.

And what is the result? The Polish Prussians have now a head to their Church eminently satisfactory to all concerned; Poles now drink to the German Emperor as heartily as they formally cursed the tyranny of his late Minister, and not long ago loyal Germans were amazed to see the leader of the Polish Parliamentary party actually assisting the Government on a vote for increasing the Imperial Navy! All this has come to pass since Bismarck was relieved. Is any one bold enough to say that it could ever have happened while he held office?

BISMARCK AND COLONIES.—Germany has been forced into colonial enterprise wholly by Bismarck, though when he subsequently saw how small a support the country gave him, he did his best to work the responsibility off on to others. In 1884, the same year that he inaugurated his offensive system of eradicating the Poles, he astonished the world by hoisting the German flag at a number of tropical points, commencing with Angra Pequeña. What made the colonial efforts of that and the subsequent years remarkable was that they did not follow upon any general movement of German trade; they were not the result of any national movement whatsoever; in fact, the leading shipping-houses of Bremen and Hamburg were singularly apathetic in regard to them. The only enthusiasm was in the breast of those who sought a new field for warlike ventures, and of geographical clubs in inland towns.

The German is, and has been in all ages, an excellent colonist.

No seaport of consequence is without a strong German representation. Wherever we have seen them, in China, the West Indies, South America, the Mediterranean, Japan, and above all in the United States, they are second only to the English in enterprise and power. They are doing now an ever-increasing share of the carrying trade of the world, and no one who has travelled on the splendid ships that ply between New York and Hamburg or Bremen can doubt that the future of German trade is secure. Germans know where they can prosper, and do not need advice from any Government. They will not go to tropical countries if they can get anywhere else, and all the Bismarcks in the world backed by all the armies of Europe cannot make a tropical colony more attractive. The eight years that have elapsed since Bismarck's theatrical flag-raising in Angra Pequeña have not resulted in any of the promised advantages. No Germans to speak of have sought the hideous solitudes he has protected—on the contrary, the steady stream of emigration to the United States has persisted. The tropics are good for gorillas and negroes—the earth will have to be much more crowded than it is to-day before any other inhabitants will enjoy themselves there.

Germany has done a great deal of fighting in Africa since 1884, and there is no doubt that she is governing, where she does govern, in a manner to acquire the confidence of the natives. But counting together the cost in money and the waste of physical and moral quality that inevitably accompany existence in such countries, I am quite sure that Germany is not a gainer in the long run.

One exception there is, thanks to the new Emperor. For he traded an African jungle for Heligoland, a little dot worth to Germany millions of savage square miles. It happened after Bismarck had left however.

BISMARCK AND PROTECTION.—Up to the year 1875 the late Chancellor, if not an out-and-out Free Trader, was distinctly opposed to Protection. Within the three following years, this policy was completely reversed, and on the 15th of December 1878 he addressed a letter to the Upper House, proclaiming himself a thorough-going Protectionist. The House which was elected in that year, after the attempts on the Emperor's life, was strongly Protectionist; the majority being largely landed proprietors of Conservative leanings. To these men, nothing could have been sweeter than the prospect of raising the price of food-stuffs at the expense of their customers. Of course, Bismarck gave abundant reasons for his change of heart, reasons which sustain the McKinley Tariff Bill, and all similar efforts to become rich by ruining your neighbour. It is odd that Bismarck's new heart in political economy came to him after he had been already fifteen years at the head of Prussian affairs. His reasons appeared

very captivating when first formulated, because Germany had suffered some depression consequent upon the enormous inflation which followed the war. It seemed, too, that the new tariff did really send prosperity, although all other countries, and notably England, shared its blessings. Little by little, however, German manufacturers realised that while their Government was protecting them as far as the home market was concerned, Protection was making it impossible to compete with the world outside. They were feeling what American manufacturers feel. And while the big landowners, and Bismarck himself, were glad enough to see the corn and pigs of neighbouring countries shut out, that feeling was not shared by mechanics and employers of labour, who had to buy their bread at "protected" prices.

The parties to the Triple Alliance could not feel that their bond was very strong so long as they were forbidden to trade one with the other. Bismarck's policy in this matter became more and more the subject of adverse criticism as years went by; and though he sought to fine and imprison respectable men who dared to talk Free Trade, and though his influence was so great that at one time no University even ventured to advocate the teachings of Adam Smith, in the end the good sense of the people saw through the sophisms of the newborn Protection. As soon as the Emperor got rid of his Bismarck one of the first things he did was to lighten the burdens of his people by cheapening their food supply.

More than this, the Emperor saw clearly that trade was a bond better calculated to strengthen treaties than any number of seals. He therefore proposed to Italy and Austria commercial treaties, whose influence is destined to have the most excellent political effect. Hungary is now the bulwark of civilisation on the Danube against the westward movement of Russian barbarism. She is a vast granary and the best recruiting ground of the Austro-Hungarian army. Her people are wide awake, courageous and liberty-loving. To have the heart of such a nation on the side of the Triple Alliance is worth many Bismarcks, and that heart is now beating with Germany, because of the generous treatment Hungary has received at the hands of the German Emperor. It is more than likely that when Servia opens her eyes to the advantages to be derived from German alliance she will cease her Russian intrigue, and be knocking for admission at the same door.

The German Emperor has not declared himself a Free Trader, but he has inaugurated a commercial policy which will go far to offset the great economic mischief Bismarck has done in the last ten years of his rule.

I have only touched on a few points in the ex-Chancellor's extraordinary career. I could fill many a page by telling how he has

persecuted in private life men who had opposed his measures in public. I might mention his attempts to ruin so pure, so scholarly, so patriotic a man as George von Bunsen, merely because he would not vote as a Protectionist. He would not even allow the Emperor Frederick, on his dying bed, to give this old and trusted friend a decoration; and it is one of the glories of the present Emperor that he seized the first opportunity that offered to testify to his father's friend the esteem in which he was held by himself as well.

BISMARCK AS THE AUTHOR OF UNITED GERMANY.—Many an honest German admits reluctantly that Bismarck, particularly in the last ten years of his rule, has made a bad job of nearly everything:—Socialism getting from bad to worse; Polish intrigue increasing; the fight with Rome ignominiously given up; Protection failing to do what was promised; Russian aggression growing every year more alarming; the French not quieting down in the least; the paternal plans for insuring the lives of working men meeting with opposition amongst the very people whom they were intended to protect; good Germans keeping away from the tropical colonies he had so beautifully arranged; even Geffcken escaping from his clutches. All this and much more the historically-minded German must admit with regret; but, in spite of it all, says he, we must consider Bismarck the greatest of men, for he gave us United Germany!

Perhaps he did. At any rate the case is very far from proven. The late Emperor Frederick wrote in his diary that Bismarck opposed the idea of the new Empire; in fact, that he, Frederick, and not Bismarck, gave the immediate impulse to the new movement. Moltke might, without loss in our eyes, claim at least as great a share as any one else in bringing the armies of all Germany together on one spot at a moment when all hearts were yearning for a great German Fatherland. It is not hard to apply a match when another has carried the wood and built the fire. Those who saw something of the German troops marching in that glorious summer of 1870 must have been struck, as I was, by the religious depth of the feeling that echoed in every song. The men who marched to the French frontier sang German hymns and national anthems. With one accord—Bavarian, Saxon, Prussian, and the rest—all sang the songs of a common country, all dreamed of a new Germany, all longed for a noble union of Sovereign States. The very grandest of the many grand songs they sang on their long and dusty marches was "The Watch on the Rhine," composed fifty years before by a young Würtemberger living on the banks of the Danube. From that day to the day which saw the Empire proclaimed in Versailles the thought of United Germany was never absent from any gathering of patriotic Germans. It might

be for a moment obscured by dread of dynastic ambition, but in th main, wherever Germans met on common ground, German unity wa the theme that lay nearest their hearts.

If Bismarck chooses he can go back farther still—to the days o Scharnhorst, Stein, and the first Landwehr. He can see letters fron Bluecher's chief of staff, the gallant Gneisenau, to the Prussia Minister Hardenberg, of the years 1814 and 1815, in which th confident hope is expressed that their troops should not return with out Alsace and Lorraine. Ernst Moritz Arndt expresses the feeling o even South Germans of that year, when he grinds his teeth with rag at Germany's returning from her French campaign without those tw provinces which formerly belonged to her Empire. The school-child fo generations past has sung the songs of united Germany, long before the name of Bismarck was heard. The students who rushed to arms in 1813 to repel Napoleon did so with the promise of a united Germany as the fruit of their sufferings. Even in that day an Empire with Prussia at the head was within the domain of practical statesmanship; in fact, no one can understand the extraordinary enthusiasm with which Germany fought the war of liberation from Leipzig to Waterloo without appreciating the strong undercurrent of patriotism which permeated all classes—a patriotism that was not merely Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian, but "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" as the song has it.

William I. fought throughout that great war of liberation; he wa eighteen years of age when Waterloo was won. He at least could remember the time when, but for the jealousy of Russia and Austria, his father might have founded a German Empire. Bismarck perhaps forgets it, but there is a letter extant written by the venerable monarch in 1871, showing conclusively that German unity, the Imperial Constitution and the Empire were conceptions that had engaged his mind seriously in 1844. It is not strange then that his son, the late Emperor Frederick, should have revived these ideas after Moltke had brought the victorious troops of all Germany under the walls o Paris. He and every other German of broad views felt that, while twice already Germany had been cheated of her reward, this time a least there should be no failure. It was an army of citizen soldiers that sang for German unity in 1871, and their voice was the voice of Germans all the world over. From one end of Germany to the othe praise and thanksgiving went up, not so much for having beaten back the common enemy as that God had at last granted them the dream o their happiest momemt, a common German Fatherland. To say that Bismarck was the creator of this tremendous public opinion is absurd His great good fortune consisted in being Prime Minister at such a moment when his own aggrandisement was bound up with the most popular movement of his day. For once he had an overwhelming

Parliamentary majority in his favour and floated forward to renewed power at a rate that is unparalleled in history.

Bismarck was in the right place to take advantage of Moltke's victories, to carry out his monarch's views in regard to the German Empire. He was essentially fitted to approach each little King, Grand Duke, and "transparency"; to seize each one in turn by the throat, to request him to surrender absurd pretensions, to remember that Prussia was strong enough to make an Empire whenever she chose; that cheerful submission was therefore wiser than final humiliation through outward force. In this work Bismarck did splendidly, for bullying was needful in order to impress selfish little rulers with their nothingness as compared to Germany at large.

But when the Constitution had been adopted and the Reichstag organised on the basis of universal suffrage, the Iron Chancellor proceeded to browbeat Parliamentary "fractions" as vigorously as he had browbeaten the opponents of the Empire. Instead of encouraging debate on national interests and educating the people to act with political intelligence, he lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for Parliament and the other organs of public opinion.

When William II. ascended the throne he found that most of the measures with which his Chancellor's name had been identified had proved far from successful. Abroad and at home the prospect was equally discouraging. It was high time that a halt was called and many matters reconsidered. Bismarck, however, would have nothing to do with any suggestions from outside—he would rule alone, and insisted that ultimate success could be achieved only by persistence in his past methods.

What could an Emperor do but give him the most delicate of hints that he might retire? He left Berlin loaded with honours, and rich in material things as well. Nothing was left undone to make the world believe that he had retired for the same reasons that had influenced the late Moltke. At least the Emperor did his share.

Bismarck has spent much of his leisure since his retirement in interviewing newspaper reporters, and spreading views calculated to embarrass his successor in office and to prejudice the people against their Sovereign. Had any one during his years of rule dared to attack him as he has been recently attacking his Emperor and Caprivi, that person would have been arrested for *lèse*-Bismarck. The present Emperor has, however, taken no notice of his late Minister's unprofessional behaviour. The resignation took place on March 20, 1890. He left the Wilhelm Strasse for his country-seat one week from that date, exclaiming theatrically, "*Le Roi me reverra*"—and he did, but only in print. For no sooner was he settled in Friedrichsruhe than the *Daily News* of Hamburg commenced abusing Caprivi's work with strange

heartiness, and speaking for Bismarck with all the assurance of an officially subsidised sheet. Before the end of April he had commenced dictating *interviews* to American, French, Russian, and English papers, all in the same tone of undignified complaint. Deputations of every description he received with open arms, and never failed to tell them the same tale of evil prophecy. Oddly enough, no German paper "interviewed" him until July, when he expressed great disgust at the Heligoland arrangement of the Emperor. He complained bitterly that the papers, previously servile, now joined in ignoring his very existence; he apparently did not see that he it was who had made them servile, and that generosity does not keep company with servility. And although several seats in Parliament fell vacant, it was striking that no great effort was made to have him elected—at least for a long time after his fall. He complained to newspaper reporters that former friends had deserted him. Whom did he call friends? His poet answers:

"Wer Freunde hat ist sie zu haben werth,
Wer Keine hat, hat Keine noch begehrt!"

In fact, if the Emperor ever before had doubts in regard to the dismissal, they must have been effectually removed by noting to what small proportions the mighty Minister has shrunk when relieved of the office which gave him such monstrous padding. Compare him for a moment with such Ministers as Stein and Hardenberg, who also had their periods of retirement!

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE PROTECTIONISTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE present Ministry of New South Wales rejoices in the designation of "The Protectionist Government." They glory in it as if it were a robe of honour. Time after time, the Treasurer, in conducting his Customs Duties Bill through the Legislative Assembly, has exclaimed, "This Protectionist Government would have acted dishonestly if it had not taken the earliest opportunity to introduce a Protectionist policy!" And his followers have loudly cheered the Treasurer's self-glorification.

It is not my purpose in this article to discuss the question of Free Trade or of Protection, but rather to examine what is being done, falsely, in the name of Protection, the grounds put forth to justify the doing of it, and how far it has received any sanction from the electors. The Ministry consists of eight members of the Legislative Assembly and two members of the Legislative Council. The whole of the gentlemen in the Assembly are deserters from the standard of Free Trade; and not one of them has ever given, or attempted to give, any solid reason for his desertion. It will be admitted by their friends that the two ablest men in the Ministry are Mr. George Richard Dibbs, the Premier, and Mr. Edward Barton, the Attorney-General. Six years ago last October—namely, on the 11th of that month in 1885—Mr. Barton, who is a member of the University, addressed the electors of East Sydney in these words:

"As regarded the great question of Free Trade and Protection, he could conceive of nothing more calculated to bring about the ruin of this colony than a Chinese system of Protection. Our trade should be as free as air, and, if we must have taxation, he should support the taxation of property. As our Customs duties were at present adjusted, the poorest man had as much to pay as the richest, and much more in proportion to his means. The system pressed most severely upon the poor man, while the rich got off com-

paratively free. What were our courts and our police kept up for? For the protection of property; and it was manifestly fair that property should pay its fair share of their cost. No rigid, wretched Chinese system of *ad valorem* duties should be imposed here; and when he said that taxation should fall upon property, he meant that it might be in the shape of an income tax, but that it should fall upon those that could afford to pay it."

After a few sentences of a more general drift, Mr. Barton declared:

"Protection meant benefiting the capitalist at the expense of the small manufacturer, and he would not consent to that. He believed in freedom of trade."

On the hustings, a day or two afterwards, Mr. Barton thus spoke on the proper principles of taxation:

"Now about Free Trade. The proper sources of taxation were the means of those who had means to pay for the protection of their property. The proper way was to go direct to the possessors of wealth, and not sneak at them through the Customs. Tax them upon their accumulated means, or upon their income, and he was quite willing to pay his share."

Five years ago from the very day on which I am writing—namely, on the 7th February 1887—Mr. Dibbs thus addressed his constituents, in language not only strong, in support of Free Trade, but bitterly condemnatory of the Protectionists and their cause:

"I go, not for the party in power, but for the principle involved, and that is Free Trade unmistakably. I do not for one moment suppose that the people of Wagga are anything but Free Traders. I presume I am right in assuming that. The electors here believe in having the right—and they mean to hold it—of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. . . . . I believe my views are in accord with those of every intelligent elector in this town, if not in the whole electorate."

Again, in reference to a section known as the "Hay and Corn" party, Mr. Dibbs vented his opposition in the following terms of scornful anger:

"The Protection party, to secure the votes of the country districts, have made a distinct bid for the votes of the farmers, and they have made a very specious case, and cover it with very specious arguments, which, if not weighed carefully, are apt to mislead the farmer into a wrong position. The Protectionist party say to the farmer, 'We will put a special tax upon all breadstuffs coming into New South Wales, and this will directly benefit you as farmers.' Now, I ask my farmer friends to look carefully at this proposal. Is it not a bid to buy you over to become Protectionists right out? They offer to you, as one section of the community, practically a bribe to secure your votes at these elections, and the bribe they offer is one offered at the expense of the whole population of the country. I know that I am within the mark when I say that out of the population of New South Wales, of 1,000,000 souls, there are not 50,000 farmers and their families. You are offered a boon—something for the benefit of the 50,000 at the expense of the 950,000. . . . . I ask the farmers, Is such a proposal fair, manly, or equitable? And I shall obtain but one answer through the electorate, that is, No!"

And then, speaking of the general question, Mr. Dibbs dwelt on the evil effects of Protection with persistent force :

"But before I conclude this matter I should like to go back a bit on the aspect of the case. Supposing that Protection should become general, which I say cannot be ; in other words, you can have no system of Protection by which every man, woman, and child can be protected in the community. Protection for a certain time will benefit the few at the expense of the many, and that is the reverse of all good legislation. We have a right to legislate for the benefit of the ordinary labourer—the bulk of the population. Will Protection benefit him ? Will his wages increase because you make the means of living dearer to him ? I say, emphatically, No. The result of Protection on labour is to reduce the price of the labour of the working bee, while for the time being you benefit the capitalist and manufacturer ; and in the long run the employer will have to feel the stings of competition, and hold his own by reducing the wage of his artisan and labourer. Will Protection benefit the navvy on the railway and the railway employé ? I again say, No. You will increase his cost of living, but you will not increase his wages. The shopman, carter, bus-driver, and the hosts of people whose labour tends to keep the vast machine going, can you protect them ? Can you protect their labour being competed for by perpetual new arrivals ? Then if you cannot protect the thousands and the tens of thousands, you must not protect the few at the expense of the many.

I have given this proof of the views in unqualified condemnation of the policy of Protection which were entertained by the two principal leaders not more than five and six years ago ; and they are both gentlemen advanced in years, Mr. Dibbs himself being in fact an old man. If it were not for considerations of time and space, similar evidence might be given of the manner in which the less important members of the party have changed their ground. The two or three men who have always been Protectionists, are steadily kept in the background by the converts. The apostles are suppressed by the disciples, and none of these gentlemen have at any time volunteered a clear and connected explanation of their conversion. At what precise moment Mr. Barton changed his principles is not known, but Mr. Dibbs changed his on a sudden revelation of his life-long course of error, when a Protectionist party was gathering on the Opposition benches of the Assembly who were in want of a leader.

It is not for any idle purpose of showing the political inconsistency of gentlemen that I have made these quotations and stated these facts. It was simply necessary that I should do so to enable a correct view to be formed of the character of the Dibbs-Barton Tariff which is now being forced through the Parliament of New South Wales. The tariff proposed in the schedules to the Customs Duties Bill, introduced by Mr. Treasurer See, is not a tariff which any intelligent Protectionist would accept. It is a nondescript tariff, without distinctive features which it is possible to recognise on any hypothesis of fiscal principles. It is a confused and unsettled thing, which can only be understood in the light of the fact that it is the progeny

of confused and unsettled minds. Mr. See himself could not explain it to Parliament. It is a monster which owes its deformities to an unhealthy parentage.

How could the result be otherwise? As I have shown, Mr. Dibbs only five years ago was one of the most passionate assailants of the fortress of Protection, and he had been gathering up his armament throughout a long life. There is no ground for believing that he has the faintest belief in Protection at the present moment. The framers of the proposed tariff have made it plain to all the world by their own handiwork that they have never studied the economic principles on which the genuine and intelligent Protectionist would seek to base his policy. If you look for any earnestness of belief in the party, it must be sought, not among the so-called leaders, but in the obscurer and more ignorant of their followers. It may be asked, on what ground did these men desert the cause of Free Trade if they had no belief in Protection? The answer is not very remote. With the Government benches occupied by Free Traders, a new ground for opposition had to be discovered, and "encouragement to native industry" was nearest at hand. The case of Mr. Dibbs affords a striking illustration. The general election of 1887 sent a two-third majority of Free Traders into Parliament, but not to support Mr. Dibbs; and Mr. Dibbs, within a few weeks after the delivery of his glowing Free Trade speeches from which I have quoted, found himself in a condition of isolation in the new House. He could not merge himself in the large Free Trade majority which did not want him, and had no sympathy with his general views; and the shattered opposition was, for the most part, Protectionist. He tried first, as has been several times explained by Mr. B. R. Wise, to detach members from the Free Trade side to form a new party against the Parkes Ministry; and, failing in that beautiful intrigue, he went bodily and boldly over to the Protectionists. Throughout the Eighties much noise had been made in some of the country electorates in the name of Protection. On the borders the action of the neighbouring colonies in taxing our produce, if offered to their markets, provoked a strong feeling of irritation amongst the settlers, and they cried out for Retaliation rather than for Protection. If the bolder members who support what they call Protection for these unsatisfactory reasons were removed from the Assembly, they would take with them the Protectionist majority. In some other districts where the means for the "diffusion of useful knowledge" are not so widespread as Dr. Birkbeck and Lord Brougham three score years ago hoped they would be everywhere, the Protectionist craze has found some acceptance among the weak and illiterate, on some delusive hope that it will open better avenues of employment for their children. Of course, these unsatisfied cries and restless hopes made most commotion

in bad times; and certain of our politicians, whose ambitions are largely in excess of their capacities, jumped to the conclusion that "Protection was coming." Because it was thought that "Protection was coming," gentlemen lost no time in turning their coats, and going out to meet the treacherous goddess. But the people of New South Wales have not abated in their attachment to the cause of Free Trade, which will be made manifest in the next appeal to the ballot-box.

I will now briefly examine the tariff proposals submitted to the Legislative Assembly. The Treasurer's speech in submitting them occupies twenty-four closely printed columns in the official report. I heard the speech, and I have carefully gone through the report; and the following are the only passages that have any remote reference to the subject in hand, or that offer any explanation of the Bill. Nor were Mr. See's deficiencies supplied by any other Minister:

"The grass will be just as green under the policy we propose as it has been under Free Trade.

* * * * *

"We have not hesitated to call our policy by its proper name. We say that it is Protection, and we believe that it will benefit the people.

* * * * *

"If we can benefit the producing classes, and can at the same time create a larger circulation of money, it must have a beneficial effect upon all classes. I maintain that under our policy our manufactures will thrive, and that an increased stimulus will be given to our industries generally; and that the large increase in our agricultural interest will operate most beneficially, not only to the producer, but to the consumer. The working man will earn more money, even if, according to hon. members opposite, he has to pay a little more, and he will be a great deal better off with money in his pocket than under the policy which has obtained for so many years.

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"The duties which we are collecting are not intended to pay for the £4,000,000 worth of public works already authorised, but are proposed for the purpose of constructing minor public works and carrying on the business of the country in a satisfactory manner.

* * * * *

"It is only fair to all concerned, I maintain, to ask for sufficient means, by the imposition of additional duties, to carry on the ordinary business of the country.

* * * * *

"I maintain that the policy which we have introduced is necessary for a new country. I have already said that I believe our pastoral, mineral, and other natural industries will not diminish in the slightest degree; but that they will go on progressing, so that we shall have full employment for our people, and great good will thereby result.

* * * * *

"I am certain that within a year or two from the introduction of this policy such a stimulus will be given to all our industries that my hon. friend, the leader of the Opposition, will be compelled to take his stand in the Protectionist ranks. What can possibly be the objection to a policy of this sort? First of all, we must have means to carry on; secondly, we believe that the result of the imposition of duties such as we propose will have the

effect of encouraging a variety of useful industries, and that we shall have manufactures springing up in all directions, giving full employment to the people.

* * * * *

"I believe firmly that it will do good to the country; that we shall have a ringing of hammers; that we shall have plenty of work and good wages and that my hon. friend opposite, as a merchant, will largely participate in the benefit that will result. The farmer will get a fair price for his produce and will thus be able to pay the store-keeper, who, in his turn, will be able to pay the merchant in town. We shall not hear so much lamentation about depression."

* * * * *

If the reader were to go through the affliction of reading the whole of the Treasurer's speech, he would get no clearer grasp of its meaning than may be obtained from these extracts, which are, in fact, the gems of its logic and lucidity. It will be observed that though the new tariff is calculated by its authors to bring in something less than £1,000,000 annually, it is to meet the cost of "constructing minor public works," it is to enable the Government "to carry on the ordinary business of the country," and it is to bring about a state of things within a year where there will be "full employment for the people," with "a variety of industries" and "manufactures springing up in all directions."

The second reading was moved on the 12th January; the adoption of the report from the Committee of the Whole stands as an order of the day for the 10th February. The third reading, which presents another battle-ground, has to come. When it escapes from the clutches of the Free Trade opposition in the Assembly, the Bill has to run the gauntlet in the Upper Chamber, where it will have to encounter strong hostility. It may or it may not become law by the time this article will be published in London.

In the meantime, I propose to examine the tariff as it now stands, after the latest touches of amendment in the Assembly. Anomalies is hardly the word for its defects. It is simply monstrous in its wanton and fruitless interference with trade, in its oppressive and heartless impingement upon the poor and helpless, and in its grotesque inadequacy for its avowed purposes.

Schedule A imposes specific duties on a multitude of articles and commodities, extending from condensed milk to dynamite; and in addition to these a catalogue of "luxuries" is given which are subject to 15 per cent. *ad valorem*. Of the specific duties, I give the following as specimens: one penny per pound on arrowroot, baking powder yeast, preserved milk, honey, starch, vegetables, mushrooms; sixpence per pound on chicory and coffee; twopence per pound on butter and lard. Of the "luxuries" subject to 15 per cent., may be instanced silks, satins, kid gloves, velvets, gold and silver plate, porcelain jewellery, precious stones, pictures, paintings, statuary. Schedule I

imposes a duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem* on all imports not enumerated in Schedule A just referred to, or in Schedule C, which contains the Free list.

In the Committee many amendments were tried, chiefly to place articles on the Free list, and on one night as many as a dozen divisions were taken, but with no success. A motion to place "eggs" on the Free list was negatived by 41 to 32; "portable engines" was negatived by 42 to 28; "printing machines," by 35 to 32; "hosiery," by 37 to 36. One member had the hardihood to move that "bread and water" be placed on the Free list, but the Chairman declined to receive "water," on the ground that it was calculated to make a farce of the proceedings, and on appeal to the Chair, this ruling was sustained by Mr. Speaker, notwithstanding that hundreds of tons of water are imported from South Australia into Broken Hill alone. "Bread," however, was put by the Chairman, and a majority of 42 to 28 decided to tax it.

This glance will suffice to show how abortive the new tariff must prove to effect the objects at which its authors profess to aim, and how certain it is to lead to fraud and smuggling. A more extended glance would reveal a series of petty impositions which would outrival Sydney Smith's satirical catalogue, beginning with the lace on the cradle and ending with the nails in the coffin. But this wonderful tariff, according to the quotations I have given from the Treasurer, is to bring into existence a variety of new industries, to cause manufactures to spring up in all directions, to give employment to everybody, and at the same time to meet the cost of minor public works, and to produce revenue for carrying on the ordinary business of the country. And for this wild, incoherent fiscal monstrosity, Mr. Dibbs, not profiting in the least by his previous blunders, has elected to disjoint the constitutional order of public business, to keep Parliament sitting under monthly Supply Bills, and to consummate his work by a majority got together by the methods I have indicated. The verdict of the last election was much confused by the diverse courses taken by scheming politicians on the great question of Federation; but, however that uncertain verdict may be interpreted, it was not in favour of Protection. The colony of New South Wales has made such steady progress in comparison with her neighbours, under her old settled policy, that no clear-headed sensible man would dream of its reversal. In point of fact, the noisiest of our Protectionists have tried Victoria, and have come to us with a surfeit of the trial. One gentleman, a great advocate of Protection, left Melbourne for Sydney, where he has become rich as a rope manufacturer; and the new tariff puts a duty of £3 per ton on imported rope, to enable him to grow richer.

But we have to account for the undoubted majority of votes in the

Assembly which support the Dibbs-Barton tariff. It has been denounced as "accidental"; but, accidental or not, it is there. I have already explained the position of the Border representatives, and the feeling of irritation and resentment among the Border population provoked by the tariffs of the other colonies. The ballot-box in those districts gives a result which is interpreted in favour of Protection, while in reality it has been produced by causes with which Protection has had little to do. But the conspicuous determining force in making the majority in support of the new tariff is the Labour Party, many of whom, as working-class Protectionists, got elected by Free Trade votes, on the solemn agreement "to sink the fiscal issue" in favour of legislative measures needed by the working classes. These men, it is reported by their fellows, broke away from the decision of the majority of their party in caucus, and went over to the Ministerial side when the tariff was brought forward. It is alleged that most of them would have had no chance of election but for the Free Trade voters among the working classes, whom they have betrayed. At the General Election, in the middle of 1891, the entire electorate of the colony was thus distributed by the aggregate of the polls:

	Members.		Voters.
Free Traders	48	representing	86,200
Protectionists	56	„	66,300
Labour Members	30	„	68,000
Independents	7	„	13,600
	141		234,100

Nearly all the large electorates, such as the metropolitan divisions, return Free Traders, while the Protectionists have to depend upon the small and remote constituencies for their strength. In the last election, Mr. Dibbs himself stood for South Sydney—which returns four members—but he was left sixth candidate on the poll. One of the Sydney morning papers gave the result of the polling in the General Election as under:—90,344 Ministerial votes (Parkes, premier); 63,539 Opposition votes (Dibbs, leader); 75,765 Labour votes; 8,849 Independent votes. It was calculated by persons outside existing parties that the seven "Independents," and the majority of the Labour party, would side with the Government of the time (now out of office). Another proof of the absence of definite purpose or political consistency in the present Parliament on the fiscal question is supplied by its action on a motion submitted by Mr. Henry Copeland, one of the new Ministers, on the 2nd September last. Mr. Copeland moved that "Import duties should be levied on such articles as enter into competition with our own manufactures," and that "Protective duties should be collected on all agricultural produce sent into our markets from abroad." This motion was defeated, first by

amendment changing its character—ayes 60, noes 49—and finally by rejection in its amended form—ayes 47, noes 62. Twelve members who voted adversely in these divisions, including Mr. Edmund Barton, are now voting steadily in support of a tariff prescribed by the resolutions so rejected only five months ago.

In the event of this nondescript tariff becoming law, the want of confidence in its stability will keep men from investing money under its mock shield of Protection, and the next election, let it come whenever it may, will repeal it.

HENRY PARKES.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH AND THE CONVENT SCHOOLS.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH is a born controversialist. His Gr has a lofty contempt for all opponents, allied to the m profound belief in his cause—whatever it may happen to be. addition to these most admirable qualifications, two more, of a cidedly questionable character, must be placed to his credit. He wonderfully skilled in the art of dodging a tight corner, and, i may say so, is not over-particular in his methods of attack or defen For several months I have had the misfortune to realise all this in own person; for, so late as September last, having addressed constituents in South Tyrone on the question of primary educati Dr. Walsh has since that date been pouring out the vials of wrath and scorn upon my head. This episcopal mitrailleuse has be shot forth from the pulpit and the platform, from the daily pr and from the monthly magazine. Many people in Ireland have be keenly interested as well as greatly amused, whilst others have be content to ask what it all meant. The longest lane, however, m have a turning-point. The Archbishop is a busy man, and I am r permitted to eat the bread of idleness. So in this article I propo so far as I am concerned, to close this prolonged controversy. In co mencing his article on the Irish Convent Schools,* Dr. Wal says :—

"Repeatedly during the recent Parliamentary recess, the Conv National Schools of Ireland have been made the object of a sustained a indeed, virulent attack by that prominent representative of Uls Unionism, Mr. T. W. Russell."

And, after much more to the same effect, the Archbishop proceeds vindicate the schools in question, first of all against the ordin

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for March 1892.

National Schools. The whole article is, indeed, a perfect sample of what I venture, without disrespect, to call Dr. Walsh's method. During the recess I addressed my constituents twice on the education question. I do not recognise this as any offence. It is a public question in which the Protestants of Ulster are keenly interested, and upon which their representatives in Parliament have been too long silent. But I entirely deny the charge brought against me by the Archbishop in regard to the Convent Schools. Here are the only words I applied to these establishments in the addresses referred to. Speaking at Moy, on September 24, I said :—

"The National Board of Education has, under Sir Patrick Keenan's guidance, been rapidly travelling in this (*i.e.*, a denominational) direction. Under a system of Results Fees for what is called 'Industrial Education,' but which really means the degradation of literary instruction, the making of ecclesiastical embroidery and the carving of crucifixes, convents are being handsomely endowed out of the public revenue."—*Daily Express*, September 25, 1891.

Again, in the course of an address at Fintona, on January 26 of the current year, I referred to Dr. Walsh's criticism of my speech at Moy, and said :—

"In September last I delivered an address to my constituents at Moy. On that occasion I dealt with this difficult question of education in a manner which, however it may have satisfied those I represent, did not satisfy Dr. Walsh. No doubt that was a great misfortune, but it is one I can afford to bear. Dr. Walsh has since that date honoured me with three speeches in reply to my deliverance at Moy. He has wasted a large number of adjectives upon me. In one of these speeches I am accused of having insulted the nuns. Do not be alarmed, gentlemen. This is only Dr. Walsh's way of putting the fact that I hold the nuns to be untrained and indifferent teachers, and that the Convent Schools are inferior to the Model Schools."

These words constitute what Archbishop Walsh calls "a sustained, and indeed, virulent attack" upon the Convent National Schools. It is quite true that in defending the Model Schools from the Archbishop's attack, which might with perfect accuracy be called "sustained and virulent," I dealt with the results of the two classes of school. But inasmuch as I was defending the Model Schools, and merely quoted figures from official returns, I could hardly be charged with attacking the Convent Schools, much less of insulting the nuns.

But what I desire to point out first of all is that in his CONTEMPORARY article, Dr. Walsh has adroitly and cleverly changed, at least, part of his ground. In all I have said or written upon the education question, I never once made any comparison between the Convent and the ordinary National Schools. Archbishop Walsh knows this as well as I do. And, in making the comparison which forms the staple of His Grace's article, he is simply executing a retreat from a position found to be untenable. The warfare in Ireland between Dr. Walsh

and myself was as to the relative merits of the Convent and the Model Schools. Nor did I institute even this comparison. His Grace, in the pursuit of an occupation, which seems to be at once a sacred duty and a never-ending delight, has for years been engaged in a systematic attack upon the Model Schools. Speaking quite recently at King's Inns-street Convent School, Dublin, Dr. Walsh claimed a complete superiority for the Convent Schools. He gave figures purporting to support the claim, and beyond all doubt the figures proved a slightly higher percentage of passes in the Conventual and Monastic Schools over even the Model Schools. But satisfactory as the figures appeared to be, it was my duty to examine them, and to show the reading and thinking public that things are not always what they seem to be. Accordingly, and having been directly challenged, I was able to show that a "pass" in a Convent School was one thing, and a "pass" in a Model School something entirely different.

In the first place almost 50 per cent., or nearly fifty out of every hundred children attending the Convent Schools, were either infants or children of tender years in the first or junior class. In the Model Schools—which are practically high-class Elementary Schools—the facts were entirely different—the percentage of infants and children of tender years being only 19 as against 47 in the Convent Schools. Eliminating the infants from each class of school, I proved by remorseless figures that the Archbishop's contention was untenable,* and that the Convent Schools could not be compared with those Model establishments that have long been the pride of the Irish Educational system.

The Archbishop, having instituted the comparison between the Convent and the Model Schools, now runs away from it, and covers his retreat by a fresh comparison with schools which were not once mentioned in the discussion—viz., the ordinary National Schools! This, I repeat, is a fair sample of the Archbishop's method of conducting controversy. And he covers, or attempts to cover, his retreat by scattering charges of ignorance and virulence against his opponent. But Dr. Walsh may rely upon it that what I have ventured to call his method of controversy is better understood by Irish educationists than it was when I first had the misfortune to differ with him.

So much for the Archbishop's main position in the CONTEMPORARY. Let me further illustrate what one has to meet when he differs with His Grace on this question. The Bill now before the House to "improve National Education in Ireland" proposes to enact compulsory attendance at schools in Irish corporate towns. Mr. Jackson, on

* See *Daily Express*, January 27, 1892.

the motion for leave to introduce the Bill, made a very clear and persuasive speech. In the debate which followed, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Maurice Healy, Col. Nolan, and Mr. John O'Connor were amongst the Nationalists who spoke favourably of the Bill. It is quite true that they deplored the continued exclusion of the Christian Brothers' Schools from all the advantages of the National system. These schools are excluded just as the schools of the Church Education Society are excluded because they are sectarian schools, and decline to conform to the rules of the National Board. Mr. McCarthy and his friends reserved, and very properly reserved, all detailed criticism of the Government measure until the Bill was printed. But not one word dropped from the lips of any Irish member during the debate calculated to show that the Irish Nationalists disapproved of Mr. Balfour's principle of "modified compulsion." But what has happened? The debate on the introduction of the Bill was adjourned. And before the Bill was printed, and without waiting to acquaint himself with its details, Archbishop Walsh proceeded to Arklow on Sunday the 6th of March, and there delivered himself of a violent attack upon Mr. Jackson's proposals. Here is a brief extract from this speech taken from the *National Press* of March 7. Dealing with the modified form of compulsion in the Bill, His Grace said:

"Your call upon me to come here to-day is the answer of Arklow to the slur that now is being put upon our country. I am sure you have read about it in the newspapers. They talk of passing an Act of Parliament to force you to do your duty by your children in sending them to school. Well, I take it that you meet that insult—for it is a gross insult—by proclaiming publicly by your presence here to-day that you need no Act of the British Legislature to teach you your duties as Christian parents, and that not only are you ready to do your duty in sending your children to school, but that you are ready, as you were always ready, to put your hands in your pockets to contribute towards the building of schools for them to go to. I call this project of compulsory education an insult to the Irish people (applause). Beyond all question, that is what it comes to. At the present moment Ireland and her people, especially the fathers and the mothers of the children of Ireland, stand upon their trial before the bar of public opinion, and before a hostile majority in the British Parliament at Westminster, on the disgraceful charge that, so utterly forgetful have Irish parents become of the teachings of religion, and so utterly neglectful have they shown themselves of that elementary duty of a parent, the duty of seeing to the education of his child, that nothing short of an appeal to British law can now be of effect to force them to the discharge of this essential duty. I call it a disgraceful charge (applause). Surely it is so. Guilty or not guilty of it as you may be, the charge, at all events, that is laid against you is one of the most disgraceful that could be laid at the doors of any Christian people."

When I read this speech I rubbed my eyes. But what must have been the feelings of Mr. Balfour—not to speak of Mr. Jackson—seeing that the real author of the "modified compulsion" of the Bill was Archbishop Walsh! Speaking in Dublin at the National Teachers' Congress in 1890 His Grace said:

"The fourth resolution raises the vitally important question of compulsory attendance. Personally I am strongly in favour of a reasonable measure of compulsion. I note that the resolution to be proposed on the subject is most carefully worded. It speaks of a system of compulsory attendance adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the country. The meeting is, of course, aware that the question is a delicate one surrounded by many difficulties. In expressing my personal concurrence in the proposal I must say I limit that concurrence to the case of a city such as Dublin, or of large towns and cities, if there be any such similarly circumstanced."

Talk about somersaults—what in the history of politics can be compared to this? We shall probably never know the real and secret history of Mr. Balfour's educational proposals. But so far as the principle of compulsion is concerned it is clear that the right hon. gentleman took his cue from the Archbishop. Speaking at Moy on the 24th of September last I said:

"Mr. Balfour proposes next session to bring in a Bill to make the system of education free and compulsory. I am in favour of both propositions. But there ought to be no half measures. If education is to be free and compulsory the law should apply to the whole country. Archbishop Walsh does not want this. He wants compulsion in cities and towns only. I hold that this is putting the cart before the horse. There is less education in the rural districts than in the cities. If compulsion is required anywhere as an educational measure it is more required in the country than in the towns. In a word, I desire to say that, under the guise of a Bill to make education compulsory, we must not have a measure leaving out three-fourths of the country and benefiting mainly the conventual and monastic schools in cities and towns."

These words were uttered long before any idea of Mr. Balfour's proposals obtained publicity. Let them be read in the light of Mr. Jackson's Bill, and it will be apparent that I was combating no idle dream. But what had Dr. Walsh to say to this speech? Speaking at Howth on October 10, 1891—a fortnight after my meeting at Moy—the Archbishop calmly declared in reference to compulsion that I had "invented an attitude" for him, and that he had no intention by any further words to give me fresh ground for misrepresentation! Had His Grace forgotten his speech at the Congress in 1890? I invented no attitude for him on compulsion. He explained clearly and tersely what his views were. And, logic and fact having alike been set aside by the Government to meet them, Archbishop Walsh calmly proceeds to Arklow to throttle his own child. Well may perplexed strangers look on and wonder. But to all those who keep their eyes open in Ireland the thing is plain and clear enough. As I have said, the secret history of Mr. Balfour's proposals will probably never be known. But I take it that Archbishop Walsh and his friends would have accepted the principle of "modified compulsion" had the Government measure covered concessions on other points. Had the Bill interfered with the Model Schools; had it broken down the fundamental principle of the National Board by admitting the sectarian schools of the Christian Brothers to the advantages of the National System of

Education; had it denominationalised the schools where the attendance is confined to the children of one creed I think it highly probable we should have heard nothing about this fresh "insult to Ireland," this odious "slur upon a Christian people" and all the rest of Archbishop Walsh's tirade at Arklow. Indeed, in such a case, I am quite certain we should have had Dr. Walsh stepping to the front and claiming the paternity of the scheme. All along I have feared some such concessions would be made, and until the Bill emerges from committee I shall not be sure of anything. But if they have not been made I am quite clear that the proceedings in the House of Commons last August on the Training Colleges Bill have had much to do with the firmness of the Government. Upon the occasion in question a small, but composite majority, of Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, and Radicals defeated Mr. Balfour's bill. The Training College was a mere outwork of the National system. But we held then, and we were right, that the road to the citadel lay that way. The Archbishop's position on compulsion is another sample of his method in controversy.

Once more let us see Dr. Walsh at his best. All through our controversy I have steadily maintained that to concede the Roman Catholic claims on primary education would be to establish a real and cruel Protestant grievance. My case has been that the National system of education, founded in 1831, and which has rendered priceless service to the country, was established as a non-sectarian system. The Roman Catholic Bishops have done their very best in the past to destroy this the main principle of the National Board. They have so far succeeded, and are now labouring for the enforcement of a principle which would make it impossible for Protestant children in remote districts of the south and west to receive secular education in the State schools, unless combined with what is called "the Catholic atmosphere." "Not at all," says Archbishop Walsh. "This is only one of Mr. Russell's wild, reckless, and ignorant statements. We only ask that the Catholic atmosphere shall prevail in those schools where the attendance is exclusively Catholic." Just so. And it sounds so reasonable. But, like a good many of Dr. Walsh's educational theories, it has only to be touched, and it falls to pieces. Let us see how this episcopal plan would work. I take a small town in any southern or western county. The attendance at the National School is exclusively Catholic. In fact, there are no Protestants in the town or neighbourhood. Under Dr. Walsh's plan the walls of this school would be hung round with Roman Catholic (of course Dr. Walsh and Sir John Gorst would call them Christian) emblems. There would be an altar in the school, and the priest would be at liberty to do pretty much as he liked in regard to religious education. And why not? it may be asked. I could give more than one answer; but I

confine myself to one. Suppose there comes to this town a bank-manager, a station-master, an exciseman, or even a policeman, who is a Protestant, and who has a family. Where are these children to be educated? Bear in mind, the National or State school is the only school in the place. It is quite clear these children ought to be able to attend the State school, maintained as it is out of public funds. The parents of these children are taxpayers; they are citizens. And no bishop or priest ought to be able to impose conditions in regard to the education of the children of such people. I shall, doubtless, be told of the conscience clause. Well, without saying what I know to be true even under the present system, I prefer the National system of education, under which all creeds can be, and are being, taught without danger to their faith. But even were this point conceded what then? Does anybody imagine that the bishops would stop there? Not a bit of it. I notice that the Roman Catholic authorities in Montreal recently forbade Catholic children to attend mixed schools.* What, I ask, would immediately follow any such concession as that demanded by Dr. Walsh? There are nearly 4000 mixed schools in Ireland; but in 2000 of these the minority does not exceed eight per cent. How long would it be before the bishops discovered the tyranny of a system that allowed a small minority to tyrannise over a large majority? Not a year would elapse before their lordships would be in full cry. In fact, the thin edge of the denominational wedge having been inserted, it would be a mere matter of driving it home. I beg to assure the Archbishop that the advocates of mixed education quite appreciate his position. They do not mistake his demand. We are, indeed, lost in admiration at the speciousness of the plea, as well as the arguments so adroitly used to further it. But, convinced as we are that the mixed system of education is the only one possible in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, we prefer to be guided in our attitude by some of His Grace's predecessors rather than by himself.

Notwithstanding Dr. Walsh's confident argument in favour of the superiority of the Convent Schools, and of the under-payment of the nuns as teachers, I still have something to say. The Archbishop is sure of his ground. Let us examine it. Why do the nuns appear to be underpaid—*i.e.*, paid less than the teachers of other National Schools? Dr. Walsh does not explain. But the explanation lies on the surface. These ladies are paid mainly by capitation grant. The ordinary teachers are paid by class salary. Why the difference of system? It is this difference in treatment which makes the difference in the payment. And the only apparent reason why these ladies do not rank as classified teachers and receive their class salaries is because they will not submit to the necessary examination. That

* See *Times*, Feb. 9, 1892.

this is no question of principle is proved by the fact that there are twenty-five Convent Schools paid by classification, and where the nuns have qualified for class salaries. The mere fact that the great majority of these ladies do not submit themselves for examination disposes of the assertion that they are efficient teachers merely because they have received the ordinary young lady's education before entering upon their duties. So long as they refuse to be trained or classified as teachers, so long I am entitled to say they are "untrained and indifferent teachers." By training and classification their incomes would at once be raised. What right has Archbishop Walsh to demand privileges and exemptions for this class of teachers? In my opinion, the Board of Education went a very long way when it admitted schools taught under such conditions to the advantages of the National system. But Archbishop Walsh points to the marked superiority of these Convent Schools over the ordinary National Schools. What then? As I have pointed out, my controversy with Dr. Walsh has not been on the rival merits of the Convent and the ordinary National Schools. These schools have not been once referred to. The controversy took place upon the merits of the Convent and the Model Schools. The Archbishop says that I condemn the Convent Schools because the teachers are "untrained and indifferent." "But look," His Grace says, "at their superiority over the National Schools." So far as the excellence of education is to be proved by "passes," and I shall have a word to say upon this point later on, Dr. Walsh holds the field. But it in no way affects the position I took in defence of the Model Schools. The reason why so many of the National Schools are defective is that the teachers are in the same plight as the nuns—*i.e.*, they are untrained. And whether the teacher be a nun or an ordinary servant of the Board I hold training to be a necessity, and the want of it a grave defect. Teaching is a profession. Here and there, as in the case of Mrs. Barrett, at Kings' Inns-street, who has, as Dr. Walsh acknowledges, a system of her own, there are those who possess a natural and striking gift of imparting knowledge. But these cases are comparatively rare. And in view of the Archbishop's own efforts to promote training colleges I cannot think he means to assert that training is of no account. But there are two points in regard to the Convent Schools I should like to deal with. Archbishop Walsh lays great stress on "passes." A teacher in one of our largest National Schools writes to me thus:—

"Permit me to suggest that it would be well to have a clause in the Education Bill to compel all children who qualify by attendance to be present on the day appointed for Results Examination by the Inspector. Schools where there is to be a big show of passes at examination exclude all doubtful cases. Suppose I have one hundred qualified-by-attendance pupils and

a neighbouring schoolmaster has the same number. But my neighbour excludes ten poorly prepared or doubtful pupils, and only gets ninety examined, whilst I get one hundred examined, viz., all that have qualified for examination. And suppose eighty pupils pass in each case, then my neighbour has eighty-eight per cent. and I would only have eighty per cent. This is something like what is done in Convent Schools and gives the average per cent. at examinations over the ordinary schools. In ordinary schools all pupils that qualify by attendance are examined. In convents a number are excluded in order to get a good examination, and so secure the term 'excellent,' and with it the grant of twelve shillings per head instead of a lower capitation grant if the examinations were poor. You will find that the number of pupils examined in ordinary National Schools is above the average attendance, and that the number examined in Convent Schools is much below the average attendance."

Another teacher of great experience writes:

"There are rumours that the Convent Schools are not above resorting to devices to secure a favourable report, such as presenting those pupils only in whom they have confidence, the others happening to be absent on the day of examination. The capitation payment is made, not on those present at the examination, but on the average attendance of the quarter."

I have no means of testing the statements thus made. But if they can be tested by a Parliamentary Return showing the number who qualify for examination in each class of school, and the number who are actually examined, I think the Government ought to grant it.

But in addition to my scepticism as to the "passes," there is another peculiarity of the Convent Schools—viz., the number of teachers employed. The popular idea is that these schools are exclusively taught by nuns. This is not the case. There is a perfect army of unclassed teachers in these establishments. I take six Convent Schools in Dublin and six National Schools in Belfast by way of comparison in this respect:

Dublin Convent Schools.	Average Attendance.	Teachers.
King's Inns-street . .	748 ...	41
Manor Street . . .	462 ...	16
Gardiner Street . . .	985 ...	26
Baldoyle	156 ...	5
Lucan	152 ...	10
Cabra	114 ...	7
	2617 ...	105

Belfast National Schools.	Average Attendance.	Teachers.
Model Schools . . .	1041 ...	32
Campbell's Row . . .	257 ...	6
Montgomery Street . .	196 ...	6
St. Joseph's	517 ...	15
Largymore	244 ...	7
Fisherwick Place . . .	260 ...	7
	2515 ...	73

I have taken these schools at random from the Parliamentary Return. A closer examination, however, of the Return estal ies

the fact that the Convent Schools have a great excess of teachers over the other schools. The fact that many of these teachers are of an inferior class does not matter so much, seeing that 50 per cent. of the attendance at the Convent Schools is composed of infants and very young children. And in this connection it must not be forgotten that the convents have resources to call upon, and are not solely dependent upon the aid received from the State.

Finally, on this head Dr. Walsh parades the reports on these Convent Schools by several Protestant inspectors in the year 1864. Did His Grace ever hear of Inspector Sheridan's report? Will he tell us what happened it, and how the inspector fared? Why does he not quote it?

When Dr. Walsh carries his case further, and attacks the Model Schools, his method becomes once more apparent. He drops now all idea of a full comparison of the two classes of schools. And instead of this comparison a general statement is made, and a school of each class picked out for comparison. Now, in one of the speeches I delivered, and to which the Archbishop takes so much exception, I gave the facts as to each class of school. They are to be found at pp. 387–393 of the Report of the Education Commission for 1890. The first fact I desire to place on record is this—that when Dr. Walsh compares the Convent with the Model Schools, he is comparing institutions that are essentially different. In the Convent Schools the infants and children of tender years constitute 47 per cent. of the total attendance. At the Model Schools the infants and very young children only count 19 per cent. Dr. Walsh parades the "passes" in the Convent Schools, and triumphantly shows that the Convent Schools beat even these high class Schools. Passes in what, may I respectfully ask? The Archbishop refuses to see it. But, after all, passes in an Infant School are not quite the same thing as passes in a superior Elementary School. Fortunately, however, the Education Commissioners enable us to gauge the merits of the two classes of schools, *minus* the infants. And when Archbishop Walsh is deprived of his infants and very young children the facts come out in a totally different form. Here they are:

MODEL SCHOOLS.

Percentage of Pupils Examined in each Class to the Total Number Examined in all the Classes.

Percentage in	Infants' grade	11·6
,,	Class I.	8·2
,,	,, II.	11·2
,,	,, III.	13·2
,,	,, IV.	14·0
,,	,, V.	25·7
,,	,, VI.	15·9
		100

Here are the same figures for the Convent Schools:

Percentage in Infants' grade	32.1
,, ,, Class I. . . .	15·1
,, ,, ,, II. . . .	13·6
,, ,, ,, III. . . .	11·5
,, ,, ,, IV. . . .	9·3
,, ,, ,, V. . . .	12·1
,, ,, ,, VI. . . .	6·3
	100

A mere glance at these figures must convince any one that the schools are so essentially different that they cannot be compared. The convents have the infants, and in all the advanced classes take a low place. The Model Schools have a small percentage of infants, but move steadily up with the advanced classes. The teaching is, in fact, on a totally different plane. I repeat it is absurd to compare the passes of Convent with those of Model Schools. It is fair to contrast the Convent with the ordinary National School, because the raw material operated upon is the same. But eliminating the infants here are the figures for the Model and Convent Schools.

GENERAL ABSTRACT OF ANSWERING.

	Model Schools.		Convent Schools.
Reading	97·3	...	96·6
Writing	97·5	...	97·7
Arithmetic . . .	89·6	...	87·6
Spelling	89·1	...	84·4
Grammar	75·2	...	72·9
Geography . . .	80·6	...	76·9
Agriculture . . .	71·5	...	52·7
Book-keeping . . .	81·7	...	71·7
Needlework . . .	95·2	...	94·6

Not even in needlework do the convents have the advantage here. It is no answer to this to pick out one Convent School and compare it with one of the Model Schools. The results are no doubt exceptionally good at the King's Inns-street Convent School where the teaching staff is abnormally large. And in Mrs. Barrett the Archbishop apparently has found a lady with a real genius for teaching. But one swallow does not make a summer. And the two systems must be judged as a whole. As to the expenditure on the Model Schools compared with the cost of the Conventual establishments, the Archbishop appears to forget that the Model Schools are establishments for the training of teachers as well as Elementary Schools. And when allowance is made for this, the cost of these schools is not excessive.

In regard to the Dunmanway School the Archbi

missed the real point of my argument. I said, in effect, that the National Board ought not to endow a Convent School by a capitation grant of 10*s.* to ruin their own Model School. Dr. Walsh says this is another attack on the Convent Schools, and that the grant is 12*s.* How does that fact affect my argument? If the objection was to 10*s.*, is it lessened when the bribe is made into 12*s.*?

I conclude this controversy by expressing the satisfaction felt by the supporters of the mixed and non-sectarian system of education in Ireland at the general character of the Government Education Bill. It was feared by many that an inroad would be made on that system of education which has withstood the attacks of a packed Commission and the constant assaults of the Roman hierarchy. This danger is happily passed for the present. The Irish clerical party has met with a rebuff. And the cause of education has been saved from a great danger.

T. W. RUSSELL.

SHADY TRUTHS.*

SHADY Truths—what does the phrase mean? It has a double aspect. It may and does mean something that is not at once apparent, something that does not make its way the moment it is started, something the natural man may even be disposed flatly to deny. With this warning beforehand, disputants are evidently entitled to great liberty. It is entirely within the right of every one to hesitate, to doubt, to question, to deny, all that may follow. And they may feel that they are not only intellectually right, but are morally justified in this attitude of scepticism. They may probably rely on no scant measure of popular support. For it must be admitted that these shady truths are shady in something more than the obscurity that interferes with their ready recognition. Besides not looking sound, they often don't look nice. They are in conflict with popular sentiment. But still if they are true they are true, and it becomes all the more necessary to insist upon them because they may be disliked. Take, for instance, the first of these shady truths I want to insist upon. It is—

Saving, not spending, *makes* work for the workman. What nonsense! It is opposed to common sense. The experience of every man shows it is false. It is only necessary to look around to get rid of this absurdity. We see a man given to spending—even, it may be, running through his fortune. He may not be doing much good to himself or to his family, and on that ground we may have to condemn his conduct, but as he sets his money flying so he sets workmen at work. All his extravagances involve the employment of others, sometimes perhaps on unworthy objects, sometimes on worthy, but that is neither here nor there, and is beside the argument. Giving work is what we are talking about, and that the spender gives work is as clear as

* A Lecture delivered at Liskeard, January 26, 1892.

noonday. Look at the other side, at the fellow who spends nothing, and saves as much as he can from year's end to year's end. No servants, no labourers, no tradesmen bless him. He lives without benefiting anybody, and if every one were like him, the workmen would have to go to the workhouse. This first truth is shady, for it is untrue, and it is shady, for it teaches men to be selfish instead of being generous, to be niggardly where they should be liberal, to be grasping where they should partake with their fellows.

Here is a coil to deal with, and how shall we begin? I fancy my opponent a little flustered with astonishment and indignation at the crude fallacy I have put forward as a truth, with no more apology than is admitted in calling it a shady one; and perhaps the best thing to do is to ask him to put aside for a few moments the too exciting proposition that has been launched, and to contemplate two lives spent side by side in the north of England a century or so ago. The illustration is not new, though I know not with whom it originated: but the argument involved in it seems relegated to the shade as soon as it is appreciated, and apparently it cannot be cited too often. The two were men of the highest rank, and the one had all the virtues and faults of his class and generation. He kept a large house, with open-handed hospitality. A huge retinue of servants ministered to his pleasures. His horses were famous, but more than his horses he loved his fighting cocks, the breed, pluck and combative tenacity of which excited his utmost enthusiasm. How he would have wondered could he have been persuaded that from some capricious ground of cruelty another century would forbid to men the rapture of a cock-fight! His cellars were worthy of his magnificence, and though his great grandson to-day may lament an income reduced by the interest of his mortgages, no one in his own time hesitated to hail him the friend as he was the prince of the whole country-side, who kept the great social machine going by his munificence. Now turn to the other noble. He kept no house at all. A maid, or a couple of maids, sufficed to attend upon him. Neither pleasures of the field nor of the table attracted him, and there was a good deal of grumbling at the loss of enjoyment, as well as of employment, which his own self-denial cost his neighbours. People said he had a craze. He set himself to work, with his chosen friend and adviser, to construct a canal, which should be a great highway of trade in the north-west, and he saved every penny of his income to fulfil this project. The feat was accomplished, and remains an enduring monument of his energy, and an equally enduring spring of profit and utility in the working of the industrial world. The saving of this duke created an enormous endowment for his family, but it provided also an ever-recurrent means of employment for successive generations of workmen. Comparing, therefore, the two lives what have we to say? Each commanded the means

of support of many lives, and each—such is the first superficial view—used them, we may say expended them, as remuneration for services desired by him. But the services rendered to the one expired as they were rendered; the services desired by and rendered to the other left as their product the means, and something more than the means, of employment, an implement making work more productive and so inviting and repaying, even necessitating, the employment of workmen through an aftertime. What the one had he spent and it was gone. What the other had he employed, and saved by employment, and the result has again been a source of continuous employment. He added, he created, and made, and may almost be said to have since maintained, a new line of work for workmen. As for the other, we have talked of his mortgages, and these represent an absolute destruction of what might have been abiding means of employment—something very like the reverse of the making of work for the workman, a loss and a permanent loss to the industrial community.

If these two lives can be taken as examples of saving and spending, there would seem after all to be some ground for submitting the shady truth that saving not spending *makes* work for the workman. Not a bit of it, says the objector. The Duke of Bridgewater's case was not a fair case of saving; it is an illustration of the results of judicious expenditure. It proves nothing—not indeed that we need go so far to find an example of the same virtue. Haven't we had something like it in our own Cornwall, though, it may be said, on a smaller scale? Haven't we heard of a man in this county who gave himself up fifty or sixty years ago, not to make a canal but to construct a railway, running from sea to sea with a harbour at each end for the trade he planned to develop? His faith and energy were akin to the Duke's, and his memory deserves equal honour. But these are exceptional cases. If their saving has been the constant means of making work for the workman, you cannot deduce from such instances support for the general proposition that saving as a rule must be credited with this result. Well, what is saving as we understand it, and as it is practised by those who save to-day? The miser who secretes his gold in a stocking cannot indeed be credited with much result from the action. He is no better than the spendthrift, he is indeed on all fours with him in that what he does is exhausted in the first stroke; and the only difference between them is that some one may find the miser's gold after he has departed and attempt new uses with it. But this hoarding miser is not the saving man of to-day. It is not with such that we are concerned. When a man saves nowadays, he turns his saving to account. He uses it. He makes it grow. He wants a return—it may be of profit, it may be of interest. If the former, he is obviously working

in the same spirit as the Duke of Bridgewater or Mr. Treffry. He may not construct a canal or make a railway, he may not open a mine or build a harbour; no new enterprise may illustrate his large-mindedness, but in the pursuit of profit he is developing or conducting some labour-sustaining industry, he means to keep it up, to turn it over again and again, to make it productive and reproductive, and though he may fail—for he may make mistakes in design, or his powers of performance may not be equal to his ambition—yet it is plain that in his method of saving what is at his disposal he is giving work to the workman which would not happen if he spent and exhausted the store he is saving and utilising.

"Yes, yes, that may be the case with him," is the answer, "but how about the ordinary man who simply leaves his money to fructify at interest with his bankers?" Let us then pursue his conduct, which may be taken as a type of all ordinary investors. He looks to get interest; and those who take his money, and allow him interest, must look to making the interest they pay him and something more may be. But metal of itself does not grow bigger. "When did friendship take a breed of barren metal of a friend?" says Antonio; and the disdainful question of the Venetian is an echo of the judgment of one of the wisest of men. But, in spite of the authority of Aristotle, it is the fallacy of an incomplete analysis. As we go on and on, we come at last upon the man whose conduct is an explanation of the puzzle how interest comes to be paid. The money is found at the last employed in obtaining some materials—implements, merchandise, commodities, what may perhaps be shortly called usable things—which are used in co-operation with labour in the production or reproduction of something replacing the things used up, with a surplus. Saving by a mere investor presumes interest, and interest is at last traced to the reproductive use of usable things obtained through saving. It is true that, while saving generally operates as an actual addition to the stock of the world, sometimes it only rescues from destruction what would otherwise be destroyed without an equivalent; as, when it passes into the hands of a spendthrift, who gives in exchange some implements of production he cannot so readily eat up; but whether it keeps the store undiminished or adds to it, it is saving which provides, maintains, and establishes work for the workman; and the man who simply deposits his money in a bank at interest does as really and truly set the machine in motion as he who at first-hand devotes his savings to some enterprise of his own choice, conducted under his own superintendence and inspiration. So I revert to my shady truth, which I hold to be established. I would not have every one of the same opinion—at least all at once. Let it be turned over and over. It may be tested by the facts of life as they surround us. If in the end the doctrine is accepted, well; if not, why the truth is

shady, and I won't complain. But in working up the proposition wi have stumbled upon another shady truth, and here it is:

Whatever seems to be laid by, what is really saved by those wh save, is not money, but usable things. But, before entering upon this there are two observations which ought to be made by way of caution with respect to the proposition we have been investigating. In the first place, I have not been dealing at all with the moral question how far a man is at liberty to spend, and how far he is under an obligation to save. I have been tracing only the consequential operations of saving, which must, indeed, have a considerable bearing on the definition of moral duty in relation to it; but I have abstained from any such application of the proposition sought to be established. Whether a particular man ought to save, and how much he ought to save, must be answered according to circumstances in each case. For my own part, I think it may reasonably be held that, within certain limits, a man may spend for himself; and the practical question turns upon the ascertainment of these limits. I have not tried this task, and I must repeat the caution against its being supposed that I have. My second observation is akin to my first. The man who discovers that by saving he makes work for the workman is not entitled to plume himself on his virtue when he makes the discovery. It is the intent in the mind of the actor which determines the moral character of his action, and when a thing done produces consequences neither foreseen nor intended, the doer may felicitate himself on his luck, but not on his virtue. Saving may sometimes be a vice, however happy the results. I leave it to casuists to work out the inquiry thus suggested.

Now for the proposition that, whatever seems to be saved, it is not money but usable things (a very large phrase) that are really accumulated. There is one rough and ready way in which this may be tested. The inhabitants of this United Kingdom make enormous additions to their wealth every year. Mr. Giffen has attempted an estimate of the average addition—a task of enormous difficulty because prices go up and down, and the thing that may be worth a certain sum to-day may be worth more or worth less this day twelvemonth though absolutely unchanged in itself. It is as completely the same thing as is possible with human creations, but the selling price changes. However, Mr. Giffen has made out that in the course of ten years, 1875 to 1885, the wealth of the nation increased from £8,500,000,000 to £10,000,000,000, or let us say at least £150,000,000 a year. But what has been the increase in the money within our borders? Substantially there has been no increase at all, it is even possible that it may have diminished. The estimates which bankers and statisticians put forward nowadays of the coin we possess are certainly less than they used to be. Great additions have been made

to the stock of things, none to the stock of money. Even he who has never consciously changed the character of his savings, whose surplus income has been surplus money and has been deposited as such with his banker, has unconsciously helped to send his savings back into the use of the community, and his accumulations are ultimately represented by the things which the customers of the banker have got together and are using in the enlargement, development, and maintenance of the great workshop of the world. Sometimes the man has consciously done for himself what is perhaps more frequently done unconsciously through a banker. The holder of railway debenture stock is part proprietor of the railway. The man who lends money to a great municipality justly regards its waterworks, its gasworks, or its harbours as the forms in which his savings have been embodied. So with respect to the lenders to Indian and Colonial Governments. What the saver might have spent passes through many transformations, it may be, to India or the colony and sustains the making of railways or works in which his savings are fixed. And the lender to a banker must not think that his money lies all locked up in a safe, developing in the dark mysterious qualities of growth which afford him his annual interest. Out goes the money, or the greater part of it, as it comes in. A comparatively small proportion is kept in the bank for instantaneous calls, the rest is flying about from hand to hand—circulating as it is called—and the banker's set off is represented by all kinds of substantial things in the hands of his debtors which can be converted into money under pressure at every degree of rate of rapidity. Bankers, indeed, make a little scrap of money go a long way, and the best among them is he who makes the least quantity serve to provide for all demands without suspicion of hesitation. As to whether all bankers could at any and every moment meet a combination of all their creditors presenting simultaneously all their possible accumulated demands—I do not wish to excite alarms, but this is a case where recognition of the truth may prevent panic,—it does not seem as if the money existed to make the feat possible. The question is like another that may be suggested, and, in fact, does arise too often in life. Can all the audience of hall, church, or theatre, pass at one and the same moment through its doors? The world is organised on a theory of human reasonableness, which sometimes breaks down. There is not, there never can be, this extravagant facility of exit. There are not, there never can be, the means of a universal simultaneous liquidation of all debts. Movements sometimes arise tending to such a demand, but generally pass off. At times, however, they will not, and perhaps cannot, be abated, and in such circumstances many devices have been employed. One of the commonest is to authorise some State bureau to issue certificates for money in excess of the money in the bureau, and to

provide that creditors may be fobbed off with such certificates just as if they were so many bags of hard coin, and this mode of action is of sovereign effect in producing peace. Another more drastic method—not familiar to our experience—called a moratorium, simply provides that for a stated interval no debtor shall be under any obligation to pay any debt. These are the devices to which we and others are from time to time driven, when men forget that though they may individually save money the money is not saved. If interest is to be earned—and it is interest savers seek—the coin kept in hand can never be enough to satisfy a simultaneous presentation of all possible claims. All that can be expected is that enough should be stored to satisfy the ordinary course, *plus* a margin for the extraordinary demands for which a reasonable precaution can be taken. These considerations naturally lead us onwards. As we grope our way in the shade the outlines of things become clearer; our eyes adapt themselves to the twilight, and further definition is possible. If when we singly appear to accumulate money we are in fact co-operating in the accumulation of things, can we trace any connection between the borrowing and lending of money and the movement of things? We have already seen some reason for discriminating between the normal action of mankind and the acute supervenient crises which sometimes disturb it. When from some cause or other the alarm of liquidation is excited, and people are jostling and tumbling over one another in the golden gangways, money, hard money, is the last as it is the first object of desire. The stress continues or increases till at the psychological moment the proper functionary proclaims: "Let my paper be gold," and the fit passes. *Afflavit cancellarius et dissipantur.* But the course is otherwise in ordinary circumstances. A man has money—the surplus of his earnings or receipts—and puts it into a bank. We have seen that this means that there are commodities ready at his call in exchange for his money, which he might have obtained and used up, either personally or through ministers of his pleasure; the result in either case being a final consumption of such commodities; but he prefers a permanent return, which can only be obtained by reproductive use, and his power is passed on through his banker till it comes to be exercised by some trusted person who has in contemplation a scheme of reproductive employment. Behind the borrowing and lending of money there is thus seen in working the borrowing and lending of things, which, reserved by thrift from immediate and final consumption, are devoted by enterprise to some abiding and reproductive use. A banker who turns over his bill-case feels the world moving under his fingers. It would seem that if we put aside those acute crises to which attention has been directed, the question whether money is cheap or dear really depends upon the relation between the efficiency of thrift in a community

and the opportunity its circumstances offer for the profitable employment of the things thrift abstains from consuming. It is in any case a confusion of language to say money is cheap or dear when the consideration paid by the borrower is low or high; money is only cheap when an unusually large quantity of it has to be given for ordinary commodities, and is dear when an unusually small quantity suffices for their acquisition; but, while scales of prices may vary—indicating an affluence or a scarcity of money—the chronic causes of thrift and enterprise, upon which depend the rates paid for the use of things, may and do operate independently of the particular ruling scale for the time being. Changes in the scale do, without doubt, indicate the operation of causes which may facilitate thrift or stimulate enterprise; but, whether the scale be relatively high or low, whether the standard of prices be as it was four hundred years ago as it is to-day, the rate of interest is normally determined by the relation between the quantity of things thrift accumulates and the quantity enterprise is ready to absorb. The energy of thrift may outrun the apparent opportunity of enterprise and interest be low, as would seem to have been for some time past the experience of Holland; or the openings for enterprise may exhaust the resources of a most efficient thrift—the normal condition of younger colonies; and between these extremes every variety of relation may exist. But it is time to stop. We must refrain from pursuing the shady avenues that allure us. It is too easy to roam in speculations about currency "in wandering mazes lost." It is necessary rather to turn back and pick up a truth or two more intimately connected with the first I ventured to propound, and certainly not less shady, if shadiness can be tested by the vehemence and pertinacity of opposition.

I launched the proposition, "Saving, not spending, makes work." Take this correlative truth for consideration:

Work can be maintained only so far as saving precedes it. The original proposition has not always commanded assent. This correlative proposition has quite recently been met with strong condemnation. A short and simple refutation of it has been advanced. "You say," thus runs the argument, "work can be maintained only so far as saving precedes it; but what is it you save? Is not this necessarily part of the product of work, and, if so, does not the proposition involve the absurdity of saying that work is impossible unless something precedes it, which is itself a creation of work? A thing cannot depend for existence upon the existence of its own consequent." This is a very plausible, apparently fatal, argument; but let me parallel it with another. Suppose I say that children are reared, thanks to the nurture and care they receive from their parents, and some one retorted that the parents had once been children themselves, as all parents before them. Would one, in view of this retort, which

is a truth, be obliged to abandon the dictum that children owe the rearing to their parents? I think not. The answer would be tha whatever we must conceive of the circumstances in which the fir human being crawled into existence, it is still a truth of life, as w know it, that, but for the nurture and care of parents, children wou not be reared. The argument for the dependence of work upo saving is stronger. We may puzzle ourselves over the logical dilemma a primitive man sharpening his flint, and upon what store of food or strength he proceeded; but we are bound to confess that in the wor of industry as we know it, no man does any work save as he sustained in doing it; that no group of men can co-operate in pr ducing any work unless there are means ready to sustain them in i production, and, if this production be a work of time, the provisi must be commensurate with the labour. There must be a store befo the work can be undertaken. If the work is to be completed, th store must be big enough at the outset, or there must be means replenishing it whilst the work is in progress. When the enterpri is completed, it represents the consumption of all the store that h been provided to arrive at the end. When the work is finished may be used as a means of assisting in the reproduction of the sto used up in making it, and the enterprise will be a success if all th has gone out comes back with something more; but, before this u begins, a store, more or less considerable, must have been expende and must have been saved. Consider what goes to the making of big ship, and still more of a big railway. Neither could be begu unless savings had been effected beforehand. Each can be carried only so far as savings have been forthcoming to sustain it. It is answer to this argument, as some seem to have thought, that th work accomplished at any time is an equivalent to the stores th have been consumed in accomplishing it. This may be true, and well conceived enterprises will be true; but it does not affect th truth we have been insisting upon, that, without the pre-existence the stores thrift has provided, the work could not have been don Observe, I have said nothing of the sources whence these necessa savings are obtained. A body of workmen may agree together undertake a certain work, each having stored enough to sustain hin self to the end of it, or some of the workmen—the whole body st undertaking the work for themselves—may borrow from frien enough to enable them to do their quota; or, again, another bo having accumulated the necessary store, may go to the workmen a employ the latter by agreement to do the work, paying them out their accumulated stores to carry it through. All these are separa forms of industrial enterprise found existing, with or without mod fications; but they are all consistent with—they do, indeed, require—a provision of savings sufficient to carry the work through,

the work is to be accomplished. In the technical language of the schools, labour is limited by capital; but I have not said labourers are limited by capitalists, for that is apparently taken as a suggestion of servitude, and causes a degree of irritation very unfriendly to clear thinking.

Yet a brace of shady truths, and I have done.

Hitherto it may be confessed I have been exalting saving, but now I am going to do something that may rather seem as a glorification of destruction. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, is a saying of old time, and the seed that is saved is only saved to be scattered, but thereout cometh in due time the increase. We save in the form of usable things, and as they are usable so must they be used, or the very purpose and benefit of saving is lost. But I want to go somewhat further than this—which indeed, though true, is scarcely shady. What I want you to consider is this, that, quite apart from the consumption in use of the things we have saved, our greatest progress is marked by the bringing to nought of the treasures, material and immaterial, whether of useful things or trained faculties, we have been at pains to acquire and maintain. The implements of one generation are neglected by the next. The arts and methods of work of our fathers are superseded by the processes of to-day. Hand-looms may have been a great invention, and may be costly, but the time comes when they are superseded, and find their way prematurely to the scrap-heap. A silent revolution is continually going on; the better our progress the speedier the change, and the more rapid the abandonment of costly and precious machinery. Happily things get worn out, but worn out or not they must be thrown aside or degraded to use in some obscure corner where with endless pains an effort is made to keep up by redoubled personal care and labour a failing struggle with the quicker and better work made possible by the use of newer implements. Every step we advance puts out of use and turns to no account something that had been anxiously and laboriously got together. Progress tramples on things, and the spectacle excites very little pity, though the owner of the possession thus left behind does not always share the joy of the movement. Fancy the numberless little mills that used to adorn our valleys, beloved by poets and painters, nearly all gone, leaving picturesque decaying ruins behind them, as much out of date as Russell's waggons or the little coasting schooners that brought our tradesman's goods from the London mart to our seaports half a century ago at the rate of a voyage every other month or even longer. But the other half of this truth is not so easily accepted. We can regard with comparative equanimity the supersession of things, but it is not so easy for workmen to rejoice in the supersession of faculties. That the craft we have learnt should go out of date, that the dexterity on which we have prided ourselves

should be rivalled and more than rivalled by a wretched combination of steel and iron with a splutter of steam behind it is a difficult thing to stomach. The change lessens the toil of life; it enables things to be got with less labour; it multiplies them for the use of all; but, when we have summed up these things in the maxim that the more we make work unnecessary the greater is our industrial progress, we are expressing a truth so shady that I am not surprised so many should find their gorge rise at it with disgust. Make work unnecessary! says the natural man, especially if he be a workman, what I want is to make work more necessary. I hasten to couple my last proposition with another with which indeed it is in the experience of life indissolubly associated. The more we make work unnecessary the greater our progress; yes, but the more we make work unnecessary the greater the demand for work that springs into existence. There is no limit to our desires. Supply one more easily than hitherto, and another arises seeking gratification; and the fact that the first has been so easily supplied gives us the means of gratifying the second. If labour is dispensed with, what went to remunerate that labour in the past is left free to remunerate the same quantity of human toil devoted to some service that has been waiting to be developed—nay, every real discovery involves more than this, for inasmuch as it lessens the toil necessary to supply some want of the social world, it shows that with the same toil as before a larger world can be supplied. And there is a middle course we may adopt. We need not increase the world to the utmost at the cost of falling back to the same measure of toil as before. We may rest at an intermediate stage, and have at the same time a reduction of the individual's toil, and a multiplication of the ranks, and an enlargement of the numbers of the toilers. I need not point out what trades have been developed, what wants have craved and received gratification within this generation through the surplus of means which the cheapening of the supply of former wants has made possible. Happy those who are on the alert for new openings, whose brains are quick, whose hands are cunning, whose minds are ready! They can contemplate our shady truths without embarrassment, nay, even find them radiant. They catch occasion as it arises, and new opportunities call on them not in vain. The great world-machine moves, and in its remorseless sweep flings aside things and persons alike that are found wanting; but as occupations go occupations come. It is for man to be master of his fate, and to put before himself as the great art of life the training of his faculties for any hazard.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF BALDWIN

A DIALOGUE.

I.

"YOU are unfair—you, who teach the rest of us that justice is most often charity, dear Signora Elena," remonstrated Baldwin. "For it is unfair to judge the present condition of any one, and particularly of your humble servant, by his opinion of several years ago. Now, it must be three, five, even seven years ago since Carlo wrote down our talks *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*"

"But I complain of the contrary," answered his hostess, smiling with her indulgent, half-amused mouth, while scrutinising him with her earnest eyes: "I complain that you have not changed enough, or changed rather in the wrong direction. I noticed, in reading our dear Carlo's notes of your discussions, that you tended to—I don't know what to call it exactly—a sort of optimistic pessimism, or rather an ascetic epicureanism. And now you seem more than ever a kind of double-headed Janus—you know the things in the Roman gardens—with one mouth declaring that we must strive to realise happiness for others, and the other mouth declaring that only in the unreal can one be happy. We are to improve reality with all our might; and yet we are to find peace only in art, in poetry, in human beings treated as unrealities. Now what use would there be in improving reality, if only the unreal can give any satisfaction? If, on the other hand, beauty is not life, but something outside it and incapable of affecting it, what right have you, who preach the amelioration of life, to waste your time in its enjoyment?"

They were seated outside a house on the bay of Spezia, in a little grove of ilexes, with here and there a big tuft of white heather, or a bush of delicately extended lentiscus. Between the trees, between the boles, slender and dark, and the clusters of pointed dark leaves, the sea was heaving in delicate luminous greyness—mysterious, unearthly, as it never appears save through branches, pale and austere.

"You are mistaken;" rejoined Baldwin, wondering at the same time whether there might not be some truth still hidden to him in the lady's words; "and had Carlo written down a talk we had together, some two years back, when we went to hear Glück's *Orpheus* in Rome, you would not accuse me of separating art and life, the wholesomeness of the one from that of the other. And see, by a fortunate coincidence, I have this very morning taken what I always call in my mind a moral-walk."

"A moral walk?"

"Yes; don't laugh. Perhaps we all know the impression, or perhaps indeed you, who seem to carry God about wherever you go, don't know what it is to meet Him on the high road. I sometimes do—rarely; and I always remember these walks as events in my life. I had one once in your Apennines, five or six years ago, and one also along the Tweed near Kelso. To-day it was in that torrent-bed to the back of your house; there were three sweetbriar bushes, covered with white roses, among the round black stones, and the birds were singing like mad in the acacias. It seems there sometimes happens some conjunction of oneself and things outside oneself, which causes certain moments, although they are loafing moments of mere desultory thought and impression, to be, in the highest sense, *lived by us*. The world presents only its beautiful side: everything is satisfactory, everything harmonious; the little worries of life disappear, and its meaner problems. The goodness of visible things, the obliteration, perhaps, also of Mankind out of Nature—mankind with its contradictions and imperfections, its train of suspicions—all render us able to hope in ourselves, to feel the preponderance of the Better, its almost inevitable triumph, in such a way that we can recognise our worst faults—with humility indeed, but neither self-abasement nor rebellion. Moments these, in which we spiritually live and spiritually grow, the rest of life being but the application of what has been learned mainly in them."

"Well, and what did you learn this morning in the torrent-bed by the three briar bushes?" asked she.

"Oh, nothing new to you, dear Signora Elena," answered Baldwin smiling, "the mere old story over again."

"Which old story, Baldwin? I fear the very one which seems to me so false and contradictory—that life and happiness are separate things, that the reality and the ideal are never to be reconciled?"

"Not at all; I cannot understand why you should tax me with that. You know, on the contrary, that art, for instance, is in my eyes legitimate and noble only when it makes us sounder for the struggle of life. And I tell you about my *moral walks* exactly because they show how great a moral aid all true beauty must be to us. But here comes one who really is that strange mixture of stoic

and epicurean which you accuse me of being. Does she not look like Philosophy in person, descended from some fresco, as she comes along your Botticelli grove?"

As Lady Althea advanced, all dressed in white, her tall and stately figure framed between the black ilex arches, with the shimmer of grey sea here and there, she seemed indeed to prove her own assertion, that this walk was really in a strange land underground, where the ghosts of poets wandered, with laurel wreaths on their heads.

"Well," she asked, sitting down on the marble bench, and taking one of her invalid friend's thin hands with shy tenderness, "what did they say among the ilexes overhanging the sea?"

"They were saying," answered Baldwin, "that your poor friend is a double-headed Janus, with one face for pessimism and one for optimism; and he was trying to divert the criticism by remarking that Lady Althea is half an epicurean and half a stoic."

"Whereupon she answered that it was time for dear Signora Elena to take her afternoon walk," and Lady Althea very deliberately slipped her friend's arm through one of her own, and having handed Baldwin some shawls, took up a cushion in her free hand.

"The mistake which I seem to see in Baldwin," went on Signora Elena, as they slowly ascended a little valley, where the slender budding poplars powdered with palest, most exquisite gold the ghostly greenish grey of the olive trees, "exists I think also, but in a somewhat different way, in Lady Althea; so you must let me quarrel with it to my heart's content. You say, Baldwin, that you by no means divorce the serious work of life from your ideal pleasures. It is true so far as art and beautiful nature are concerned; you admit them as ennobling factors in reality. But—if I may judge by the notes which Carlo took down of your talks, and also by things I have heard you say—you seem to treat human beings, and the feelings with which they may inspire you—the human beings you actually know—as something much more remote from life and its duties, as a much more than artistic material for unreal pleasures——"

"But," interrupted Lady Althea, assuming that look, as Baldwin called it, of one of the youths in Plato's Dialogues, "surely no one can insist more earnestly than Mr. Baldwin upon the duty of sharing our thoughts with others, even of attempting to influence them to the utmost. Why, but for him, I might still think the world a box of jerking puppets."

"Yes, he admits the importance of other people in so far as their opinions and their action upon others, not himself, are concerned. But, except in this relation to himself, he tends to seek in other creatures merely certain æsthetical pleasures—pleasures apparently consciously unreal to himself; letting himself watch them when they are picturesque, or when, by putting out the candles or half shutting

his eyes, he can make them seem picturesque; instead of trying to understand and be understood by them, instead, in very simple words, of allowing himself to love them."

Baldwin felt, as those keen, kind eyes sought his, and as he looked into the face, worn with bodily pain and the troubles of others, but enriched thereby, as a beautiful marble is enriched in tone by exposure to rain and wind, that, in this case, he had certainly yielded to very real affection. Yet he knew that his friend had divined the truth, and he admitted it.

"Yes," he answered, "but surely that is inevitable as one grows out of youth, unless heaven have endowed one to love all creatures merely because they are alive and may therefore suffer. Nay, do not interrupt me, Signora Elena; though, after all, how can *you* understand such matters? God has made you, like St. Francis, His Simpleton. There are things incomprehensible to you, though clear as daylight. Still, I will try to explain myself. As years pass, the habit of dealing fairly with oneself may lead, does lead, to dealing unfairly with others; the recognition of one's own baseness to the disbelief in their nobility. I am not alluding to a facility of crediting others with one's own shabby thoughts and deeds; personally, I think I have rather a difficulty in realising that others can be half as poor creatures as myself. I am speaking of something different from that and more subtle: the recognition of all that is hollow, delusive, or inexplicable in ourselves; a recognition which comes to most, at least many, of us after our first youth, making us gradually suspect our neighbours of being as self-deluded, as unreal as ourselves. Experience tells us that the motives we assign for our actions, even to ourselves, are not the real ones, the explanations of our preferences not the principal; that we are for ever treating as primary and all-important merely quite secondary and accidental causes and reasons, deluding not merely others, but ourselves. Add to this the recognition that so much in ourselves which passes muster as spontaneous is mere conventional habit; so much which we call moral, merely physical; the crude cravings or complaints of the body masqueraded as elations and depressions of the soul. My neighbour thinks he is making an effort; but I know that I often think I am making an effort when in reality I am merely slipping, slipping, or cheerfully stepping out. This truthfulness begets suspicion; and very often, doubtless, injustice to others is born of justice to oneself. And the more people seek to explain themselves, the clearer grows the cynical consciousness of one's explanations of oneself, and one becomes unable to enjoy the commerce of others, because one dislikes the contact with oneself. Therefore, it is surely better to consider human kind rather as a field for one's duty than as a source of one's pleasures."

They walked along for a moment in silence between the banks of

ferns trickling with clear water, and under the sweeping, feathery olive branches, between long rows of dry reeds, supporting the twisted vines just bursting into pinkish bud, and great fig-trees writhing their grey arms, and stretching out their little gloves of tiny green leaves.

"I can't quite understand you, Baldwin," said Signora Elena after a pause. "Perhaps because I am less rigid with myself than you are."

"Thank heaven, you are less suspicious of others," interrupted Lady Althea, whom Baldwin's confession had puzzled and displeased. "Surely the only thing experience of oneself should teach is that, until further proof, it is kinder and more practical to suppose other folk to be honest. But I forgot, Mr. Baldwin is in doubt about his own honesty."

Signora Elena smiled at the young woman's downrightness; morally, as physically, she seemed never to have found a load too heavy for her muscles, and she could not conceive any gulf, any division, between the intellectual perception of a duty and the moral readiness to perform it.

"When I was young, and imagined myself more religious than nowadays," said the elder lady, "I used to be distressed by the thought that I was decidedly less good than other folk, subject to more temptations, gifted with less generous impulses, incapable of as much justice. Then this fear, gradually dying out, was succeeded by another one, even less amiable. I became distressed at the possibility of being good. It sounds very absurd; but it really was very distressing, my dear Althea. For, I said to myself, if it were out of the common to be like me, to have this small amount of moral power, what would not be the average and what below it? Later I ceased to trouble about my comparative goodness or badness, and troubled only about my positive. And now I find that instinctively I assume that others are as good as myself. I have no doubt some are worse and some better; but, taken as a mass, I try and give them as much quarter as myself, though very unwilling to admit its necessity; and as a mass, also, I do not believe the evil things of them which I admit of myself. Thus others, the unknown, are always my hope; they seem destined to do easily what I can do only with effort, or not at all. And I think that this kind of humility, if it be humility, is the source of all my happiness and hopefulness. I seem to feel the world around me, on an average or in the future, decidedly better than myself."

Passing between the high black houses, with their vague air of dilapidated castles, the three friends reached a big olive grove, and sat down on a broken wall, after picking their way carefully among the fallen black fruit which strewed the grass. A rout of village children followed, and began, half boldly, half shyly, with much tittering and running away, to heap Signora Elena's lap with

anemones, marigolds, and coarse blue archangels, because, passing through the village, they had seen her make a wreath for a tiny boy, pink and blue-eyed, in faded blue clothes, and faded rose-coloured skull-cap; and now each of them wanted a garland like his.

"Well," said Baldwin, watching the two ladies making daisy chains, "but all that you have said, Signora Elena—what you were saying just now—does not prove that I am not quite right in enjoying my fellow-creatures, when there is anything enjoyable about them, from a distance, and without any contact. We possess all the best qualities of the people who have any good qualities. Before discovering this fact, I used in my youth to wonder why I did not want the affection of others; how I could listen to this person or that talking of their friends, dead and alive; how I could hang on their words, and yet never ask for any of the affection they were bestowing on others. It struck me suddenly one day, as I was listening to a certain friend of ours, whom you know, that I possessed as much of this creature as I could use or wish—as much, probably, as was worth having. The very love for her dead sister, which charmed me about her, was, in the very best sense of the word, mine. I could carry it about in my life, make it vibrate in my feelings, sing like a melody through my mind. I possessed it all, all her better self, her poetry, as I possess the winter morning with its blue mists and crisp sunshine, the June night with its throbbing stars. I possessed this soul more completely than it possessed itself. What should I want with its affection? That was better reserved for those who could not have the soul itself."

Signora Elena merely smiled and shook her head, as she looked up from her lapful of flowers. The children screamed and laughed from behind a bank where they hid, a little heap of brilliant colours; the birds twittered among the branches; and, across the ravine, hidden in the greyness of olives, came the sound of an accordion and a plaintive soldier's song. Hard by, where a little stream trickled from a natural basin among the stout brambles, stood a solitary cypress. Baldwin took one of the daisy chains which his friend had made, and fastened it round the trunk of the tree—an offering, he said, to Pales or Pan.

"In fact," said Signora Elena, "you would, my dear Baldwin, divide your life into two parts—one for duty, one for enjoyment. And as your ideas of enjoyment are purely æsthetic, you would place love—I mean love as it exists between friends—on the æsthetic side, and limit it strictly to dreams, and to that kind of half-conscious make-believe which is at the bottom of all art. In fact, you would allow yourself the satisfaction, as you express it, of possessing all which seemed beautiful in the soul of another, without running the risk of disturbing your ideal contemplation by contact with reality.

Affection, love, are to you like your god Pan, something you don't believe in (and would think it wrong to believe in, perhaps), but which, safe in your disbelief, you enjoy hanging round with your garlands."

"Well," admitted Baldwin, "that does seem to be the summing up of all my remarks on the subject, so I suppose it is what I think."

"And yet," answered Signora Elena, very gently, "I venture to doubt whether it is."

Lady Althea had been listening silently, with that quiet eagerness which had struck Baldwin years ago, but ripened now into a curious expression of power, the power of absolute ingenuousness, of complete openness of mind.

"But," she said, "is not Mr. Baldwin more in the right than his words make him out? Is not love, in the ordinary, the best sense of the word, perhaps merely the highest of our æsthetic efforts; so high, and considering the selfishness of mankind, so great, that we are tempted to give it a moral value? I don't understand anything about human beings, you know," she went on, plucking at one of the olive branches, which hung, lightly poised in the air, over the rough paved path; "but I seem sometimes to feel around me a vague, universal human blunder; to guess, very confusedly, at the existence of one of those great frauds practised every now and then upon ourselves——"

"And which put human accounts, how wrong, and for how long?" put in Baldwin.

"I mean," went on Lady Althea, "the blunder of considering as religious certain acts pleasant to ourselves, certain luxuries of our soul as moral efforts; the enjoyment of the more refined pleasures of this world as a meritorious and sanctifying occupation. God, according to this view, is in all the beautiful things of this world, and to contemplate them is therefore to contemplate Him also: granted; but He is equally in all the evil things also, and equally to be contemplated in them, if by God we mean merely the creative force. If, on the other hand, by *God* we mean Matthew Arnold's 'Force that makes for righteousness,' beauty is no more a condition or a quality thereof than is redness or yellowness, or warmth or coldness. These beautiful things are *good* only in the sense that they are pleasant to us, tending rather to our comfort than discomfort in the long run; and in the sense also that they are perhaps less connected with the evil possibilities of our nature than other things equally pleasant, but which we are not in such a hurry to call good."

"But," answered Signora Elena, astonished and pathetically touched, as she always was, at the odd impersonal stoicism of this beautiful creature, a stoicism at once so young and telling of so much painful observation, "you seem, like Baldwin, to take for granted that love is one of these purely æsthetic activities of the

soul, that the love of human creatures is the same sort of thing as the love of trees, skies, beautiful pictures, or music. But it is surely different. You remember St. Catherine of Siena praying that she might be able to love even the dullest people, even the most repulsive, because, in the light of that love, she would see what was hidden without that light, the *sweet reasonable soul* of which most of us contain a particle."

"It is difficult to talk of love, and know what one is talking about," interrupted Baldwin, "and poverty of words produces confusion of thought. We apply to Yseult that unlucky sentence made for Magdalen—'because she loved much'—and pardon the one because we pardon the other, forgetting that Yseult loved Tristram, and Magdalen loved Christ."

The sun had not yet sunk, but beneath the olives a sort of twilight had already set in. The grass, no longer to be distinguished as such, was turning into a mere bodiless greenness beneath the hanging grey boughs; a green atmosphere in which the white garlic flowers seemed no longer to grow like ordinary flowers in ordinary grass, but to float, white specks of foam as in water, while the olive trees seemed to merge into a roof of mist above that strange green brightness; a roof broken here or there by a glimpse of the real, pale yellow sky outside.

"Yes," answered Lady Althea slowly, her eyes fixed on a twig, almost a garland, of olive, printing itself, like an exquisite silver-point drawing, on one of these rifts of almost colourless sky, her thoughts far away from the scene, "I know that religious people mean by *love* something totally different from the feeling—not of Yseult, she has nothing to do here, but even of Magdalen. I was looking over a little ascetic book of the fourteenth century by Passavanti the other day. I suppose he merely repeated what all other ascetics have said ever since the beginning; but you know I have read very few books, so things come new to me, and I was struck by the old man's definition of love as the love of God, which love of God makes us love men. I suppose that would mean, in our language, that the desire for good makes us thoughtful for our fellows, and sympathising with them, whom, without the desire for good, or, as they call it, love of God, we should never perhaps have approached. That's what you mean, Signora Elena, and what your St. Catherine meant."

"No," said Signora Elena; "but go on all the same, I want to hear your ideas."

"Well then, is this love? Is it the same that people feel for their nearest and dearest?—not of Yseults and Tristrams; but the love of devoted wives, mothers and daughters, of fabulous friends—this mere universal desire to understand, to help for the love of God or of

good; this which can have no preferences, since the love of the happiness of others is a matter in which our enjoyment cannot prefer this or that? Surely the two things are not the same? It seems to me," she went on, her eyes, her voice wandering, as it were, far off, as if she were speaking of things purely abstract, "so far as I have been able to make out, that love—well, call it merely strong affection, is simply a passionate preference for an individual, for that creature's society, ideas, affection, and interests; a vastly disproportionate importance in life and happiness given to one individual, or a certain number of individuals, over all the rest of mankind, however much we may desire to do right by all that rest. And how does the feeling stand towards the other one, the supposed love of God, except as a thing separate, different, if not as a rival? Should the two clash, one tend to take up more room and crowd out the other, what must happen? The supreme love of the creature, or the supreme love of right, must one of them give way, even as, in their struggles, any other of our natural tastes, as the love of ease or the love of beauty? I don't wish to run down human affection; I am only saying that it seems to me a totally different thing from what people call the love of God—surely the one is not a drop from the sea of the other? Preference, fondness for what one enjoys, which is the love of human beings, cannot be a fragment of the love of doing right. I cannot understand why we should not call the latter by its true, stern name: briefly, Duty."

They walked on for a long while in silence. The sun had set behind the big hill, with the great forge chimneys smoking like Baal altars into the grey clouds. The moon, wan and yellow, had appeared among the watery clouds; an emanation, it seemed, of those diaphanous olive groves, pale, vague, half luminous, whose solitary reign had begun, turning human beings into shy intruders in their breathless, whispering grey silence.

It seemed as if should one speak, it would be speaking to oneself alone. At least it seemed so to Baldwin.

"I don't think," he said suddenly, "that my quarrel with human affection—since I am supposed to have a quarrel—comes from the sense of the love of man and the love of God not being the same. I fear I don't rise to Lady Althea's height of serene contemplation. I fear that I find love a delusion in a way which touches me more closely. I am getting to believe more and more, with every day which comes and goes, that, despite all friendships and all loves, we must rest content to live alone with our own soul. Our thoughts, our aspirations, our only valuable confessions and penances, come to us only and alone; our veritable intellectual and moral life, like our veritable physical life, takes place in isolation. Sympathy may help, love may help; but what we actually feel and think and do, we feel

and think and do alone. There is a point beyond which no soul can come within sight of ours—an inner sanctuary where we are alone with ourselves. The destruction of such a boundary would be the destruction of oneself; you might as well bleed yourself into your friend's veins: you and he would die, and your lives would have been none the less separate in those last moments. There is something solemn and sad in this knowledge; and, next to the fact of death, there is none so full of awe, I think, as that of such inevitable isolation; next to the knowledge that time will be when we must be separate for ever, comes the knowledge that, in reality, we can never be fully united. And, like the other, this fact also being repulsive to our feelings, is difficult of grasp to our minds. There are some who never do grasp it; and all of us know how long a time elapses before we do so. You shake your head, dear Signora Elena, but can you deny the truth of my words? There are in the life of every great affection moments of intense unrest and pain, when we feel that we cannot any longer share our life; that we must, morally speaking, rush out into solitude or shut ourselves up all alone; moments of cold misery, when we seem at once abandoned by our friend, and abandoning; when we feel alone, terribly alone, the whole earth's breadth between us and him, the whole earth's surface depopulate—moments from which we return with spasmodic pain and relief, humbled, puzzled, feeling as if we had been betraying and been betrayed. Where have we been? and why have we not thought of carrying with us the beloved one? Nay, rather, why has an imperious instinct taught us to slink away in silence? Moments of humiliation and pain, whence we issue into a spasm of community of existence, burying ourself in the other's soul, trying to absorb its warmth, to feel its pulses, hiding our eyes therein. Moments these of the dispelling of a great delusion, a delusion which some insist upon carrying down to their graves, bruising themselves against the impregnable identity of another; or roving off, moral libertines, in hopes of finding elsewhere—what? Final fulfilment of that dream of absolute union? No; but once more that passing semblance thereof, through which as the central moment of all great love, we have all of us lived."

They had entered the fishing village on the strand, where the workmen from the great arsenal across the bay were hurrying home from the steamer, like black ants, into the twilit streets. Everything had become utterly unsubstantial in the gloaming: houses mere pale, pink, or yellowish-grey surfaces, people faint things, with outline dying away into the dark, creatures without solidity, which one might expect to walk through, moving freely in space. And with this dimness had come that strange appearance of aimlessness, of disconnection with all real concerns, of a crowd moving in the dusk.

"One feels that one will never know them," said Lady Althea,

when they had descended from amid the silent vagueness of trees and stones into this vociferous vagueness of dimly moving human beings, "and we should be frightfully startled if we suddenly heard, from among these spectres, a voice we know addressing us."

"It is Baldwin's idea of human intercourse," said Signora Elena, sadly.

"Of course," he went on, almost to himself, "the return to one's own solitude is bitter, and bitterer, perhaps, for the knowledge of its being inevitable. Sometimes it is a perfect agony; the throes of the asphyxiated or drowned man returning unwillingly to life. Yet, life is better than death. And life, the life of our innermost soul, although love may sit on the threshold of that innermost forbidden chamber, is solitary. Solitary, but not empty; for in it there is enshrined, in that sanctuary inaccessible to all but ourselves, the great and only divinity: the god that consoles, and sympathises, and encourages, and satisfies—the ideal."

At the end of the black village street the sea was heaving in smooth, dull, grey masses, with a heavy, regular sough. The moonlight, as they came into the open, seemed to seek out the inner curl of the waves, filling it with vividest silver, and lighting up the white, powdery surf under some posts in the water, whose shadow was fantastically profiled, now on the white dust of the surf, now on the quicksilver of the wave, now on the scarce washed-over sand. And further on, behind the dam of big stones, the sea, beneath the widening moonlight, seemed to swell, swell and rise, as if to swamp and submerge the whole world.

II.

"I have been thinking about our talk of yesterday, my dear Baldwin," said Signora Elena, as they sat on the terrace of the house overlooking the sea, "and must tell you that I don't believe you really, permanently feel like that; or, if you do, you must be broken of it before it becomes a habit. You do not shrink from duty of any sort; but you shrink from those sorts of pain without which, I am more and more persuaded, no duty can be properly performed. Unconsciously you seem to have got hold of the ideal of a certain German friend of mine who said that the aim of life should be to grow old decently—'anständig alt zu werden.'"

"But," put in Lady Althea, seated on the grass and looking at the sea with half closed eyes, her boy's hat drawn over them, wondering at the changing shapes and colours, "is that such a bad aim? One could not do much harm in the world if one kept it steadily in mind."

"It is merely," answered Baldwin, "giving to old age the place

which death has occupied in certain schemes of existence, considering it a final loss of all things which we can make easy only by gradual and constant renunciation. No, I do not at all agree with your German friend, Signora Elena. The aim of life, or rather, I should say, the reward of a life properly lived, should be and is the exemption from old age. For surely, although there is a natural diminution in bodily and mental vigour, the greater part of the bankruptcy of old age should be put to the account of riotous living, or to lazy indifference. And therefore it seems to me that old age, in so far as an evil to be expected (an evil often greater to others than to oneself), must be forestalled not by a process of denudation or shrinkage, of detachment from things which already detach themselves from us, but rather by a resolute enlarging of our personality and its spiritual possessions, of our share in the life of the world."

It seemed to them, as they sat there on the terrace, that this life of the world was vividly brought before them by the things they saw and heard, the sea rushing in and the sun dispersing the clouds, and the wind heaping them up again in great bars and masses. Sun and wind and sea, freshness and warmth and life, permeating, overwhelming complexity of sensations and feelings, manifold, wonderful, indescribable; expanses of sparkling blue, bars of violet water beneath the cloud-bars, currents and pools of turquoise green, wash of pale buff where the surf dies out, great various blending movements of the sea in front, the sea which taught the old craftsmen to make their mosaic vaults. Sea and wind and sun, ever varying colours and ever varying sound, the music of the surf containing all manner of instruments and phrases, the swish of the wave unfurling and rushing forwards, the hiss of the water torn into foam on the rocks, the rattle of the wave falling back on its successor hurtling along the shingle, the great boom of the water gathered up and crashing down on itself—all things these, of which we think as being so simple, as we think also of our mood in their presence, but wonderful, complicated in reality, made up of endless other things; feelings and impressions also, drenching us, rolling us, carrying us on their surface, drowning us in their depths, as we feel ourselves carried along, overwhelmed, by the rushing sea sound.

"Yes," said Signora Elena, "but how can that be if we hold aloof from others, allowing them to be only subjects for duty and objects of æsthetic contemplation, seeking to avoid all contact such as brings those 'uneasy pleasures and fine pains,' as Emerson calls them, which Baldwin described to us last night? For our life, were it as it ought, should be a gradual assimilation of the standards, the ideals, the potentialities even of others, a growing better, for having made one's own the wisdom, the virtue, and largely the repugnances that constitute the moral wealth of the great world without. Each one of us, of the better at least, brings into the world some virtue to

which he is more particularly inclined, or the remarkable aversion for some particular fault; and, by the action of individual on individual, these excellences become common property, each man tending to practise or at least to desire, some virtue not inherent in his own nature, and each man also making his neighbour more squeamish towards the vices which he himself could never stomach. We are born simple, poor, thin; the rest of mankind makes us (if we are of the right kind) take body, strength and shape in the process of maturing; indeed there can be no maturity without such process. People who never come to live on the life of the community do not grow, are stunted, barren, and end in deformity. Of such men and women who, when once the sap of youth is dried up, grow thin, acid and useless, we have all had experience."

"Undoubtedly," answered Baldwin, "the good are those who grow constantly wiser and better, thriving on the world's goodness. But this does not disprove that, although we assimilate the qualities of others, our real life must, as I fear, take place in solitude. There is, for an instance, a sort of turning-point in life, at least in the life of many, when we make the choice—or rather the choice is made by our nature—between such enriching, refining of our soul, and that impoverishment due to indifference to the welfare of others, and to the good that is in them. This moment, I have noticed, is often contemporaneous with that falling off of the common beauty, strength and spirits of youth, after whose loss so many of us seem to undergo so strange a transformation. For it would seem that there is in youth a certain liberation of energies, a balance of vitality left over by the cessation of mere growth, and continuing to be called forth for awhile in answer to the claims which growth so recently made; and this surplus of life induces in us a very wrong notion of the individual; what we like, admire and confide in is not really he or she, but the common graciousness of evanescent youth. Add to this that while such bounty of universal accident ceases, the claims and the friction of life increase; and a poor nature, instead of growing rich by the pressure of demands which it can no longer satisfy, is speedily reduced to bankruptcy. So that, unless we assimilate, we must inevitably deteriorate."

Lady Althea had been listening very attentively, with that curious expression of hers, as if a new light were being shed upon many holes and corners of her soul.

"But," she said,—"how shall I express it? Have we a right even to become better, in a certain sense, to prevent our own deterioration, at the expense of others?"

"How can one become better at the expense of others," asked Baldwin, "since becoming better means becoming more useful and less noxious?"

"Why, then, we may surely be becoming more useful and less

noxious to certain people at the price of suffering to certain others. I cannot see why we should expect that it should be otherwise—why, in a world full of physical misery and wrong, we should expect everything to be delightful in the category of our highest pleasures and duties: if simple matters are full of imperfection, how much more so the most complicated matters in the world! Signora Elena has been talking about assimilation; but does not assimilation imply eventual exhaustion of the thing assimilated? I don't know much about human beings and their feelings, but it seems to me that two creatures cannot always find each other equally enchanting and satisfying. We consume all things; it is absurd to expect that we should not also consume human creatures and be consumed by them in our turn. Life is perpetual change; the very movement which makes our interests and our loves alters them and obliterates. Such variations, such exhausting of one thing after another is our life, it is our constant striving onwards to new experience. But when it comes to our fellow-creatures, we may surely be buying our development at the price of their pain. And when it can be obtained only at this price, there seems no reason why any of us precious creatures should have this full life, this full experience. The answer of that Prince or Minister is constantly coming to my mind: 'Il faut vivre, monseigneur!' 'Je n'en vois pas la nécessité." Faust left Gretchen because he wanted further experience, in the shape of the Young Witch, Helen of Troy, and I suppose dozens of others besides. But why should Faust have had that additional experience at the expense of poor Gretchen's misery? Why should he have had the Young Witch and Helen? Our desires betray us often into the absurdity of supposing them to constitute rights. We desire, we require novelty, romance, fulness of experience, high development. But what of that? We desire justice also in the world, yet we do not find that; and it seems to me, so long as it is justice only in the abstract and to others, we sit down contentedly enough without it."

"So then," said Signora Elena, looking at the girl tenderly and admiringly, "Baldwin has forsworn human affections because he has found them a source of pain to himself; and you, my dear Althea, have made up your mind to avoid them lest they should snare you into giving pain to others?"

Lady Althea did not answer, but rose from the grass and went to look at the sea.

Over the sea the wind had built a bridge, straight, flat, stretching from headland to headland, of white cumulus marble, beneath which flowed the currents of deep lustrous blue, of enamel green; and behind which, far away, was cast its own shadow, a deep violet band on the water. The cumulus marble, as the sun rose slowly and gained strength, softened into something of looser texture, equally luminous but more granulated and crisper, great bales and heaps of purest snow,

making one understand, in a way, the faint ridge of white, distant ice Alps in the offing. The sea swayed under the big cloud-bridge, luminous, sparkling, deep blue, turquoise green, unsteady bars of violet shadow, the moving waters massing themselves into ridges, rising, arching into solid crests, scooped, hollow, heavily poised; the green circle bending, toppling, crashing down into foam, running along, white breasts and manes now of the sea-chariot emerged, hurrying along the smooth, white, glassy highway made by the passing of the last wave.

Lady Althea remained leaning on the parapet, watching those sea coursers, the wave running along as it were on all-fours, careful never to rise till it comes to the stone of the shore, and there, as it leaps up, suddenly caught by the backward impulse of the wave that has gone before and has just leaped vainly up into foam, driven back, a subsiding of hissing surf, rolling the rattling stones as it goes, lying down, arched and smooth for the next wave to rush forward in its turn, filling one's ears with such various sounds which merge into one—roar and rattle and hiss, and great re-echoing crash, overwhelming, yet so deep that a voice at one's elbow would be rude and loud in comparison.

"She may understand that—what the sea has to say, and why it is uneasy in mind," said Baldwin, nodding in the direction of Lady Althea, "and I fancy she would be spoilt for one, that she would lose some of her odd charm if she could understand human seethings and moanings as well—understand them from experience, from within, and not merely as a subject for indignation or pity. She cannot understand wanting anything, except a map, as it were, to show one the paths of duty. But you, Signora Elena, ought to be kinder and more just towards me; you quoted Emerson's expression about friendship's 'uneasy pleasures and fine pains'—well, you must know them. And you must admit that to a creature at all imaginative, but unable to make friends, like Lady Althea, with the waves and winds and clouds, such idealising affection must hold out the temptation of being made the highest, most exquisite ministrant to the cravings of our poor, idealising self. What is any art, after all, but the giving of one side only of the living creature, of a portion of its suggestiveness, its promise and its fascination? The pleasure to be derived from exploring the unknown, from supplementing it with our imagination, which is the pleasure of a new friendship, stands to the pleasure which art or literature can give, as the fascination of a living creature, moving, shifting, taking on every second new aspects of beauty, does to the fascination of a mere painted picture. In the new friend there is, for a while, the realisation of the ideal, the exquisite delight, at least, of feeling that the ideal is within one's grasp. But the ideal escapes, the desire fails. Even granted that any melody is as really exquisite as when it first flashed across our memory, it is quite certain that no melody is such that we can

listen to it for ever. The idealising faculty is for ever insatiate, for ever demanding new food. All this is natural enough and legitimate, as long as we deal with art; but art is fiction, made to be fiction, and human beings are real, moulded out of reality, their own and ours; and is that reality, which means suffering, to be trifled with? Lady Althea, from her intuition of saving pain for others, and I, from my experience of pain to myself, have come to much the same conclusion."

"The conclusion of helping folk without loving them," answered Signora Elena; "but you are both wrong, and both would be defeating your own end. I have let you both have your say, and now I am going to answer you." She had taken Baldwin's arm, and walked slowly to where Lady Althea was still standing, absorbed in the sea, or in her own thoughts. "You are thinking," she said, with that gentle obstinacy, that indulgent resolution, as of a person who understands how an error could arise, and is patient in setting it right, "that the life which you advocate—your life of helpfulness to the unknown or indifferent, of shrinking from contact lest you should hurt or be hurt—does not, somehow or other, harmonise with the life of the air and the water around you, that it seems out of place in a world which lives in this way," and she nodded towards the rolling sea and the rolling clouds overhead. "But you answered your own objections unconsciously when you said in your plea for solitude of soul, that there is no reason why we should have all we crave for, why, as you said, Faust should leave Gretchen for the Young Witch and for Helen. Perhaps the struggle in the moral world—the struggle for life there, a very different one from that of claw and beak—is really much more like what the sun and the sea and the wind and the rocks are showing us now, each struggling, breaking against the other, their victories and defeats making the beautiful life of the world; not the sea saying to the cliffs, 'I will lie calm, and let you alone,' and the cliffs answering, 'We will become friable and turn into mud at your touch,' and the wind and sun agreeing to have nothing to do, either of them, with the clouds—a sort of general running away of the various instincts of our nature, each afraid of damaging and being damaged, which would make the soul as fine a sop as the world would be, if the elements were to come to terms, and agree to stay quiet. Our spiritual life must be neither a continual struggle to have, nor a continual giving up; but refusing nothing legitimate to ourselves and to others, weighing the claims of both, a continual stirring, seeking, refraining and renouncing, the manifold activity of which can never be replaced by any sweeping sacrifice of others, or any sweeping self-renunciation."

"You mean then," answered Lady Althea, slowly, "that Faust ought to seek for further experience, but not at the expense of Margaret?"

"It sounds very humdrum, but that is what it comes to: do not squash your own nature for the benefit of others, for others will require very likely some of the very things in you which you are squashing; but trample upon every individual temptation of yours that makes light of other folk's happiness. Life, as you said, my dear Althea, is perpetual change. All we need see to is that this fact remains well in our mind; that the cry 'always,' into which all vivid emotion translates itself, should no longer deceive us or others; and that, knowing ourselves to be variable, we should provide that others should suffer as little as possible by our tendency to vary; that they should expect it, or if they cannot expect it, should be saved the pain of our variation by our refusing to vary."

"In fact," put in Baldwin, "your philosophy, dear Signora Elena, is that there are no royal roads to justice and generosity; but that we must seek them, like everything else, along paths where, unless we keep our eyes continually before us, we shall perpetually stumble."

Lady Althea seemed puzzled.

"But, Signora Elena," she said after a moment, "such consideration for the feelings of other folk necessarily implies a diminution in our liberty, in that very liberty without which right behaviour is impossible. Fidelity towards individuals is inevitable as a moral consequence of dependance upon individual affection. But does not fidelity of this sort imply a wilful blindness to that individual's defects, or a more degrading acceptance thereof? Ought we not to think of another kind of fidelity—fidelity towards our own better self, our better moments; determination never to lose any higher possibility or higher habit, or higher accidental advantage that may come to us? Fidelity, I won't say to the ideal, because nobody knows what the ideal is, and it seems to degenerate into mere words, but towards the nobler reality."

Signora Elena shook her head.

"Fidelity towards our best moments, my dear Althea, is fidelity towards our best friends. It is not true, as Baldwin said last night, that our highest, innermost life must take place in solitude. That is the case only when what we have taken for friendship is a mere imaginative fancy, the thing made of 'wine and dreams' of Emerson; or when what stirs within us, mistaken for the ideal, is the mere craving for the submission of other souls to our soul, or the mere restless desire for novelty. On the contrary, I should venture to say that in our innermost soul, in the place where the baser parts of our nature dare not intrude, the best and the happiest of us will find always the soul, the judgment, the example, the trustfulness, of another. For, imperfect as we all are, we require each other's more perfect parts; and every true friendship, every noble love, will represent some fragment, smaller or larger, of a perfection that we require. For all noble love means such an adjustment, natural and

spontaneous, that our loved ones will possess our higher qualities in higher degree, or other high qualities which we lack, and which we must borrow to lessen our baseness."

Baldwin smiled bitterly. "But," he objected, "you have yourself said that we are not equal in endowments, that we have all got good qualities and bad. Then will not such friendship imply, as Lady Althea said, a certain departure from our own higher standards in our acceptance of the baser side of those we love?"

"We never love the baser sides—those that are really base to our consciousness. What we love is the better in them, and what they love, if capable of real love, is the better in us; so that while we are purified we may also be purifying. For nothing is more valuable than the assistance of those whose nature, unconscious of certain of our temptations, shames us out of them, making us feel how paltry, how accidental is the value we see in some things, how simple it is to do or to refrain from certain others. We are for ever showing one another a portion, realised, incarnate, of that great abstract of better things which you call the ideal. Indeed, I think such a partial ideal, vested in human individuals, is better for our nature than the abstract ideal personified in a supernatural being; we are less often called upon to do the impossible, to strain until we break and despair; we are less often also let off by the sense of our incompetence to reach higher things. Humanity is human, knowing human bounds; and the very faults which we find in our friends ought to encourage us to attain to some of their virtues. The more that is asked of us (when asked by the quiet trust of one we love), the more we are able to give. In all of us who have a little moral health, our doing and refraining is greatly commensurate with the trust placed in us by others."

They were silent for a few moments. The sun, getting hotter and hotter, was melting the big cumulus balls of that bridge stretched in mid sky from headland to headland. Its snow was becoming less crisp (before you might have almost heard its scrunch) and dazzling, and was dissolving to grey ragged vapours, dissolving and dissolving, which the wind drove before it, inward to land. Then the bridge disappeared and the blue sky was clear.

"I quite agree," said Baldwin, "that we grow, as in the physical so in the moral order also, by assimilation from without. Our self, as you said, is to a large extent the rearrangement of those other selves whom we have met and lived with; the originality of our personality being shown in the new pattern made out of these old materials. Can we doubt it? Is not our mind the collection of things outside us, sights, sounds, words—the thoughts and feelings of other folk, transmitted by the necessities of our special nature? Let us examine our consciousness, independent and original crea[illegible] we are; and answer sincerely, how much it would con[illegible]

never come in contact with others, in reality or in books? Where do I end and you begin? Who can answer? We are not definite, distinct existences, floating in a moral and intellectual vacuum; we are for ever meeting, crossing, encroaching, living next one another, in one another, part of ourselves left behind in others, part of them become ourselves: a flux of thought, feeling, experience, aspiration, a complex interchanging life, which is the life eternal, not of the individual, but of the race."

"But all this," added Baldwin suddenly, "may surely exist apart from such personal feeling as you advocate. Cannot we admit at once that people are prose, good prose or bad, and take them with the same calmness with which we read a book? You see I am still tormented by the doubt whether we human creatures are not always in danger of preying upon one another, unless deliberately chained up with the chain of indifference; whether friendship, when it does not mean mere dull jogging side by side, must not imply, as Emerson seems to have thought (and Emerson is the great expert of friendship), not merely the absorption of one by the other, but the actual exhausting one other of all that can please and profit, even as we exhaust the air of the oxygen which we require. . . . . It is certain that there comes a moment when the charm of pursuit, of discovery, of the unknown, must end. Or rather when the qualities which come under our notice are merely such as we do *not* care for, because we had quickly discovered and enjoyed those for which we could care; when we get to know the residuum, which, to us, is trash. . . . . It is terrible to feel that one has burned up or out another soul; there is a sense of awful humiliation in this recognition when we do recognise. It seems an insult to all one's better feelings. Infinitely rather the bitterness of seeing that oneself has been exhausted by another, that one has done all one's poor little tricks, sung all one's poor little songs. . . . ."

Baldwin was silent, and for a moment, Signora Elena did not answer. Only, to break the silence, Lady Althea said very quietly:

"Yes, but why should people consume one another? Why live on each other, and nothing else? Surely there is something false in that. It seems to me that friendship, if it could exist, should be the journey, side by side, of creatures living off the same interests, the same aspirations, staying together because they both were attracted by the same things. I don't know, of course, but it seems as if creatures impelled merely towards each other, must necessarily, after meeting, pass one another, pushed onward in opposite directions or, at least, towards new objects, by the very wants and wishes which had brought them together. Surely people might see the reality, and feel naturally in their affections as much as in anything else."

Signora Elena shook her head. "I doubt it," she said; "we

cannot prevent ourselves—some at least—from weaving what Emerson calls the textures of wine and dreams. But is it not sufficient if, once the cobweb of imagination broken through, we recognise the solid reality underneath? If the human being be cherished in place of the phantom, not in the same way, but, perhaps in a measure for its sake? Could we even be brought close to reality unless decoyed by fancy? Prose remains; good prose, holy prose, often infinitely more satisfying than the poetry; but who is he that searches after prose? We are not like Saul, who went to seek for his asses and found a kingdom. No prosaic useful thing would make us stir; we must be baited by the unattainable. Even if the idealising fancy should bring us down upon prose, bruised, and having bruised it, remember that it has brought us in contact. But for it we might have walked on a mile apart. After all, if the prose of others is noble, and our own prose noble, the two nobilities will coalesce. But we require both poetry and prose. If we sought in our friendships for only poetry we should be libertines, wasters, destroyers. But poetry is what moves, prose what retains us. Friendship is, after all, something akin to wedlock; only, being restrained by none of wedlock's legal and natural bonds, and not limited to one individual, of a freer, more sensitive sort; and yet wedlock begins, or should begin, in the love of the unreal. No; let us not despise that seemingly selfish, seemingly barren love for the perfect, desire for the unattainable; through it we rise to better things, find them within our reach. Do not let us despise even the foolish courtship of friends, if there comes from it the sincere and honest *marriage of true minds*. You are not what I thought to pursue in you, but pursuing the unreal nobility I become ennobled, and when possessing the real prosaic excellence I am enriched."

"You speak like Mr. Baldwin," remarked Lady Althea. "You seem to admit all his notions of poetry, of unreality, of exaltation; then, how is it that you do not come to his conclusion—namely, that all this poetry and unreality and fervour can lead only to bitterness?"

"Because I think," answered Signora Elena, "that there enters into my calculation an element which both—you, with your stoical sense of duty, and Baldwin, with his æsthetical pessimism—have somehow left out of account: the simple, commonplace thing called love. It is love which, as in all other matters, is the trustiest opponent of that tendency to prey upon each other, in whatever sense. Love prevents that lassitude, that bitterness of which Baldwin has spoken; it removes all fear of wearing out or being worn out. It knows nothing either of novelty or of satiety, for it is, essentially, the caring for a creature because it *is itself;* the act of preferring, because one has preferred. Love gives us trustfulness, patience, and, in a way, fairness. All these, of course, we ought to possess towards

every man and in all cases; and some day, when earth becomes heaven, we doubtless shall; only that day has not yet come. We have indeed no intellectual right to trust all men, since they so often, willingly and unwillingly, deceive us; it is our duty to weigh them, and often to throw away when found wanting. The world at large is bound to teach us a vast amount of well-deserved suspicion; nay, a good deal of that we learn, as Baldwin was saying yesterday, from the consciousness of the poorness of our own stuff, and the multiplicity of our own adulterations. At all events, it is not by contact with the rank and file of our fellow-creatures that we can be educated to that readiness to wait for further evidence, that giving of credit, which are so necessary for all dutiful action. These things are taught us, at the expense, alas! sometimes of base endurance of evil—by those whom we love, whom our soul cannot afford readily to lose, to keep whom, and our opinion of whom, we are willing to wait and trust an infinity. Nay, more important still, love alone by making us care, not for a mere quality, a mere pleasure-giving item, but for an individual; not for a mere momentary impression, but for a life; love can teach us to do what philosophy and justice clamour in vain for; to take the bad with the good, to consider the bulk of a creature's merits and demerits, not to throw away what is precious, because of some alloy; not to yield, above all, to the momentary superiority of the sound piece of *I* which happens (the whole case reversible the next minute) to come into momentary contact with an unsound piece of *Thou*——"

"In short," put in Baldwin, "you consider what you call love as the banker of our good impressions, and generous, and also just, appreciations, enabling us to tide over difficult moments, giving that highest of moral, as of economic, requisites, *credit*."

"You have expressed it perfectly, so perfectly that I believe, in your heart of hearts, that you agree with me, Baldwin. Love identifies us in such mysterious manner with others, that the pain or pleasure which we merely *know* is yet more vivid than such as we in ourselves can actually *feel*. It substitutes the desire for pleasure, the shunning of the unbearable, for that call of duty which in most things does not succeed in becoming sufficiently imperative. Therefore do not despise ourselves for asking and granting favours, for doing more for those we love than for those who are indifferent. It is a great step, the greatest of all, to be taken out of ourselves, however near by; and we could not, probably, wish well to mankind, to our kinsmen or countrymen even, if we had not first learned to seek the good of the one and only——"

Lady Althea had been listening with knit brows and parted lips; she had learned something, but an objection still remained deep in her austere nature.

"Then," she remarked, "to give their due to all men, both in help and in forbearance, and most, perhaps, in understanding; to do our duty because not to do it would make us too miserable—all this to you is an ideal too high for us creatures; a thing far from attained in any, and perhaps even unattainable. And love—this sort of vicarious selfishness—is to bridge over the gulf between preference for ourselves and justice to others. But there is one point which puzzles me. May we not be acquiring such powers of sympathy, such capacities for justice, at the price of the very opportunities, the very possibilities, of putting them to profit? Friendship, love—call it what you will—means preference; and does not preference imply exclusion; and hence want of sympathy, want of justice? And do we belong so exclusively to ourselves—belong to hoard or to waste—that we should have the right of giving the whole of us to one other?"

Signora Elena took the hand of her antagonist, so strangely impersonal in her abstract passion for right, and yet, with her youth, her face rather of a beautiful boy than of a woman, and her restrained tenderness of manner, so very lovable.

"I think," she answered, "that the answer to your objection is contained in my very recommendation to do what you still question. If we hoard or waste our soul, as you say, for the benefit of one other, cheating the rest of the world of the very fruits of that habit of loving kindness, we are loving not too much but too little. We must be absolutely generous and liberal in order to be just. In giving the whole of ourself to one idea, we cheat another of its due influence; in giving ourselves to one person, we are depriving of their legitimate portions all those others, whether at our hearth in humble matters, or among the unseen crowd, attainable only to our most general thought, who require us. We must love, and let ourselves be loved by many. For the use of us, as of everything else in this world, my dear Althea, is to be consumed and assimilated: we are the food and fuel of one another."

Lady Althea did not answer. She rose from the grass where she had been sitting, and walked silently along the shore. The sea was shifting its patterns of sparkling blue, of peacock, of enamel green and violet; the waves rushing along, making and unmaking themselves, hissing and hurtling and booming against the stones; the sunshine seeming to swirl all round. She did not say anything more on the subject of their conversation, but when, much later, they said good-night, she kissed the hand which Signora Elena extended, and departed in silence, which seemed more meaningfull than words.

VERNON LEE.

PITT'S WAR POLICY.

FEW books have been received on their first appearance with so general a recognition by the public of the writer's ability and literary style, and of his mastery of facts and sound conclusions as Lord Rosebery's "Life of Pitt." It was doubtless issued under favourable auspices for such a concurrence. It is the work of a statesman in the first rank of the Liberal party, one of two, or at most three, competitors for the future leadership. Its orthodoxy, therefore, appeared to be well vouched for to one-half of the country. As a powerful vindication of Pitt's policy, affirming the popular legend, it was equally certain to commend itself to the other half. The result has been a consensus of criticism such as has seldom been attained by a work dealing with a period so full of polemical points.

Yet there must be not a few persons in whom the traditions of Charles Fox still survive; who regard with admiration his vehement and prolonged opposition to Pitt's war policy during the eight years of the conflict with France in the revolutionary period, and who would, perhaps, have joined with him, it may be hoped with equal delicacy and tact, in refusing to vote the honours of a public funeral to Pitt, on the ground that his general policy in this respect had been baneful to the country. In this view it will be attempted briefly to point out why this work cannot on these matters be accepted, without many reservations, as the verdict of history upon Pitt's statesmanship and policy.

Of the style of the book it is a pleasure to join in the general praise. The narrative is condensed, yet lively and readable. The language is felicitous and sparkling. Its matter is based on wide reading. It abounds in references to the present times, and in interesting indications of the writer's own views. But here and there there

are sentences with an epigrammatic turn which savour rather of the public platform.

There will also be little disposition in any quarter to question the conclusions arrived at as to Mr. Pitt's domestic statesmanship from the commencement of his career as a Prime Minister, at the age of twenty-four, to the outbreak of the great war with France. His conduct on the India Bills, his enlightened finance, his commercial treaty with France, his desire for reform of Parliament, his independence of party feeling in the discussions which led to the trial of Warren Hastings, his action on the Regency question, his early Irish policy, his support of Fox's Libel Bill, are worthy of all praise, and mark him as a man far above the party to which he had allied himself, and as possessed of true public spirit. But important as these may have been, they pale beside the two main questions by which Pitt's statesmanship must be judged—the war with France, and the Act of Union with Ireland. It is on these that the verdict of history must mainly depend.

With respect to the war with France, Lord Rosebery labours with infinite pains to exonerate Pitt from all responsibility for what was certainly the greatest calamity which has befallen Europe since the Thirty Years' War, to prove the justice and the necessity of the war from the English point of view, and to show that Pitt, with an ardent desire for peace, did his utmost to avoid the war, and to bring it to a conclusion when unfortunately it had broken out.

"To no human being did war come with such a curse," he says; "by none was it more hated and shunned." . . . . "He headed the great league of Powers against France. Never was a more involuntary distinction." . . . . "The supreme and salient point is that there was no man in England more resolutely determined on peace and non-intervention." He speaks elsewhere of Pitt's "dogged determination for peace." . . . . "When war had once begun we shall see his constant endeavours to put an end to it." . . . . "He was certainly the most strenuous peace Minister that ever held office in this country."

There was certainly nothing in Pitt's career previous to the outbreak of the French war to warrant the assertion that in principle he was resolutely determined on peace and non-intervention. On three occasions he had brought the country to the very verge of war: with France in 1788, on the subject of Holland; with Spain in 1790, on the Nootka Sound dispute; with Russia in 1791 on the Oczacow business. In the first two of these affairs he had, as Lord Rosebery admits, played the game of brag, and had triumphed; and in the third he had agreed with Prussia on a policy which must have inevitably landed England in a war with Russia. Orders were already given to send fleets to the Baltic and Black Sea. Pitt was compelled at the last

moment to give way, and to withdraw from his engagements to Prussia, in part by public opinion in England, and in part by the consequent defection of his Cabinet. He did so reluctantly and against his judgment. A Minister who could dream of going to war with Russia on such a question cannot, with any justice, be claimed as an apostle of the policy of peace and non-intervention.

It is again true that, up to a certain period in the progress of the French Revolution, Pitt was opposed to intervention; he declined the overtures of Austria and Prussia in 1791 to join in the war against France for the ostensible purpose of putting down the revolution and restoring the monarchy, but, as we now know, with the further projects of partitioning Poland and dismembering France of its frontier provinces. His Government, however, made no protest against the invasion of France; it looked on with impatient wishes for its success, and was greatly disappointed at its failure.* It was not till the counter-invasion by France of the Austrian possessions in the Low Countries, where alone Austria could then be attacked, that Pitt was drawn from his reserve. Lord Rosebery quotes conversations and letters of Pitt and Grenville to show that even after this, and until the outbreak of the war, he was desirous of peace, and did his utmost to avoid war. But too much may be made of the tittle-tattle of memoirs, and the private conversation and letters of statesmen. They count for little as compared with official despatches, the language of public speeches, and the deliberate actions of Governments, which alone have influence on public events. Nothing has been more common than for statesmen to drift into war, while in their hearts hating it, or to make private professions of peaceful intentions, while their public actions tend directly to war. Unfortunately for their reputations, history will hold them responsible for their policy, without regard to their private opinions and conversations.

It may be that Pitt was more strongly in favour of peace than any of his colleagues in the Cabinet, that he most reluctantly abandoned his projects of social and financial reform in favour of war, and that he hoped to the last to find the means of avoiding this. But if so, he must have allowed himself to be overruled by his Cabinet, or by individual colleagues, or by the King, not only when great decisions were arrived at, but on the many points which, by degrees but not the less certainly, led to war. It need not be said that a Minister cannot separate himself from his colleagues. He must be judged of by their joint acts. The Premier also is especially responsible for the despatches of his Foreign Secretary. He must be taken to approve both the substance and the tone of them. It is certain that no despatch at a critical period of negotiation with a foreign country leading up to war could be written without his personal assent and

* See the Letters of Lord Grenville, "Court and Cabinets of George III.," ii. p. 219.

approval. Judged of in this way, it would appear that, in spite of what may have been Pitt's inner views, in spite of the impression he gave to friends and correspondents of his being favourable to peace, there was not a single public utterance of his or of any of his colleagues, or a single despatch, or a single action of his Government, from the date when the French entered Belgium in August 1792, which tended to a peaceful solution of the questions at issue between England and France. On the contrary, everything that was said and done officially led directly and inevitably to war.

Fully to prove this it would be necessary to describe in minute detail all the events and negotiations which took place from the date of the deposition of Louis XVI. on August 12, 1792, to the declaration of war on February 1, 1793. Chief, however, among the causes which led on the part of England to the war were the withdrawal of the British Ambassador from Paris after the deposition of the King; the refusal to recognise M. Chauvelin, the French Minister in London, as having any official status; the haughty and peremptory tone of Lord Grenville's letters in answer to the explanations offered by the French Government as to the causes of complaint, and especially that in answer to the conciliatory letter addressed to the British Government on January 13, 1793, by M. Lebrun, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France.

In this letter M. Lebrun dealt with the various subjects of complaint by the British Government—the occupation of Belgium by France, its threatening attitude against Holland, the opening of the River Scheldt, the propagandist decree of the French Government of November 19. He distinctly promised on the part of France that it would not invade Holland; that the occupation of Belgium would continue only till the end of the war with Austria, and until its people should decide on the form of their government. With respect to the propagandist decree of November 19, he explained that it had no reference to countries such as England, but only to cases where France was at war with Governments, and whose people were in rebellion. With regard to the opening of the Scheldt, he declined to withdraw the decree, but he minimised the importance of the question, justified the action of France on general grounds of public policy, and said that the matter might well be the subject of negotiation between Holland and Belgium at the conclusion of the war. There cannot be a doubt that on all these points, except possibly the opening of the Scheldt, the explanations were such as might have been accepted as satisfactory. Lord Grenville's reply was in an overbearing and indeed insolent tone, which showed clearly that war had been already practically decided on by the British Government, and that no explanations would be accepted as satisfactory. This letter bears unmistakable signs of Pitt's own writing. It must in any case have been approved by him.

There followed, however, other acts tending in the same direction: the violent speeches in Parliament of members of the Government against France; the passing of the Alien Act, placing Frenchmen in England under the most humiliating police regulations; and finally, the expulsion of Chauvelin, as a suspected alien, under this Act, after the execution of the French king. This was rightly considered by the French Government as a *coup de canon*, intended to provoke the declaration of war. In none of these matters was there any sign of a desire on the part of the British Government for a peaceful solution of the questions in dispute. All directly tended to war. For all of them Pitt must be held responsible.

There is, however, little necessity for dealing minutely with these various points, so far as Lord Rosebery is concerned, for he has put his finger on the decree by the French Government of November 16, opening the navigation of the River Scheldt, as *the* cause of war, and has expressed the confident opinion that it was a just and sufficient cause—one which England could not, without dishonour, pass by. As it is certain that the French Government would not recall this decree, the question of the justification of the war may be argued *pro hac vice* on this point.

Lord Rosebery says that it was

> "impossible for Pitt to pass by his own treaty of 1788, with respect to the Scheldt, without a violation of good faith so signal as to be remarkable even in the time of the second partition of Poland. But on wider grounds the danger to Europe was more universal. To allow that the French Government were in possession of a law of Nature which superseded treaty obligations, and the copyright and application of which vested exclusively with them, was to annihilate the whole European system."

In this he follows in part the views of Mr. Lecky, who speaks of the "open and formal violation by France of the treaty relating to the Scheldt, which England had guaranteed—a violation which was based upon grounds that would invalidate the whole public law of Europe." But Mr. Lecky lays a greater stress on the threatened attack on Holland and the occupation of Belgium. Few other writers have attempted to justify the war on such a narrow ground as the opening of the Scheldt. Most of them have considered this as the pretext rather than as the real cause of war. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his essay on Pitt, goes the length of saying that "to have gone to war for the purpose of closing the Scheldt, would have been the act of a greater maniac than the Jacobins. It would have been like fighting about a right of way in the middle of an earthquake." *

It may be permitted to say of the views of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lecky that they greatly exaggerate the treaty obligations of England in respect of the Scheldt, and the importance of the ques-

* "Three Statesmen," p. 251.

tion from an international point of view. The closing of the navigation of this river to the commerce of Belgium, in the exclusive and selfish interest of Holland, was an old-world arrangement, framed with the object of destroying the trade of Antwerp, and one entirely opposed to modern ideas and the real comity of nations. It had been originally provided for by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, to which England was not a party. In 1784 the Emperor of Austria, in the interest of Belgium, announced that he would not longer respect this provision. Pitt not only made no objection to this, but informed the Emperor through his Foreign Minister that England would support his demands, provided he would detach himself from alliance with France. This was the more remarkable, as public opinion in Holland was then roused to fever heat by the proposal of Austria. Its States General voted a large increase to the army. The University of Leyden supplied money for raising a regiment 1300 strong. Other towns followed their example, and there were the strongest demonstrations against the action of Austria. France took up the cause of the Dutch, and eventually by its mediation an arrangement was come to between Austria and Holland, and by the treaty of Fontainebleau Austria agreed to the closing of the Scheldt. The Emperor received a considerable sum of money from the Dutch, by way of solatium, which went into his own pockets, and not those of the Belgian people. By a contemporaneous treaty between France and Holland an alliance offensive and defensive was made between these two countries, and France agreed to guarantee to Holland its territories. Nothing was said in this treaty about the Scheldt.

In 1788, when France had its hands full of domestic difficulties, the Dutch, by the joint action of England and Prussia, were compelled to detach themselves from the French alliance, and a treaty was made between England and Holland almost identical with that between Holland and France of 1785; by this treaty England was bound to defend Holland from attack, and guaranteed its territories. There was, however, absolutely nothing in this treaty about the Scheldt which bound England to take up the case as against France or any other Power, and to make it a cause of war. It contemplated only the case of a hostile attack on Holland, and provided that England, "after the commencement of hostilities," should give its aid. At most it might be said that England, as the ally of Holland, would be justified in treating the opening of the Scheldt as a hostile act against the Dutch, if they should demand help. It was under no obligation to do so.

It cannot perhaps be matter for surprise that the French Republic, glowing with new ideas and filled with contempt for such obsolete restrictions, should, in the interest of Belgium, after defeating and expelling the Austrians from it, denounce this humiliating provision. In doing so they gave just cause of complaint to the Dutch, if

they thought right to complain, but there was certainly no cause of complaint to England, unless she was appealed to by Holland; and there was no obligation or necessity to England, without such appeal, to take up the challenge, if challenge were intended, and go to war for such a cause. There was, indeed, a supreme reason against such a course—which formed one of the main points of Charles Fox's arguments against the war—that the Dutch Government made no formal complaint of this decree either to England or to France, and never invited England to go to war with France on account of this violation of the rights of Holland.

Nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the action of the Dutch in 1792 and that in 1784, already alluded to. While in the earlier period they rose in arms to resist the action of the Emperor of Austria, in 1792 they gave no sign of strong feeling on the subject, or of any desire to fight for the maintenance of their exclusive privilege.

When challenged by Fox in the House of Commons on this subject, Pitt was obliged to admit that the Government of Holland had made no representation to England. Fox, therefore, was fully justified when, in his great speech against the war on February 14, 1793, he said:

"England is bound by virtue of the treaty of 1788 to protect the Dutch, if they call upon us to do so, but neither by honour nor by treaty till then. . . . . We are bound to save Holland from war or by war if called upon; to force the Dutch into a war at so much peril to them is not to fulfil but to abuse the treaty."

The sequel showed how fully Fox was justified in protesting against the Government forcing the Dutch into a war on a matter in which they had shown no concern and no desire or intention to fight. When after the declaration of war a British army was sent under the Duke of York to Belgium, and was eventually defeated there and driven across the frontier into Holland, the Dutch people, instead of receiving it as that of a friendly Power, treated it as an enemy. There is no more melancholy incident in our history than the retreat of the British army through Holland pursued by the French in the winter of 1794–5, and the treatment it received at the hands of those who were still ostensibly the allies of England, and on whose behalf the war had been entered upon. It is perhaps on that account little known and is seldom referred to by English historians.

"General Walmoden [says the contemporary record*], then in command of the British army, in addition to an open and successful enemy in France, had a concealed one in every Dutch town and village which he passed through. There were no direct hostilities, but every species of disservice was done that inveterate malice could suggest. Looking upon England as the radical cause of the calamities inflicted on their country by this ruinous war, the general body of the people held the English in abhorrence, and sought

* *Annual Register*, 1795, p. 49.

every occasion to add to their distress. . . . . In vain the Stadtholder issued proclamations entreating the people to rise *en masse* against the French. They answered with the bitterest reproaches, and reviled him as the tool of the British Government and the betrayer of the Dutch people. The retreat of the British troops through this hostile country entailed the greatest sufferings on the troops—towns closed their gates against them, the country people refused supplies, the villagers shut their houses in the face of the starving soldiers. Great numbers of men were frozen to death for want of shelter and warmth. They were only in safety when they reached Bremen."

The account of this terrible retreat is most striking proof of the miserable failure of the policy which led to the war, and shows how totally mistaken was the British Government in going to war for such a subject as the Scheldt, against the wishes of the people it proposed to protect and defend. The very measures which were taken in the interest of Holland to defend its right to the exclusive navigation of the Scheldt, and to prevent its occupation by the French, led to the conclusion most dreaded by England—namely, the occupation of Holland by the French without resistance and with the acclamation of its people, while the army of the Power that went to war for it was treated as an enemy by the population in whose supposed interests it had been fighting.

From the date of the French occupation Holland became, *nolens volens*, the ally of France. Its fleets fought with the utmost bravery against those of England, and there was no indication that the Dutch felt the smallest gratitude to their would-be defenders, or looked upon them otherwise than as their foes.

We now know that the British Government had full warning before the outbreak of war as to the disposition of the Dutch, and their unwillingness even to prepare against the invasion of their country by the French. Lord Grenville wrote in January 1793 to Lord Auckland, directing him to urge the Dutch Government to make preparations for war in the short interval of peace. Lord Auckland replied on January 23 from the Hague as follows:

"There is in this country a considerable party disposed to subvert the Government; another party inclined to keep clear of French intervention, but solicitous to impede the measures of the Government; a third party, perhaps 'the most numerous,' who, from self-interest, 'short-sightedness,' and attachment to commercial habits, wish at any cost to keep neutral. Others, with the best intentions, sink under a sense of their own weak state, so ill-prepared to withstand the first inevitable shock. Under such circumstances it is idle to expect much enthusiasm, cordiality, or promptitude."*

It does not appear, then, that there was any party in Holland desirous of going to war with France for the maintenance of its exclusive rights to the Scheldt, or even ready to support a] itish

* Auckland to Grenville, Jan. 23, 1793, quoted by Mr. Lecky, vol. vi. p.

army in resisting the invasion of their country by France. As a matter of fact, the announcement of British support failed to kindle any enthusiasm among the Dutch.

Is it possible then to conceive a more complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy which led to the war, or a more convincing proof of the bad statesmanship of the British Government? What would have been the verdict of history on the Batoum case in 1886 if Lord Rosebery had declared war against Russia for abrogating the Treaty of Berlin with respect to the fortifying of this town, without previously obtaining the assurance that the Turks, in whose interest it was made, desired to insist upon the maintenance of the provision, and were willing to support England with all their force in a war with Russia on behalf of it? Yet this is precisely what Pitt did in the case of Holland!

As to the argument of Lord Rosebery, that the action of the French in the Scheldt question constituted a danger to other States of Europe, and tended to annihilate the whole European system, the answer may be best given in Fox's words in his speech of Feb. 12, 1793.

"As to the general danger of Europe, England had been shamefully inattentive; it had seen the partition of Poland and the invasion of France with such marked indifference that it would be difficult now to take it up with the grace of sincerity." . . . . "Did not the seizure and spoil of Poland lead to the aggrandisement of the Powers by whom it was perpetrated? Was it not a greater and more contemptuous violation of the laws of nations than the French had been guilty of? Had we opposed it? If Ministers had any such remonstrances to show they would produce them in due time, and the House would judge them; but while none were produced or even mentioned, he must presume that none had been made."

Fox, however, did not then know, as we now do, the relations of Pitt's Government to the intending spoliators of Poland. The researches of Mr. Albert Sorel and Mr. Lecky in the archives of the Foreign Offices of these Powers and of England show that at the very time when Mr. Pitt was engaged in persuading Parliament to a war with France on the matter of the Scheldt, alleging that the opening of this river was the annihilation of the European system, he had already come to terms with Austria and Prussia, well knowing that these Powers intended to take their compensation for the expenses of the war out of the unoffending neutral State Poland.

So early as November 13, 1792, before the issue by the French of the decree relating to the Scheldt, Lord Grenville invited discussions with the Governments of Austria, Prussia, and Spain, with a view to common action against France. On December 13 he also agreed in principle to an overture from the Empress of Russia with the same object. On January 9, 1793, the representatives of Austria and Prussia had an interview with Lord Grenville. The delay, they said, in making a reply to Lord Grenville's letter of November 13 was due

to the fact that their Governments had been engaged in elaborating what Mr. Lecky calls "a scheme of plunder at least as nefarious as any that could be attributed to the French democracy." They were now directed to inform him that if the war was to be continued against France, Austria and Prussia would look for compensation for their expenses—Prussia in a slice of Poland, Austria in the exchange of Bavaria for Belgium. Lord Grenville, instead of politely shewing these Ministers down the stairs of the Foreign Office, as might be expected, contented himself with a mild protest against the partition of Poland, and suggested that compensation had better be looked for in the territory of France. A few days later, Mr. Eden, the British Minister at Berlin, informed Lord Grenville that the King of Prussia had finally determined no longer to act as a principal in the war against France if the indemnification in Poland were refused him; that Austria would also look in the same direction for indemnification, as it was improbable that the projected exchange of Belgium could be carried out; and that Russia also had views of aggrandisement on the side of Poland. On February 5, before receiving news of the declaration of war, Grenville had another interview with the representatives of Austria and Prussia, in which a coalition against France was virtually determined on; with respect to the particular method of indemnification for war expenses he expressed the disapprobation of the British Government of the proposal affecting Poland. It was, however, he added, of a nature entirely unconnected with the affairs of France, and consequently the British Government had no interest in opposing its execution by any active measures.*

It is clear, then, from these damning proofs that Pitt entered into a coalition with these Powers against France, well knowing that they made a condition of it that they should plunder Poland, and that he contented himself with a mild protest, with an intimation that he would take no active steps against it, and that it would make no difference in his co-operation with them. It must appear to most people that Pitt's Government went perilously near to making itself virtually a party to the partition of Poland, for it entered into a coalition with these Powers knowing that they fully intended to take their compensation out of that unfortunate country. What would have been the effect on public opinion in England if these base proposals had been made known? What would have been Fox's comments on the transaction? What hypocrisy to pretend interest in the maintenance of the public law of Europe while secretly forming a coalition against France with the parties to such a vile transaction against an unoffending member of the European confederacy!

Lord Rosebery appears to think that Pitt was justified by all past

* Grenville to Eden, Feb. 5, 1793. This and the previous despatches referred to are quoted by Mr. Lecky. It appears, however, that he has hardly appreciated the full effect of them so far as the British Government was concerned.

experience in concluding that the war with France would be a short one, that she would be unable to resist the Coalition, and that her finances were in such a state of ruin as to make a long resistance impossible. Yet on these points he was fully warned by Fox, who, on the first night of the session of 1792–3, said in prophetic terms:

"Without allies and with ruined finances, France is more formidable than she has ever been. She is more formidable from her freedom, the accumulating efforts of which are beyond human calculation. All the inhabitants of Europe, who feel anything in the cause of freedom, hold a sympathy for the French, and wish them success."

And later, on the same subject, he said:

"It is vain to calculate the resources of the French at the rate of a commercial proportion. They derive no expectation from any other funds than the production of the soil. The depreciation of their paper money has not depressed their affairs; it has not retarded the vigour or the celerity of their military operations; whenever men are willing and resolved to bear with hardships, historical experience has proved their resources are inexhaustable. Money is in fact only a mark or sign of the value of labour. In a general and comprehensive view of things, money is not so much the cause as the effect of exertion. Great designs are not to be regulated and circumscribed by the little rules of vulgar calculation. A nation may be so powerful and so fertile in invention as to set derangements in finance in some measure at defiance."

Whatever may have been the original object of Pitt in entering upon war with France, whatever his justification in his own opinion or in that of history, it is certain that, no sooner was he engaged in it, and was in coalition with the great Powers, than his projects expanded, and were no longer confined to the maintenance of treaty rights, or to compelling France to withdraw from the territories she had conquered, or to taking measures for the defence of Holland. His views were brought into line with those of Austria and Prussia; he determined, if possible, to destroy the revolutionary Government of France, to restore its Bourbon monarchy, and to assist in reducing its territory and capturing its colonies. Even before the outbreak of the war he advanced the sum of £10,000 from the Secret Service Fund to the brothers of Louis XVI. to enable them to prosecute their intrigues at the Courts of foreign Powers,* and contemplated with satisfaction the capture by England of the French colonies. That Pitt aimed at destroying the Republican Government of France and restoring the Monarchy is apparent from numberless passages in his speeches. Even so late as 1798, when the war had been waged for six years without success, and when Napoleon had obtained supreme command in France as First Consul, Pitt met his overtures for peace with the suggestion that the restoration of the Monarchy should be a condition of peace.

Of the other object, the dismembering of France, we had no certain proofs till lately. But from the recent investigations of M. Sorel in the

* Grenville to Auckland, Jan 18, 1792. Record Office.

archives of other countries it appears that at the Conference held at Antwerp in April 1793—that is, a few weeks after the commencement of the war—which was presided over by the Duke of York, and where all the parties to the Coalition were represented, the Prince of Coburg, on behalf of Austria, assuming the object of the war to be the re-establishment of the French Monarchy, laid down as a proposition that no conquests should be made from France. There followed this curious scene:

"This proposal of Coburg [said Starhemberg, the representative of Austria] sounded the tocsin of general indignation to all the other members of the Conference. Lord Auckland, the British representative, saw in it the sign of treachery on the part of Austria, and his anger was so great that he was on the point of withdrawing. The Duke of York was also hot with rage, and considered himself as personally tricked by the Austrians. The Prince of Nassau and his sons followed on the same impulse as their allies. Coburg, frightened by the storm which he had roused, endeavoured to allay it. 'Being in no way versed in the mysteries of politics,' he said, 'or in the secrets of Cabinets, I had thought till now that the wish of the Powers in coalition was to re-establish the Monarchy in France, and order and peace in Europe. . . . . I find that I was mistaken. I see that every one is thinking only of himself, and has much less in view the public interest than his own private interests.' . . . . Lord Auckland made it clearly understood that the restoration of order did not interest him at all, and announced with much vivacity that the wish of England was to reduce France 'to a veritable political nullity.' . . . . 'Each of the Powers in coalition,' he said, 'should seek to make conquests, and to keep them when made.' Then addressing Coburg, he added: 'Take all the frontier fortresses of France on your side, and obtain a good barrier for the Netherlands. As to England, I will frankly say she wishes to make conquests, and she will keep them.' 'She desires Dunkirk, and intends also to find her compensation in the colonies of France.' The Conference separated in a state of irritation against Coburg." *

Another confident statement of Lord Rosebery is that Pitt throughout the long war was a most unwilling actor in it; that he was doggedly in favour of peace, and that it was the fault of France and not of England that peace was not made. These statements must surprise those who are familiar with the numerous debates raised yearly by Fox in the House of Commons in favour of peace, and with Pitt's speeches in reply to them.

The first debate raised by Fox in this view was just before the prorogation of Parliament in June 1793. In the short interval from the commencement of the war the position of things in the Low Countries had been completely changed. The French had evacuated Belgium and no longer threatened Holland. This was due not so much to the successes of Coburg as to the fact that the French troops under General Dumouriez were so reduced by disease that they could no longer hold the country, and that their high-handed proceedings had alienated the people of Belgium and induced them to rise in

* M. Sorel quotes as authority for this the report of Starhemberg to T gut of April 12, and that of Coburg to the Emperor, of the same date. "L'E Révolution Française," vol. iii. p. 366.

arms against the French. The occasion seemed to Fox to be a favourable one for coming to terms with France. In making a motion to this effect, he pointed out that all the objects for which the war had been entered upon had already been attained:

"As to Holland, she was at the moment safe from attack from France; but whether its future safety was to be secured by our pursuing the war in conjunction with the other allied Powers was a matter of doubt in his mind. Are we to treat with France in its present state? Yes. With him or them, be he or they what they may, we ought to treat now, as we must ultimately do. If we were determined not to make peace with the French until they had a form of government which we approve, that would amount to saying we would dictate to them a form of government, and if that had been avowed at the beginning to the House, he was confident they would not have adopted the war at all."

How did Mr. Pitt meet these arguments? He denounced them as preposterous and impolitic.

"The question [he said] is, whether England should, in view of the present position of the belligerent Powers, risk more by vigorously persisting in the war till it has attained its object, or abandon it without reparation or security. The best security would be in the end of this wild ungovernable system in France from which have resulted those injuries against which it is necessary to guard. Such security could only be obtained in one of three modes: (1) that these principles shall no longer predominate; (2) that those now engaged in them shall be brought to see that they are impracticable; (3) that the issue of the present war should be such as, by weakening their power of attack, should strengthen English power of resistance."

So favourable an opportunity did not occur again till after twenty-two years of almost constant war. For the moment things went well with the Coalition. The Austrian and British troops invaded France and captured Valenciennes; General Dumouriez proved to be a traitor, deserted his army, and went over to the Allies; the Prussians captured Mayence and threatened the eastern frontier of France; Lord Hood was admitted to Toulon by the Royalists of the South. But just as the first invasion of France by Austria and Prussia was the cause of the deposition and execution of Louis XVI. and the September massacres, so this second invasion, and the fears engendered by treacheries and civil war, undoubtedly gave rise to the Reign of Terror in Paris, and to the horrors perpetrated at Lyons, Bordeaux, and elsewhere. Pitt became more and more infected with the views of Burke, and the belief that it was the duty of England to lead a crusade against France on behalf of civil society in Europe. There is an interesting conversation with him about this time reported by M. de Narbonne, an exiled Minister of France, not an *émigré*. "The Convention;" said Pitt, "is ruined. Paris is the receptacle of criminals engaged in decimating a herd of slaves. . . . . It is a question of life or death for civilisation. For the safety of Europe and of civil society we must make up our minds to a long war, to a war which will end only with the extinction of the evil." "Do not speak," replied Narbonne, "of

an implacable war. The honour of France is still to be found in the camps of the Republic. . . . . Take care lest you unite all those whom you confound in a common hatred. I know but one thing of France at this moment; it is, that the extremity of peril will render her invincible, and that beneath the tyranny she suffers from, under the name of liberty, she is passionately devoted to the integrity of her territory." *

Fox and Narbonne were right in their predictions. The immensity of the peril, the very strength of the Coalition, roused France to incredible exertions. Her armies rose as though by magic from the soil. They defeated and repelled the Allies in all directions. Belgium was again invaded, the British troops were defeated and driven through Holland, which opened its arms to the French; the Austrians and Prussians were repulsed; Toulon was recaptured; rebellion was everywhere sternly repressed.

Meanwhile Russia and Prussia had carried out their infamous designs on Poland, and had effected the operation known as the second partition of that country. Austria for the moment had been induced to forego its share in the plunder, and looked for its compensation for the war out of conquests from France. Prussia, having obtained part of its price for joining the Coalition, was already very lukewarm, and was on the point of making peace with the Government in Paris, regardless of the system of terror adopted there. It was only induced to give up these negotiations and to renew terms with the Coalition by the heavy subsidies offered by England, and by the hope of yet another slice of Poland. We now know that Thugut, the Austrian Prime Minister, warned Lord Grenville that all the King of Prussia wanted, was not to crush the Revolution, but to conquer Poland without the loss of a man, and in reward to receive from England a pension of a million and a half per annum.† In point of fact the King of Prussia withdrew from the Rhine a large part of the force which was paid for out of the English subsidy, and employed it in Poland.

In April 1795 Prussia made terms separately with France and retired from the Coalition, and occupied itself with the third and last partition of Poland, in which Austria consented to take its share. Spain also had been defeated by France, and was finally forced to make terms. Of the Coalition there remained only England and Austria, and the latter was only restrained from making peace by the persistent entreaties of the British Government backed up by an enormous subsidy. So little justified, then, is Lord Rosebery's statement that Pitt was the unwilling head of the Coalition against France; the very opposite was the fact. Without his exertions the Coalition must have been early brought to an end.

* Villemain, "Souvenirs," i. p. 62.
† "Court and Cabinet of George III.," ii. 292.

In England there was a growing feeling in favour of peace, and against the continuation of a war where there was no longer any hope of success. Again and again in both Houses of Parliament in this session did Fox, Wilberforce, Grey, Lansdowne, and others urge the expediency of treating with the French Republic and making peace. Again and again did Pitt and the Ministers argue that it was impossible to treat with the existing Government.

"Until another system took the place [he said] of that now existing, he could not think himself authorised in reason to enter into any negotiation with those who held the reins of government there. The very principles on which the French Government was founded were such that to acknowledge it, which must be done in the case of a treaty, was to confess all other Governments founded on injustice. A peace built on such grounds would be not only a disgrace, but fatal to our own Constitution, by undermining its principle and empowering its many domestic enemies to represent it as inequitable and opprobrious. Such a peace would be worse than war. He still hugged the idea that there would be a rising in France in favour of England. He quoted the prodigious sums levied by confiscation. Did not these evince the error of those who asserted the inconsiderable quantity of adherents to monarchy. These were to a man the friends of England, and wanted only an occasion to declare themselves ready to second our efforts in their cause. Would it be wise policy to deprive ourselves of the good wishes and co-operation of the multitudes which no terror or barbarities had been able to reduce to submission."*

One fails to see in these and many other speeches of this period any dogged desire for peace, or any statesmanlike appreciation of the condition of France, or of her resources, or any perception of the elementary principle which was continually being enforced by Fox as the only one which should guide a State in dealing with another, namely, the recognition of a *de facto* Government, no matter what it might be; and so this miserable and useless war went on.

It was not till 1796 that Pitt consented to negotiate with France, and made overtures through Mr. Wickham at Basle, and later through Lord Malmesbury at Paris; but in both cases he insisted on terms which it was impossible to conceive that France at that time would admit—namely, the evacuation of Belgium and the restoration of the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder of Holland. Austria was ready to give up Belgium, but, at the instance of England and to its own great loss, was persuaded to continue the war. In the following year (1797) the French, under Bonaparte, attacked the Austrians in their Italian provinces, thoroughly defeated them, and compelled them to sue for peace. There followed the treaty of Campo Formio, by which Austria ceded Belgium to France, gave up Lombardy to a Cisalpine republic under French protection, and took its compensation out of the possessions of the Republic of Venice, which was then finally extinguished. The operation was not dissimilar to the partition of Poland. An unoffending neutral State, in no way a party to the

* *Annual Register*, 1795, p. 185.

quarrel, was sacrificed as a means of providing compensation for one of the parties to the war. England was thus left alone in the war with France. It was then felt by most people that nothing could now be achieved by continuing it. France was omnipotent on the Continent, England on the sea. Negotiations were again resumed at Lille. Pitt no longer insisted on the evacuation of Belgium nor on the claim of the Prince of Orange; he was willing to give back to France all the numerous colonies which had been taken from it; he desired, however, to retain the colonies of Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, both of which had been taken from Holland; and Trinidad, which had been taken from Spain. The French Government refused, on the ground that it was under engagements to its allies, and could not surrender their possessions. Lord Grenville instructed Lord Malmesbury to reply to the French Commissioners on this point that "the pretence set up by France—namely, that her treaties with Spain and Holland were obstacles to the proposal of the British Government—was incontestably frivolous and illusory, it being perfectly notorious that both Spain and Holland were compelled by France to engage in the war greatly against their own wishes." In other words, we were to take our compensation for the war out of Holland, on whose behalf we had originally gone to war, and out of Spain, who was originally our ally in the Coalition, and both of which countries we admitted were compelled by France against their will to join in war against us! The proposal had a strong flavour of the transactions in respect of Poland and Venice. Pitt's subsequent speeches make it very doubtful whether he was really in earnest in this negotiation. His proposals, however, were rejected by the French Government on the ground that it could not get the assent of Holland and Spain to the surrender of their colonies.

In the spring of 1799 another Coalition was formed by Pitt against France, this time of Austria and Russia; again Pitt gave way to the King, and consented to send the incompetent Duke of York to Holland in command of a British army, and again the Duke was beaten and forced to evacuate the country. Bonaparte returned to the scene from Egypt, and was made virtual Dictator under the name of First Consul. One of his first acts was to make overtures of peace to England. Lord Rosebery has rightly condemned the haughty and insolent tone of Grenville's reply, in which this overture was rejected, and the First Consul was told that "the best and most natural pledge of the reality and permanence of his professions in favour of peace would be the restoration of that line of princes which had for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad." He attributes the whole blame of this impolitic despatch to Grenville. But surely the Prime Minister must have approved and sanctioned it, if he did not write it, as the style of the letter, which is much more

in the hand of Pitt than of Grenville, seems to indicate. Pitt justified his action in the House of Commons on the plea that it was impossible to negotiate with Bonaparte so shortly after his election as First Consul, and that it was necessary to pause. Lord Rosebery has quoted the sarcastic comments of Fox upon this pause. It is the only reference he makes to Fox's speeches during his eight years of opposition to the war.

It seems probable that Pitt's real reason for refusing to negotiate with the First Consul was that he had just formed the new Coalition from which he expected much, and that he was unwilling to forego the prospect of reducing the power of France. Whatever, however, his hopes they were soon dissipated. Russia, in the middle of 1800 withdrew from alliance with England, and joined in the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers, for the purpose of resisting the high-handed assertion of the rights of belligerency by Great Britain.

Austria, to whom large subsidies had been again granted by the British Government, and which was supported by Bavarian and Wurtemberg troops in the pay of England, was no more fortunate in the campaign of this year than in so many others. Napoleon crossed the Alps and defeated its army in Italy at Marengo, while General Moreau, crossing the Rhine, carried the war into the heart of the Empire, and succeeded in penetrating to within fifty miles of Vienna. The Emperor was compelled again to sue for peace without concert with his English ally, and came to terms with France in the treaty of Luneville. England was again left alone to fight with France, and all Pitt's plans and hopes for reducing the power of France in Europe were dissipated and destroyed.

Shortly after this Mr. Pitt resigned office on the refusal of the King to consent to a measure for Catholic emancipation. Most people at the time believed that this was not the only cause of Pitt's retirement, and possibly not the real cause; they thought that he had equally in view the necessity of coming to terms with France, and either felt that this could best be effected by some other Minister than himself, or knew that his Government would break up in the attempt to make peace. Nothing has appeared in the private memoirs or correspondence of Pitt and other Ministers to support this view. It is, however, certain from the subsequent conduct of his colleagues, that peace could not have been effected without breaking up the Cabinet, for when, a few months later, terms were made with France by Mr. Addington's Government, with the full support of Pitt, they were vehemently denounced in Parliament by his former colleagues. It has not unfrequently happened that a Prime Minister has elected to fall on a question which he would otherwise not consider vital, well knowing that another and more serious question was looming in the near future on which his Cabinet would certainly break up.

Meanwhile his successors carried on the hopeless war. England

stood alone against France. It was supreme at sea. It had captured nearly all the colonies of France and its allies. It had taken Malta. It had driven the French out of Egypt. On the continent of Europe, however, France was all-powerful, and there appeared to be no hope whatever of achieving any of the objects for which the war had been entered upon, or of compelling France to withdraw within her old boundaries, still less of restoring the Monarchy.

Under these circumstances Mr. Addington's Government thought it wise to come to terms of peace with France. The negotiations took place at Amiens. By the treaty then determined on England agreed to restore to France and her allies all possessions and colonies occupied by English forces or captured during the war, with the exception of Ceylon and Trinidad. The Cape of Good Hope and Surinam were given back to Holland; Minorca and Demerara to Spain; Malta was to be restored to the Knights of the Order of St. John; Egypt was to be given up to the Porte; Martinique, Tobago, Cochin, Pondicherry, St. Pierre, and Miquelon to France, who was also to be allowed to resume her ancient rights of fishery in Newfoundland. France was to evacuate Naples and the Roman territory.

When Parliament met at the end of October 1801, this treaty was vehemently assailed and denounced by Mr. Pitt's former colleagues—Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam in the Lords; and Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Grenville in the Commons. No one of the objects, they said, for which we had so long warred had been obtained. The terms were disadvantageous to the country, and were fraught with national degradation.

Pitt warmly supported the treaty:

"He had the misfortune [he said] to differ from those with whom he had been long united in ties of friendship and political opinion. The question of peace or war was now merely one of terms. After the continental alliance had been dissolved nothing remained for us but to procure just and honourable conditions for ourselves and the few allies who had not deserted us. As to the Government of France, his opinion of the past remained unaltered. This country was at first called on to resist an attack against all existing Governments; its object was security. He must confess that Her Majesty's then Ministers thought that the dissolution of the Revolutionary Government was the best means of obtaining this security; he then thought that the restoration of the Monarchy would be a happy thing for France and for Europe; he thought so still, and he should confess that to his dying day he should regret the disappointment of his hopes. He would have been happy to have put together the fragments of that venerable edifice which had been so cruelly scattered; but when that object became unattainable, he must take that which was within his reach. They had survived the ravages of Jacobinism. They had lived long enough to see it lose much of its virulence and stripped of those delusive colours. At other times we might have thought of driving France within her ancient limits; but now that every hope of success in such a plan had vanished, it became right to consider the actual position of the two countries. To remain obstinate after circumstances had changed would be the most fatal of errors."

Fox also gave a most cordial assent to the treaty:

"As to a glorious peace, no peace could be glorious but the peace which follows a glorious war; that was a description inapplicable to the late war, in its origin, principle, and final result . . . . France and England were now in a position that neither could produce much impression on the other. In Europe we could not affect France. In the colonies we had done everything we could do. As far as the object of the war was the restoration of the House of Bourbon it was to him a recommendation of the peace that this object had failed. . . . . The negotiation at Paris had broken off on account of the extravagant terms we then demanded; and on the failure of that at Lille, Mr. Pitt had declared that he trembled lest it should succeed, and employed it only to assist his schemes of finance.* . . . . We might have had much better terms when Bonaparte made overtures of peace. It was then said by Mr. Pitt that we must pause. We did pause, and that pause cost us, besides, the lives of thousands and seventy-five millions of money. Mr. Pitt's pause had cost more than the victories of the Duke of Marlborough and King William. . . . . The experience of the first Coalition ought to have taught Ministers not to place too much reliance on a second. . . . . It must be allowed that the excessive aggrandisement of France was not the effect of the peace, but of the war."

Thus ended the long controversy on the policy of peace or war with France between the two master-spirits of the House of Commons. With which of them must rest the verdict of history? Which of them showed insight of events as they occurred, and prescience as to the future, or applied sound principle and good judgment to the problems which England had to face? Few persons, I think, who take the trouble to read Fox's many and eloquent speeches through this long period; his powerful protests against the war at its inception; his frequent appeals for peace during the continuance of hostilities; his exposures of the fallacies, political and financial, on which the war policy was founded; his predictions as to the result of it; and his condemnation of the proceedings in restraint of freedom of speech and other constitutional rights, by which it was thought necessary to support the Government at home; and who compares them with the defences of Pitt, can doubt that the verdict must ultimately and permanently rest with Fox.

It will be said that war was inevitable. But no war is inevitable until everything has been done to avoid it, or to bring it to an end when it has commenced. It is clear that there were two parties in the Government of France and in the Convention, as there were probably also two parties in the British Cabinet: the one eager for war, the other desirous of peace. It is equally clear that the latter party prevailed in France, so far as England was concerned, up to the period when Chauvelin was expelled from England. On the English side of the Channel the war party in the Cabinet prevailed, in spite of what may have been Pitt's private views, at every stage and step

* I have been unable to find the passage referred to in Pitt's speech. But Fox spoke in the presence of Pitt, who does not appear to have denied the statement.

from the commencement of the controversy. With the knowledge we now have of facts, which must have been known to Pitt and his Government—the unwillingness of the Dutch people to go to war, their friendly feeling to France, and the objects and intentions of Austria and Prussia, and especially their scandalous schemes against Poland—it is not difficult for us to conclude that the wise, prudent, and statesmanlike course would have been to accept the disclaimers of the French Government in M. Lebrun's despatch, Jan. 19, 1793, as to their intentions with respect to Holland and Belgium, and as to the meaning of their propagandist decrees, and to treat the Scheldt question as one of minor importance, in view of the absence of any demand from the Dutch.

No one better than Pitt could have used the materials in his possession with the object of persuading the people of England that war with such allies, and on behalf of such a cause as that of the Scheldt, would be unwise and unnecessary. That he did not do so is one among other reasons for concluding that the Scheldt affair was the pretext and not the real cause of war, that war was decided for other motives of a mixed character—dread of the aggrandisement of France, hatred of its Revolutionary Government, fear of its propagandism, the belief that the existing institutions of England could only be secured by war, and the hope of reducing the power of France by conquest.

All these motives make themselves apparent in Pitt's speeches after the commencement of the war; and it is difficult to believe that they did not materially affect his judgment in favour of war before its outbreak. They explain also his unwillingness to make peace at seasons and on terms when it was possible to do so; his insistence on war whenever he could by entreaty or by money secure a powerful ally in Europe; his willingness to make peace only when England was left alone without an ally, and without the slightest prospect of success.

Space will not permit reference to other matters in Lord Rosebery's narrative. If undue length may appear to have been devoted to that portion of it relating to Pitt's policy in embarking on the Great War, and in persisting in it through so many years, it has not been merely because it was impossible to controvert its conclusions without going over a somewhat wide range, but because it was desired to contrast the views of Pitt and Fox in the greatest controversy on foreign affairs which has ever occurred in this country—one which is not merely of past interest, but is pregnant with lessons for the future, and the right understanding of which is essential, if we are to avoid similar complications, coalitions, and failures in the future.

A FOXITE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RUSSIAN JEW.

THE Governor of ——, one of the ablest administrators in the Russian service, recently reported to his superiors in St. Petersburg, that "the greatest event in social life here—*i.e.*, at ——, is the tendency which is showing itself more and more among the Israelite population to quit the country." General —— goes on to say that this passion for flitting lately developed among the Jews in his province deserves the attention of the Government, and, so far from being checked, must be stimulated if need be, by the employment of certain Jewish funds, provided, it is true, for other purposes, but which are under the control of the Government. This desire to emigrate, referred to by the Governor of ——, is planted in the minds of the Hebrew population of Russia by the system of repression, suspicion, and dislike, under which they live; and it cannot fail to create in their new homes serious and far-reaching consequences, in whatever country those homes may be found.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not cause more general movement or lead to more rapid changes in England than the May laws and the consequent passing away of the Jewish population of Russia will bring about in other lands. What may be the effect of these changes must depend on the moral, intellectual, and physical characteristics of the emigrants. If the Jew be essentially a parasite—one who lives by exploiting the vices of others, to whom existence is impossible when away from the higgling of the market, the rustling of bank notes and the chinking of coin, then he is not only a bad citizen for Russia, but he is equally ineligible for settlement in North or South America, or in any other portion of this planet to which he may hope to wend his way. There is no escape from this position. If the indictment brought against the Russian Jew by Madame Novikoff and her school can be seriously and effectively maintained, then the quicker Russian tribulations make an end of Israel the better for the rest of the in-

habitants of the civilised world. Nor should Russia act alone in this matter. If there be a serious danger of Europe and the United States being devoured by a locust-swarm of vicious and mercenary Israelites, it is high time for all nations to awake out of sleep, to be up and doing, to smite hip and thigh at the scattered tribes, and to join Holy Russia in her romantic and religious endeavours to combine the preservation of her nationality with revenge for the Crucifixion of our Lord, and thus display to the Jews the practical teachings of our common Christianity.

What are the facts of the case? Almost without exception, the Press throughout Europe is in Jewish hands, and is largely produced from Jewish brains. International finance is captive to Jewish energy and skill. In England, the fall of the Barings has left the lonely supremacy of the house of Rothschild, not wholly to its advantage, unchallenged and unassailable. In other walks of life, wherever material comfort and personal safety can be attained by nimble brain, deft finger, or quick imagination, the Jew is found to take the highest place. Medicine, law, surgery, politics, journalism, music and art, are being more and more captained by men of the Jewish race; and it is certain that the process is not on the wane. Prizefighting and war have been largely left to the Gentiles, although Mendoza and Bendorff are names of celebrated Jewish pugilists that will occur to all. Three Russian Generals have described to me the dauntless courage of Hebrew soldiers at the Schipka Pass. In one instance a call for twenty-five men to engage in a forlorn hope was answered by thirteen Jewish soldiers. Is this intellectual pre-eminence of the Jews to be regretted? The answer depends on the circumstances and environment of the questioner. The stupid and self-indulgent, easily passed in the race of life by clever men, naturally join the ranks of anti-Semites. But there is another class of Jew-haters who cannot be so easily dismissed. Men like M. Pobiedonostzeff, who hold that it is better to lose a limb or an eye than enter whole into hell fire, cannot be justly accused of personal motives. To such men as the Procureur of the Holy Synod, the evils of these later days are inseparable from the growing worship of material comfort. M. Pobiedonostzeff is a rock against which the waves of materialism beat in vain. Vanished may be the national faith of England, of France, of Italy, but, safe-guarded by the Czar and his orthodox servants, the faith of Russia shall suffer no preventable danger from the cult of the Golden Calf. Russia is honest in this matter and is under no illusions. She does not pretend to love the Jew, who is believed to be the most ardent worshipper of the Golden Calf, or to chasten him for his soul's good, as the Holy Inquisition smote and racked the faithless children of the Church in the days of yore. But she considers his faith an insult to her Church, his presence a menace to her unity, and his scheme of life an to her national pride.

The main object pursued by the governing classes in repressing the Jew in Russia is sheer self-defence. Russians hold that the bright Jewish intellect, if allowed free play, would contaminate the whole Empire within a short space of time. It has been calculated that if the repressive laws of Russia were repealed, and the Jews allowed access to any and every post in the service of the Empire, eight years would not pass before every post worth having outside the army and navy would be filled by an official of the Hebrew faith. I believe the statement to be little if at all exaggerated.

It behoves those who write about Russia to take care that what they write is true. Russia is magnanimous. She contradicts nothing. She subsidises no reptile Press, and if she be defended at all it is by agents who can be disavowed. Silent under such attacks as those of Mr. Kennan and the writer who uses the name of Lanin, Russia appeals from the present to the future to justify her in the policy she adopts. Confident of vindication by posterity, Russia magnanimously ignores those who regard her conduct to the Jewish race as a cruel revival of Middle Age barbarities, in harmony with her simple Constitution and her lagging Calendar. If taxed with the assassination of the spirit of a whole race, she is conscious of being animated by the holiest of motives, and believes herself justified by the logic of facts. But she is silent. It is not an attack on Jews as such by which the May laws were justified, but on materialism itself. A race notoriously sober and naturally spiritual-minded, as the Russians are, needs to be preserved in the integrity of their faith and in the purity of their high calling. To shrink from necessary measures of restriction would be, they argue, sheer desertion of principle and of duty, and a display of base opportunism worthy only of the worshippers of the Golden Calf.

If M. Pobiedonostzeff bravely defends the Eastern Church against Jewish materialism on grounds of religion, it is impossible to deny that he is supported on other grounds by the main body of "tchinovniks" throughout the Empire. "*Les ennemis de Christ*" do not present to the average Russian official, perhaps, the embodiment of materialistic and of anti-spiritual forces in the sense in which they are so regarded by the Holy Synod. But every official feels that if the barrier now placed against Jewish freedom to pursue any career in the Empire were removed, his place would shortly be in danger. *Bon enfant* himself, he dreads the intellectual struggle with the Jew on equal terms. Intellectually the average Jew towers above the average Russian, as physically the Russian often towers above the Jew. Intellectual jealousy and fear of supersession supply the effective forces to anti-Semitic prejudice in Russia. In point of fact religious antipathy has but little part in the measures directed against Russians of the Hebrew faith. As in Egypt, the children of Israel are fruitful

and wax "exceeding mighty," and the Emperor fears, as Pharaoh feared, that the land will be full of them; and as the Egyptian "tchinovnik" afflicted their Jewish ancestors with burdens, so not only do the Russian taskmasters strictly follow their Egyptian predecessors, but Israel multiplies and grows in the midst of calamity as did their forefathers on the banks of the Nile. Now as then, their service is with rigour, and as the treasure-cities Pithom and Raamses were built by them for Pharaoh, so the edifice of Russian commerce in Moscow and Kieff is mainly due to Jewish effort and to Jewish skill.

Although the statistics I am about to give of the actual position of the Jewish people in Russia are taken from official sources, they have never, so far as I know, been available to the English or the Russian public. I am indebted to the researches of MM. Oulenikoff and Soubotin for the opportunity of setting forth in a concise form the existing economic and vital effects of the Jews in Russia on the general population of the Empire.

The following table, compiled not from Jewish but from official sources, shows the relative condition of the population in the fifteen provinces constituting the Pale of Settlement, the twelve provinces adjacent to the Pale, the twenty-three remaining provinces, and the whole of Russia, respectively:

	Fifteen Jewish Provinces, The Pale.	Twelve Adjacent Provinces.	Twenty-three other Provinces.	All Russia.
The annual mortality per 1000 inhabitants for the period 1867–85	36·6	40·3	41·1	No returns
Annual increase of population 1867–83	1·72 per cent.	1·47 per cent.	No returns	1·28 per cent.
Arrears of land tax from peasant proprietors in 1882—the last year of official returns	11·7 per cent	26·6 per cent.	44·3 per cent.	27 per cent.
Number of cattle per 1000 dessiatines* of arable land 1883 (no later returns published)	639	480	541	539
Increase of horses in 14 years 1874–88	116 per cent.	11 per cent.	6 per cent.	27 per cent.
Ditto cattle ditto	26 per cent.	11 per cent.	17 per cent.	19 per cent.
Capital owned by village communities per 1000 peasants, 1887	681 roubles	403 roubles	No returns	521 roubles
Consumption of alcohol per 100 inhabitants, 1888 .	30·6 vedro†	27·7 vedro	27·2 vedro	28·0 vedro
Deaths from drunkenness in 1887 per million inhabitants	12·0	61·0	77·0	50·0
Houses of ill-fame, per 100,000 of town population	57·0	109·0	80·0	77·0
Incendiary fires (per 1000 fires) for 1883–87 . . .	7·0	15·0	11·0	11·0
Commercial licences per 1000 inhabitants, 1887 .	9·5	10·2	17·3	—

* The dessiatine = 2·69972 English acres. † The vedro = 2·707 im

Space.

Jews may inhabit	912,000 square versts, or 19 per cent.
Jews are forbidden to trespass on	3,858,000 „ „ 81 „

not including Siberia, the Caucasus, and Asia Minor.

The number of agricultural Jews is 64,000.

Commerce.

In the Jewish Pale, or the 15 Provinces.

The number of Jewish merchants was in 1886	11,468, or 55 per cent.
The capital employed by Jewish merchants was in 1886	437,000,000 roubles, or 47·1 per cent.
Average turnover per Jewish merchant	38,000 roubles.
Average turnover per Gentile merchant	53,600 roubles.
No. of Jewish traders per 10,000 Jews	34·1.
No. of Gentile traders per 10,000 Gentiles (excluding peasants)	18·8.
Jewish retail traders in 1884	60,729, or 67 per cent.
In the hands of the Jews in 1886—	
Brandy distilleries	2·5 per 1000, or 55 per cent.
„ stores	1·8 „ „ 89 „
„ retail establishments	37·7
Number of Jew manufactories in 1886	1460, or 31 per cent.
Value of their manufactures in 1886	47,300,000 roubles, or 16 per cent.
Average value of products per Jew manufactories	32,000 roubles.
Annual value of products per Gentile manufactories	78,000 roubles.
Number of Jew artisans, 1886	293,000
Land leased by Jews, 1885	1,993,000 dessiatines, or 4·14 per cent.

Criminal Statistics.

In all Russia, the average number of Jews and non-Jews convicted of crime for the period 1875–85, per annum, was as follows:

Jews (per 100,000 Jews)	259
Non-Jews (per 100,000 non-Jews)	426

The proportion of Jews convicted of political crime was, for the years 1881–85	13 per cent. of the whole,
and for 1886–1887	14 per cent. of the whole.

Those who will take the trouble to study the foregoing statistics will discover that the popular notion of the evil effects of Jewish influence in Russia is nearly destitute of foundation. It must be borne in mind that the figures given are in each case taken from official sources, and it is justifiably surmised that the reason why Government has ceased publishing statistics is because the evidence is so manifestly in favour of the Jews, that the course now adopted of making their lives bitter with hard bondage acquires no warrant from the statistical facts.

The principal charge against the Russian Jew consists in the allegation that he thrives only by exploiting the vices of others. In regard to the consumption of alcohol it will be seen, that while the inhabitants of the Pale consume a small quantity more brandy than the dwellers in the provinces outside the Pale, the deaths caused by drink are at the rate of but one quarter of those for the whole of Russia, and this notwithstanding the fact that more than half the distilleries are in Jewish hands. The comparative virtue of the Pale is shown by the comparison of *maisons tolérées* within and without the Ghetto of Russia. It is true that the fifteen provinces cannot boast the white flower of a blameless life, but they have no reason to shrink from comparison with the Orthodox regions of the Holy Empire.

Incendiarism is constantly charged against the Jews as a characteristic and habitual crime. I have been told by high officials, not once but a dozen times, that fraudulent insurance obtained by arson is enormously prevalent among the Jewish population, and that, as contrasted with the general body of the people, the former hold the field in this form of crime. Here again the official figures acquit the Jews of this charge, and raise them on a moral pedestal above their fellow subjects.

The arrears of land tax were conspicuously less in the Pale at the date of the last returns, from which the impression may be drawn that Russia would largely benefit by allowing the Jews to reside wherever they like without restriction of any kind. It is, I believe, no secret that the Minister of Finance, M. Wyshnygradsky, holds this opinion; but in Russia, when Orthodoxy and Adam Smith are opposed, it is orthodoxy and not economic truth that gains the day.

Some detailed considerations of the loss to Russia involved in a complete exodus of Jewish subjects will not be out of place.

	Roubles.
In the first and second Guild of Merchants there are 15,000 Jews who pay annually for permission to trade	1,600,000
For licences	1,500,000
„ certificates	500,000
„ taxes on various enterprises	200,000
„ 3 per cent. duty of dividends of Companies .	250,000
Within the Pale drink pays taxes to the amount of .	80,000,000
„ tobacco „ „ .	10,000,000
„ sugar „ „ .	10,000,000
Of which aggregate amount half falls on the Jews .	50,000,000

In the twenty-eight Governments, fifteen in Russia, ten in Poland, and the three Baltic Provinces, the Jews occupy 400,000 houses, and pay as ground rents from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 roubles. Jews pay 5 per cent. *ad valorem* on coupons and securities. The merchandise imported by them from abroad pays millions of roubles of Crown

taxes, and the rent paid by them for land still leased from Government is from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 roubles. The meat tax comes to 2,000,000 roubles, and Jewish passports and other indirect contributions to the revenue amount to a large sum.

Jews contribute to the military service 15,000 of their young men, and the contingent required from them is largely in excess of the proportion drawn from the rest of the population.

From these figures it is clear that the departure of the Jews from Russia would cause a direct and immediate annual loss to the revenue of over 100,000,000 roubles. In addition to this, a long series of economic disturbances must be taken into account.

1. The difficulties that would be introduced into Russian trade with foreign nations. Already the evictions in Moscow have created a state of affairs only to be described as disastrous. Many commercial firms are tottering to a fall, and others have suffered mutilation from the wholesale expulsion of the middleman. I am told on high authority that one reason for the refusal of Government aid to the banking house of Günzburg, which recently failed, was because a precedent would be created which would make it impossible to refuse aid to Moscow houses known to be in a shaky condition in consequence of the departure of the Jews from that city.

2. The inevitable shrinkage of banking and exchange transactions.

3. The introduction of obstacles to the ready disposal of corn and other agricultural products, especially in the twenty-eight provinces, which must follow the disappearance of buyers and middlemen, who industriously buy in small quantities all over the Empire, and, by mutual competition, raise prices.

4. The fall in the value of all Russian products, arising from the contraction and stagnation of the markets.

5. Fall in the value of all real estate, and in the national funds.

6. Diminished income of all agricultural proprietors

7. The diminished income of the peasant population, and the consequent increase in the arrears of Imperial taxes.

8. The development of commercial monopolies in manufactured goods, arising from the extinction of competition, and consequent suffering to the artisan and labouring classes. The tyranny of competition may be bad, but the tyranny of monopoly is worse.

9. The closing of new markets for Russian goods.

10. The shrinkage of municipal, provincial, and rural revenues.

11. The shrinkage of railway and steamship returns.

On a moderate estimate of these considerations, it is not too much to say that the money loss to Russia, direct and indirect, of a general exodus of Jews would not be less than 2,000,000,000 roubles, and it

is difficult to understand how she could in that event continue to rank among the solvent States of the world.

The number of the Jews in Russia according to the best authorities, is about 5,250,000. The grand total of the population to-day is estimated at 114,873,008. According to the evidence furnished to the Pahlen Commission, which was kept secret, but to some of which I have had access, the proportion of the Jews in the fifteen provinces constituting the Pale, and in the town of Odessa, amounted to 12·5 per cent. of the population.

In the interior 35 provinces the Jewish population before the expulsions of 1890–1 was	0·12	per cent.
In the Polish provinces	13·8	,,
In the Caucasus	0·12	,,
In the Caspian provinces	0 55	,,
In Siberia	0·35	,,
In Asia Minor	0·10	,,

averaging over the whole Empire less than 5 per cent. of the total population.

Seeing that the Russian Empire comprises one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, and covers with internal waters, an area of 8,644,100 English square miles, it seems an extravagant compliment to the Jewish race, notwithstanding their admitted abilities, to deal with them as if they were sufficiently powerful and sufficiently dangerous to the vast dominions of the Czar, to require herding in the pinfold of the fifteen provinces. Nor can it be justly alleged that the Jewish population is largely increasing. Death and emigration keep down their numbers. The opinion of M. Soubotin on this subject is expressed in the following words: "Il est bien probable que la population juive dans les dernières dix années n'est inconsidérablement accrue en comparaison avec l'année 1881." Indeed, regarded from the standpoint of population, as well as from economic and moral considerations, it is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend wherein lies the danger of allowing one Jew to dwell among eight hundred of the Christian population, or in what way the empire is strengthened by driving out innocent men, women and children during the snows of January.

The cry against the Jews that they are not agriculturists is exactly like preferring an accusation against a man for not being able to swim, when, at the same time, he is not allowed to approach water. Under Russian law, a Jew may not farm, or become a miller, or a fisherman; he may not buy, sell, lease or rent land. He may not be a gardener on his own land. Driven by centuries of coercion to dwell in towns, and restricted to a few commercial occupations, the traditions of the time when Israel was an agricultural theocracy]

almost faded away. Severed from the soil and estranged from the plough, the majority of the race has become incapable of bearing the physical strain that falls to the lot of the agriculturist. Christian animosity has organised Jewish deterioration. No conditions of life so sweeten and purify the human race as sunshine and hard work in the open air. The truth of this proposition is demonstrated in the complete physical change to be remarked in the second and third generations of the handful of Jews who were planted by Alexander I. in the colonies of Cherson in the year 1806. Prince Demidoff San-Donato says truly that "the position of the first Jewish settlers, who belonged chiefly to the most destitute members of the Jewish communities, was most deplorable." They were physically weak, exhausted by privation and travel, and ignorant of agriculture; and the mortality among them was so great that the Governor of Cherson reported in 1810, that "no more Jews must be sent to the province." The experiments dropped in 1810 were resumed in 1834, and again in 1846 by the Emperor Nicholas.

I have conversed with these colonists. Their old men told me of the hardships they had to encounter. The administration was composed of retired military men who, for the most part, were more occupied with their own interests than with the development of the prosperity of the colonies. The houses such as they were, being built of green bricks, collapsed in the first rains, and they were erected so far from water that many of them were never occupied. The agricultural implements were worthless. The discipline imposed on these luckless farmers was of the utmost severity. The idle were flogged or imprisoned, and many were sent to Siberia for lack of enthusiasm in their work. Irksome administrative rules checked the development of the colonies, and, while it increased the distaste of those already engaged in cultivating the soil, deterred others from pursuing a similar career. In the archives of the Bessarabian Board of Administration, kept at Cherson, it is stated in an official document, that the hovels prepared for the poor Jews from Mariapol and Berdicheff were built of frozen materials during severe frost, by half frozen workmen. Before they were occupied, many of them fell to pieces, and instead of habitations, the Jews found only ruins. With the irony prevalent in these regions, the Provincial Board accused the immigrants of not keeping their tenements in good repair! Cold, damp, and lack of proper food brought on scurvy, and many died a miserable death. Medical attendance they had none, and a more direful lot than fell to these Jewish settlers was not borne even by the 1820 settlers sent by Lord Liverpool to the Cape Colony.

However, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, many families held on, and became stalwart and successful farmers, and to-day, a population of 21,000 agriculturists inhabit the Cherson colonies, whose

pluck and patience are a credit to themselves and to their country. The natural increase in the population has, however, brought new troubles. Land that is capable of supporting five people is not enough for fifty. To-day, not only is the pastoral and agricultural land in the Cherson colonies exhausted from constant cropping, but the quantity is totally insufficient to maintain the population settled upon it. When I visited these colonies, commissioned by Baron de Hirsch to inquire and report upon the condition of the Russian Jews, I was greeted as if succour had been brought to men at hand-grips with death. Quiet, dignified and hungry, the whole population impressed me with the greatest respect. Not once was I asked for a copeck; nor did I hear an angry word against the Government of the country. It need not be said that no trouble from drink existed in the colonies; not only was temperance the invariable rule, but the Russian villages adjacent learned moderation and sobriety from example and contact.

The dignity and care of woman is maintained among the Jews in a manner surprising to those acquainted with the usual conditions of female peasant life in Europe. Except among the very poor, no married woman or young girl is allowed to work in the fields. This seclusion of their women is charged against the agriculturists as a crime. The practice of restricting female labour to domestic offices has much to be said for it. Beauty and intelligence are so common among the children, that it is difficult to resist the conviction that the comparative care with which the mothers of Israel are lovingly surrounded by their men-folk at critical periods of their lives has a wholesome effect on their offspring. Gentleness to women and children is a conspicuous feature in the lives of this Hebrew yeomanry. In the evening, when a young English labourer would be enjoying himself away from his wife, the Hebrew Hodge dandles his babies, and helps his wife in the family work, and in so doing finds the highest happiness of which his nature is capable.

Usury, to which the Jews pent up in over-populated towns, must have recourse or die, is not practised here. The few instances of money-lending I encountered were, curiously enough, cases where Russians were the lenders and Jews the borrowers. The pursuit of agriculture seems to eradicate the abnormally developed commercial instinct so often characteristic of Abraham's seed: at all events when his seed have been settled on the soil for a series of years.

There can be no stronger testimony to the high character of these Jewish peasants than the existence of a land system under which the contract for the lease is constituted by word of mouth. Since the May laws of 1882, no Jew may become a farmer. Land-hunger in the Jewish breast appears to be consistent with honesty, for numerous instances came to my knowledge of a tenure subsisting on a [illegible]ole contract. One Russian proprietor told me that he had let [illegible]on

these terms for years, and had never been cheated of rent. We hear much of Jewish dishonesty, and it is only fair to record the evidence telling what the real nature of the people becomes when humanised by contact with the soil.

An excellent plan of mutual insurance exists among these people. The policies are limited to 400 roubles. Arson is unknown, as it would go hard with an offender who impoverished the whole community. Such capacity for combination and self-help renders the Jewish race excellent raw material for colonisation. It is true that the surface impurities must be removed—as I have often said before, by the two great purifiers for mind and body, sunshine and sweat—but with patience and opportunity there is no reason why a great Jewish State should not be rebuilt. Religion, race, language, and literature, the Jews possess. Land only is wanting, and that is in a fair way to be supplied by the matchless generosity of one man.

The principal note in the gamut of impressions left on my mind by close contact with the agricultural Jews was the aristocratic quality of mind common to the whole people. Their sense of honour would have satisfied Burke. They are gentle to women and tender to children. They feel a stain like a wound, and the proof is that a Russian accepts their word for weighty contracts in place of a bond. But in addition to all these things, there is that indefinable air of distinction about the lowest and commonest of these Jews which impresses the conviction on one's mind that their unpopularity is due perhaps, if one may be frank, to their native superiority over the settled nations of the earth. Trouble and pain have refined the Jews in Russia. Prosperity vulgarises, whether in Brixton or Berdicheff. The Jewish race are in agony, and their agony is slow. Their patience is eternal, but the body fades and dies while the mind remains unconquered. Perhaps the most cruel deeds perpetrated on the Jews are the accomplishment of their degradation, the destruction of their spirit. No one wishes less than I, or would do more to prevent, the introduction of large numbers of poor Jews into Great Britain, but the spiritual assassination that has been practised on them in past times by the nations of Europe, and even until recently by England, but more especially of late by Russia, justifies the organised resentment of all who have hearts to feel or minds to think.

A few months since I visited a certain Jewish hospital in a small town near the Russian frontier. The meat tax collected from the Jews had been confiscated by the Christians. Medicine and nursing were impossible, there was no money. Cleanliness was unattainable, there was but one attendant. Men and women, eighteen of them, lay suffering and dying together. Cases of cancer, puerperal fever, Bright's disease, meningitis, fracture, amputation, tumour, and fever, lay huddled on dirty cubicles, irrespective of age or sex. One

plucky Jewish doctor showed me the scene with shame. He did what he could. It was evening, and the western sun sloped his rays through the one window. An old man, with his face lit by the sunset, lay a-dying. He had wanted food, and now the gasp of death was in his throat. Alone he had lived, and alone he came to die. By his side lay an open book of psalms, with an ancient pair of spectacles marking the place where he had last read. Other hands than his would move the mark. The book was open where it is written: "For He remembered His holy promise and Abraham His servant. And He brought forth His people with joy and His chosen with gladness." Squalid and foul as were his surroundings the face of the old man, whose name I never knew, showed a peace within that the troubles of the world had not taken away.

It may be that when men are judged for the deeds they have done in the flesh, the Russian Emperor will learn for the first time the evils he has suffered to be done in his name.

ARNOLD WHITE.

NOTE.

The following are recent testimonials of responsible Russian proprietors and others to the agricultural capacity of the Russian Jews:

(1) Living continuously for twenty-three years on my property near the village of Sergnewka, in the district of Cherson, at a distance of three versts from the Jewish colony of Romanowka, I can with truth certify that the Jews of that colony occupy themselves personally with the cultivation of the ground and the rearing of cattle.

They also engage themselves for harvest work to the farmers round. In a word, they occupy themselves in the same way as do the farmers who hire them.—(Signed) Propriétaire, gentleman, CHRISANOPHE ALEKSANDROWICH PETROWSKI; Propriétaire GOUSTAW HENRICHOWIEZ FALTZ.

(2) Living on my estate in the district of Cherson for twenty-five years, close to the Jewish colony of Novopoltawka, I can testify that for all this time I have been content with their conduct as neighbours, and that there has never been a quarrel or misunderstanding between us. I can also testify that the majority of the inhabitants of this colony occupy themselves personally with agriculture, and have procured of late years the best machines for agricultural purposes, for which they have also plenty of horses and cattle.—(Signed) Propriétaire honorary hereditary citizen, PETRE PETROWIEZ ZURITZIN.

(3) 1892, February 18.—I certify that my neighbours, the Jewish colonists of Novopoltawka, grow successfully different kinds of corn, as well as carry on all the usual occupations of an agricultural life, as for example, gardening, rearing of cattle, horses, &c.—(Signed) Propriétaire in the district of Cherson, NICOLAS PAWLOFF LOUGOWSKI.

(4) Living on my property in the district of Cherson for twenty-five years, I have had occasion to observe closely the Jewish colonies of Novopoltawka, and I can declare that they occupy themselves really with agriculture, doing the hardest work themselves. Some of them are retired farmers. I ought to add that I have always found them good neighbours.—(Signed) SOZONTE PETROWEIZ SANEGOROFF, 22 February, 1892.

(5) Living for four years not far from the Jewish colony of Novopoltawka, with which I am in frequent relation, I can affirm, from my own observations, that the Jewish colonists of Novopoltawka occupy themselves with agriculture, and hire themselves for field work to the neighbouring proprietors.—(Signed) ALEXIS NICOLAIVIEZ, Captain of the 2nd regiment rank. 1892, 12th February, Ekaterinowka village.

(6) The farm of Nicolas Nicolaewiez of Lacour, Gorojono village, 20th February, 1892.—I certify that the Jews of Novopoltawka, whose lands join mine, occupy themselves with agriculture and other field work.—(Signed) CORNETTE DE LACOUR, landed proprietor.

(7) [Certificate.] The farm of Kaspar Nicolaewski offers to certify that the Jewish colonists of "Efengar" and "Dobroie," in the district of Cherson, are hired every year, by the above-mentioned farm, as labourers, to sow the winter and the spring wheat, and the work in certain fields is confided to them alone, tilling, sowing, &c., and they acquit themselves very well as skilled agriculturists. Further, full of resources for supporting themselves and their families, they do in winter all that there is to be done. They cut fuel, put the sheafs in ricks, carry straw and fodder, drive and convey goods from the station to the farm; in a word, there is not any field work that they do not carry out honestly and carefully during all the year, for more than twenty years.—The 20th February, 1892. J. BOUTOWIEZ, landed proprietor.

(8) January, 1892. We, the undersigned German village agriculturists and Russian peasants, neighbours to the Jewish colonies of the rural department "Grafski," in the Government of Ekaterinoslaw, seeing the request of the provost of the rural (Schultz) colonies of Grafski, of Trondolonbouwka, Beer Ziroulski, of Netzaiewka, Leiba Schnukal de Grafski Beer Komissaruk, of Selenaia Pole Aisik Schwidler, of Nadejnaia Peisach Swirski, and of Sladkowodnaia, Isaac Gueberowiez delivers this to the effect to testify that the Jews of the above-mentioned colonies occupy themselves with agriculture with energy, cultivate their lands on the same footing as the peasant proprietors of the same class, are in character moral, temperate and honest. In support of which we add our names.—(Signed) D. SCHMIDT and G. SCHMIDT, proprietors; AIXENTI BURIAK, T. SATZERKLIANY, peasants of the village of Federowka; A. BONDARENKO, proprietor; KOSTENKO ANTONE G. BORETZ, peasant of the village of Ganzolo; I. KOCH, proprietor of Renfield and the Starosta of Renfield Frei.

Truly the Jewish agriculturists of the colonies of Grasskaia, Nadejnaia, Sladkowodnaia and Telenaia Pole, in the department of Grafski, work with their own hands as agriculturists, and cultivate the ground which has been granted to them by Government on an equal footing with their Greek, German and Russian neighbours. In proof of this I add the administrative seal, February 6th, 1892.—(Signed) the Chief of the District (Zemski Naczalnik) WLADIMIR MICHAILOWIEZ KOROSTOWEZEFF.

(9) [Certificate.] Ministry of the Interior—Government of Ekaterinoslaw, District of Alexandrowsk, Administration of the Commune of Temirof,

No. 72.—Delivered by the Administration of the Commune of Temirof to attest the fact that the agricultural Jews in the neighbouring colonies of Priontnaia, Roskoschnaio, Bogadarowka and Gorkaia, in the Department "Priontinski," in the district of Alexandrowsk, occupy themselves really with agriculture, and cultivate with their own hands the lots of arable land with the same diligence as our own rural population; each one possesses enough good utensils and instruments, and cattle for work and for breeding, as well as horses; they lead a quiet and irreproachable life. In proof of which we sign with the seal of administration.—(Signed) for the Starosta, A. PARCHOMENKO, clerk.

(10) [Certificate.] Ministry of the Interior, Government Ekaterinoslaw, Administration of the Commune Tourkenof, District of Alexandrowsk, February 9th, 1892. No. 330.—Delivered by the administration of the community of Tourkenof, to the effect, &c.—(Signed) Provosts of the village. (Selski Starosta), J. SCHINKORENKO, A. ZOURTZENKO; M. MOLOSOWIEZ, clerk.

(11) [Certificate.] The 24th January, 1892.—We, the undersigned, neighbouring proprietors of the Jewish colonies of Novo-Slatopol, Weselaia and Mejeritz, in the department Slatopolsk, in the district Alexandrowsk, in the Government of Ekaterinoslaw, offer to certify that to our knowledge the Jewish agriculturists of the said colonies occupy themselves with agriculture with great energy, and yield nothing in field work to the peasant farmers of the same class. They have a fairly good number of agricultural instruments, and of cattle for labour and breeding: as to moral character, they live an irreproachable life. In witness of this we sign ourselves. [Here follow the signatures of the Russian proprietors.]

Certificates in the same sense for the colonies of Ekaterinoslaw are also given by the Russian proprietors, Ladoga, Solotarenko, Leueff, Proba, F. Maier, E. Priba and S. Priba.

[I should fail in simple duty if I refrained from publicly acknowledging the great courtesy I have received from all the Russian officials with whom I have been brought in contact during eight months' residence in their country.]

A. W.

PROFESSOR DRIVER ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I.

THE publication of Dr. Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament" may be said to mark an epoch among English Christians in the history of the subjects of which he treats. It is, if not the first, at least the most complete attempt to popularise those conclusions which Dr. Driver claims to set forth as settled and established on the composition and dates of the books of the Old Testament. These conclusions are those of the school which is sometimes known as the "higher criticism," though Dr. Driver does not use this name, and which Bishop Ellicott ("Christus Comprobator") terms "analytical criticism." It will be convenient if in the present article we designate that school as rationalistic, and its exponents as rationalists; terms which, on their own principles, will be regarded by them as of honourable significance. In the volume before us, the rationalists, in the person of their champion, Dr. Driver, have descended from the *edita doctrina sapientum templa serena*, in which "analytical criticism" reigns supreme, and from which "non-experts" are rigorously excluded; they have come down into the world of ordinary intelligence, in which acquaintance with the niceties of Hebrew scholarship and ingenuity in literary dissection are not the only qualifications recognised, but reason and common-sense, and the power of judging fairly from evidence clearly put before us, can claim to be taken into the account as factors which cannot be ignored in the ultimate verdict to be pronounced.

If that verdict should turn out to be on the whole unfavourable to the rationalists, it will not be from any deficiencies in Dr. Driver, but from the inherent untenability of the conclusion which he seeks to establish. The criticism which disintegrates the Old Testament is not likely to obtain any exponent more acceptable to English

readers than Dr. Driver. His style is singularly clear and forcible, free alike from obscurity and from affectation; his summing up of the contents of the various books, or, where necessary, of individual chapters, is a model of accurate statement, and will be found of great use to Biblical students, entirely apart from his speculations as to date or authorship. It cannot indeed quite be said that his book, as a whole, is interesting or attractive. The literary magician has yet to be born who could invest with grace or charm the minute dissections, microscopic grammatical analyses, and strange algebraical formulæ, of which a large part of the work consists. But at least he has presented even these in a form as little repulsive as possible. His tone is throughout respectful and even reverent; he is anxious to show that, though the tendency of much of his book is to impair the authenticity and credibility of the Old Testament Scriptures, he still leaves to the believers in those Scriptures something—though *what*, it would not be in many cases easy to say. He is what is called a "moderate" critic. It is not clear, at first sight, what "moderation" has to do with a criticism which professes to be entirely scientific. We are not accustomed to hear of moderation in other departments of knowledge or investigation. A moderate physiologist or a moderate metaphysician would not be, at least to the present writer, an intelligible term—except, indeed, in a sense uncomplimentary to the person spoken of. But, as applied to Dr. Driver, the expression seems to mean that, though advocating rationalistic views, he yet writes as a believer and a Christian. He does not deny, but affirms, albeit in a non-natural sense, the "inspiration" of Holy Scripture; he does not deny, though he seeks to limit and minimise, the power of actual prediction possessed by the Hebrew prophets; he indicates (the nature of his subject did not require him plainly to exhibit) what may be called a reserve fund of substantial orthodoxy on the main points of the Christian faith, however inconsistent that position may logically be in one who cuts away all that part of the groundwork of the faith which is to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures. The well-known saying of St. Augustine, *Novum Testamentum in Vetere latet, Vetus in Novo patet*, has no meaning for Dr. Driver;* yet he does not deny, even in the Old Testament, a real divine element, a true "revelation."

On the other hand, there are certain noticeable features in Dr. Driver's book which materially detract from its value, and diminish, as it must be frankly said, his authority on controverted questions. The first of these is the grave defect, for which he excuses himself by want of space, that in a great many instances *he states his conclusions without stating his reasons for them.* It is not enough for us

* He says (p. xv.): "Critical conclusions imply no change in the general position (apart from the interpretation of particular passages) that the Old Testament points forward prophetically to Christ." By the words in brackets the rest of the sentence is to be rendered unmeaning.

to be told that he has considered all that has to be said on the other side, and has found it to be insufficient. We want to be told *why* he considers it insufficient, in order that we may ascertain, not only what effect the evidence has had on Dr. Driver's mind, but what effect it will have on our own. We gladly allow the Regius Professor of Hebrew to be the highest authority in his own department, although even here we are not bound to consider him absolutely infallible; but in other matters, in which knowledge of Hebrew is not necessary for a decision, we cannot allow even Dr. Driver to be plaintiff, judge, and jury in one. When it is added that in many cases in which Dr. Driver has given his evidence, that evidence will be found (when examined) insufficient to bear out the conclusions he has based upon it, it will be seen that we are justified in protesting mildly against the unassuming arrogance, the dictatorial humility, with which Dr. Driver hints, rather than asserts, that arguments which have seemed conclusive to him must, without further discussion, be accepted by the rest of the world.

It is further to be noticed that, while Dr. Driver states the main conclusions of rationalistic criticism—such as the nature of the documents out of which the Pentateuch has been composed, or the bisection of Isaiah—with confident dogmatism, in the innumerable particulars which are required either to establish those conclusions, or to round them off and give them symmetrical completeness, he speaks with a hesitation and uncertainty which, if his subject were any other book than the Bible, would be regarded as materially detracting from the value that should be attached to his lucubrations. It would not be easy to find another work in which such terms as "it seems," or "it seems probable," occur so frequently. But this is not all. We descend from the probable to the possible. We are introduced to four different degrees of possibility: "it is not impossible;" "it is possible;" "it is quite possible;" "it is very possible." We have heard of a "low degree of probability"; all that Dr. Driver seeks to establish for many of his speculations and conjectures is a high degree of possibility. "It has been contended that probability is the guide of life; Dr. Driver will contend that possibility is the stay of his critical existence."* Stress is frequently laid on the "cumulative" force of the arguments by which the Old Testament is disintegrated; but this will depend, not on the number, but on the quality of the particles which form the cumulation; and if these have no more solid substance than such as Dr. Driver himself has ascribed to many of them, they will not count for very much. Grains of sand will never make a mountain, though they be numbered by thousands of millions.

It is perhaps no peculiarity of Dr. Driver as a controversialist that he often seems quite unable to appreciate or rightly to estimate

* Rev. G. Ensor in *Record*, Feb. 19, 1892.

the arguments, or what is called the "standpoint," of his opponents. A writer who maintains the "traditional" view of any part of the Old Testament against the rationalists, may be dismissed by saying that he misses the point, or "beats the air," though no further information as to this fruitless labour is vouchsafed to us; or he is "unable to distinguish between a good argument and a bad," *i.e.*, between one which seems conclusive to Dr. Driver and one which does not: a theory differently constructed to his own "does not account for all the facts"; it being the very essence of the contention of Dr. Driver's opponents, that in numberless instances *there are no facts to be accounted for*, the place of facts being supplied by conjectures and imaginations.

Before proceeding further it may be well briefly to state the present position of the question as it is viewed by those who are bound by no preconceived theories as to the nature or extent of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, but who, as members of the Church of England, regard those Scriptures as the rule of faith and the ultimate test of doctrine.

No question can reasonably be raised as to the fact that the *fons et origo* of the disintegration of the Old Testament, which has been now for so many years attempted, is the determination of a large number of Continental scholars to reject the whole of the supernatural element which its books contain—with which, indeed, most of them are saturated and imbued: "We do not deem it unfair to say that the whole system of Old Testament criticism, as set forth at least by some of these foreign expositors, is based upon rejection of special revelation, miracles, and prophecy; in a word, the supernatural in all its relation to the chosen people." * Dr. Driver himself admits that Kuenen, the eminent Dutch scholar recently deceased, views Hebrew prophecy "from an avowedly naturalistic standpoint." †

Now, with writers not prepared to maintain that the supernatural or miraculous is *a priori* incredible, and unable to eliminate that element from the Old Testament, the only course left is to impugn the credibility of the books which compose it. And to this end, accordingly, all the labours of rationalistic critics, at home or on the Continent, have been directed. It was not enough to point out that many of the books had apparently, or even evidently, been compiled from various sources; these sources themselves must be shown to be of such late date as to invalidate their testimony to the events they narrate. Hence the attribution of the books of the Pentateuch to writers who lived centuries after the period treated of, and the dealing out of the fragments of those books among a variety of imaginary authors or documents, labelled respectively P. J., JE., &c., with a number of supplementary combinations. These documents are so

* Bishop Ellicott: "Christus Comprobator," p. 15.
† "Introduction to the Old Testament," p. 194.

frequently spoken of as though they had a real, substantial existence, like the acknowledged works of well-known authors, that it is well to remind ourselves, once for all, that they exist only in the speculations of German or Dutch scholars and their English followers, having no atom of proof except that which comes from what is called "internal evidence"—*i.e.*, the examination of the books themselves.

It may be asked, then, Have we no *external* evidence on the subject of the Old Testament Scriptures? We have, though it is only of one kind—the unbroken tradition of twenty-five centuries, which, as is well known, is on many points in direct conflict with the conclusions of rationalistic critics. This tradition cannot be ignored, but it may be rejected as worthless, and accordingly Dr. Driver rejects it, but, as usual, without assigning any reasons for doing so. He says (p. xxvii): "On the authorship of the books of the Old Testament the Jews possess no tradition worthy of real credence or regard, but only vague and uncertain reminiscences, intermingled often with idle speculations." And again (p. xxxv): "The age and authorship of the books of the Old Testament can be determined (so far as this is possible) only upon the basis of the internal evidence supplied by the books themselves, by methods such as those followed in the present volume; no external evidence worthy of credit exists." It would be interesting to know on what grounds the Jewish testimony on this head is to be entirely put out of court. Meantime, until this information is vouchsafed to us, it may be well to listen to the sober judgment of the Bishop of Durham ("Bible in the Church"):

> "The account given of the formation of the Old Testament appears to be in substance of the most venerable antiquity, and probably contains the most ancient opinion of the Jews upon the subject which has been preserved. In estimating its historical value, it is well to bear in mind the tenacity with which Orientals retain a definite traditional record; and yet more the special repugnance of the Eastern Jews to committing their opinions to writing, till the successive persecutions and destruction of their schools made this the only method of saving them from oblivion."

That the credibility of the historical Scriptures is in direct proportion to their nearness to the events recorded, is a principle stated by Dr. Driver himself (p. xvii.): "While in the Old Testament there are instances in which we can have no assurance that an event was recorded until many centuries after its occurrence, in the New Testament the interval at most is not more than thirty to fifty years." The inference intended to be drawn is obvious enough. The Gospels are credible because they record events soon after they happened: the critics have proved that the Old Testament Scriptures were not written till many centuries after the events which they describe; therefore the Old Testament Scriptures are not credible. In plain words, many of the events recorded in Genesis or Exodus *never happened;* in some cases the persons spoken of *never existed.*

It will be well for Christians seriously to consider what they are

giving up, if they adopt those views of the Old Testament to which Dr. Driver's book points the way, though he seldom openly advocates them. All the familiar figures and events of the childhood of the world disappear at once. No such beings as Adam or Eve, Cain or Abel, Seth or Enoch, Methuselah or Noah, ever existed. No ark rested on Mount Ararat, for no flood on which that ark could have floated ever happened; no Tower of Babel was ever built or destroyed; no rainbow ever shone on the world as a sign from heaven; how could it to the legendary survivors of an imaginary Deluge? With Abraham, even the critics of the rationalistic school allow us to find ourselves on historical ground. "History," we have often been told, "begins with Abraham." But, it is hardly necessary to state, the mere outspoken rationalists eliminate in the later history, as in the earlier, everything which savours of the supernatural or the miraculous. With them, the "Heroes of Hebrew History" (to borrow Bishop Wilberforce's alliterative title), even when historical personality is allowed to them, are robbed of everything which speaks of a divine mission or divinely bestowed powers. Take the greatest, after Moses, of the Hebrew prophets—Elijah, and see what remains to him after the "supernatural" element has been got rid of. No fire from heaven descended on Elijah's sacrifice at Carmel; no ravens fed the prophet morning and evening at the brook Cherith; no widow's cruse was miraculously replenished, no widow's son was raised from death, at his word; no spare meal "baken on the coals" supported him for forty days and forty nights; no "still small voice" thrilled through him in Horeb; no chariots of fire carried him from Elisha's gaze into heaven. Elisha himself, it need hardly be said, fares much worse than his master at the hands of the critics. Even with the cautious and "moderate" Dr. Driver the narratives of Elisha's miracles "exhibit the traditions respecting Elisha as they were current in prophetic circles in the ninth and eighth centuries B.C."

In this general disappearance of the greatest saints and prophets of the Old Testament, it is not easy to say who remains. *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* Here and there the figure of some sage or hero, reft indeed of its historical clothing, but not of its actual personality, is still to be seen clinging to some emergent fact, too solid and stubborn to be washed away by the waves of rationalistic criticism. Thus Moses is spared to us: "It cannot be doubted," says Dr. Driver, "that Moses was the ultimate founder of both the national and religious life of Israel."* He is careful to inform us in a note that in this rehabilitation of Moses he has the support of Wellhausen, and that the verdict of both is "endorsed by Kuenen." Nothing like this, surely, has been heard of since the days of the first French Revolution, when the National Assembly "decreed the

* Daniel is also spared, though the writings ascribed to him are pro[illegible] be spurious: "Daniel, it cannot be doubted, was a historical person" (p. [illegible]

existence of the Supreme Being." One trembles to think what might have become of Moses if his historical existence had not been "endorsed by Kuenen." Would the great Prophet and Lawgiver have remained in a state of suspended animation, or conditional existence, until some fresh shifting of the critical kaleidoscope should bring together again the elements which go to make up his personality?

The discrediting process to which the historical books of the Old Testament have been subjected culminates in the treatment which Deuteronomy has received. This book, according to Dr. Driver and the authorities whom he follows, is the work of an unknown author, living probably in the reign of Josiah (more than eight hundred years after the date commonly given for the death of Moses), who was anxious to impress on the people the duty of more strictly observing their national religion, and for this purpose, to use Dr. Driver's words, "gave articulate expression to the thoughts and feelings *which it was presumed that the person in question would have entertained.*" Thus the undoubted literary merit and high spiritual tone of the author of Deuteronomy are acknowledged, but at the expense of his moral character. For it is useless for Dr. Driver to endeavour to rebut the charge of forgery. This can only be done by the assertion that the author, "in framing discourses appropriate to Moses' situation, especially if, as is probable, the elements were provided for him by tradition, would be doing nothing inconsistent with the literary usages of his age and people." This is a characteristic instance of Dr. Driver's audacity in assertion. He knows, and can know, nothing whatever of the "literary usages" of the times of Josiah, except what he learns from the books themselves which he is examining, and which profess to have been written in, or to give an account of, those times. He assumes, therefore, the very point which has to be proved, namely, that a pious Jew in the reign of Josiah would have felt himself justified in putting into the mouth of Moses a series of discourses, not one of which, as he was well aware, Moses ever uttered; the only semblance of proof being that in other books—Joshua, Kings, and Chronicles—ideas and idioms are ascribed to the characters introduced which, in Dr. Driver's opinion, could not have in fact belonged to them. The statement that Deuteronomy "does not claim to have been written by Moses," because Moses is spoken of in the third person, is one which, in the author's own opinion, "may seem paradoxical." Paradoxical does not seem quite the right epithet. The same argument applied to the Book of Jonah has been characterised as "utterly trivial."* It can hardly be seriously maintained that the real authorship of a book depends on the question whether the writer does or does not speak of himself in the first person. Some editions of Virgil contain four lines appended to the fourth book of the Georgics, "Illo Virgilium me tempore," &c., and four more

* "Speaker's Commentary," p. 583.

prefixed to the first book of the Æneid, "Ille ego qui quondam," &c., which directly claim those poems for Virgil as their author. Can it be seriously argued that because those lines have been generally pronounced to be spurious there is any doubt that the Georgics and the Æneid were the work of Virgil? Moreover, this suggestion is an endeavour to throw the inquirer off the scent. The real question is not, who wielded the pen by which Deuteronomy in its original form was written; but, did Moses, or did he not, say and do the things which in Deuteronomy he is alleged to have said and done? If he did not, then the book is a forgery, and its author is a forger.

If a modern literary man discovered a few fragments, possibly a scene or two, which could be proved almost beyond doubt to be the genuine work of Shakespeare; if from these fragments he proceeded to construct a five-act play, in which almost the whole of the plot, the characters, and the dialogue were entirely his own; and if he were then to publish his work as a newly discovered play of Shakespeare, by what name, if not by that of forgery, would his action be properly characterised? And in what respect would such a literary fraud differ from the action of the "Deuteronomist," who, on the slender foundation of a good deal of floating tradition, and possibly a very small amount of written record, proceeded to build up Deuteronomy as we now have it—a lengthy record of what Moses might have said and done, but for his saying and doing which the writer had very little authority, save his own imagination and sense of historical fitness—in what respect, save in the infinitely graver issues which are involved, when the deception touches the region of the moral and spiritual so widely and so profoundly as does the fifth book of the Old Testament?

Indeed, the "pious fraud" ascribed to the writer of Deuteronomy is, to ordinary minds, hardly distinguishable from what, in the common business of life, would be called by a much plainer and uglier name. "It is supposed that in the later days of Israel's history, some prophet, or priest, or scribe, having the benevolent wish to provide his people with better laws than they then possessed, composed some parts of those now contained in the Pentateuch; but fearing lest his own name should prove of insufficient weight to secure the accomplishment of his wish, he thought it wiser to affix to his composition the venerable name of Moses. A process strikingly similar to what sometimes takes place nowadays, when some clerk, or manager, or secretary, having a benevolent wish to provide his creditors with just payment for his debts, writes out a cheque upon a bank; but fearing lest his own name should not commend itself sufficiently to the bankers, affixes to his cheque his master's name instead. Such transactions are commonly denoted by a rather ugly name; nor is the goodness of the end in view considered in any way to justify the use of such n *

* G. Warington: "When was the Pentateuch written?"

Space will hardly allow us to do more than to notice one assumption which underlies the whole of Dr. Driver's book, and which cannot be permitted to pass without challenge. We are frequently told that on the conclusions which Dr. Driver supports relating to the date and authorship of the books of the Old Testament "critics are agreed," or that there is "no substantial difference of opinion" among critics. And this agreement is regarded as definitely closing the questions at issue. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est.* If Continental and English scholars of one school—others of a different school being on that very account regarded as a *quantité négligeable*—are agreed that the writers of Exodus, or Deuteronomy, or Isaiah xl.–lxvi., lived some centuries after the dates formerly assigned to them, it will be as absurd hereafter to maintain the contrary opinion, as to maintain that the sun revolves round the earth, not the earth round the sun.

Now, the *fact* of this agreement need not be questioned. The contradictions of rationalistic critics are, no doubt, considerable. If they have been exaggerated by others, they have been minimised or concealed by Dr. Driver, though even his own pages bear witness to their existence;* nor can we forget the fact that on so important a point as what is called the *Grundschrift* of the "Hexateuch" there is a direct conflict of opinion among foreign critics, some counting as latest in date the same document which others hold to be the earliest. Still, we are not concerned to deny that, on many points, some of them of great importance, Dr. Driver can claim the *consensus* of a large number of Continental scholars, and those, perhaps, of greater eminence than their opponents; though it must always be remembered that no small part of this eminence is derived from the fact that they are the party of attack, not of defence. It is much easier to be brilliant and acute, to display "critical tact," &c., when demolishing than when defending a time-honoured position. But, the fact of the agreement being granted, what we desire to protest against is the assumption that that agreement settles finally and for ever the questions debated. The history of German rationalistic theology as it concerns the New Testament, the oblivion or discredit which has overtaken, one by one, theories supported by the most ponderous learning and the most ingenious speculation, might have made Dr. Driver less confident in the finality of the views which he now advocates. Of many of those theories and speculations it may be said *etiam periere ruinæ*. Why should we suppose that the fantastic fabrics which we have now been considering are destined to a longer duration?

But this is not all. The glorification of the agreement among rationalistic critics is not only belied by past experience; it is vicious in principle, for it is an appeal not to reason, but to authority.† We are referred from one scholar to another, each repeating (except

* *E.g.*, pp. 47, 68, 77, 91, 134, 165, 446.

† See article in *Church Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1892.

when he contradicts) the opinions of his predecessors, but seldom supporting those opinions by arguments which, on any other subject, would be considered to be of any weight or value; and when a sufficiently long *catena* has thus been established, we are bidden to hold our tongues in the presence of so much collected and unanimous wisdom. What we shall do, on the contrary, is to examine these opinions and arguments by the light of ordinary intelligence, and to give them just as much or as little weight as that intelligence allows us, without being in the least frightened by a long array of the names of learned Germans or Dutchmen. If we find in Dr. Driver himself unsound argument, unwarrantable inference, suppression or perversion of inconvenient facts, we shall not hesitate to say so in the plainest and most unmistakable manner.* Why should he expect us to pay greater deference to others whom we have no reason to suppose his superiors in learning or acumen? Graf, and Kuenen, and Wellhausen, and the rest, are to us no objects of superstitious veneration, but simply learned and acute scholars, whose labours, like those of others before them equally learned and acute, may in some cases be found to have made valuable additions to the "ample page" of human knowledge, while in other cases they may after a while be consigned to the limbo of the obsolete and the forgotten. *Opinionum commenta delet dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.* The mediæval Schoolmen possessed erudition and industry not to be surpassed even in a modern German professor, and would certainly have claimed to be considered "scientific," had that term been known in their days. Yet the world has acquiesced in the verdict of Dean Milman on the Schoolmen: "The tomes of scholastic divinity may be compared with the pyramids of Egypt, which stand in that rude majesty which is commanding from the display of immense human power, yet oppressive from the sense of the waste of that power for no discoverable use. Whoever penetrates within finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity; he may wander without end, and find nothing!"† Or, to take a modern instance: who denies the learning or the acumen of Bishop Warburton? Yet who now reads or cares for the "Divine Legation?"

It may be worth while to quote here the words of an authority whom all will regard with respect—the late Bishop Lightfoot; words spoken by him, in his criticisms on the work entitled "Supernatural Religion," specially of the rationalistic critics of the New Testament, but equally applicable when we are considering the Old Testament.

"There is [he says] at least a presumption (though in individual cases it may prove false on examination) that the historical sense of seventeen or eighteen centuries is larger and truer than the critical insight of one late

* The writer may be allowed to call attention to the article in the *Church Quarterly*, at the papers by the Rev. J. J. Lias, now appearing in the *Churchman*, and to "The Low in the Prophets," by Prof. Stanley Leathes.

† "History of Latin Christianity," bk. xiv. ch. iii.

half-century. The idols of our cave never present themselves in a more alluring form than when they appear as 'the spirit of the age.' It is comparatively easy to resist the fallacies of past times, but it is most difficult to escape the infection of the intellectual atmosphere in which we live. I ask myself, for instance, whether one who lived in the age of the Rabbis would have been altogether right in resigning himself to the immediate current of intellectual thought, because he saw, or seemed to see, that it was setting strongly in one direction. . . . . The comparison is not without its use. Here were men eminently learned, painstaking, minute; eminently ingenious also, and in a certain sense eminently critical. In accumulating and assorting facts—such facts as lay within their reach—and in the general thoroughness of their work, the Rabbis of Jewish exegesis might well bear comparison with the Rabbis of neologian criticism. They reigned supreme in their own circles for a time; their work has not been without its fruits; many useful suggestions have gone to swell the intellectual and moral inheritance of later years; but their characteristic teaching, which they themselves would have regarded as their chief claim to immortality, has long since been consigned to oblivion. It might be minute and searching, but it was conceived in a false vein; it was essentially unhistorical, and therefore it could not live. The modern negative school of criticism seems to me equally perverse and unreal, though in a different way; and therefore I anticipate for it the same fate."

Before proceeding to give a few specimens of the untrustworthiness of Dr. Driver's citations, when he is seeking to discover a plurality of authors, or different "strata" of documents, in the narrative portions of the Old Testament, it may be well to remark generally that this kind of criticism, unless the divergences indicated are very plain and unmistakable, is necessarily unreliable, because it imports the habits and usages of modern "literature" into the writings of ancient authors, whom we have no reason for supposing to have grasped even the idea of literature, much less to have been acquainted with its rules and canons as they are now established and observed. Much of this dissection amounts to no more than this—that the writer criticised has produced a work palpably loose, unartificial, and inexact; deficient in order—logical or chronological—in method, sequence, arrangement, and coherence; traversed and, as it were, veined by large sections of repetition, omission, or even contradiction; whereas, if the modern critic had had before him the same materials as the writer whom he is dissecting, he would have produced a work free from all or most of the defects which have been enumerated. But we have no right, because a writer of two or three thousand years ago, living and writing, as we are often reminded, in an "uncritical" age, observed none of the principles which govern modern composition, therefore to assume that every blemish, "quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura," implies a patchwork of different authors or documents. Some of the writers may have had some vague notions of writing as an art, of what Dr. Driver calls "literary form"; but in the case of others we have no reason for supposing that they were more than what the Jews called two of the writers

of the New Testament, St. Peter and St. John, ἄνθρωποι ἀγράμματοι καὶ ἰδιῶται, "unlearned and ignorant men." Such learning as they may have possessed knew nothing of modern literary criticism, its limitations or its models. The critics have laboured hard to prove a composite *authorship*; they have not been able to conceive the idea of a composite *mind*. Yet there is abundant evidence that the mind of many writers of all ages is of that character. This is observable as much in the writers of the New Testament as in those of the Old. The same peculiarities—the inconsistencies, repetitions, digressions, the return, in the narrative or the argument, to the point which we have reached long before, so that we seem to be going over the same ground twice—all or some of these are as observable in the four Gospels, or in the Epistles of St. Paul and St. John, as in any of the older Scriptures. Yet the genuineness and the authenticity of those Gospels and Epistles have stood the most searching tests which hostile criticism has been able to apply to them. Why should we expect to find in the older writers that literary exactness, the absence of which detracts in no degree from the authority of the newer?

But in truth the features in the Old Testament Scriptures which have furnished rationalistic critics with so much material for dissection are not peculiar to writers who, whatever their dates, lived confessedly in times and under conditions as different as possible from those of modern Europe; they are found equally to characterise all untrained, amateur authors, even at the present day. Let Dr. Driver try the experiment of assigning to any one of ordinary intelligence and education, but unskilled in writing as an art, the task of composing a narrative even of events which have come immediately under his own cognisance. It will be contrary to all experience if the result does not exhibit in one writer the very same peculiarities which make the critics distribute Samuel or Kings among several writers. Nay, the same thing is observable even in writings which aspire to the dignity of "literature." I transcribe the following from "Palmerston," in the Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria series: "Canning died in August 1827, and was succeeded by Lord Goderich as Prime Minister, to be soon succeeded by the Duke of Wellington. His Ministry lasted only four months, but it marks the starting-point of English progress in the nineteenth century. Troublous times followed. Canning was succeeded by Lord Goderich, whose Ministry lasted only eight days longer than Canning's, and on January 25, 1828, the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister."

Here the writer twice informs us, within a dozen lines, that Goderich succeeded Canning, and Wellington Goderich, as Premiers. Moreover, the words in the second sentence, "his Ministry," though grammatically referring to Wellington, are clearly intended to refer to Goderich. It is too early as yet to discern here a dual au
but a "higher critic" of the future may well discover

sentences could not have been written by the same man; and his conjectures may be assisted by the mysterious suggestiveness which will be given by the titles of the author, "The Marquis of Lorne, K.T." It is no exaggeration to say that, on the principles of rationalistic criticism, if a writer, in describing the politics of the present day, should speak sometimes of the Tory party, sometimes of the Conservative party, sometimes of the party of Lord Salisbury, it would be held, either that three different parties were described, or that the book was the work of three different hands. The minutest and most microscopic differences are laid hold of, in order to give some plausibility to the theory of the composite nature of the narrative. A reasonable consideration of many of the passages adduced will, I think, lead us to the conclusion—unacceptable perhaps to the upholders, if any such there be, of verbal and mechanical inspiration, and of course rejected as insufficient by critics of the destructive school—that while the writer always knew what he had to tell, he did not always know how to tell it.

We proceed to take a few specimens of the grounds on which Dr. Driver disintegrates the narrative portions of the Old Testament.

I. *The narrative of the spies* (Num. xiii. xiv.) "The double character of the narrative," says Dr. Driver, "is very evident;" and the remainder of the paragraph shows his meaning to be, not only that the narrative is derived from two sources, but that those two sources contradict each other. A careful examination of the passage shows that this contradiction can only be maintained on three assumptions: first, that the same writer can never repeat himself; second, that Caleb and Joshua must have said exactly the same thing on every occasion, and could not have said *one thing to Moses, and another to the people;* third, that when Caleb alone is mentioned without Joshua, or *vice versâ*, such mention of the one excludes the other; the writer being thus credited with acquaintance with the legal maxim, "Expressio unius est exclusio alterius." It is submitted that without these assumptions nothing is proved except the loose unartistic character of the narrative.

II. *The craft of the Gibeonites* (Josh. ix.) Probably no more simple, straightforward narrative than this could be found in the whole of the Old Testament. The most attentive perusal fails to discern the place where the dissecting-knife of the critic is to enter. It will hardly be believed that in this passage Dr. Driver discovers *three* different sources, marked respectively P., J.E., and D. The force of analytical absurdity could hardly go further than this. Even the usual assumption, that a writer can never repeat himself, will not help the critic here. Vv. 22, 23, 26, 27 are not, as Dr. Driver assumes to be evident, "a narrative *parallel* to that of vv. 17–21"—*i.e.*, another account of the same facts; they relate different facts—viz., first the announcement by Joshua, and then the carrying out, of the sentence

on the Gibeonites which had (v. 21) been determined on or suggested by the "princes."

III. *The oppressions of Solomon* (1 Kings v. ix. xi.) Dr. Driver asserts that ix. 22 conflicts with v. 13 and xi. 28. Let us examine the passages. The first named states that "of the children of Israel did Solomon make no bondsmen"—*i.e.*, slaves; the second states that Solomon raised a "levy" or tribute of forced labour "out of all Israel," 30,000 men being required to labour at Lebanon one month in every three; the third passage states that Solomon made Jeroboam "ruler over all the charge (or burden) of the house of Joseph." There is not even the semblance of justification for saying that these statements conflict with each other. To be a slave is one thing; to be subject to the obligation of forced labour is quite another thing. No one has maintained that military conscription is slavery. The third passage has no relevance whatever. The word for "charge" or "burden" is a perfectly general one, as much applicable to the compulsion of paying tax or tribute, as to that of slavery or forced labour. It is difficult to characterise as it deserves a criticism which on such grounds as these seeks to prove the composite origin, and thereby (it must always be remembered) to impair the authenticity and credibility, of the Old Testament Scriptures.

IV. *The date of Joel.* In every case where no indications of the date of a work are unmistakably given, Dr. Driver apparently feels it his duty to assign to every book as late a date as possible. In bringing down Joel to the post-exilic period—a conclusion, it is fair to say, which Dr. Driver himself asserts with some appearance of hesitation—he does not seem to find much support even in the theories of Continental critics. He devotes what, in proportion to the limits imposed upon him, is a large space, to an examination of the opinion of one scholar (Credner) that Joel belongs to the reign of Joash; and a somewhat shorter space to the indications which, in his view, the book itself furnishes of a post-exilic date. To the arguments of Credner he applies the epithet "specious," while those upholding the later date are described as "forcible." Two observations may be made here. Dr. Driver says that Joel's figure (iii. 18) of the "fountain that shall come forth of the house of the Lord, and shall water the valley of Shittim," and the prediction of the outpouring of the Spirit (ii. 28–32), quoted by St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost, are "based" on two passages of Ezekiel. Here, therefore, as in other places, he *assumes the very point at issue*—viz., that Joel is of a later age than Ezekiel. Secondly, Dr. Driver entirely ignores the view that the date of Joel is that of the reign, not of Joash, but of Uzziah. This view, according to Mr. Meyrick in the "Speaker's Commentary," is supported by nineteen different critics or commentators, including the names of Rosenmüller, Eichhorn, De Wette, Knobel, Hengstenberg, Davidson, &c. Dr. Driver, therefore, could

not have been unaware that this view has met with very large support from competent critics. Was it fair to suppress all mention of it, and present to the reader only the alternatives of a date in the reign of Joash, or a post-exilic date?

The above are only specimens of passages in which Dr. Driver's conclusions are not borne out by the data which he himself furnishes; others of similar character will be easily found by any reader who compares the numerous references to passages of Scripture with the passages themselves.

It should be added, in concluding the present article, that the position which the writer would desire to maintain respecting the character and composition of the books of the Old Testament by no means ignores the extent to which, in the phrase of the Bishop of Gloucester,* the traditional view has been "rectified" by the criticisms and researches of modern scholars. Their labours, as Bishop Lightfoot says of those of the Jewish Rabbis, "have not been without fruit": they have at least compelled us to take a more rational view of the nature and extent of inspiration. No one now denies that many of the books of the Old Testament are in the nature of compilations, or that (as in the well-known case of the double account of David's introduction to Saul) the compiler has sometimes embodied in his work narratives the details of which are inconsistent with each other. But this is not the same thing as to bring down the sources of the compilation to so late and uncertain a date as to impair their trustworthiness. No one, again, doubts that in the Old Testament as we have it there are many omissions, repetitions, additions, glosses, corruptions and falsifications of the text. This admission is rejected as insufficient by Dr. Driver, because it does not square with his theory of the late date of the original documents themselves; yet he does not hesitate to make use of it when it suits his purpose. With this admission, we need not scruple to agree with Dr. Driver that it is "not easy to reconcile with historical probability" the narrative of Numbers xxxi., in which it is recorded how "12,000 Israelite warriors, without losing a man, slew all the males and married women of Midian, took captive 32,000 virgins, and brought back 800,000 head of cattle, besides other booty;" or that the figures in Jud. xx. 17, *seqq.*, as in many other places of the Old Testament, are "incredibly large." No one considers the attribution of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes to Solomon, or of many of the Psalms to David, as a matter to be determined only by tradition. Nor would the assignment of Isaiah xl.–lxvi. to a pseudo-Isaiah be in itself a point of much importance, were it not clear that the bias which has influenced the rationalistic critics is the determination that Isaiah *must not be allowed to have predicted anything which happened long after his own time.* He foresaw events which were to take place in

* "Christus Comprobator," pp. 25, 45.

a few years, just as Horace Walpole and other observers foresaw the impending Revolution from the corruptions of French society under Louis XV.; but the outlook of any more distant prophetic prevision must be denied to him at all hazards. Thus, in treating of one of the earlier chapters which it is proposed to detach from Isaiah, Dr. Driver informs us that certain critics agree in supposing the prediction to refer to the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, "and ascribe it accordingly to a prophet living towards the close of the Exile." The *naïveté* of that "accordingly" is wonderful. The events referred to occurred nearly 200 years after the time of Isaiah; therefore he could not have predicted them. No further argument is needed.

That these admissions, and the fullest and freest discussion and examination both of the books themselves and of all that has been written about them by critics of all schools, will in the end establish the authority of the Old Testament on a yet firmer basis, the present writer does not for a moment doubt. The suggestion that such discussions should be carried on in Latin, so that those who compose our ordinary congregations should know and hear nothing about them, does not seem a helpful one. By all means let us have any amount of "free handling" of the sacred records, and let it be open as well as free. To suppress or to conceal is not to answer. There is a story in Livy, told also with variations by Pliny, and referred to by St. Augustine in the "De Civitate Dei," to this effect: In the year after the founding of Rome 571, on the land of a certain L. Petillius, a plough struck against some object, which proved to be two stone chests with inscriptions. One, which professed to have contained the body of King Numa Pompilius, was empty; the other contained fourteen books, in two bundles of seven each, written by the same king, and still intact 450 years after his death. These books, when examined by several persons, and eventually by the Senate, were judged to contain dangerous matter concerning the origin and meaning of the religious rites which Numa had established: "pleraque dissolvendarum religionum esse." It was accordingly decreed that these books should be publicly burnt, and this sentence was carried out: "libri in comitio, igne a victimariis facto, in conspectu populi cremati sunt." It is not desirable that the clergy of the Church of England should have the will, even if they had the power, to act as the *victimarii* in committing to the flames of condemnation any work, however crude or fantastic, however hostile to received faith, by which earnest and often even devout men have endeavoured to elucidate, even when they have only succeeded in obscuring or evaporating, the meaning and use of those venerable writings which the Church of Jesus Christ has received as among its chief treasures from the Church of Moses and of Abraham.

A. COLCHESTER.

PEERS AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I.

OF an heir to a peerage who is obtaining a certain amount of prominence and consideration in the House of Commons men speak as of one afflicted with some deadly form of political consumption. "He might do great things," we say, "if he could remain in the House, but, as it is, he will be removed to another place before he has time to make himself a name." In a word, we regard his position as irreparably injured by the prospect of becoming a peer with which he is confronted. The sword of Damocles is hanging over his head, and may descend at any moment. The cruel absurdity of the Constitutional paradox under which certain of our statesmen are condemned, after the happening of an event over which they have no sort of control, to fight the political battle with their legs in an ermine bag, has been forcibly brought to men's minds of late by the accession of Lord Hartington to the Dukedom of Devonshire. No one has thought of denying that the country, owing to this event, has suffered a severe loss. The House of Commons has been deprived of one of its ablest members, and a politician trained in the art of government by public discussion has been banished for ever from the governing chamber. Lord Hartington, in his farewell address to the electors of Rossendale, with characteristic straightforwardness, made no attempt to conceal the facts of the situation. The whole tone of his address is that of a man whom some terrible physical calamity has suddenly deprived of the power of serving his country to the full extent of his abilities. This feeling, so universally admitted, is still more strongly expressed by Lord Rosebery in the passage in his life of Pitt, in which he points out the calamity which nearly befell the country when Mr. Pitt was in danger of becoming a peer:

"While London [he says] was illuminating for the King's recovery, Lord Chatham lay mortally ill. So grave was his malady, that the hunters after Providence had fixed on Grenville as the new Minister. For Lord Chatham's death, by the grim humour of our Constitution, would have removed Pitt from the Commons to the Peers. In the prime of life and intellect, he would have been plucked from the governing body of the country, in which he was incomparably the most important personage, and set down as a pauper peer in the House of Lords. It would have been as if the Duke of Wellington, in the middle of the Peninsular War, had been transferred by the operation of constitutional law to the government of Chelsea Hospital."

Surely there is something exceedingly unwise in allowing such a state of things to continue.

One can understand why the majority of our politicians, who are not subject to the political consumption we are noticing, are not anxious to discover a remedy. The weeding out of the front benches in the Commons keeps promotion brisk.

But, though we may appreciate the reasons which prevent any movement in favour of reforming so grave a constitutional anomaly taking place among the bulk of our professional politicians, the apathy of the country at large is less intelligible. One might imagine the electors declaring, "We will not be limited in our choice of representatives by any accident." "We, the people, are sovereign, and if we like to choose Lord A. as our representative, he shall sit in spite of his peerage. The mandate we give shall be absolute, and shall not be interfered with on any grounds whatever." Strangely enough, however, the people as yet show few signs of any desire to take up the question. They are content apparently to let custom limit their choice. Sooner or later, however, they will wake up, and then we may be sure that it will be found no more possible to exclude from the House of Commons peers who do not want to sit in the Upper House than Jews or atheists.

II.

Till the people do wake up and break through the existing conventions, is there anything that can be done to free the heirs to peerages? That is the question to which I propose to attempt an answer. *I firmly believe that at the present moment there is nothing in the law or in the custom of the Constitution to prevent a member of the House of Commons who succeeds to an English peerage, or to a peerage of the United Kingdom, retaining his seat and remaining a member of the Lower House.* I admit that this declaration sounds audacious and absurd, but none the less, it is, I am convinced, strictly accurate. To show that it is accurate, it is, first of all, necessary to ask the following question: What prevents a peer being a member of the House of Commons? The answer to this is—the fact that he is a member of the House of Lords—*i.e.*, a member of Parliament, specially called to sit, not in the

Lower, but in the Upper House. A peer,* then, cannot sit in the House of Commons because he is a member of Parliament who has been called by the Sovereign to sit in the House of Lords. Membership of the House of Lords, and membership of the House of Lords alone, prevents membership of the House of Commons. That this is so is proved by the fact that when a member of the Commons' House succeeds to a peerage, his seat is not declared vacant till the writ summoning him to the House of Lords has been issued to him. There may be the clearest possible evidence that his ancestor has died, and that he is the heir; but the House of Commons, nevertheless, takes the most elaborate precautions not to declare the seat vacant until the peer has had the peer's writ issued to him, and he has become a member of the House of Lords.

When Sir Thomas Freemantle was asked why the writ was not issued for Horsham on the death of Lord Abinger, and when he replied that it was "delayed for the obvious reason that the writ of summons to the House of Lords had not been received, and that the House could not of course issue a new writ till then," he was stating a constitutional commonplace of universal acceptance. Not till membership of the House of Lords had taken place was there a vacancy, and membership of the House of Lords could not take place till the writ of summons had been issued. So strongly have the House of Commons insisted on the principle, that if by mistake a writ has been issued for a new election before the peer's writ of summons has been issued, they have invariably ordered a *supersedeas* of the writ till such time as membership of the House of Lords has been properly conferred upon their member. For example, on 15th Feb. 1809, the House, being informed that no writ of summons had been issued to General Bertie, calling him to the House of Peers as Earl of Lindsey, though a writ had been issued for the borough of Stamford, ordered a *supersedeas* of the writ (see 64 Commons' Journals, 49).†

Yet another proof of the fact that membership of the House of Lords is essential to the creation of a vacancy is to be found in the fact that, if there be any ground for hurry, a member who has succeeded to a peerage, but who has not received the writ of summons, accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and vacates his seat by that means. Perhaps, however, the most complete proof of the correctness of the proposition on which I am insisting is to be found in the statute 24 George III. s. 2, c. 26, which governs the creation of Parliamentary vacancies during a recess. The statute, most significantly, does not say that a

* This answer covers the case of the Scotch and Irish peers who are summoned to sit in Parliament by their representatives, and who are thus *in esse* or *in posse* members of the House of Lords. In the case of Irish Peers, however, a special statutory provision allows them to sit in the House of Commons, in spite of their being members of the House of Lords, by delegation.

† Plenty of other instances of the kind are to be found in the Commons' Journals, the references to which may be sought in May's "Parliamentary Practice."

seat is to be held vacant when a member has succeeded to a peerage, but that a vacancy is created when a member of the House of Commons has had "a writ of summons issued to him under the Great Seal," summoning him to Parliament. (See the schedule to the Act cited above, and to the Act 21 & 22 Vict. c. 110.) As Sir Thomas May expresses it, the issue of the writ for a new election is "founded upon the alleged fact that the member has been called up to the House of Peers." It was in conformity with the principle underlying this procedure that those able constitutionalists, the leaders of the Long Parliament, when they abolished the House of Peers, but did not abolish hereditary titles and honours, allowed peers to sit in the House of Commons. The Lords, being deprived of their membership of one of the Houses of Parliament, became *ipso facto* eligible for seats in the other.

It is clear, then—to restate my proposition—that it is membership of the House of Lords, produced by the issue of the writ of summons, and not anything else, which deprives a subject of the right to sit in the Commons' House of Parliament. A man cannot sit in two places at once, and therefore, if the Sovereign prescribes sitting in one place, it is impossible for him to sit in the other.* But from this it follows that if a Member of Parliament who succeeds to a peerage avoids obtaining membership of the House of Lords by avoiding having the writ of summons issued to him, he can remain a member of the House of Commons. Is it possible for him to avoid the issue of the writ of summons? Most distinctly it is. The writ of summons is not issued automatically to the eldest son or other heir of a dead peer, but is only issued after certain formalities have been completed. On the death of the peer the heir applies to the Lord Chancellor for the issue of the writ, supporting his application by his father's marriage certificate, by proof that he is the eldest son, and by any further proof that may be deemed necessary. When this has been done, but not till then, is the writ of summons issued. All, then, that a member of the House of Commons need do who succeeds to a peerage and wants to stop in the House of Commons, is not to

* I am aware that the Scotch Peers receive no writ of summons, the legal and historic basis of Scotch peerage being different from that of English, and yet that the accession to a Scotch peerage makes a vacancy in the House of Commons (see debates as to Lord Stormont's case, 52 Hansard's Debates, third series, 435), but this is no real hindrance to my argument. The Scotch peer becomes a potential member of the Lords' House by reason of his eligibility for electing and being elected, and therefore the mere accession of Scotch peers, which *ipso facto* confers the right to vote, is held to be equivalent to membership of the House of Lords. The capability of exercising their votes to choose the representative peers operates in their case to produce a constructive membership of the House of Lords. In other words, the Scotch peer becomes a member of a body which elects members to the House of Lords. He sits in the House of Lords by his representatives, and this technical membership of the Upper House is sufficient to exclude him from the House of Commons. To put the matter in yet another way. The Scotch peer becomes a member of the Scotch House of Lords, and that House is, by delegation, part of the House of Lords of the United Kingdom, and its members members of the Upper House of the United Kingdom.

apply for the writ of summons. If the Duke of Devonshire had done this he might have been member for Rossendale at this moment. I admit that no peer has ever yet hung up his peerage in this way, in order to avoid the consequences of membership of the House of Lords and to keep his seat in the Commons. Peers, however, have done this very thing in order to avoid other consequences of membership of the House of Lords. For example, membership of the House of Lords is incompatible with the holding of certain posts in the public service. When, then, a person holding one of these offices has succeeded to a peerage, and yet has desired to keep his place, he has neglected to apply for the writ of summons, and has accordingly saved himself from membership of the House of Lords. It was always understood that the late Lord Tenterden contrived in this way to remain Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and yet be a peer. It is, then, abundantly clear that any person who succeeds to an English peerage may, if he likes, prevent himself becoming a member of the House of Lords and so may avoid the consequences of that situation.

III.

It is much to be hoped that the next young and ambitious man who succeeds to a peerage while he is sitting in the House of Commons, will refrain from asking for the writ of summons, without the issue of which his seat cannot be declared vacant—unless, of course, the clearest and most binding precedents are disregarded. He will, perhaps, be told that if he votes he will incur terrific penalties; for as a rule, a peer waiting till his peer's writ is made out does not vote, inspired, we must suppose, by a fear of doing something contrary to those mysterious things, the privileges of the House. He need not, however, be frightened by false fire. His position will be perfectly secure. He will be breaking no statute, no standing order, and no principle of the common law; and the House of Commons, we may be sure, will not venture, even if hostile—which is most unlikely—to send him to the clock-tower because he has done something which nobody ever thought of doing before.

If the contention I have urged is correct, many important results would no doubt follow. The House of Lords would gradually lose the statesmen of the first rank, for they would be certain to prefer the House of Commons.* But it is argued this would be a very un-

* I assume that as long as a peer took care not to apply for his writ of summons he would not only be able to go on sitting in the House of Commons, but would be eligible for election. There is nothing to forbid a peer being elected to the House of Commons, except his membership of the House of Lords; when, therefore, he avoids that, he becomes eligible. It is true that a peer, by the common law, cannot vote at a parliamentary election, and that by a standing order he must not interfere at parliamentary elections. These restrictions cannot, however, be stretched so as to make him ineligible for a seat in Parliament, if on other grounds he is eligible.

fortunate result—nothing less, in fact, than knocking the brains out of the House of Lords. The Lords would become a mob of nonentities. To this there is the obvious reply, that at any rate that would be better than the House of Commons being deprived of a considerable number of able men, whose services might be most important to the nation. For good or evil, the House of Commons is the repository of power, and it is therefore essential that the electors should have the whole country to choose from. Under our present system we select a number of men who, by education, by tradition, and by the possession of wealth and leisure, are specially well fitted to be useful servants of the country, and shut them up in a gilded cage, where they are only able in a fitful and restricted way to serve the State. Yet when it is proposed to let them out, we are told that we must not lessen the show of talent in the cage. No doubt the result of subtracting the more active members from the House of Lords would be to take from that body a portion of the importance it now possesses; but would that be a very great evil? The House of Lords would possibly be less able to insist on amendments than it is at present; but that would be all. Its ability to conduct useful inquiries, to afford a platform for non-political debates, in which the chief judges could publicly criticise proposed legal legislation, and the soldiers and sailors and ex-departmental officials of eminence could speak on their several subjects, would remain. The House of Lords would, in effect, continue as a sort of Privy Council open to free debate. Further, to this essentially senatorial body might be given the power of putting in operation that function of referendum which is certain, sooner or later, to be added to our Constitution. A House of Lords, reformed by the simple expedients of making the persons who receive the writ of summons choose, by a system of minority voting, two hundred members, to sit in the House of Lords—this would get rid of the black sheep—and of creating life-peerages, would be a very fit body to entrust with the right of instituting the referendum. It might be enacted that if the House of Lords considered that any Bill ought to be referred to the people before becoming law, they should add a clause declaring that a poll of the people—"Aye or No"—should be taken before the Bill was presented for the Royal Assent, and that if a majority decided against the Bill, it should be no further proceeded with.

A reform of the House of Lords such as I have suggested would, I believe, constitute a very great constitutional improvement. It would strengthen the *personnel* of the House of Commons, and it would provide a senatorial body whose duty it would be to see that the country was allowed to give a final decision on measures of the first importance.—There would be no risk of the reformed House of Lords of my thought insisting on referring a Cattle Plague Bill. To sketch a plan for reforming the House of Lords is not, however, my

present object. My aim is to show that one of the chief blots on our Constitution may be remedied by any peer who succeeds to his peerage while he has a seat in the House of Commons, refraining from applying for his writ of summons. And not only need he not vacate his seat. He can offer himself for re-election. There is nothing, I contend, to prevent a peer who is not a member of the House of Commons from seeking election, provided always that he has never applied for a writ of summons to the House of Lords, and so is not a person who would, as soon as elected to the House of Commons, be called away by the Sovereign to another place. It has, I am aware, been declared by the judges that it is contrary to the common law for a peer—and by peer they probably meant a peer who has received his writ of summons—to vote at a parliamentary election; but this is a very different thing from declaring that a peer not summoned to the House of Lords cannot sit in the House of Commons.

Before I close these layman's notes on a very technical though a very fascinating subject, I may be permitted to place the gist of my argument in the following form :—

There is nothing in the law of England, statute or customary, which prevents an English peer, or a peer of the United Kingdom, sitting in the House of Commons, save only the fact of membership of the other House of Parliament. An English peer, or peer of the United Kingdom, who never has had conferred upon him by the royal summons such membership of the Lords House of Parliament, may therefore become or continue a member of the Commons' House.

It is with all humility, and yet with a certain confidence, that I submit this view of the case. If any one can show me that there is anything but membership of the other House of Parliament to prevent a peer sitting in the House of Commons, my contention falls to the ground. If not, it holds the field, and no heir to a peerage need for the future dread that fatal extinguisher of political hopes—removal to the Lords.

ST. LOE STRACHEY.

VIGNETTES IN SPAIN.

THERE is a charming map of the Mediterranean and the Levant in Cook's Guide, showing how delightfully easy and direct are all the routes, especially between Italy and Spain. That may be so, but the eye is a sad deceiver. See how you fly between Calais and Marseilles: measure distances between Mentone and Cadiz or Malaga, and you will be quite out of it. I tried the "easy and direct" to Cadiz and Tangier; I did not sleep in a bed from Sunday night till Thursday, and then had only got as far as Cordova. Pass the Spanish frontier, and good-bye to time and space as they exist in England, France, and even Italy. I propose to relate, for the benefit of those who have not enjoyed that particular line of country, how, substituting iron rails for a P. and O. from Genoa, I saw more of Spain than I intended, simply from the impossibility of getting along. Barcelona is still fairly French, and paved,—at once picturesque, clean, and habitable. But to me all transition towns lack the interest of new types, and it is only after Barcelona that real Spain begins, together with that indescribable indifference to progress, veracity, and *meum* and *tuum* which the Moor seems to have bequeathed to every land that he has once shadowed. No doubt a good deal of Spain is rocky, barren, or sandy; but in spite of the dry water-courses and the barren sierras, which remind one of the Scotch Highlands, the wealth of aloes, the olive forests, skirted with snowy almond trees in full bloom, and the wide corn-lands, betray an alluvial richness which culminates in the glorious orange groves of Valencia and Malaga. Between Castellan and Valencia my express train, which goes about as fast as an average bathing machine at full speed, winds through acres and acres of fruit trees, ranged in chocolate-coloured earth, and so laden with oranges that only here and there can a green leaf be seen.

The ground is strewn with the golden balls. They are piled up for storage in vast, irregular heaps. They lie rotting in the towns, all along the dusty roads; they float down the streams. At every station long cars are crowded with millions of oranges for export to America, England, Russia;—the best packed in loose boards, to let the air through, each orange folded in tissue paper; others in tubs and baskets stuffed with hay. A glow of rich gold flashes from straggling warehouses, piled like granaries with the sunset fruit. No, I would not have missed the Valencia orange harvest for all the social delights and ordered luxury of a P. and O. The less fertile plains are sown with white and yellow February wild flowers, with here and there a brilliant waste of blue crocuses, paler than our carpets of wild hyacinth, but not less lovely. The little birds are all shot down for table d'hôte, but I am surprised to see so many large birds of the plover tribe, and here and there a falcon; partridges, too, on the hills, and a large light brown bird, with spiky wings like a rook's, or a lazy stork; but what those two wheeling eagles can be about above the olive groves, scarce a mile from yon quiet town, I cannot imagine. A stray rifle-shot will doubtless soon prove fatal to their enterprise.

We pass a drove of wretched, worn-out horses, turned out to nip the poor, dry pasturage: they are doubtless mere food for the bull-fights. I saw more bad horses and more good donkeys and mules in Spain than anywhere else. The mules are amazing, and jacks-of-all-trades: how their slender legs bear those tons of sacks, the furniture of a house with the inhabitants on the top, is a true Spanish puzzle; and such blind confidence have the people in their omniscience and probity that a man will not uncommonly travel for miles seated astride, with his back to the beast's head and looking straight over his tail, without bothering himself about the side of the road or his destination either, the mule knowing quite enough about both. I felt the same thing in Tangier, when, relinquishing bridle and all idea of guidance, my mule took me at his own sweet will up and down perpendicular precipices and across pleasant paths, formed apparently by successive earthquakes. Under such circumstances, what you want is not intellect, but instinct; and as to that you simply are not in it with a Spanish mule.

I had been told about Spanish trains not being punctual, of Spanish clocks varying, and so forth; but between Barcelona and Valencia I found I still had some things to learn. Of course the train could not go on till the station-master had done his coffee, nor could the engine be got to move till the driver had finished flirting; the swashbuckler guard, armed with sword and carbine, has also affairs of his own which may unexpectedly be permitted to control the Spanish pilgrim's progress. But what is this? In open country, miles from any station, the train suddenly pulls up. I had noticed a man galloping across

country. Well, he had been thrown in an adjacent field. The villagers were assisting him to rise; one held his horse. The group caught the engine-driver's eye; he simply *stopped the train* out of sheer curiosity. Further, will it be believed that most of the people got out and ran to join the gaping group? And we actually stopped on this idle errand for about twenty minutes, to the great content, apparently, of all but half a dozen English, including myself, and two American ladies. Night came, but no rest for me, the first-class carriage being by that time not only crowded, but filthy. The official ticket-collector was amongst us. Besides his uniform, he wore a hunting-pouch, and had brought his fowling-piece. After snipping our tickets, he smoked himself to sleep. As day dawned he woke up and got talkative. He then coolly told the astonished travellers that, although bound to inspect tickets for another fifty miles, he should get out at the next station, have a little shooting on the Sierra Morena mountains, and catch the return train about mid-day! The train soon stopped; he wished us all politely good-bye, raising his official cap, got out with his gun and pouch, and we saw him no more. I ventured openly to disapprove of his conduct. A Spanish gentleman shrugged his shoulders sympathetically, but seemed astonished when we talked of reporting the inspector, as if Spain could not go on at all if this sort of foreign intervention were countenanced. I at once appreciated the situation. I felt that to bother an employé in his amusements in Spain was like "robbing the poor man of his beer" in England. The moralist within me became dumb; I sank to the Spanish level, and held my peace.

All I have to say about Valencia is: if you are there only for an hour, do not miss the market-place and the cathedral. I was there only a few hours, but shall not forget the picturesque confusion of cloaks, sombreros, chattering market-girls with their nondescript wares —golden orange and date piles and melon heaps, so cool and green in the Spanish sun—suddenly contrasted with the great cathedral hard by; the peasants with their baskets, in and out of its solemn and gorgeous gloom; the walls aglow with frescoes; the relays of priests in the golden-backed choir, in front of the glittering altar, intoning continuously in stentorian voices. Enough! One sees at a glance where the great stage painters and masters of scenic effect, like Henry Irving, or Richard Wagner, or Meyerbeer, go for their "spectacle." They don't go to England, but to lands where life is poetry, marketing romance, and religion a picturesque drama. I don't mean to say that the drains don't smell at Valencia, that the people don't cheat, that the houses are not ramshackle, the streets ill-paved, the priests corrupt, the people ignorant and superstitious; the mighty colosseum of a bull-ring, too, at Valencia seems disproportionately large for a Christian town; but, for all that, the heart of the poet and the painter goes

out to Valencia. Like Venice, you can dream over it—you can paint it.

So we glide leisurely into Cordova—town of the true Moor; the roads mere boulders, over which experienced horses drag vehicles with adamantine springs through narrow, reeking, picturesque streets, until the tourist, who pays two and a half pesetas per hour for this spasmodic locomotion, realises that a day on foot is less severe exercise than a "course" at Cordova. But in presence of the unique cathedral all is forgiven and forgotten. A vast, ancient mosque of the eighth century, with an immense Christian church inside, is as a detail. A wilderness of pillars supporting arch within arch, until the bewildered eye seeks for rest in dim distances, where still myriads of pillars fade into gloom, as of a marble pine forest! I don't know how many acres this wondrous mosque covers. To me the bulk and complexity of its mysterious and mighty fabric is far more wonderful than its treasures of emeralds, rubies, and uncut diamonds, its ancient gold and silver trophies, and even that marvellous eighth-century mosaic which is said to be worth £100 a square foot, and is in such splendid preservation. When I come out of my dream, the Spanish guide, who has forced himself upon me and follows me about, is still talking volubly in a language which I have assured him in half a dozen others that I do not understand. He will not leave me, however, but confines himself at last to noisy exclamations of surprise and gestures of admiration at everything right and left, as if he had never seen any of it before. As I emerge, the sordid life of Cordova is still further thrust upon me by three beggars, to whom I throw a ten-cent piece, and who pursue me with indignant remonstrances, inquiring, as far as I can make out, whether it is to be divided amongst them, or, if not, who is to have it. I have had enough of my Jehu. I pick my way back to my hotel, peering right and left. I then perceive how the genius of the Moor has conquered in Spain. Not only has he stamped the church; but every house, however poor and squalid in scale, is an Alcazar or an Alhambra,—a bit of marble or tile, a square court, a fountain, a shrub, or at least cool grass, in the quadrangle; but outside nothing to hint at anything behind the bare walls. Indeed, all Moorish houses, even the wealthiest, resemble those ancient missals, with worn and shabby covers, which only flame out into splendid colour and variety when opened.

It would, however, be unfair to say that Cordova does not aim at modernity in its way, and I dare say its masher, with light cane and round hat, or even some of its carriage people, who sit in carioles behind the noisy and bell-bedizened Andalusian steeds, are prouder of their band-stand in the new drive—the Cordovan Rotten Row—than of the cathedral, or the splendid amphitheatre of distant hills, and such like Eternities and Immensities, which only exist for the benefit

of the pilgrims in Spain. I had a taste, too, of a real *fin de siècle* Spanish landlord at my hotel—the best in the town, where they know nothing except how to charge. The "Spanish landlord" was a Mogador Jew. When I inquired of him what boats crossed to Tangier or Gibraltar from Malaga and Cadiz, he at first volunteered a variety of information—not in the least correct, only made up to gratify me; when, however, he found I wanted to fix a boat, he admitted he knew nothing. I could find out nothing about anything; the only safe thing to do was to stop at his hotel—where could I be better off? In many places—as I soon found out when I asked him the next day to change a £5 Bank of England note. On English paper one expects 15 per cent. at least; the Jew would give me nothing! —said, with a sweet smile, that if he allowed more than his miserable 125 pesetas (a peseta is hardly over 9*d.*) it would be out of his own pocket—the liar! So I sallied forth, and got to a banker called Lopez, who offered me 8 per cent. exchange, with which mitigated form of robbery I was glad to close, saying it was better than nothing; at which he smiled cynically. On meeting my landlord—who was evidently astonished I had changed my note at all—I let him know quietly, by showing him my extra 8 pesetas per cent., that I knew he had lied. He now completely changed front, and said he read the Bible. He was glad to find a Christian gentleman—our religions were really the same. Not quite, I said: the Christians thought it was wrong to tell lies. Ah, true! There was no law against lying in the Decalogue. "No," said I, "only against swearing falsely in a law court." He smiled innocently, like a man who kept the Commandments, and was sorry they were not good enough for me. But then a Christian who would cheat a Jew by changing money at a banker's, deserved, perhaps, to groan under a moral yoke, which neither he nor his forefathers could bear. This and more was written in his oily countenance as he licked the stamp and receipted a bill, from which I had only erased beer, *café noir*, stamps, and commissions, all of which existed only in his Oriental imagination.

As I passed through apparently opulent cities like Barcelona and Valencia, and fertile places where the earth seemed only to need occasional scratching to bring forth abundantly, I could not help remarking to a Spanish gentleman on the general poverty, scarcity, greed of money, and out-at-elbows condition of the country—a land where railway windows won't shut, door-knobs won't hold on, domestic pottery is habitually cracked, and a pennyworth of paint is not forthcoming,—and this in climatic and agricultural conditions like those of Paradise! What does it mean? "Bad government," said my Spanish travelling companion. "Every one robs—from top to bottom, from king to beggar; so no one has any money, except a few wealthy capitalists, who own these vast lands which you see those poor labourers

I have sketched in rough outline a system which would go far to redeem London from the reputation of being an educational wilderness, and at the same time the establishment of which would come well within the powers of the County Council under the Technical Instruction Acts, and the annual cost of which would not exceed—for several years, indeed, could not amount to—the special fund placed at the disposal of the Council for the purpose. That difficulties would occur in pulling together all the discordant elements which make up the present chaos is of course to be expected. Jealousies would have to be overcome, conflicting claims of educational vested interests would have to be conciliated. But there is absolutely nothing Utopian or visionary in the picture drawn—there is not a single proposal in the scheme the counterpart of which may not be already found working in one part of the country or another under the fostering influence of the provincial County Councils. When once the machinery is set up, not only may the Council expect to attract funds from the rich City Companies, but also to receive substantial Imperial grants for technical instruction in commutation of the piecemeal and unsatisfactory payments on results now offered to individual institutions by the Science and Art Department. Whether the machinery, when started, should be permanently worked by a committee of the Council, or by a mixed governing body incorporated by charter and containing a strong element of County Council representation, is a question well worth careful consideration, and which can only be decided by those intimately acquainted with the details of committee procedure. But the County Council, which holds the purse strings, is the only body competent to take the initiative.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the committee which has just been appointed will take a broad and generous view of the needs and possibilities of London education. As Sir Thomas Farrer well said in the course of the recent debate in the Council, it is not the distribution of a sum of £30,000, or even £100,000, which is in question. It is nothing less than the evolution of order out of chaos.

H. Llewellyn Smith.

II.—A POPULAR UNIVERSITY.

IT is now settled that there is to be a Teaching University for London. But what kind of a University it is to be; how constructed, how governed, and how occupied; what relation it is to bear to existing institutions—these questions might seem, at this moment, to be as far from solution as ever. It is not, however, quite so. The movement of the last eight years has, at all events, given us a good deal of material. We have a large body of evidence taken by the Royal Commission; we have the experience of two abortive schemes; we have the views of many experts. The way is prepared for decision, and it is at least agreed that there is to be a real University for London.

The question of its constitution has suffered by being so much in the hands of persons interested in the present institutions for higher education. There are two great parties to the discussion. The University of London, so called, is in possession of the title, though not of the work, of a London University. On the other hand, the two Colleges, King's and University, which are of unquestioned academic rank, are not, it may fairly be said, considered strong enough to make a University worthy of the capital, even with Gresham College thrown in. The controversy has so far been as to which of these rivals—the University of Burlington House on the one hand, or the two Colleges on the other—shall have the honour and benefit of the new foundation. Each has tried its hand on a charter, and both have failed. There is to be a new Commission, and the question lies before us whether the one or the other shall have a second chance to construct a passable scheme, or whether some third idea cannot be arrived at which would give a higher solution of the problem than has yet been put forward. The Commission acted judicially upon the

materials put before it; it does not seem that any independent body has yet considered the question at large.

Meanwhile, a very important event has happened. London has come into conscious being. It is no longer a mere centre at which a large institution can conveniently be placed; it is no longer a mere population, out of which so many students might possibly be gathered; it is, though not yet completely unified, an organised city, with a brain and voice of its own, beginning to feel and understand its own wants, and possessing, or likely to acquire, resources sufficient to satisfy them. It has such heavy arrears of work to overtake that material development occupies most of its energy; but educational matters will certainly come, and, indeed, they are already coming, under the eye of its Council. In these days education is almost a material interest; and the widening life of so vast a body as the people of London may be confidently trusted to develop in a considerable degree the speculative interests of knowledge. The recent elections to the County Council were won by the Progressive Party to a larger extent than might be supposed by the force of great ideas. At last a real local ambition has been aroused in London. Its new Corporation has a soul.

It is therefore worth while to ask whether the problem of the University may not with good effect be approached from the municipal point of view. It is to be a scheme of London reform. Why not employ in its creation the most powerful reforming force now to be found in the metropolis? The City Companies, which are really municipal bodies, have set an example of attention to educational interests. Other large towns have been proud to assist in the higher education of their citizens.

But, if this is to be done, the whole question must be looked at, not from the point of view of the existing teaching and examining bodies, but from that of the educational wants of London. What are these? Elementary education is already provided for by a School Board, which, notwithstanding many vicissitudes and much party conflict, is pretty sure in the end, not only to deal satisfactorily with the younger children, but to provide continuation schools. But beyond that point, although much good material is to be found, there is no system or organisation. Secondary schools, University education for regular full-time students, post-graduate teaching, and the vast field of general adult instruction, all remain to be dealt with, and with a strong hand. These range themselves into two lines of work: (1) the graduated system which takes the regular student through the secondary school into the University class-room, there to pass through all degrees up to the doctorate; and (2) the instruction of those who, dropping out of the career of regular study at various ages, are ready to spend leisure time in taking further oral teaching. This latter class includes,

potentially, a very large mass of the population; and however important the regular higher education, training for the professions, and the specialised pursuit of knowledge may be, from the political and social point of view the general diffusion of information is perhaps the largest interest of all. In a democracy the one condition of safety and progress is knowledge, and there is no nobler object of municipal effort than to create a large class of intelligent citizens. Nor, indeed, is there anything more vital for the development of higher education itself. It is from a large class of families interested in knowledge that a great number of devoted students is to be obtained. It is in the midst of a well-informed population that University education will take its true rank, and be supported by the strength of society. If education is to thrive among us, its basis cannot be too broad. We must give as much attention to the many who can learn a little as to the few who can study a great deal. Whatever may become of the higher education, we want a system which shall by oral teaching carry knowledge round to the doors of the people, break it up small, and suit it to the powers of a busy crowd. There are many institutions, not considered to be of academic rank, which afford a basis for such a system: the Polytechnics, the University settlements, the working men's colleges, and so forth; and if these are not enough, it is easy to create more. There are plenty of buildings which can be utilised; what is wanting is good organisation, a central authority, skilled, determined, and endowed, which shall inspire, regulate and extend all this scattered work: an Educational Council for London.

The suggestion put forward in this paper is that such a Council should not be a separate body, but the University itself. Some persons, taking too academic a view, may be startled at such a proposal. A good thing, they will say, but not a University. But there is no magic in the term: nor is there one accepted type of University. Some say that a University must teach, but need not examine or grant degrees. Most people do not consider any teaching body a University which does not grant degrees. Universities are what we make them. Oxford and Cambridge have in late years accepted two great functions as belonging to their proper business, which in principle cover the whole of what is needed in London. They examine public schools. The Universities naturally, by their examinations as well as their emoluments, dominate the schools which send up their undergraduates; and they may well take responsibility where they exert so much influence. Again, Oxford and Cambridge in their "extension" lectures have undertaken a work which—however anxious its conductors may be to classify it as University teaching, with a view to obtain privileges counting towards a degree—is in fact the necessarily slighter education of

weeding and ploughing as we pass. They are miserably paid. The nobles and rich merchants spend all on luxury in Madrid and Seville. The Government is dishonestly served; respectable people fight shy of politics; the employés are so ill-paid that they are forced to rob." "But," I said, "should a new party come into power, would there be no change—no reform?" "None," said my companion; "look here, there are the Liberal and the Conservative monarchic parties, the Republicans and the Carlists; no matter who is in power, every one is tarred with the same brush." "But Castelar?" "Yes, Castelar, the most eloquent and upright of men—what of Castelar? He is old. The Republic over which he presided lasted just one year; in that year it had four presidents; he was the last. What has he done? Next to nothing. The other day Castelar came to Seville and made a magnificent speech in favour of freedom of religious opinion and education. Well, the 'dévotes' ladies wanted to burn him; the priests would have torn him to bits. Do people rob less? Is there any change? Castelar will die soon. What has he accomplished? See here is the mischief: each party is in power for a short time; with each change of Government every employé, from top to bottom, is changed; the administration becomes a scramble, in which no one knows his business, for no one has time to learn it. The one thing there is time for is to rob—and scant time for that. That is why Spain is poor. Even justice is exploited, and the judges are bribed. The Crown Ministers are not always above suspicion—no, nor the Crown itself. Not long ago, a mere adventurer rose from nothing in a few months to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Some one asked a question in the Chamber about certain thousands of pesetas unaccounted for—they had passed through his hands. He did not even attempt an explanation. The thing was too gross—he had to go. But when he retired into the country, he certainly stepped into a *royal train* which was somehow in readiness to convey him to a safe place. No; in Spain not even the Crown is above suspicion. You sent from England, the other day, some thousands of pounds, along with others, to help our people in the recent floods. Would you be surprised to hear that hardly any of that money reached the distressed districts? Entangled, sir—entangled by Government officials; the same as in Russia with the famine funds—only worse." So chatted my candid friend.

And yet with all this the Spaniards are delightful people—polite, considerate, kindly, especially to travellers. Even the officials do not cheat in *small* things (I have often had coppers returned to me), waiting no doubt for something better worth taking. Between Cordova and Seville I got out in the night for some refreshment, leaving my open travelling-bag, wraps, and pocket-book. I was unable to re-enter my carriage in time, and got into another, for

about fifty miles. On changing trains, I found all the Spanish occupants at the carriage window; each had something belonging to me—rugs, books, papers, my coat, &c., and they all seemed as delighted to restore everything intact as I was to recover it. One does not always find this sort of politeness in England or France.

What can I say of Seville, the huge cathedral, and the Alcazar, which has not been said a thousand times? I will say of this otiose city that it is the pleasure city of Spain, even more than Madrid, which is over-commercial. The cathedral, terribly shaken by an earthquake some years ago, is still too much encumbered with internal scaffolding to be fairly seen. I was, however, fortunate enough to find a priest going round with a private party, to whom he was showing the treasures in the sacristy: one solid silver shrine of the fifteenth century, which must have been twenty feet high; a priceless thirteenth century reliquary set with diamonds, and of pure gold; the wood of the cross in hazardous quantities; also some *spurious* wood of the cross—not quite authentic—about which the verger and the priest had a most prodigious and amusing wrangle;—the priest maintaining stoutly that the wood the verger called doubtful was *the* wood carried in processions, and so must be genuine; the unabashed verger withstanding the holy man to his face, and, indeed, contradicting almost all his fluent statements, greatly to the edification of the visitors. At last the poor priest gave up, and let the dogmatic verger have it his own way. I was sorry to find the Alcazar Palace of the old Moorish kings quite so shabby, though parts have been freshened up. It has not been cared for in the past, and much damage done is irreparable. It is all what we call fine Alhambra decoration, but I regret to say whitewash has concealed—though some say preserved—a good deal of the old colour here and there. Painters were sitting in its lonely marble courts, where even fountains have ceased to play or trickle. Outside, the sumptuous gardens of those famous old Moorish bandits, who were swept out six hundred years ago, still stand in their Moorish and barbaric symmetry, full of forlorn bloom of cactus, palm, oleander and fig-tree. Some of the fountains are here still in working order; the long paths are invisibly perforated with minute holes in the encaustic tiles, and at a given signal thousands of tiny jets squirt up mysteriously to a great height, making a sudden misty vista of diamond spray in the blazing sunlight. "These ancient kings knew how to live," said my guide. It was a sentiment he repeated at intervals as we walked through the stately Alcazar and its tropical gardens. It was about the only sensible thing he did say. The guides are grossly ignorant. I soon put mine to the test, and gave him up.

"What is about the age of these huge walls and towers that are still standing round old Seville?"

"Oh, señor, *antiques!* cinque-cento—very old."

Later: "What age did you say the walls were?"

"Oh, quite old; at least first century."

And later, when he had forgotten about the date of the walls, I asked carelessly when they were built.

"Five or six hundred years before our Lord; quite two thousand years old."

"So," said I, "they are cinque-cento, first century, six hundred before Christ, and two thousand years old!"

The guide shrugged his shoulders, quite unabashed.

"The fact is, you don't know anything about it."

"Ah, señor, nobody knows!"

"Very well; instead of five francs, here is a couple of pesetas. Now, go." And he went.

Of course the great cathedral "Murillo" of the Conception is placed so high up in the sacristy that no one can really see it. Not even a Spanish guide is ignorant of that masterpiece; but he will very probably forget to take you to the old men's hospital, in the chapel of which hang three of the greatest Murillos in Spain—the ever-famous "Boy with a Lamb," "Moses Striking the Rock," and "Christ Feeding the Multitude"—all skied in favour of some tawdry bedizened dolls representing the Virgin and saints, which of course have the place of honour, and are, so to speak, "hung on the line."

The interior of a Government cigar manufactory can be as well seen at Seville as anywhere. M. Bizet's "Carmen," Minnie Hauk and Marie Roze, have familiarised us with one aspect of the cigar girl's life. It is a very mixed affair indeed. I entered this spacious cigar barrack at Seville, with its 6000 girls and women of all ages. I walked through one vast room after another. All the windows were closed, the air reeking with tobacco—rolled, twisted, sorted, done up in packets of cigars or cigarettes. Here are countless chattering groups of disorderly girls and women, from seven or eight to eighty years old—many very pretty, all most dirty; all types of Spanish beauty—pale, florid, dark eyes, impudent red mouths, long eyelashes, loose gestures, ribald cries; countless babies in wooden cradles, rocked by mothers of all ages; no law or order: the girls come and go when they like, work or idle about, or sleep, chatter, sing, and swear; but most seemed tolerably busy. There appears to be no rule; they are paid for what they do, and at night disperse—to low haunts, or the suburbs, or homes of divers kinds, generally in the Seville slums. If you glanced at a baby, the girl who owned it laughed and held out her hand for coin. At every moment chaff and insults and overtures were made to you all along the line. At last such a sense of oppression and sadness overcame me as I thought of the poor little children, whom their mothers as a rule sell, callously, to the highest bidder for

the most infamous purposes, even as themselves have been sold before, that I turned away, sickened, morally and physically, wondering, beneath that blue and cloudless heaven of bright Seville, how such things could happen. I met Madame Minnie Hauk at Cordova, and she told me that when she visited a tobacco factory at Madrid, some of the girls who had been engaged as *supers* in the opera chorus had seen the famous singer in her favourite part of the cigar girl in "Carmen." The report spread, and the poor girls crowded round the lady with the wildest enthusiasm, and gave her a regular ovation. Most touching it seemed to me that, in their polluted atmosphere, the girls should feel that art had done something to lift and idealise their sordid life, and lend to it an imaginative glory, and the consecration of a good woman's genius. As I passed out I saw several shrines—cleanly dressed Virgins, and saints glittering with tinsel, and carefully tended little altars, with fresh flowers. The poor girls seem to take a pride in keeping up these symbols of purity and heaven and holiness in the midst even of such a moral sewer as a cigar manufactory. How impossible is it, after all, to stifle the divine instincts; how tender should we be with "broken reeds and smoking flax!" "Lead, kindly light!"

At night I visited one of the common casinos of Seville, and saw the flamingo dance—a semicircle of commonly dressed and fairly handsome girls, with a row of thrumming men guitarists behind them. At intervals one and another came forward, and began posing and posturing rather than dancing. It seemed very dull, though not ungraceful. Each girl presently leaves the platform, and comes down to talk and drink and smoke with any one in the audience who will treat her, returning to her place when her turn comes round. This goes on from ten till five next morning. By that time all the girls are hopelessly drunk, and are then led home by some sort of duenna—mother, aunt, or friend. It is quite an appalling sort of life to contemplate; yet I am told that the Seville mashers, and even the *jeunesse dorée* of Seville turn in to these low places after midnight, and chat and drink with these preposterous girls.

A drive in the Prado, or Seville Bois de Boulogne, brought my Spanish studies practically to a close. I shall not dwell on a wretched night at Cadiz, where the inns are abominable and the extortion equally so. I was glad, on a dazzling morn, at seven o'clock, in February, to push off, and hoist my lateen sails, and let white wings carry me away to the blue water. A mile or more out we hailed the Spanish steamer, and in six hours more I was in Tangier.

H. R. Haweis.

THE TEACHING OF LONDON.

I.—A SCHEME FOR TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

THE new London County Council has lost no time in putting itself in the right as regards its relation to technical education in London. On April 12 it resolved by a decisive majority not only to appoint a committee with full powers to frame a scheme, but also to place to a suspense account a sum sufficient to defray the cost of carrying out such a scheme in its initial stages. Though the amount thus set aside for the current year is only £30,000, the committee is charged not merely with the task of reporting as to the best distribution of this sum, but of making a wide and thorough inquiry into the needs of London as a whole.

The question then before the new Technical Instruction Committee is vastly different from that on which its predecessor issued its ill-fated report a year ago. It is no longer a small and temporary windfall which has to be dealt with, but a permanent income sufficient to co-ordinate and organise the whole of technical education in London, and dependent for its permanence on the use to which it is put. There are other points also in which the problem is changed. A year ago, the Charity Commissioners' schemes for the City Parochial Charities had not come into force, and a vague impression was abroad that there was a vast fund in the background which would shortly be available, sufficient to meet the wants of technical education. We now realise more clearly the extent and limits of the work which can be accomplished by the institutes endowed under these schemes. How inadequate they are to supply the whole of London will appear when we say that the very first of the new institutes is already blocked, and hardly able even to make a beginning, by the insufficiency of its endowment. As to the argument that the City Guilds' money is the proper fund for the purpose, we

shall see that what is wanted is not merely (nor chiefly) funds, but public organisation and control—the harmonising, co-ordinating, and development of isolated and sporadic agencies. Even to attack the problem it is first of all necessary to create a central machinery; and it is hopeless to expect the City Companies to supply an organisation which will command public confidence and have the force behind it to weld into a system the discordant elements of technical institutions scattered over London. To call for the City funds before a system is created, is to put the cart before the horse.

The County Council has done well, therefore, in appointing a Committee to draw up a scheme. Industrial training, no less than general education, has become a public function, and has been recognised as such by Parliament. Granted that there is a great work of urgent importance to be done, there is no public body but the County Council with the necessary power or funds to take the initiative. If another public body be eventually preferred, the work might be transferred under future legislation, or simply delegated under the Technical Instruction Acts to a mixed Educational Council, perhaps to a body incorporated under charter. But for the present, if the County Council did not move, nothing would be done, and the talent of the youth of London, which might be caught and trained for the common benefit, would continue to run to waste.

The perpetual running to waste of the raw material of ability is the central evil which has to be attacked. A perfectly graduated system of schools would act like a set of conduct-pipes so fitted together as to prevent leakage, and with a continuous flow passing through them. London at present is, as it were, strewn with pipes disjoined or so badly fitted that there is a constant leakage at the joints. The scattered fragments of piping are the rudiments out of which a continuous system may be evolved. But it can only be done by a body capable of taking a large view of the wants of London as a whole and with the force of popular support behind it. The City Companies, if well disposed, might lay down more piping, leading from nowhere to nowhere, but only such a body as the County Council can fit the piping together.

We shall form the best idea of what kind of scheme we need by fixing our notions as to the ideal educational system which we want to see in London. The central note of it should be continuity. In Birmingham, the only English district where, by the happy accident of the possession of the splendid King Edward's Endowment, there is already a semi-public Secondary Education Board, we see the nearest approach to an ideal system which can be found in this country. At the bottom of the scale is a system of elementary schools carrying the children up to the age of twelve or thirteen; above these is a system of seven continuation schools (c ·d in

Birmingham "Grammar Schools"), carrying them on to the age of sixteen; and, finally, there are two high schools, one for boys and one for girls, carrying on those who wish for a still higher education to the age of eighteen or nineteen. The fees at the continuation schools are £1 a term, and one-third of the places throughout the entire system of secondary schools are free. Besides these nine schools is a free higher grade school, founded by the School Board, for giving a couple of years' training in science and drawing to boys from elementary schools. By this system the best talent of the elementary schools of Birmingham is annually drawn off into the higher schools, and there trained for the advantage of the community. And while the general training of the youth of Birmingham is thus provided for, those who want more specialised instruction find an outlet in the Mason College of Science, the Municipal Technical School, or the Municipal School of Art. The Free Library and Technical Art Museum supply further the wants of students, and the School of Art has ramifications and branches throughout the city, where special lines of work, such as design for jewellery, are taught under the management of a committee representing the trade.

Nor are the wants of those entirely neglected who, in spite of the free scholarships, are unable to continue at a day school after the age of thirteen, and so to prepare to take full advantage of the technical schools. For these, the School Board conducts free evening continuation schools throughout the city.

The Birmingham educational system is not indeed complete; it cannot be compared for example with that of Zürich for perfect continuity. But it gives the impression of healthy, vigorous life. It is an organism through whose veins and arteries the life-blood circulates freely and healthily, and the results are visible everywhere in a keenness of public interest and a vigour of municipal life such as no other city in England can show. Moreover, the public management of schools in Birmingham has brought this great advantage, that those in power are fully alive to the defects still to be remedied. They have their finger on the pulse of the machine, and every new opportunity is at once taken advantage of to improve its working. It might be thought that with such educational provision as has been described already existing, the authorities of Birmingham could have rested on their oars, and devoted the new grant from the Beer and Spirit Duties to the relief of local rates. But this was far from their ideas, and the result is the organisation of the new Municipal Technical School. In London we are yet far behind Birmingham, and one of the signs of this backwardness is the fact that we are less alive to our deficiencies.

Let us magnify Birmingham to the size of London, and see what we ought to have, so as to be on all fours with the capital of the

Midlands. We ought to have a network of continuation schools, well equipped with good provision for scientific and manual instruction, planted in suitable situations throughout London, and drawing into them yearly, by means of scholarships, the pick of the children from the elementary schools. It is a very modest estimate that there should be accommodation in these schools for 30,000 boys. The girls, of course, must have their continuation schools also (though fewer in number, since the demand is unlikely to be so great for some time to come), where good all-round instruction in domestic work—cookery, laundry-work, household sewing, &c.—would naturally take the place of the boys' manual workshops.

The scholarships leading to these schools must, as a rule, provide not only free education, but an allowance for maintenance; for when a boy is fourteen or fifteen years old the loss of his earnings is more than a poor family can often stand, and the free scholarship system is clearly inadequate to meet the case—a difficulty, it may be observed, strongly felt in Birmingham. But this and other minor difficulties of the scholarship system are matters of ways and means which need not detain us here. It may, however, be remarked, in passing, that the experience gained by other counties during the past year in working out their scholarship systems will be of immense use to Londoners when they come to tackle the question themselves.

Let us suppose, then, that such a system as we have indicated is at work—a sufficient supply of good continuation schools, with technical sides, accommodating 25,000 boys and a smaller number of girls, and connected with elementary schools by a sufficient number of scholarships. We should then have what Professor Huxley calls a "capacity-catching" machine. The first joints in our system of conduct-pipes would be adjusted.

Practical men, however, will want not only an ideal but a scheme—not only a picture of what we should like, but a clear notion of the steps by which it is to be obtained.

Fortunately, in establishing a network of continuation schools, the County Council will not have to begin *ab ovo*. Scattered irregularly over London there are already thirty-seven endowed secondary schools and ten proprietary schools for boys, educating in all some 15,000 boys. These schools, the majority of which are governed by Charity Commissioners' Schemes, contain at present about eighty per cent. of middle-class and twenty per cent. of artisan pupils. There is hardly any system or connection among them. Each is, as a rule, an isolated unit governed by its independent body of local trustees; sometimes it is out of touch with the wants of the population among whom it is situated; not unfrequently it is looked upon as a case of robbery by the middle-class of the rights of the poor. Most of the schools have scholarships from elementary schools leading to them, but they have

no proper means of making these scholarships widely known, and, except in a few special cases, it is doubtful if their existence is suspected by the mass of the artisans living in the district, to whom, moreover, the great preponderance of middle-class pupils in the endowed schools is no great attraction. In two cases (the United Westminster Schools and the People's Palace Day School) where special efforts have been made to work the scholarship system on a large scale it has achieved a marked success.

The education offered by these schools is very varied in quality; in most cases the technical sides are almost non-existent. But, without a doubt, the existing endowed schools are the germ of the needed system of continuation schools, and one of the very first steps of the County Council should be to open negotiations with their governing bodies and with the Charity Commissioners with a view of adapting some of them to the purpose.

The schools aided would be required, of course, to accept full representation of the County Council on their governing bodies, and to be subject to general inspection and supervision; and they would be required to adapt their curriculum, if necessary, so as to form a real continuation of the work of elementary schools. On these conditions the County Council would supply or aid the supply of laboratories, workshops, and apparatus, and other equipment, where such was wanting; and might, where required, assist in strengthening the staff giving instruction in technical and scientific subjects, and in reducing the fees to a reasonable level. The apparatus and fittings provided might if desired remain the property of the Council, the schools being under obligation to keep them in repair, and they could thus at any time be transferred, or recalled should this be rendered desirable by change of circumstances. By this plan (already adopted by certain School Boards) the Council would be absolutely protected against misuse of this part of its grant.

For these steps the co-operation of the governors of the schools would be needed, but experience throughout the provinces, and the attitude already taken up by the authorities of some of the leading secondary schools in London, show that there is little chance of foolish opposition from the main bodies of trustees, while the Charity Commission is doing everything to facilitate the arrangements arrived at by County Councils. We may, therefore, assume that within a short time the County Council might have a dozen or more efficient continuation schools in working order in various districts of London. By that time it will almost certainly, in common with other County Councils, have acquired the power of dealing directly with endowments.

But though a great deal can be done by developing and extending the existing secondary schools, they cannot by any stretch be made to cover the whole ground. The inquiry into London secondary

schools, published by the present writer in the second volume of Mr. Charles Booth's "Labour and Life of the People," shows clearly that in great parts of East, South, and North-West London public secondary schools are practically non-existent. The accommodation in secondary schools for boys, under some kind of public management, falls below five per thousand of the population in nine out of the eleven School Board districts into which London is divided, and in three of them (West Lambeth, Southwark, and Hackney) it does not amount to three per thousand.* To fill these gaps by the creation of new schools is another task which will have to be faced hereafter. In some cases it can be best done by attaching good day schools to the evening technical institutes or "Polytechnics" which are being founded in various districts out of the funds of the City Parochial Charities, and which will do less than half the work they might perform, if confined merely to evening classes. In other cases, independent schools will have eventually to be founded, though probably the County Council would wisely prefer to make the most of the existing material before beginning to build.

Having secured our continuation schools, we have to consider how to feed them with scholars who have passed the elementary standards. Experience shows that *leaving* scholarships are more likely to achieve the desired end than *entrance* scholarships—*i.e.*, instead of attaching scholarships to definite secondary schools, it is best to offer them for competition among the pupils in the elementary schools, and let them be held at any efficient secondary school in the district. This plan, which is clearly only possible where the scholarship system is worked by a public authority in touch with both sets of schools, has been largely adopted of late by several County Councils—*e.g.*, the West Riding, Surrey, Somerset, Oxfordshire, and other districts, besides some of the County Boroughs—and the great success of the first year's experiment in the West Riding and elsewhere (where, owing to long distances, the problem is far more complicated and difficult than in London) is sufficient proof of the feasibility of a scheme for opening up a free career from board school to the highest stages of education, *if worked by a public authority*.

In the West Riding, although the scheme has only been in force for a few months, there are already over 200 day scholars and nearly 1000 evening scholars, selected in this manner by public examination, pursuing their education at continuation and technical schools in the district, besides a considerable number of county scholars, and scholars in special subjects, such as coal-mining, who are enabled to carry on their studies to a still higher pitch. For the 200 day-scholarships

* Twenty-four years ago the Schools Inquiry Commission estimated that a minimum accommodation in boys' secondary schools was required for 12 per thousand of population.

there was a large number of competitors. Two hundred day scholars in that district would correspond to 700 in London, or assuming these scholarships to be held for three years, there would seem to be ultimately room at the very least for 2000 scholarships to day secondary schools. To ensure harmonious action and the maintenance of real continuity the scholarships might well be under the charge of a joint committee of the County Council and the London School Board, and gradually the sporadic and often useless scholarships at present maintained by isolated charities or endowments will be drawn into the general scheme.

There is no room for doubt that the organisation of the continuation of education is by far the most pressing want of London, and one in the meeting of which a large sum might be profitably invested. Any estimate of the cost must be very rough, without minute inquiry, and the following figures must be looked on rather as suggesting a limit than as an exact calculation. An initial expenditure of from £10,000 to £20,000 on making the secondary schools efficient; and as much during succeeding years in creating new schools to fill the gaps where no efficient schools exist; current maintenance grants of £10,000 a year, rising to £20,000 as the new schools come into play; and an additional yearly expenditure of at first £10,000, and ultimately of £30,000 on continuation scholarships, would give an annual expenditure varying from £30,000 to a possible maximum of £70,000, and in return for this our secondary education system would gradually be placed on a thoroughly sound and efficient footing. We should have a system of schools comparable to the "Écoles primaires supérieures" of Paris, or the "Secundarschulen" of Zürich.

We have next to look at the outlet from the secondary schools to the higher technical institutions. Here the field of operations for a day-school narrows very greatly. The great bulk of boys, on leaving the secondary schools, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, will have to go to work at once, and any further education they receive must be through evening classes. Our machinery for continuation, therefore, divides into two parts—the technical high school and the evening classes, such as those at Finsbury, King's College, the new Polytechnics, and the various science and art Schools. The only public higher technical schools in London are those of the City and Guilds' Institute. The Finsbury Technical School is a good example of a high-class intermediate college, while the Central Institution, in Exhibition Road, is an institution of university rank. To these must be added the scientific and engineering sides of University and King's Colleges. The Royal College of Science and the National Art Training School, are, of course, Government institutions, intended mainly for the training of teachers.

The immediate outlay of the County Council on instruction of the

highest rank could not in any case be great, in view of the absence of systematic provision for the lower stages of technical training. So many rungs of the ladder are absent that few have been able to climb so high as the Central Institution, and at the present moment it has the accommodation, staff, and equipment for more students than are in attendance. On the other hand, the extension and development of Finsbury Technical College, where excellent work is being done in cramped and crowded buildings, is urgently needed. How far, however, these two colleges can be developed as the crown of the public system of technical education in London will depend on the attitude taken up by the City and Guilds' Institute, the governing body of which, representing the Corporation and various City Companies, is an uncertain element in the situation. If, as is reasonable to suppose, the Institute comes forward to do its share in the great work of educational organisation, all that the County Council need do at present is to provide scholarships to connect its network of secondary schools with the higher technical colleges, and possibly assist in the equipment of the scientific and engineering sides of University and King's Colleges. As time goes on, and the secondary school system begins to work, we shall want several fresh colleges of the Finsbury type in various districts of London, and these could probably be best grafted as higher departments on to the evening technical institutes or Polytechnics.

Having provided for continuity from bottom to top of our educational system for the minority of scholars of exceptional ability who can profit by a regular scholastic course up to the ages of sixteen or nineteen, we have now to follow up another line of continuity and deal with the "reserve forces" of evening institutions for those who at one stage or another in the course have to break off their school life and go to work.

At the bottom of the scale come the elementary evening continuation classes, such as the School Board already to some extent supplies. It would be unwise to overlap the work of the Board, especially as the main work of these classes must always be the bare elements of learning. Boys and girls who leave school at twelve forget what they have learnt so quickly that it is well if by a system of evening schools we can prevent relapse. Legally the School Board may, and to some extent it already does, provide in these schools the elements of technical and scientific instruction, but it naturally hesitates to draw largely for this purpose on the general school fund, and might well ask that a certain sum—say £10,000 to begin with—should be set aside by the County Council to aid this part of its evening work. The wonderfully rapid results which may be achieved in this way may be seen from the example of Manchester, where £3,500 has been handed over by the County Council to the School Board for

instruction, with the result that the attendance at evening classes under the Board has risen in less than two years from 5,544 to 19,703.

Evening classes of this kind are most useful from a social point of view, and educationally may do much as a talent-sifting machine. For specific trade or scientific instruction, however, we must have special institutions equipped with modern facilities for practical work in laboratories and workshops. Just as the existing endowed schools of London are the elements of the system of continuation schools of of the future, so the existing science and art schools and the so-called "Polytechnic" Institutes—which are partly supported by the funds of the City Parochial Charities—ought undoubtedly to be utilised as the nucleus of our system of evening technical continuation schools.

The scheme under which the Polytechnics are being founded is conceived on broad lines, and contemplates a system of federated institutes geographically arranged to supply the wants of various districts. Large, however, as the fund available for their support seemed as a whole, it has already proved quite inadequate for the endowment of all the institutes contemplated. Here, therefore, County Council assistance will be of great value; and the fact of making a grant will give the Council a right to demand a *quid pro quo* in the shape of general supervision of the courses of instruction and the methods pursued. If these institutes are to perform an important function in the future educational system of London, it is essential that they should be regarded with full confidence by men practically acquainted with industry. For it must not be overlooked that here we have to preserve yet another line of continuity—perhaps for our purpose the most important of all. In the evening trade class we come into relation with the traditional forms of workmen's training, the apprenticeship or quasi-apprenticeship of the workshop. Everyone admits the breakdown of apprenticeship pure and simple, and the point, in any case, is not one to be argued here. In Paris some of the technical schools boldly assume the functions of the apprenticeship system, and we get apprenticeship schools like the École Diderot at La Villette, or the École Estienne on the other side of the Seine. In England, where the workshop tradition is stronger, we prefer a combination of school and workshop, the evening school devoting itself to supplement and support, but not to supplant, the practical experience gained during the day in the shop.

To begin with the purely technical side, what is wanted is a series of trade classes, organised somewhat on the model *(mutatis mutandis)* of the Jewellers' School at Birmingham, the Leather Trades School at Bethnal Green, the Textile Schools of Huddersfield, Bradford, Manchester, and Leeds, the Plumbing classes fostered by the Plumbers'

Company, and many others which might be mentioned. What is wanted in London is not merely the multiplication of these classes, but still more their consolidation and practical recognition as part of industrial training. At present we are only just coming within sight of achieving this object. No action, whether by County Council or others, can suddenly bring it to pass, but a good deal can be done by a public authority which it is hopeless to expect without it.

For example, practical men representing both employers and workmen's organisations might be invited to associate themselves with the management of the various trade classes. For such subjects as building construction, bricklaying, plumbing, masonry, carpentry and joinery, and the like, what an immense gain it would be if the Master Builders' Association and the United Building Trades Committee were asked to send representatives to a committee or "faculty" to supervise the character of the instruction given in these subjects in the various institutions aided in London. Other trades might be treated in the same way. In this way we should be protected from the danger of amateurish and unpractical instruction, and the interest both of employers and employed would be enlisted in making the work a reality.

But the practical trade classes, though very important, cover a small part of the ground. The whole field of intermediate science and art instruction has to be dealt with. At present, science teaching is sharply cut into three sections: at the bottom come the object lessons, and the very rudimentary "nature knowledge" of the board school; at the top is the highly specialised teaching of the University College or the Central Institution; in the middle is the disordered realm in which the science and art teacher lives and moves and has his being. Good work is being done in each of these separate stages, but an immense waste of force arises from the fact that there is no relation or co-ordination among them.

The influence which the old Universities wield in determining and shaping the curriculum of the grammar school down to its very lowest forms, ought to be exercised by the higher scientific and artistic institutions on science and art teaching throughout secondary schools, Polytechnics, and board schools, alike. What, then, the County Council might do for evening technical instruction is to put the Polytechnics and other existing science and art schools on a thoroughly sound footing, inducing them to amalgamate, where desirable, to avoid overlapping; and, at the same time, to constitute trade committees or "faculties" for the practical classes, and similar committees of scientific men and artists, and commercial and educational authorities, for the various other branches of work. These "faculties" would be charged with the duty of watching over and reporting upon the work done, of making suggestions from time to

time, and particularly of keeping an eye on the joints of the piping, endeavouring to make the science teaching of the board school the best preparation for that of the Polytechnic or secondary school, and the latter for that of the higher technical college; taking care that the practical trade teaching is on the lines of the trade requirements, and (so far as the joint committees of employer and employed are concerned) influencing employers to give special encouragement to their apprentices and learners to attend the schools. In order to get the best work of these "faculties" of experts, they might be paid reasonable fees for attendance and loss of time.

If, in addition, the County Council created a system of small scholarships, tenable at the Polytechnics and science and art schools, the total cost per annum arising under this head is not likely ultimately to be less than £20,000 or £30,000 a year. For the first year the current grants would not be so great, but, on the other hand, capital expenditure on fittings and apparatus would probably be necessary. The exact distribution could only be settled after a careful inquiry, but probably a system of capitation grants would, on the whole, be most satisfactory. For some branches of evening work, the University Extension system could well be utilised.

Hitherto we have made little direct and special allusion to girls' education. So far as secondary schools, scholarships, Polytechnics, &c., are concerned, they would share the advantages of the scheme already laid down, though perhaps not to the same extent as the boys. A strong ladies' committee ought undoubtedly to be entrusted with the general supervision of the scheme and methods of instruction, so far as relates to household economy, cookery, laundry work, needlework, dress-cutting, and so forth. Fortunately the almost unanimous experience of other Councils proves that these branches of technical instruction, when once judiciously started, are the most certain of all to prove an immediate success. The evening classes in domestic subjects, for women and girls, started in Manchester, out of the new fund, already number nearly 5,000 pupils. The experience of other large towns and many country districts is the same.

In this department, as in others, the want of trained teachers will at first be severely felt, all the training schools at present being practically exhausted by the immense increase during the past year of the provincial demand. One of the things, therefore, to which the County Council would do well to turn its attention is the creation of a normal school for the training of its teachers, or the development of the training institutions already in existence. There is no outlay which is more certain to be quickly repaid than expenditure on the training of teachers.

The creation of advisory committees or "faculties" is, as will be seen, the kernel of the above scheme. It is by no means a new proposal.

It has already been partially adopted by some County Councils, and committees of this kind have long been associated with some of the most successful technological schools. It is worthy of notice that the establishment of such committees is supported by foreign experience, having been recommended by the International Congress of Technical Education which met at Bordeaux in 1886. In Paris, the *comités de surveillance*, which watch over the Municipal Technical Schools consist half of members of the Municipal Council, and half of leaders of industry. Thus the governing body of the Germain-Pilon Art School includes, among others, the decorator of the Paris Opera, and the presidents of the juries on pottery and furniture at the Exhibition of 1889. Probably in London about six "faculties" would be required, say, for Science, Art, Trades and Technology, Commerce, Household Economy, and Secondary Education, the more important of these, *e.g.*, the "faculties" of Science and Technology, being further divided into from three to six sub-committees.

No step that could be taken would do more to bring the whole scheme of technical education into close touch with the practical requirements of industry. It would, moreover, solve in the happiest manner the problem of inspection and supervision. If the Council chose to name the members, or some of the members of the "faculties," as their representatives on the Boards of the schools assisted, it would also solve the problem of representation. But more than all, it would gradually solve the problem of continuity. Those giving the highest form of teaching in each subject in the higher institutions in London would exercise a moulding influence on all the more rudimentary stages of such instruction.

The "faculties" would protect the Council from bogus applications for assistance to unsound instruction. To ensure, however, that the wants of each district as well as of each trade are met without overlapping, it would probably be wise to constitute district committees, say, in each of the eleven School Board districts. These committees might perhaps consist of a certain number of County Councillors for the district, a few members of the School Board, and some outsiders added by them for their special knowledge. Those who have followed the work that has been going on in the provinces during the last year will be quite familiar with these district committees, and fully alive to their necessity. They would, in fact, act as conduct pipes between the Council and each locality, as the "faculties" would act as conduct pipes between the Council and each group of trades.

With this double organisation, by industries and by districts, the Technical Instruction Committee, while it would retain complete financial control, would be relieved of much of the drudgery of detail, and completely guarded from the "grabbing" of well advertised institutions.

part-time students, and naturally expands into the humble but sublime effort to give to every one all the teaching he can be persuaded to receive—teaching, which may be good of its kind, however limited in range and depth. It would, therefore, be no real novelty in principle to accept this broad and democratic idea as the true basis of a new University for London. In face of the problems of so vast a city, we should be justified in expanding our view of a University; and as the title has already, in spite of its derivation, come to carry with it the conception of universal knowledge, it might also include the even loftier idea of universal teaching. No University has yet been built on these lines, but the occasion is unique. Let us try the experiment of a new municipal University, with the motto, "Every citizen a scholar."

Practical considerations are not wanting in support of the same idea. For if a University be founded, employed solely in the higher teaching, and by the side of it a more popular body, engaged in the general diffusion of knowledge, where will the line be drawn between their different fields of work? Above the University "extension" lectures? But that would be a retrograde step. Public opinion would forbid it, and the society now in charge of these lectures in London would resent bitterly a scheme which would seem to deprive its teachers of the University stamp and their best students of access to the University degree. Is it, then, to be drawn below the "extension lectures?" But the variety and range of the "extension" work will not allow of any exact line of demarcation between the teaching of a University type and that of a more popular kind. Some hearers come to study and some only to listen, and even for the listeners—even for tired listeners—it would be an advantage that the speaker should be responsible to the University; while to the young University lecturer, trying to make intelligible to untrained minds that which he has only just with great pains himself learned, it would be invaluable that he should be forced by popular audiences to find out how to be lucid and interesting. The experience of our public librarians is that the light and casual reader often develops into the real student; and in the same way the popular audience may in time yield a good crop of solid learners. It is a sound system to give to a single body the supervision of the whole of our adult education.

I do not propose in this paper to enter upon the difficult questions which have already been debated as to the constitution of the new University; but only to ask how they are affected by the views now put forward. It is clear that an extended idea of the range of University work tends to dwarf the special questions which turn on the vested interests of the existing University and Colleges. There are some who have thought for many years past that these vested interests can only be dealt with satisfactorily by a powerful independent body; that,

whatever their future, the present institutions can only fall into their proper place under a very large scheme. If our great municipal bodies, the City Corporation and Companies and the County Council, would for this purpose act together, they would hold a position independent of the conflicting interests, and free to take a broad view of the matter. A large endowment is, of course, necessary. The fees charged, even for higher education, in London are too high; and the wide-spread popular instruction here suggested would have to be, if not gratuitous, at all events very cheap. But where is the money to come from? From the Government? But what prospect is there that the other parts of the country will allow any large share of Government money to be spent upon the metropolis? Grants from the Exchequer must be fairly distributed; and it would be long before they could be large enough to make the share of London equal to its needs. Besides local wants naturally fall on local grants. The proper bodies to find the money are the County Council and the City, and they will look after its application better than the State could do. The County Council is even now in the enjoyment of a grant of more than £150,000 a year from Parliament, with power to spend it on Technical Education. So far it has agreed to appropriate £30,000 a year to that purpose. A very large part of the work of a University might be held to fall under that head, and, if necessary, the purpose might be enlarged by Parliament. No doubt the poverty of the Council checks its expenditure on education; but the poverty of the Council is likely to be relieved by opening up new sources of revenue, and if it can meet the ratepayers with an easy mind, it will have no scruple in giving expression to the aspirations of Londoners for a more intelligent as well as a more comfortable life. The City Corporation is also understood to be impecunious at present; but its destitution may not prove chronic; and the Companies have done so much for education as to make it reasonable to hope that they might do more. A combined effort at the present time would settle this great question on proper lines; and, if need be, the practical working of the scheme might be deferred or gradually introduced. If the City will not move, the County Council would do well to act alone.

Endowment would of course bring power; and a very substantial share of influence in the governing body would be given to the municipal bodies assisting in the establishment of the University. This is also desirable on other grounds. Popular interests would be safeguarded: nor is there any good reason to fear that under democratic influence the higher teaching would suffer. What could we do so likely to promote a high standard of government in the County Council—or in those who elect it—as to give it a certain responsibility for the intellectual interests of the people? A University for London should have, by its very existence, a profound educational effect upon

the citizens, if it be their University, in touch with their daily life, and guiding upwards their ambition for their children. Nor is it in any way below the dignity of the highest academic instruction that it should be largely influenced by municipal authority. Some of the greatest of University traditions are connected with City governments; and if cities have often been slothful, low-minded, and even corrupt, so have great historic Universities. It would be absurd to be jealous of the influence of teachers in a teaching institution: but it is far from wise to construct a government out of professors alone. Cases have been known in which even the pecuniary interests of professors have been an obstacle to reform: and without arguing from instances of abuse, the usual canons of administration forbid us to deliver the entire management of any public institution into the hands of the persons who live on its revenues. It is, I submit, a mistake to think that a body of professors and students is to be trusted with uncontrolled management. An average professor, outside of his special knowledge, is much of an average human being, and will do better if he works under effective public responsibility. The government of Oxford and Cambridge is tempered by Commissions, of which we have not seen the last. On boards of studies, of course, the teachers must be paramount, and in the conduct of examinations it has been proved before the Royal Commission that they ought to have a large, though not an exclusive, authority. But the supreme government of the University, at all events on the view of its range here presented, involves public interests too large to be delegated to any special body of men; it includes questions of finance as well as of learning, the balance between the immediate practical interests of the mass of students and the remoter philanthropy of scientific research; it needs the grasp by strong business hands of the administration of a large and expensive department, and a constant reinvigoration from the fresh air of popular suffrage.

It will, I think, follow also from the adoption of this wider view of the work of the University, that it must have a powerful central government. The federal plan, which seems to have been adopted more or less in all the schemes hitherto put forth, is in great danger of subordinating the interests of the University to those of constituent colleges—a system which has not worked well in Oxford or Cambridge. The Victoria University was created under the condition that it must serve several large cities at considerable distances from each other. If the vast population of Manchester and its neighbourhood had been alone considered the federal type would probably not have been adopted. London is vast, but it is concentrated; and though no one group of buildings could accommodate all its students, there is no reason why its University government should not have the strength of unity. And if this be desirable even for its higher

teaching, it is essential for the propagandist and missionary work which a truly popular University must undertake. Division in its counsels would be fatal to success. The two existing Colleges have very different aims and ideas, and though they may at a crisis agree together to keep all they have and share the advantages of a new degree-giving power, they would make a very inefficient body for administering general educational interests. We need a government responsible only to the public, concerned only with its interests and weakened by no *imperia in imperio*.

These considerations would seem to leave the way open for the present University of London and the municipal authorities to come together. The Royal Commission were equally divided in opinion as to whether Burlington House could submit to so drastic a reconstruction as would be needed in order to render it a true Metropolitan University. But if it could, and if University College, returning to its primitive idea, joined it in approaching the municipal bodies, a foundation might be laid for the new charter. It is not in any spirit of jealousy of religious effort that the suggestion is made that King's College should, as a separate institution, devote itself to the great interests of theological teaching, and be supplemented by a parallel theological school, representing that other view of theology which is taught at Mansfield College. It is not because the higher education can permanently flourish in the absence of theology, still less because religion is unimportant to the student life, that our University instruction must be unsectarian; it is because that instruction is to be public, and our theological tuition, being at present particularist, must be private. On this plan, the secular teaching of King's College would also be merged in the University.

But however this may be ultimately arranged, it is submitted that the difficulties involved in the position of the present University and Colleges, as well as those of medical graduation, are too great to be satisfactorily solved except by the intervention of a rich, powerful and independent force, representing the interests of the whole metropolis.

PERCY W. BUNTING.

THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

IN the view of many well qualified to form an opinion, the recent debate and division on Sir Albert Rollit's Parliamentary Franchise Extension to Women Bill indicate the commencement of a new departure in the history of women's suffrage. It is well known that up to the present, in all probability its last session, this Parliament has had no opportunity of discussing the subject. The efforts of the opponents of women's suffrage have been directed, and successfully directed, to stifling parliamentary discussion. Year after year the day on which the Women's Suffrage Bill was down for second reading has been absorbed in the holidays, or taken for Government business, or in some other way the discussion has been got rid of. An intrigue having a similar object was set on foot this year; strenuous efforts were made to induce Mr. Balfour to give a jaded Legislature three days more holiday at Easter; if he had yielded, and had summoned the House to reassemble after Easter on Thursday, April 28, instead of Monday, April 25, the parliamentary history of women's suffrage for the years 1887–1891 would have repeated itself in 1892. But the conditions were different. The leader of the House had no desire to deprive members of the opportunity of putting on record whether they were for or against a moderate measure of women's enfranchisement; he did not yield to the pressure brought to bear on him to prolong the Easter holidays so as to absorb the day for the discussion of the Bill; and it therefore became apparent that a debate and division were inevitable. The leader of the hostile forces then changed his tactics. Mr. Labouchere, in the pages of *Truth*, announced that no effort would be made to avoid a division, and warned the ladies "not to live in a ladies' paradise," but to prepare their minds for a crushing defeat. To ensure this object a remarkable

whip was issued against the Bill, signed by twenty members of Parliament representative of all sections of the House. Not only did this whip contain the names of leading Gladstonians, Liberal Unionists, Nationalists, and Conservatives; it had an even more noteworthy peculiarity, containing, as it did, the names of Mr. J. L. Carew, Nationalist member for Kildare; of Sir Thomas Esmonde, Nationalist member for South Dublin; of the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, Gladstonian member for Wolverhampton; of Sir E. J. Reed, Gladstonian member for Cardiff; and of the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, Gladstonian member for Sheffield, it was graced by the signatures of gentlemen who had long been ranked among the supporters of women's suffrage. Mr. Carew had voted in its favour in 1886; Sir Thomas Esmonde had promised during the election of 1885 to support women's suffrage, and had supported it in 1886; the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler had spoken most admirably and voted for women's suffrage in 1883; Sir E. J. Reed, if I mistake not, is on the general committee of one of the Women's Suffrage Societies, and has voted and paired and signed memorials in favour of women's suffrage till as recently as 1889; while the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella had voted in its favour in 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1875, 1876, 1878, and had paired in its favour in 1879. But in 1892, these "mighty accommodating" gentlemen, without, so far as I have been able to ascertain, offering the public any explanation of their change of front, put their names to a whip urging the attendance of members in the House to oppose a measure identical in spirit and object with those they formerly supported. If this is an example of the "life-long habit of responsible action," in which men are supposed to be superior to women, and women with husbands to women without them, it is difficult to say where we should look for specimens of irresponsible action. Of the two Irish gentlemen I say nothing, and of the Englishmen only this, that I have frequently noticed that nothing has a more deleterious effect on a Liberal politician, especially on all questions relating to justice to women, than the possession or anticipation of a seat in a Liberal Administration; for many years we have not been able to count on continuous support from men who hold, or who expect to hold, office in a Liberal Government. It cannot be denied that this whip, published as it was in all the papers in the Easter holidays, made a deep impression; but the impression was almost effaced, in the sense that the stars are effaced by the sun, by the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet against Sir Albert Rollit's Bill. It was believed by the Press and by many members of Parliament that this remarkable production would have the effect of annihilating the women's suffrage party. We were cheerfully assured that we were "done for," and "dead and buried." It was expected that hardly more than a dozen

Gladstonians would dare to vote against their leader. One Gladstonian member, a strong and trusted friend of women's suffrage, heard so much of the songs of triumph on his own side as to our expected discomfiture that he counselled, even at the eleventh hour, that the Bill should be withdrawn. Mr. Asquith, in his speech against the Bill, could not refrain from sounding the note of triumph. He said the friends of women's suffrage were approaching the division with a heavy heart; we had, he said, no proselytes to boast over, nothing but perverts to denounce. He hinted that the division would conclusively prove that "this skilfully advertised movement" had made no real progress during recent years. The result is, of course, now well known. In a House numbering, with pairs, nearly 400 members, the Women's Suffrage Bill was only defeated by twenty-three. The opponents of the Bill were crestfallen, its friends were jubilant. Several of both have united in expressing the opinion that we are bound to win before long.

The salient feature of the situation is undoubtedly the small majority against us after the unprecedented effort that was made to secure a crushing defeat for the Bill. To what may this small majority be attributed? In attempting to answer this question, I do not give a first place to the great advantage which we undoubtedly received from the known advocacy of women's suffrage by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, nor to the admirable speech, welcome as it was, of the latter; neither do I attribute the slender proportions of the hostile majority primarily to the fact that Sir Albert Rollit made a remarkably able, interesting, and temperate statement of his case in introducing the Bill, nor to the corresponding fact that Mr. S. Smith, who moved its rejection, was prolix beyond the dreams of dulness. The vote of no member was probably affected by what he heard during the debate. The speeches as a whole were extremely good on both sides. We have been used to much worse things than dulness in the speeches of our opponents; and in 1892 the speech of Sir Henry James was the only one that recalled the low tone of the debates of earlier years. But it was a solitary survival. The real reason for the improved tone of the debate, and for the unexpected smallness of the hostile majority, is, I believe, to be found in the increased activity of women in political affairs. With a general election in the near future, and with the knowledge that most members of Parliament have that they are going to appeal to women in their constituencies to help them to retain their seats, the most rabid parliamentary opponent of women's freedom hesitates to declare that politics are unwomanly, or that women who care for politics are unsexed harridans, or even that the intellectual capacities of women as a whole are on a par with those of rabbits. Hence the proportion of broken pledges on the subject of women's suffrage was smaller

than any one anticipated, and the tone of the hostile speeches was unprecedentedly decorous and respectful. On the eve of the division, close upon two hundred branches of the Women's Liberal Federation presented petitions to their several members, begging them to support Sir Albert Rollit's Bill. I have no doubt that the members receiving these petitions, and looking forward as they did for help from these women's associations in the coming elections, would think "again, and again, and again," as Mr. Gladstone says, before they would vote against women's suffrage. Mr. Samuel Smith, in one of his many utterances against us, is ingenuous enough to lament that the House of Commons cannot vote by secret ballot on the subject of women's suffrage. That our enemies are pressing for the power of stabbing us in the dark by secret voting is a very hopeful sign, for it is an indication that those who wish to vote against us hesitate to do so openly: they have something to lose in their constituencies by breaking the pledges they have so frequently given that they will support the extension of the parliamentary suffrage to women ratepayers.

It is interesting, and it certainly bears out my view that the improved tone of the debate was due to women's activity in politics, to observe that in those regions where this ameliorating influence on manners is inoperative, the opponents of women's progress pursue their old methods of misrepresentation and personalities. The Press is, so far, not much influenced by women's work in politics, and, therefore, the papers which oppose women's suffrage, though they are considerably fewer than formerly, have not materially mended their manners nor their methods of controversy. Those who favour women's suffrage are called in one journal "Tapers and Tadpoles." A weekly paper, famed for inaccuracy, justified its reputation by attacking the Women's Suffrage Bill on April 23, because it would "give a vote to prostitutes living in lodgings"; and on April 30, because it would not. The same paper airily talks of the "political women, whose interests in politics is generally of a strictly personal nature." "Notoriety," it says, "is all they seek, however much they may talk of the cause which they honour with their support"; and with a curious power of mental perversion the same paper states that the "loaves and fishes" of office, in the shape of notoriety, are the great attraction to women of political affairs. Considering that there are absolutely no loaves and fishes of office in the women's political world, this assertion surpasses in temerity anything that has hitherto been contributed to the controversy, except the same paper's attribution to Mr. Courtney of a speech expressing "a very strong and even bigoted opinion against women's franchise."

The comic papers, one and all, so far as I have seen them, depict the women who desire political enfranchisement as hideous scarecrows; and Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., follows suit

in an oration to the Medical Society of London that, seeing a group of girl-students on the platform of a provincial railway station, he has ever since been haunted by their "pantaloon-like" appearance and generally unattractive aspect. A not unnatural terror seized him at this terrible sight, and though he attributes ugliness in a girl to her mother having received her education at a high school, he does not appear to have stopped to inquire where the mothers of these unfortunate young ladies were educated, nor to make any inquiries into the life-history of their fathers. The thought suggests itself, how far ugliness, disease, headache, and want of vigour, in the children, may be the result of the "sins of the fathers" rather than of the learning of the mothers. Whether these poor girls were ugly because they went to college, or went to college because they were ugly, or whether they were simply in the chrysalis state, he does not explain; but he evidently wished to establish a connection in the minds of his hearers between learning and personal ugliness. He did not, however, take any comprehensive view of the recent changes which almost every one is remarking in the physical and mental development of English girls. The number of tall and magnificently developed girls is noticeably on the increase; one can go nowhere without noticing that the girls of the present day are a head and shoulders taller than their mothers and grandmothers: and this striking physical development has taken place simultaneously with that improvement in their intellectual training which Sir James Crichton Browne deplores.

My object here is not, however, to controvert the conclusions at which Sir James C. Browne appears to have arrived after seeing one group of twenty students, examining one school and weighing two men's and one woman's brains, but merely to point out that the activity of women in politics, the fact that they have begun voluntarily to do work which politicians on all sides find useful, has produced a civilising effect upon parliamentary manners, and that where a similar motive for courtesy does not exist the opponents of the progress of women towards liberty are apt to fall back into the old slough of personalities and misrepresentation.

Although the debate on Sir Albert Rollit's Bill was on a far higher level than that of any former year when women's suffrage has been discussed in Parliament, yet the arguments against the Bill were as inconsequent and as mutually destructive as they ever had been. The opponents of women's suffrage were rather unkind to their chief spokesman, Mr. Samuel Smith. One after another, as they rose, they expressed their desire to dissociate themselves from the line of argument adopted by the honourable member for the Flint Burghs. The frequent assertion that women did not want the suffrage was counterbalanced by the contrary assertion—often

proceeding from the same speaker—that if a few women had it, they would value it so highly as to insist that all other women should be allowed also to possess it. Women don't want the suffrage, but men who wish to vote against it desire the protection of the ballot to shield them from the anger of the women in their constituencies. Women don't want the suffrage, and the men who vote for it are coerced by their female relatives, and support it because they love a quiet life at home. Mr. Gladstone said in his letter to Mr. Smith, "I admit that we have often as legislators been most unfaithful guardians of her (woman's) rights to moral and social equality." Mr. Bryce stated that he had spent many years of his life in endeavouring to mitigate the injustice of the law to women. Both of them appear to believe that these failures of justice belong entirely to the past. They did not observe that an attempt to remove the gross injustice to women of the English Divorce Act had been defeated the night before the Women's Suffrage Bill came on by seventy-one votes to forty. They did not observe that Parliament never interferes with the industrial occupations of women except still further to restrict them; that the law gives a wife no rights of guardianship over her children while her husband lives; that the demand of women factory workers and women engaged in education for women factory inspectors and women school inspectors attracts no practical attention from our legislators. The opponents of women's suffrage said again and again in the debate that women are not a class, and then went on to assume that they were a class, with interests diametrically opposed to the interests of men; and that if women had votes, all the women would be on one side, and all the men on the other. "Women are not a class," said Mr. Bryce, "they are our mothers, sisters, wives." Would it be too great an effort of imagination to him and those who use a similar line of argument to attempt, in their own minds, to reverse the situation: to suppose a House of Commons elected entirely by women and composed entirely of women, and then when the poor excluded men asked for some share at any rate in representation, would they be satisfied if some fair lady assured them they did not require representation? "They are not a class. Are they not our brothers, our fathers, our husbands?" I think this would be but cold comfort, a Barmecide's feast, to the men who wanted to have a share in managing their own affairs.

Another rather curious feature of the debate was the reference that was made by more than one opponent of the Bill to the admission of women to the municipal franchise. Parliament is perfectly ready in the future, though it has been a little remiss in the past, they said, to do justice to women, and they were admitted to the municipal franchise at 2 o'clock in the morning, quite by accident, when nearly every one was asleep! This is really too modest. The Parliament

of 1872 might have done good by stealth and blushed to find it fame, but this does not explain why women have been admitted, with the general approval of the whole House, to the County Council vote, and why men of all parties admit that the working of women's suffrage has been productive of much good and of no harm whatever.

The physical force argument was heard a good deal during the debate. It was sufficiently answered by Mr Balfour, who pointed out that the physical force, which in the last resort is the sanction of the law, is not now obtained by the mobilisation of amateur soldiers each shouldering his rifle, but from a trained and highly organised force, which all citizens, men and women alike, combine to pay for. Exactly the same argument might have been applied to the municipal enfranchisement of women. Physical force is a necessary factor in municipal government, but women supply it just as the vast majority of men supply it, not by furnishing it in their own persons, but by paying for it in the persons of others. The control by the executive government of the armed forces by which the authority of the law would, in the last resort, be vindicated, is the essential thing; it is not essential that the electorate, on the opinions of the majority of whom the choice of the executive government depends, should themselves possess a preponderance of physical force. It is doubtful now, at the present moment, whether it does so; it certainly did not during all the hundreds of years that the parliamentary franchise was restricted to a small percentage of the adult males of the country.

Another argument that was repeated by more than one speaker was that no civilised country in the world has ever tried women's suffrage. It might be fairly retorted that no country in the world is so fit as England to be the first in this great extension of the principle of representative government. England is the birthplace of modern representative government. Why should she not continue to lead as she has led before? English women have, even more, I think, than the women of other countries, although some forward movement is visible in almost every country in the world, been foremost in the social, industrial and intellectual renaissance which is the most striking feature of the present century. It is a curious argument to proceed from Radicals, that they are so afraid of England being first; they would like her to lag behind; and let the experiment of making representative government really representative of the whole nation instead of only representative of less than half of it, be tried in some State with less firmly established institutions, a less orderly and decorous society, a less highly organised industrial system, less profound sympathy between men and women in the fields of religious aspiration and social reform. England's advantages in all these respects make her of all countries the one that ought to be the first to set the example. There is no great cleavage between men

and women here as there is in France, Spain and Italy in religious thought. Men and women are working side by side now in England in almost every department of national life, including politics; we ask that their political status should be made to correspond to their actual social status.

The timidity that cries out in terror lest England should be the first State to enfranchise women, may very possibly be set at rest before the subject is debated again in the House of Commons. The same copy of the *Times* that reported the debate in the House of Commons, also reported that a Women's Suffrage Bill had been carried in the Legislative Assembly of the State of New York by seventy to thirty-four. Last autumn Women's Suffrage was only lost in the Upper House in New Zealand (having passed the Lower House by large majorities) by two votes. A telegram in the *Times* on May 12 stated that it is anticipated that the Women's Suffrage Bill, which has been introduced this year by Sir John Hall in the New Zealand House of Representatives, will pass both Houses, and become law. The Government has agreed to afford every facility for the passing of the Bill. In 1890 Women's Suffrage was only lost in its final stage in South Australia by one vote. If England is to have the honour of being first, she has no time to lose. The nursing-mother of great nations will show herself worthy of her traditions when she admits her daughters to citizenship. We are on the right road to secure this through the spontaneous action of women's political associations, and through the effect produced on all thoughtful minds by the incongruity of encouraging women to do political work, while withholding from them the first elementary guarantee of political liberty.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

THE recent division on the Women's Suffrage Bill seems to have surprised many and to have disconcerted not a few. Great preparations had been made to muster all the forces that could be brought into the field against the Bill. A most formidable "whip" had been issued, signed by three or four Cabinet Ministers, and by possibly higher powers. Mr. Gladstone had been led to write a letter to Mr. Samuel Smith. Nevertheless, the second reading was rejected by a feeble majority of 23; and there are sanguine spirits who say that if another powerful opponent had not been prevented by illness from speaking against the Bill the second reading would have been carried. Too high a negative value is thus attributed to the argument of the absentee, but the result of the division was a revelation and a disappointment.

in sharp contrast to the note of triumph sounded beforehand. Mr. Gladstone was perplexed. There had been sad miscalculation somewhere, betraying him into a tactical error. I have heard he is already reconsidering his position. I do not believe this, though the report is not in itself incredible. Those who remember how the language he used in 1870, against "unsettling, not to say uprooting, the old landmarks of society which are far deeper than any of those political distinctions which separate parties," had disappeared in 1871 when it was admitted that "there was more presumptive ground for the change than opponents were disposed to own," and it seemed that if women could only vote by proxy, as in Italy, they might be allowed to vote, could not be surprised if, in 1893, Mr. Gladstone was found parting company with Mr. Samuel Smith, his correspondent of 1892. It is, perhaps, too much to think that Mr. Smith may go over with him.

I do not, however, wish to dwell on the immediate significance and promise of the division of the 27th of April. I revert to it in the first place to note with surprise what appears to me the simplicity of so many opponents of the women's vote in not recognising how far they have practically committed themselves to it. Every political party has its auxiliary association of women. Their aid is employed, nay, invited, in all elections. Women are not merely competent to have opinions of their own, they are apostolic missionaries charged with the duty of disseminating the opinions they entertain. They can teach the male voter how to vote; they may even conduct him to the poll; but they have not the ability to vote themselves, and there are fatal obstacles to their entering the polling-booth. And even this impenetrable temple they can penetrate annually, or oftener than annually. If they are ratepayers in a town, they can vote once a year at the sectional renewal of the Town Council. Whether in town or country they can vote annually for the Guardians of the Poor, though, indeed, this is done upon papers collected by the police. If living within the area of a School Board they are not unequal to the handling of the cumulative vote every third year. They vote for County Councillors at the same interval in every county. It is very difficult to understand how all these powers and capacities vanish when a Parliamentary election comes around—say, once in five years. I read with respectful astonishment the report of a political meeting held a few weeks since in a south-western watering-place. The town is the scene of a keen political struggle. Parties are narrowly divided. Each side believes it will win; but whilst Unionists and Home Rulers dispute the future, all are agreed that if the sitting member is displaced it will be by the wife of his antagonist rather than by the antagonist himself. This charming lady addressed the meeting of which I speak. I suppose no one will deny that the Irish Question is

one of some complication. A reasoned judgment upon it requires some knowledge of the past and the present, some power of examining evidence, some capacity of measuring the power and permanency of popular movement. This lady was equal to all this. She argued and exhorted and probably persuaded some of her hearers, and then, at the close of all—here the astonishment comes in—she deprecated women having the Parliamentary vote because they were really unequal to the duties it involved. If the conclusion had been that women were not always conscious of the comedy of things one could not have denied it, though it might have been added, "nor men either;" but the contradiction between the proceedings of the evening and its final avowal can only be the subject of decorous amusement. The speaker could not have thought that she was herself incapable of political judgment, and yet I suppose she would have shrunk from the pretty Pharisaism of saying that she and a few like her were not as other women are, their detached and gifted minds being the rare attributes of a few, and not possessed by the populace of women.

There are, however, some who are conscious of the contradiction of employing women as political agents and denying them votes, and who know that this contradiction cannot be maintained. They see what is coming; but they like it none the more. If women work with them and for them it is almost against their will. They have been dragged into tolerating their allies. The political woman is to them a monstrosity. They foresee, however much it may be part of the fatal development of the race, a destruction of woman's character. It is destined to become rough, hard, coarse, dead to the finer sensibilities, and disdainful of the finer manners, if not morals of the sex. Towards men of this way of thinking I have a very tender feeling. I would fain give them the gentlest of hands to lead them to take a little step out of their present environment. They are of an affectionate, sympathetic nature, easily touched by the beauty that has grown out of past relations, easily solicitous of the changes of the future. Is it a commonplace to suggest that anxieties like theirs have been felt at every successive movement which has enlarged the range of woman's thoughts and the sphere of her activities? There has been a movement, slow but continuous, and every step of it has provoked a tremulous solicitude I should be the last to reprehend. We may see in the contemporary life of the globe all the stages of this development, and wherever we go we meet the same ready repugnance to any change from what is. If it be true that

> "In the ever closed hareem,
> As in our open Western home,
> Sheds womanhood her starry beam,
> Over our being's busy foam;"

it is also true that the lord of the hareem does not doubt that womanhood

would be ruined and the world come to wrack if the hareem were opened. It is not necessary to labour this point. I would only ask those whose minds may turn to Mrs. Jellaby and Booriobhoolagha to remember that we must compare the best realisation of the exclusively domestic type, absorbed in the ministration of domestic comforts and domestic pleasures —a type not to be despised—with the best realisation of that other variety which adds to a faithful and full discharge of the duties of home a watchful sympathy with the flow of national life and some intelligent observation of the diverse movements of other families of man. Compare best with best, and say which is the better of the two; remembering also that use, habit, tradition have brought about a close approximation to the realisation of the one ideal; while in respect of the other we may note that the courage of pioneers is almost necessarily a little lacking in the grace which is the after-growth of an assured custom.

I have, however, another word to say, and this is indeed my prime motive in writing this note. If the attention of the reader has been slackening, as it may well have been, I beg a revival of it. The problem of labour is the question of the hour. Political parties are to be rent, severed and fissured by social and economic faults and uplifts. Lord Beaconsfield's hero, who resolved in the full maturity of his youth to extinguish pauperism, is among us with a whole bevy of companions in desire. I would submit to those who are preoccupied with matters like these, whether a reconsideration of the position of woman in our social system is not vital to any lasting amendment of the condition of the people. The old notion, which still holds sway over our thoughts and lives, was that women should be trained to be wives and mothers, and there an end. This principle prevails almost universally among the higher and upper middle classes, where, however, it is accompanied by a sense of obligation that some provision should be made by the rulers of the household for the decent if meagre existence of those women who fail in their future. The unmarried woman of their ranks has bread and butter, and perhaps pocket money enough for decent duties. At best this is rather a poor outlook, but as we descend the ranks of gentility we meet with an appalling number of women not furnished with fortune to live without work, nor prepared by training to live by work. Still lower down some kind of preparation becomes inevitable, but it is slipshod, irregular, chanceful, not regarded as of serious moment. I need not dwell on some of the frightful consequences that follow. Even where honest lives are maintained there is a continual upgrowing of armies of unskilled labourers working for miserable wages, only too consonant with the worth of the work they do: and the women who get married not seldom aggravate the evil by trying to eke out their livelihood by taking any remuneration that may be

offered for their broken labour. In the end the workhouse receives the survivors who have been dragged through life, living from hand to mouth, with no thought on the part of themselves or of any one about them, of a differently ordered existence. Society cannot be reformed unless woman's lot be regarded in another fashion. We must get right ways of thinking about her. If the old notions were ever tenable they are hopelessly at fault in view of modern industrial organisation. Working men do not provide for their dependent women, and it is idle to say that they ought. They cannot do so except by training them for work. It may indeed be said that the contradiction between the theories so many men profess and the facts they endure is due to a want of morality in men in not acting up to their professed theories; and the true remedy is not to be found in the abandonment of theory and enthronement of fact but in the reformation of fact so as to conform to theory. If men do not rise to the standard of their obligations in ensuring to woman a reserved life of domesticities, let us not say there is no such obligation. I join heartily in the protest against accepting evil as permanent and necessary because it is widespread and appears to be increasing; but that women should be factors in our economic life is I believe a good, a real good, we should do our best to extend. That large masses of women should find their place in our industrial and commercial organisation, and should be trained to fill the place so found, is the true way to better the position of themselves and of men also. Few will deny that it may be better for women to be brought up so as to be capable of supporting themselves, but many may be slow to understand how the position of men can be thereby bettered. Will you not, it may be asked, be thus multiplying rivals for men's work, and rivals ready to accept a lower rate of wages? Men suffer already from the competition of women, and you propose to increase it. It is hard doctrine, an illustration of what I have ventured to call Shady Truths, but still the doctrine is sound, that the organisation of woman's work will better the condition of men. It is obvious that if large numbers of women are converted from mere consumers into helpers in production, there will be an increase in the mass of products without any corresponding increase in the mouths to be fed. What has been called the National Dividend will be enlarged, the divisors remaining the same. Looking at the subject in another way, it will be seen that all the arguments against the utilisation of women as producers are the same as those against the use of machines; those who employ such arguments confine their attention to the phenomena of displacement of labour immediately resulting, they do not carry their minds forward to the gains that follow readjustment. We witness now the worst experiences in the competition of the unskilled, we shall go through no worse, and we shall arrive in fairer h s when

women's labour is frankly recognised, trained, and organised as part of the economy of the world. And, to return after a long digression, the recognition of woman as a worker and the recognition of woman as a voter are part of one and the same movement. Side by side the advance is made, and each step assists the other. Mr. Gladstone was ready to confess years ago, before he was beguiled by an ill-thinking Whip into writing an ill-thought letter, that the question of the vote concerned the woman worker more than any other. It concerns her directly and indirectly, by immediate and by reflex action. The mere acquisition of a vote is in itself a small thing, especially to those whose minds have been already quickened by all the impulses and sympathies of political thought; but the character of the sex as a whole, and the status of the woman-worker in particular, must be improved by the removal of the barriers that have environed and cramped her activities. And, as all things are moving to this end, we may await with serenity what promises to be the near achievement of the next step in the progress.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

THE admission of women to the full citizens' rights which are correlative to the performance of citizens' duties is suddenly brought very much nearer by a curious combination of circumstances, some of which seemed at first sight most disadvantageous to it. Essentially a Liberal measure, a logical development of Liberal principles—only reconcilable with the nobler side of Toryism by means of considerable historical research, and of still more historical imagination—it has of recent years been more attractive to the Tory than to the Liberal party for reasons which are more obvious to men than to women, if indeed they are not solely visible to the eye which creates what it sees. For nothing can be more foreign to that Conservatism which remains untaught by Liberalism—a Conservatism becoming daily rarer—than to sanction the doctrine that a mere human demand for justice and freedom has a claim to be satisfied, unless it is backed up by force, or the stringent requirements of policy. But it happens that the women's franchise proposals which have so far had any appreciable chance in Parliament have been of a nature that led some members of the Conservative party to think that they would end in giving a proportionately large increase of voting power to that party, while one or two leaders of the party would, under happier circumstances of family connection, have naturally been moderate Liberals. And so a certain favour is shown by many Tories to the women's

demand for the franchise. The managers of the Primrose League hope to get a mass of votes from among the "Dames," a result which, women who catch floating echoes of the general tone of that body doubt. It is, to say the least of it, rash to expect political action from people whose private *mot d'ordre* is, "As little politics as possible, you know, dear! Amuse them." And to some of us who have lived in Tory households nothing is more entertaining than the notion that the ordinary Tory man will see his way to endow his womankind, or permit them to acquire for themselves a property qualification, or that the ordinary Tory woman will demean herself by taking the necessary means to qualify herself. When Torydom gives its womankind as much freedom and independence as that, Torydom will be at an end. There will, it is true, for the present be a certain body of Tory women, women who are real, honest, convinced Tories; but only a few among them are persuadable to step so far beyond the bounds of social custom as to vote. The experiences of canvassing among women voters in London point to the results that, while that vote is exercisable by more women who call themselves Tories than one would have expected, a strangely large proportion of those Tories are bedridden or house-bound by age and infirmity, while the Liberal women voters are in active life and inclined to be vitally interested in politics. This is probably the case also in other parts of the country.

Yet it is dismally true that the Liberal leaders are, as a rule, strangely adverse to the cause of woman's suffrage. It is unnecessary to accumulate evidence of this. The one striking instance of Mr. Gladstone's letter is enough. But Liberalism has never been less influenced by any dictum of a great Liberal leader; and the chief result of that pamphlet has been to show once more that in Liberalism it is principles that stand, and that vindicate themselves when even the greatest men stumble and err, failing to see where principles lead, and permitting their clear vision to be befogged by old mists of Conservatism. Mr. Gladstone has himself said that his whole life has been a long learning of the meaning of liberty, and if his younger disciples, standing on the forward platform he has built for them, entering into the great heritage he has painfully won for them, have a larger hope in some directions than he has, their wider vision may be gracefully and gratefully counted a part of the debt they owe to him as an exponent of truths greater and higher than any man or any age. That is really a great fact in modern Liberalism, a fact paralleled by familiar facts in domestic life, and only new in politics because true Liberalism is not yet old. Succeeding political generations, while relying on what is solid and useful in the experience of the past, and trusting the old in some respects, can never allow the growth of opinion, the pressure of opportunity, to be cramped and counteracted by the stiffer and slower movement of earlier and more wearied

workers. It is of the essence of Liberalism that the earlier generation should expect to be outstripped by eager successors, should seek to consolidate the gains of one generation, while already the new generation is adding to the heap. So Mr. Gladstone's failure to appreciate the claims of the women of England to freedom is not a crushing blow, but only an incitement to action. Indeed, he himself challenges women to convince him that they desire freedom. It is true that such an expression of desire ought not to be a condition precedent; for it is an axiom as true in the political as in the commercial world, as true in the intellectual as in the political world, as true in the spiritual as in the intellectual world, that supply creates demand. And the demand, however feebly made, for freedom to do a duty, however dimly discerned, ought to be fostered and stimulated like every other nascent social growth.

It is a curious testimony to Mr. Gladstone's education of his country that he should lag behind in this development of Liberal principle, while a coercive tyrant, like Mr. Balfour, has learned to see its truth and justice. For Mr. Balfour's willingness to admit Irish women to municipal freedom cannot be attributed to a conviction that he will get thereby a party gain. Few and far between will be the Irish women for many a generation who will put a Tory into any place of trust.

The great thing we have gained by this Liberal failure to check a Tory advance is that the whole movement has been delivered from the burden of party ties, while left free to use party power. Grant that at the first election at which women vote a large number of women who have not yet begun to live and to think seriously will have a vote, and may use it, and may cast it for the Tory party; nevertheless, on the whole, the same political influences will tell on the mass of women as on men, and that party which best serves the country may count on the adhesion of women. The mere fact that women have not, except among the numerically few "classes," been accustomed to party discipline, as well as the fact that women have been trained not to combine, but rather to act in isolation, will secure followers for the best leaders, for those who can show that good will follow their steps. This will spur the two parties on to a new sort of rivalry—a rivalry, it is true, to catch votes, but to catch votes for better reasons than ever before.

The late dissensions in the Women's Liberal Federation have read a strange political lesson to those who have watched them closely. A vigorous band of women, keen to right the wrongs of Ireland, devoted to a leader, shamed and alarmed by the organisation of the women of the opposite party, set to work to combine the Liberal women of England. Within their ranks were some who saw that no such combination could stand before the world if it failed to declare what

eternal Liberalism demands for the emancipation of women. The original majority were content and even anxious to be mere tools for the use of the men of the Liberal party. The original minority knew that a political tool is not a political power, and that if the Liberal party is to be strengthened, as well as Liberal principles propagated, it must be by responsible, free, thoughtful, educated, earnestly convinced Liberals. Such Liberals are not to be produced by recruiting women to work for any man whom the Liberal men of their neighbourhood may for any reason wish or consent to return to Parliament, nor by assuring women that their interests as women are best served by their depending on "influencing" the men of their households—should they have any households, or any men in them, or any men susceptible to "influence," or if they themselves happened to have "influence" to exercise.

The rubbish that is talked about women's "influence," a thing always treated as quite different in nature from the influence of men on each other, inclines one to use the Italian form, "influenza." It seems to have much the same weakening and demoralising effect upon those liable to its infection.

This original minority stoutly maintained, against heavy odds, that women must not only press on the questions acknowledged by the Liberal party to be of prime importance, but must carefully study and then force on public attention the grievances of women. The first dispute in the Annual Council arose when four ladies accompanied Sir Charles Dilke when he first offered himself to the public sympathy of the Forest of Dean, and allowed their names to appear in the public reports of his tour as members of the Women's Liberal Federation.

This action was objected to, and was disavowed at the following Council. Though that dispute has receded into the background, it marked the first line of cleavage, and to a certain degree that line of cleavage has been persistent. Several of the ladies who took that course have been leaders in the effort to impose upon the Women's Liberal Federation a position of abject subordination to the uses of the Men's Liberal Federation, and a policy of silence on the topic of women's suffrage. They have—with other women not involved in that first dispute, who have subsequently joined their party—steadily discouraged the consideration of topics primarily important to women.

At the Annual Council Meeting of last year this party in the Federation endeavoured to confine discussion to the mere business routine of the Federation, and to restrict the eager workers delegated from all over the country to applauding the topics of the men's programme, and discussing—without passing resolutions—a few women's questions under very narrow limits of time. The ablest and most eloquent of their speakers has acquired a curious habit of adding

her fellow workers as though their knowledge and logical power were small, and suggesting that their desire for enfranchisement ought not to be gratified for a long time to come. The delegates had not realised this position last year, and had only come up full of "zeal without knowledge" for their foremost women. The result was not what it should have been for the women's cause. The women who hold that women who work should also think, and that women who think should think and work for *all* the nation—especially for those not yet free and those not yet able to think and work for themselves—for the poor, the young, the oppressed, the wronged, the ruined—these women were stung to a great resolve, and this year's Council has seen the fruits of their determination. Among these women were a few whose devotion, capacity, and circumstances enabled them to give the whole year to the work of rousing the Liberal women of England. They pressed the demand that the franchise should be granted to women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men; and with a band of helpers went to all parts of the country with this as their rallying cry. In many places they found a people ready to hear them. Workers for social purity, for temperance, for all the thousand and one forms of social advance have long been more or less clearly aware that to work in all these lines without direct power to insist on necessary changes in the law is a mere beating of the air, and they sprang to the call to come and get more effectual weapons for their warfare. In many a quiet village the women, when invited to come and hear the women speakers who told them that they ought to demand the vote for themselves, said: "Well, we were thinking it were our turn now. The men's 'ad it some years." This new activity attracted at first no great attention. But when the last date for the affiliation of new associations drew near, it became obvious that the Progressive party largely outnumbered their opponents who had proposed to rest and be thankful. The former majority now lost their self-control, and instead of accepting the defeat which they foresaw, a defeat only complementary to that which they had themselves inflicted the previous year, threw up the sponge and retired from the Federation—not without disorder.

But all this has been treated by the successful working party as the mere passing ebullition of surprised vexation. Advances of the most patient and determined kind have been made to the really valued and valuable workers among those who thus retired in confusion. It bids fair to be the story of Liberal Unionism over again. Some have already thrown in their lot with the Progressists—now the Liberal Federation again—and others are likely to follow as the whole question becomes better understood in the country. An effort will probably be made to start another body of workers, to be as Liberal as the less Liberal men will permit them to be, and the end

of that arrangement, like the end of Liberal Unionism, is not yet clear.

But the mass—the rapidly growing mass—of Liberal women of the United Kingdom, growing in numbers, in knowledge, in thoughtfulness, in vigour, in power, will stand by the side of the Liberal men; often leading, sometimes spurring them on to greater and more self-forgetting efforts for the Liberal cause, until the day shall come when English Liberalism shall know no distinction of sex, but only a true and mutual service of men and women for the cause of freedom and justice in all parts of the world.

We are struggling not for English women alone, but for all the women, degraded, miserable, unheard-of, for whose life and happiness England has daily to answer to God, whose cause is yet to be heard, whose right is ere long to be maintained.

We are struggling, not for women all the world over only, but for the true and only way in which the government of the world can be justly and well conducted—for the government on right principles of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.

SARAH M. SHELDON AMOS.

FORMS OF HOME RULE: A REPLY.

IN the April number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* appeared an article by Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., entitled "Forms of Home Rule." Mr. Reid, in common with many more of the younger Gladstonians, recognises the fact, which the official leaders of his party so curiously refuse to see, that a Home Rule Bill, to be successful, must be the outcome of public opinion, matured after a full discussion of its details, and must not (like the unfortunate Bill of 1886) be merely a measure sprung suddenly upon the country, which is peremptorily bidden to swallow it entirely as it stands, without venturing to criticise any of its details. Moreover, the article referred to is itself marked by a moderation and an evident readiness to give a patient consideration to the doubts and difficulties of those who are unable to conscientiously accept all the conclusions to which they are invited, and a disposition to grapple with difficult details, which do not always distinguish Gladstonian utterances.

No man, who has given a calm consideration to the subject, can doubt that it is in the last degree unstatesmanlike, and a source of extreme danger to the Empire, to allow the Home Rule question to remain unsettled longer than can be avoided. It, in truth, may be regarded as a sort of open wound, or sore, in the Constitution, which threatens, unless speedily closed, to sap its strength or possibly even to prove fatal to it. So long as peace continues, it, perhaps, is no more than a grave inconvenience. But it is this, to say the least of it, since it intereferes with the prompt consideration of many social questions of the highest importance and utmost urgency. On the other hand, the legislative achievements of the present Unionist Government are surely a sufficient answer to the Gladstonian cry that

* "Forms of Home Rule," by R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., at p. 472, *ante*.

"Ireland blocks the way," and that *nothing* can be accomplished in the way of social legislation till this burning question shall be settled and got out of the way. They at least sufficiently prove that, if the country is content to have a Unionist Government, it can do so without the necessity of sacrificing every one of its legitimate wishes to the attainment of this object. At the same time, no candid Unionist can deny that the continued existence of the question does cause some delay in dealing speedily with social and internal questions which were long ago ripe for legislation, and renders it far more difficult to approach and adequately discuss them than it need otherwise be. Nor is it possible to ignore altogether the danger which would arise if a great war should occur, even though it should be a less serious one than that which happened at the close of the last century, and involved a terrific struggle for national existence. Since, too, even in the view of Unionists, the Home Rule question involves the question of the continuance of an integral portion of the Constitution itself, it may fairly be urged that, though the contentions of party strife are well enough so long as the possession of office is the principal stake for which the political game is played, yet that, when the existence of an integral part of our Constitution is made a counter in the game, the play grows too high, and even degenerates into desperate gambling. Every one must admit, too, that every player has in due course his turn of luck. At the present moment the Unionists hold the trump cards, and for some time past have done so, although their opponents are (and until the re-action of the last few weeks were apparently with good reason) extremely confident as to the result of the next deal. But it is a mischievous, as well as a wilful, blindness to pretend to be unable to foresee that one day at all events the luck will change, and that the Gladstonians *must* then obtain their turn of good fortune. No man and no party can hope to enjoy an unclouded success which will last for ever; still less ought any man or any party to wish that the continuance of an integral part of the Constitution should depend upon his own good fortune and success in the game. When the Gladstonians come back into power they may, and if the present spirit is persisted in they probably will, be driven on their part to deal with the Home Rule question in a fashion as little likely to be productive of a final settlement, and, consequently, as little for the permanent benefit of the Empire as the *non possumus* or merely negative policy with which the Government (doubtless in some part for the reasons of which some will presently appear) have felt compelled in honesty, ever since 1886, to meet the demand for Home Rule.

These considerations would tend to make those Unionists who hold that the scheme of 1886 was too extreme and consequently dangerous to the Empire, feel disappointed that the interval for reflection which has been afforded between 1886 and the present time has not as yet

brought to light a reasonable compromise of, perhaps, the most difficult problem which modern jurists have yet been called upon to face. But the precious "breathing time" between 1886 and the present moment has been, it is feared, chiefly employed in enforcing the peculiar views of the Unionist party, in forgetfulness of the other turn of the wheel of political fortune which must eventually come, and of the consequences which must follow if the Gladstonians, when their turn of success arrives, employ it solely and exclusively for the purpose of actively enforcing their own views. In saying this, the Irish Local Government Bill of this Session, the fate of which still hangs in the balance, is not forgotten. Probably it is the best measure that could be produced under present circumstances; but it is confessedly a Local Government Bill, not a Home Rule Bill, and its authors must be as sanguine as they certainly are honest if they expect it to prove a final settlement of the Home Rule problem.

These, and probably many other, reasons have apparently presented themselves to the mind of Mr. Reid. He accordingly recognises that prudence and good statesmanship render it highly desirable that there should be a frank and full discussion of any reasonable plan of compromise upon this great question.

Other facts, in addition to those glanced at above, appear to make the moment apparently a very opportune one for such a scheme.

The key of the position at present remains in the hands of the much-reviled Liberal Unionists. These latter have, at great personal pain, and because what they (perhaps erroneously) believed to be the true interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, separated themselves from the party with which their natural sympathies lie, and among the ranks of which they, as individuals, have old friends and associates. For the past six years they have, for what (however erroneously) they believe to be the sake of right, been content to endure the taunts (not always too considerate) of their old friends, that they are traitors and turncoats, and to occupy the extremely painful position of sitting with one side of the House and voting with the other. Their reason for so doing has been that they have had no choice between taking such a course and assisting to place in office a Government whose first work would be to do the very thing which their strongest convictions tell them would be a mistake, and to prevent which they have already sacrificed so much. And what have they hitherto gained in return for enduring all this? The sweets of office they certainly can be hardly said, with any truth, to have shared. One of the ablest of their number has certainly been admitted into the Cabinet, but it is no secret that he joined it at a moment when the fortunes of the Government, and (as Unionists think) consequently of the country, were extremely critical, and that he took this step because it became a necessary one to enable the Unionist policy to be carried out, rather than solely on account of the recognition by his colleagues of his great

abilities, or an acceptance by him of that recognition. Again, they are not fairly open to the charge that their action has led to their obtaining a share of the patronage which falls to the lot of every Government. That which has come into the net of the present Administration has indeed been enormous. Yet the members of the Liberal Unionist party who have been appointed to places can, it is believed, be counted on the fingers of one hand, while, had this patronage even been distributed only in proportion to their numbers as compared with those of the Conservatives, the Liberal Unionist share would have been very large. Yet only one of their number (whose abilities would, whatever his politics, have ultimately secured him a seat on the Bench) has been appointed to a post of importance—and he was not a member of the Party in Parliament. The taunt that they have acted from self-interested motives is, therefore, one which cannot with any facts to support it be levelled at the Liberal Unionist wing of the party. We may further ask whether the members of the Liberal Unionists have, by their alleged treachery, secured political advancement, or even the safety of their own seats? But it is well known that a comparatively large number of Liberal Unionist M.P.'s will not seek re-election. It is little less notorious that, while the recognised leaders at head-quarters of the Conservative party have with chivalrous loyalty adhered to the compact that the two sections of the Unionist party should afford each other mutual support, it has been, in many cases, a hard and difficult task—and in some cases, indeed, an impossible one—to induce local Conservative organisations to take a broad view of politics, and to maintain their adhesion to it. Witness, for instance, the differences at Birmingham between the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, the annexation of Liberal Unionist seats which has occurred in Mid-Oxfordshire and elsewhere, and the disloyalty to the sitting Liberal Unionist M.P. in the Petersfield division of Hampshire (although the retiring representative for this latter constituency still with loyalty continues the energetic whip of his party).

The Liberal Unionists, on the one hand, feel that they have saved the country by standing in the breach, while it at least secured time for reflection, and that, their mission in political life being accomplished, they must be content to disappear. On the other hand, the action of local Conservatives, added to that of the Gladstonians, will plainly have the result that, after the next General Election, it is tolerably clear that the Liberal Unionist party (if not actually effaced, as many of the Gladstonians openly boast that they will be) will no longer hold the balance of political power. At the same time, although one of the two great traditional parties which will be left must, no doubt, ultimately prevail, the immediate future does not promise a certainty of victory to either of them. So far as can be foreseen, the course of events will probably be somewhat as follows: At the next General Election the Gladstonians will obtain a majority

office. After a sufficiently long interval, their leader will find that he can no longer escape, with the same good fortune as set aside Mr. Blaine's motion soon after Easter, from disclosing the details of his Home Rule plan, and he will accordingly be forced to "condescend to particulars," and to produce some sort of detailed Home Rule scheme. Then he will be confronted again with the dilemma that if his scheme is, in their opinion, not sufficient to satisfy Irish National aspirations, his Irish allies will at once drive him from office. If, on the other hand, the measure be an extreme one, the more moderate Gladstonians will refuse to support it, and the schism of 1886 will be repeated. If, indeed, a moderate measure can be framed in such a way as to meet with the apparent satisfaction of all parties for the moment, it will at best receive only a grudging acceptance on the part of the Irish party. That party will, after a short time, make it the basis of fresh demands, and there will be a speedy revival of the present political situation. If the measure be not acceptable (at least for the time) to all political parties, the House of Lords will, in the Conservative interest, throw it out; a General Election will again result, and so on—the controversy at each stage recommencing *da capo*.

The present moment, when a body of independent men, who have nothing to gain or to lose by the attitude which they may assume, and as much (or little) reason to favour the one of the two great political parties as the other, really holds the balance of power, is, then, certainly a favourable one for getting rid (if it can be done), by a moderate and wise compromise, of a question which seemingly bids fair to disturb both Great Britain and Ireland for some time to come.

Starting, then, with a belief that a wise compromise of the question is desirable, and that the present is a favourable moment for effecting one, the feasibility of the plan sketched by Mr. Reid calls for consideration in detail. Let us then proceed to thus discuss it.

No one who has ever taken any active part in political life, or made even a small attempt to deal with any one of the many reforms which press for speedy settlement, will deny, at least in the abstract, the accuracy of Mr. Reid's view as to the effect of successive increases in the size of Parliament, and of the extensions of the area of its jurisdiction which he points out, or his conclusion that "reason and nature forbid any further centralisation of that kind." The development of our parliamentary system had, in fact, long ago become so great that the good sense of the nation clearly told it that this development had reached its limit, and must not be extended further. It may be said that the same good sense now cries aloud that the vast increase in modern requirements and in the business of Parliament makes it essential that the principles of devolution should be brought into operation, and that the congestion of business, which is impairing the utility and begins to threaten even the existence of our parliamentary system, must, in some way or another, be speedily and effectually

relieved. It may fairly be urged that the increased interest taken by Parliament in private business, and that the efforts of the late Mr. Craig Sellar (a staunch Unionist, by the way) and the attempts of the present Conservative Government to deal with the procedure upon private Bills (which for the most part involve merely local considerations), alike are testimonies to the existence of this feeling. Granting, however (at all events for argument's sake), the extreme desirability of some scheme of development, how is one to be in practice carried into operation?

Little assistance for the solution of this problem is to be derived from colonial precedents. Speaking generally, the self-governing colonies afford no model for Ireland, because, as they are thousands of miles away, we can (and do) afford to allow them to be practically independent. But Ireland being within a few miles of our shores, our interest, and for that matter hers also, forbids anything approaching a separation between countries which (as Garibaldi once remarked) Nature obviously intended should be both politically and geographically one. On the other hand, the national aspirations of the people of Ireland, which already render them dissatisfied with a far greater degree of freedom than such a system would present, peremptorily exclude the idea, favoured indeed in some quarters, that it is possible to govern Ireland on the model of a Crown colony.

Looking solely to the interests of Ireland, we see that she has too much in common with England to allow the contemplation of the idea of any system of government which, on the one hand, might even remotely foster the idea of separation, or, on the other, might entail her government as a Crown colony. But she has too little in common with England for it to be possible that she can be entirely governed from England, by English ideas, or as though she were a part of England herself. Both the grounds just mentioned appear to unite in demanding that the representatives of Ireland should find their places in any Imperial Parliament which may undertake the management of the common concerns of both countries. Mr. Reid's scheme, indeed, would apparently not preclude this. At the same time, however, it must not be forgotten that the matter was the subject of fierce controversy in 1886, and can hardly be regarded as so generally conceded now by common consent that it is no longer a difficulty which requires to be taken into the account.

Looking at the matter again solely from an English point of view, it is plain that Great Britain is, and, as Irishmen themselves acknowledge, always must be, the superior and dominant country, and therefore it cannot reasonably be asked that she should not claim for herself what it is proposed that she should give to Ireland—the sole right to manage her own concerns. There would appear to be no more reason why she should tolerate that Ireland should me
the settlement of these, than there would be for her

interference of one of her colonies. These considerations invite a conclusion diametrically opposite to the one to which Irish interests, if considered alone, would lead us, and would show that, if a separate Parliament be established for Ireland, the representatives of that country ought to have no place in a purely English Parliament.

Being unable to find any precise colonial precedent which will serve as a model for the Home Rule which will adequately meet the mutual requirements of Great Britain and Ireland, we must next see whether some development of the Federal system will not supply the model of which we are in search.

Now, shortly put, the difficulty of the situation in this respect is as follows. As Mr. Reid points out, the Imperial Parliament is an existing fact; consequently, all other legislative bodies which may be created within the area of its jurisdiction must, and will, derive their very being and their authority from it. A Federal system, however, assumes the previous existence of two or more co-ordinate and independent Parliaments, which unite in creating a new legislative body. In the case of England and Ireland we, however, in the nature of things, and from the necessity of the case, have the inferior legislative bodies deriving their very life and origin from the previously existing supreme body. In a Federal system, on the other hand, the inferior legislative bodies which are previously in being, unite in creating a supreme Parliament, which therefore owes its powers as well as its existence to all the anterior inferior legislative bodies taken together. For these reasons alone, therefore, it is impossible to apply a Federal system (properly so-called) to the relationship of England and Ireland.

On principle, we thus are driven to the conclusion that the needs of England and Ireland cannot be met, either by the adoption of any system framed on a colonial model, or by any modification of the Federal system (properly so-called). We are obliged, therefore, to resort to some new system, framed *pro hoc vice*, adopting (so far as possible) all that appears best in either the colonial or the Federal system.

In arriving at such a plan, the problem which we have to solve is to formulate a system of government which will at once satisfy Irish aspirations for the possession of an independent Parliament, and the Unionist desire that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament should be maintained. Each of the conflicting parties it must be remembered respectively makes the concession of the principle it lays stress upon a *sine qua non* of any compromise that may be suggested.

Mr. Reid suggests "Home Rule all round." In effect, his proposal is that the Imperial Parliament should delegate such of its powers as are not Imperial to National Parliaments, elected by each separate nationality that might be entrusted by it with Home Rule. Each National Parliament thus created would have a National Government

dependent upon it; each National Government would, in its turn, have a National Executive dependent upon it. Matters really Imperial, and therefore common to all the National Governments, would, as now, be entrusted to an Imperial Parliament elected by all the nationalities concerned.

Whether the members sent by different nationalities to the Imperial Parliament should, or should not, be the same men as sent by them to their respective local Parliaments is considered as a question which might fairly be left open. Possibly a solution of it might be found by giving the several National Parliaments the direct right to furnish representatives to the Imperial Parliament.

That, as a whole, such a scheme as Mr. Reid suggests would possess all the many advantages which he claims for it, may be, for the present, assumed. The present writer, at all events, is not prepared to contend the contrary.

Nevertheless, as reflection has shown him, the plan suggested contains the germs of many difficulties, which must be dealt with before it is possible to give an unqualified assent to it.

Without the smallest wish to see the idea wholly rejected as impracticable—in the hope, on the contrary, that their discussion in a fair and temperate spirit may tend to their solution—let us consider some of them a little.

In the first place, is the notion as at present put forward practical, or is it merely Utopian or academic? Is it one which there is any hope of seeing carried out within the life of any statesman now living? Some of the necessary constitutional changes which its adoption would entail are so enormous that—would they not take a lifetime for their accomplishment?

For example, in settling the form of Home Rule to be given to the respective individual Nationalities, it would, at starting, be absolutely necessary to determine what should be the form of the Constitution which, under the gift to it of Home Rule, each of the several nationalities should enjoy. Some of the most vexed points debated by Constitution-mongers would at once arise for solution. Take one only, and consider the amount of discussion to which it would give rise. Should the new Constitution to be introduced in each country by Home Rule consist of the Sovereign, a Second Chamber, and a House of Representatives elected by the people; or of the Sovereign and a single Chamber only? When we remember how bitter and how prolonged the controversy as to the "mending" or "ending" of the House of Lords has been of late years, and appears likely to continue, and reflect that the settlement of this question in each of the different Nationalities to which Home Rule is given is but an incidental detail in Mr. Reid's scheme for Home Rule all round, we begin to perceive how vast and far-reaching the scheme really is. That, in the closing years of the nineteenth

hereditary second Chamber, based upon the model of the House of Lords as it at present exists, would be called into being, it is not reasonable to expect. If the English and Scotch nations would not each agree to give up a House of Lords as at present constituted, how should we escape from the necessity, under its Home Rule Constitution, of giving each nationality a different Constitution? To do this, and consult in this respect the wishes and wants of each separate Nationality would probably be the easiest solution of the difficulty. But if we realise the amount of discussion which even this part would necessitate, we shall the better appreciate the nature of the suggested scheme of Home Rule. Mr. Reid's ingenious argument that, under such a scheme as his, Parliament would not be needed to give up its supremacy, cannot be accepted in its entirety. If, by the Constitution, a legislative body must not exceed certain limits, it is plain that there is required a Court (other than the legislative body itself) to decide when these limits have been transgressed. The United States has such a Court in the Supreme Court of New York; Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886 proposed to erect the Privy Council into such a Court. But where a Court with these powers exists, plainly it, and not any legislative body, enjoys supremacy in the Constitution. Will Imperial Parliament strip itself of its supremacy? Again, it would in any case be necessary that the Second Chamber of any separate Nationality should not assert a claim to control over Imperial affairs.

The mention of this subject leads us again to ask what, under the plan of Home Rule suggested, would be the constitution of the Imperial Parliament? Is it intended that it should consist of one or two Chambers, and if the latter, how is it proposed to constitute the Second Chamber? That the Second Chamber of any distinct Nationality (even of Great Britain) should exercise a control over Imperial politics would not, it is repeated, be tolerated by the Nationalities enjoying separate Home Rule.

If, then, a solution as to a Second Chamber for each Nationality might be found by saying that the constitution of its Second Chamber should, in each separate Nationality, be left to that nation itself, possibly it may be suggested that the existing House of Lords, composed as it is of Peers respectively summoned from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, affords a satisfactory basis for a Second Chamber in the Imperial Parliament on the first starting of the suggested "Home Rule" scheme, and that the question of its "mending or ending" (as the case might be) could be left for future discussion. But would Mr. Reid's Irish and Radical friends accept this?

Assuming that this question as to the constitution of a Second Chamber, both in the separate National Parliaments, and in the Imperial Parliament itself, can be satisfactorily settled, the next difficulty which presents itself for solution is as to how the line is to

be drawn between local and Imperial matters. At first sight it may, perhaps, appear to be by no means difficult to draw such a line. But many things which appear to be purely local are made by special circumstances, and in special conditions, to become, for the moment, in truth matters of Imperial concern. A recollection of the difficulties which occurred to Mr. Pitt in the closing years of the last century will bring to mind instances of this, which are, moreover, actually in point as between England and Ireland. Examples of the difficulty referred to are, indeed, not unfrequently met with in the transaction of international business.

The Bill of 1886 proposed to enact that the Imperial Parliament should be taken to have delegated to the National Legislature all powers which were not expressly reserved. To this provision great exception was taken in Unionist circles, and the writer must plead guilty to being one of those to whom it appeared specially obnoxious. What powers Imperial Parliament may be unconsciously giving away under such an enactment no man can say; for it has been declared by great authority that the division between local and Imperial politics is one which it "passes the wit of man" to properly make. As has been shown already, the necessity of the case requires that the National Parliaments should derive their authority from the Imperial Parliament. The logical consequence would be that the Constitution ought to provide that the Imperial Parliament should be taken to have reserved all powers which it had not expressly delegated. Unionists will be satisfied with nothing short of this.

A further difficulty in the framing of the proposed scheme is to make provision to prevent friction continually arising between the Local and the Imperial Governments. What guarantee would there be, indeed, that the measure of self-government already granted would not be continually made the basis of fresh demands, and that these would not block and hinder legislation both in the Local Parliament and in the Imperial Parliament even to a worse extent than the Irish demand for Home Rule does now? That it is impossible to deal in a satisfactory way with these points is not asserted, but Mr. Reid does not touch upon them in the able paper with which we are dealing.

The difficulties hitherto pointed out are *à priori* difficulties, which would have to be faced in settling any scheme for Home Rule as between any two countries occupying the relative positions of England and Ireland. But Ireland presents many difficulties which are peculiar to herself, and call for special treatment. Let only a few of the more prominent of these be pointed out, and let Mr. Reid say how he would propose to deal with them, without the possibility of injustice to any one.

To begin with, Mr. Reid starts with the admission that, however it might be concealed and wrapped up, any Parliament es
Ireland would in reality be a subordinate Parliament, cr

subject (although the Imperial Parliament might never exercise its authority) to the control of the Imperial Parliament. But is he sure that the representatives of Ireland would accept this? They have for years protested that they will, as they phrase it, be content with nothing less than an "independent Parliament," as opposed to a "mere vestry."

Then, again, the question of Ulster naturally rises to the mind, as raising the best known, and the most formidable, of those special difficulties above referred to. Ulster is in trade, in religion, and in every other distinguishing characteristic, essentially different from the rest of Ireland. Nor is the difference to be wondered at. The inhabitants of the North of Ireland are in truth of Scotch descent, while the remainder of the country is populated by a different race, who are what we may call "native Irish." Yet Mr. Reid's paper assumes that there is but one Nationality in Ireland. This is ethnologically and historically incorrect. Ireland, in truth, never was at any time one kingdom, and never was united. Is it proposed, for the first time in history, to make Ireland one kingdom, and treat it as, what it never has been, a united country? At all events, the people of Ulster object to such a plan. If they persist in their objection, how is their obedience to be secured? Granted that their objection is purely sentimental, the case is not altered by this fact. For, speaking roundly, thirty-five millions of people in Great Britain, and two millions of people in Ireland—in all thirty-seven millions—are, as a whole, content with the Union as it now exists. As against these, only a miserable minority out of about three millions of people are clamouring for its abolition. Gladstonian Liberals have long been teaching us that it is wrong, even where a Union already exists, for the thirty-seven millions to "coerce" the three millions to submit to share a common Government. How then can we, if for this reason Home Rule be granted, consistently either allow the people of Ireland to "coerce" the reluctant minority in Ulster to submit to a common Government, or, still less, how can we do so ourselves? That the Irish would have no scruples about "coercing" the minority can hardly be denied. Some years ago, indeed, the present writer heard the late Mr. Parnell, in his place in Parliament, when complaint was made of the lawlessness of County Clare, use the existence of such a state of things as an argument for granting Ireland Home Rule, actually adding, "and we shall know what to do with Clare." How can Radicals, who are ever blaming Unionists for a resort to alleged "coercion," commit the power of employing it to an Irish majority?

But the difficulty does not begin and end with Ulster. Protestants are scattered up and down the whole of Ireland, but the Roman Catholics undoubtedly constitute the great majority in that country. How is it proposed to secure their religious freedom to the Protestant majority? The tendency of Liberal thought in England for many

years past has been to promote religious equality on all sides. How then can we, consistently with this, place it in the power of the numerically predominant faction to set up an Established Church (the Roman Catholic), and to oblige their "non-conforming" (*i.e.*, Protestant) neighbours, to submit to taxation for its support? If we effectually deprive it of any such powers, how is the suggested Home Rule Parliament really an independent one?

The land question presents another difficulty. The Bill of 1886 proposed to deprive the Irish Parliament of the power of dealing with this. Again, how is such a provision consistent with the independence (even as regards purely local matters) of the suggested National Parliament? On the other hand, are the owners of land now to be thrown to the wolves, and is it to be thrown to the wolves, and is it to be regarded as a matter not of Imperial, but of merely local, concern, that in one part of the Empire there is no security for property, and that it is no part of the business of the Imperial Parliament to provide against its universal confiscation whenever the local majority will this?

The appointments of the judges and the control of the police present somewhat analogous difficulties. Surely these two matters are in themselves essentially local matters. Yet is Great Britain prepared (contrary to honour, and to all her own best traditions) to betray her servants into the hands of those against whom she has employed them to fight?

If Great Britain be ready to grant Home Rule, it is clear that the only honourable way for her out of the three last-named difficulties, which are closely connected, is, as to the land question, to (as indeed was practically proposed in 1886) buy up the land, and present it to the Irish local Parliament; and as to the existing judges, and members of the Irish police force, to pension them off. But is she, for the sake of inaugurating Mr. Reid's scheme of Home Rule, financially prepared to undertake the enormous expense (necessitating a heavy burden on the taxpayer) which such a course would involve, or to make the vast concessions which its adoption would entail morally?

The above objections are not put forward in any captious spirit, or merely for the sake of hostility to Mr. Reid's scheme. But the writer, assuming, as he unreservedly does, that some settlement of the Home Rule question is, if practicable, imperatively demanded by wise statesmanship, and that the present is an extremely opportune moment for its discussion and settlement, has, after much thought, been reluctantly driven to the unwilling conclusion (a conclusion, however, which calm discussion of details may possibly alter) that the scheme which Mr. Reid puts forward is beset with obstacles so many and so formidable as to render its adoption in practice impossible.

G. PITT-]

LACEDÆMON.

"AMONG the Greeks [says Socrates in the *Protagoras*] philosophy has flourished longest, and is still most abundant, at Crete and Lacedæmon; and there there are more teachers of philosophy than anywhere else in the world. But the Lacedæmonians deny this, and pretend to be unlearned people, lest it should become manifest that it is through philosophy they are supreme in Greece; that they may be thought to owe their supremacy to fighting and manly spirit, for they think that if the means of their superiority were made known all the Greeks would practise this. But now, by keeping it a secret, they have succeeded in misleading the Laconisers in the various cities of Greece, and in imitation of them these people buffet themselves, and practise gymnastics, and put on boxing-gloves, and wear short cloaks, as if it were by such things that the Lacedæmonians beat the Greeks. But the Lacedæmonians, when they wish to have intercourse with their philosophers without reserve, and are weary of going to them by stealth, make legal proclamation that those Laconisers should depart, with any other aliens who may be sojourning among them, and thereupon betake themselves to their sophists unobserved by strangers. And you may know that what I say is true, and that the Lacedæmonians are better instructed than all other people in philosophy and the art of discussion in this way. If any one will converse with even the most insignificant of the Lacedæmonians, he may find him indeed in the greater part of what he says seemingly but a poor creature; but then at some chance point in the conversation he will throw in some brief compact saying worthy of remark, like a clever archer, so that his interlocutor shall seem no better than a child. Of this fact some both of those now living and of the ancients have been aware, and that to Laconise consists in the study of philosophy far rather than in the pursuit of gymnastic, for they saw that to utter such sayings as those was only possible for a perfectly educated man."

Of course there is something in that of the romance to which the genius of Plato readily inclined him; something also of the Platonic humour or irony, which suggests for example to Meno, so anxious to be instructed in the theory of virtue, that the philosophic temper must be deported from Attica, its natural home, to Thessaly—to the

rude northern capital whence that ingenuous youth was freshly arrived. Partly romantic, partly humorous, in his Laconism, Plato is, however, quite serious in locating a certain spirit at Lacedæmon of which his own ideal Republic would have been the completer development; while the picture he draws of it presents many a detail taken straight from Lacedæmon as it really was, as if by an admiring visitor who had in person paced the streets of the Dorian metropolis it was so difficult for any alien to enter. What was actually known of that stern place, of the Lacedæmonians at home, at school, had charmed into fancies about it other philosophic theorists, Xenophon for instance, who had little or nothing of romantic tendency about them.

And there was another sort of romancing also, quite opposite to this of Plato, concerning the hard ways among themselves of those Lacedæmonians who were so invincible in the field. "The Lacedæmonians," says Pausanias, "appear to have admired least of all people poetry and the praise which it bestows." "At Lacedæmon there is more philosophy than anywhere else in the world" is what Plato, or the Platonic Socrates, had said. Yet on the contrary there were some who alleged that true Lacedæmonians—Lacedæmonian nobles—for their protection against the "effeminacies" of culture, were denied all knowledge of reading and writing. But then we know that written books are properly a mere assistant, sometimes, as Plato himself suggests, a treacherous assistant, to memory; those conservative Lacedæmonians being, so to speak, the people of memory pre-eminently, and very appropriately, for, whether or not they were taught to read and write, they were acknowledged adepts in the Pythagorean philosophy, a philosophy which attributes to memory so preponderating a function in the mental life. "Writing," says K. O. Müller in his laborious, yet, in spite of its air of coldness, passably romantic work on *The Dorians*—an author whose quiet enthusiasm for his subject resulted in a patient scholarship which well befits it: "Writing," he says, "was not essential in a nation where laws, hymns and the praises of illustrious men—that is, jurisprudence and history—were taught in their schools of music." Music which, as we know, is or ought to be, according to those Pythagorean doctrines, itself the essence of all things, was everywhere in the perfect city of Plato; and among the Lacedæmonians also, who may be thought to have come within measurable distance of that perfect city, though with no conscious theories about it, music (μουσική), in the larger sense of the word, was everywhere, not to alleviate only but actually to promote and inform, to be the very substance of their so strenuous and taxing habit of life. What was this "music," this service or culture of the Muses, this harmony, partly moral, doubtless, but also throughout a matter of elaborate movement of the voice, of musical instruments, of all beside that could in any way be assoc

things—this music, for the maintenance, the perpetual sense of which those vigorous souls were ready to sacrifice so many opportunities, privileges, enjoyments of a different sort, so much of their ease, of themselves, of one another?

Platonism is a highly conscious reassertion of one of the two constituent elements in the Hellenic genius, of the spirit of the highlands namely in which the early Dorian forefathers of the Lacedæmonian people had secreted their peculiar disposition, in contrast with the mobile, the marine and fluid temper of the littoral Ionian people. *The Republic* of Plato is an embodiment of that Platonic reassertion or preference, of Platonism, as the principle of a society, ideal enough indeed, yet in various degrees practicable. It is not understood by Plato to be an erection *de novo*, and therefore only on paper. Its foundations might be laid in certain measurable changes to be enforced in the old schools, in a certain reformed music which must be taught there, and would float thence into the existing homes of Greece, under the shadow of its old temples, the sanction of its old religion, its old memories, the old names of things. Given the central idea, with its essentially renovating power, the wellworn elements of society as it is would rebuild themselves, and a new colour come gradually over all things as the proper expression of a certain new mind in them.

And in fact such embodiments of the specially Hellenic element in Hellenism, compacted in the natural course of political development, there had been in a less ideal form in those many Dorian constitutions to which Aristotle refers. To Lacedæmon in *The Republic* itself, admiring allusions abound, covert, yet bold enough, if we remember the existing rivalry between Athens and her neighbour; and it becomes therefore a help in the study of Plato's political ideal to approach as near as we may to that earlier actual embodiment of its principles, which is also very interesting in itself. The Platonic city of the perfect would not have been cut clear away from the old roots of national life: would have had many links with the beautiful and venerable Greek cities of past and present. The ideal, poetic or romantic as it might seem, would but have begun where they had left off, where Lacedæmon, in particular, had left off. Let us then, by way of realising the better the physiognomy of Plato's theoretic building, suppose some contemporary student of *The Republic*, a pupil, say! in the Athenian Academy, determined to gaze on the actual face of what has so strong a family likeness to it. Stimulated by his master's unconcealed Laconism, his approval of contemporary Lacedæmon, he is at the pains to journey thither, and make personal inspection of a place, in Plato's general commendations of which he may suspect some humour or irony, but which has unmistakably lent many a detail to his ideal Republic, on paper, or in thought.

He would have found it, this youthful Anacharsis, hard to get there,

partly through the nature of the country, in part because the people of Lacedæmon (it was a point of system with them, as we saw) were suspicious of foreigners. Romantic dealers in political theory at Athens were safe in saying pretty much what they pleased about its domestic doings. Still, not so far away, made, not in idea and by the movements of an abstract argument, the mere strokes of a philosophic pen, but solidified by constancy of character, fortified anew on emergency by heroic deeds, for itself, for the whole of Greece, though with such persistent hold throughout on an idea, or system of ideas, that it might seem actually to have come ready-made from the mind of some half-divine Lycurgus, or through him from Apollo himself, creator of that music of which it was an example:—there, in the hidden valley of the Eurotas, it was to be found, as a visible centre of actual human life, the place which was alleged to have come, harsh paradox as it might sound to Athenian ears, within measurable distance of civic perfection, of the political and social ideal.

Our youthful Academic adventurer then, making his way along those difficult roads, between the ridges of the Eastern Arcadian Mountains, and emerging at last into hollow Laconia, would have found himself in a country carefully made the most of by the labour of serfs; a land of slavery, far more relentlessly organised according to law than anywhere else in Greece, where, in truth, for the most part slavery was a kind of accident. But whatever rigours these slaves of Laconia were otherwise subjected to, they enjoyed certainly that kind of well-being which does come of organisation, from the order and regularity of system, living under central military authority, and bound themselves to military service; to furnish (as under later feudal institutions) so many efficient men-at-arms on demand, and maintain themselves in readiness for war as they laboured in those distantly-scattered farms, seldom visited by their true masters from Lacedæmon, whither year by year they sent in kind their heavy tribute of oil, barley and wine. The very genius of conservatism here enthroned, secured, we may be sure, to this old-fashioned country life something of the personal dignity, of the enjoyments also natural to it; somewhat livelier religious feasts, for example, than their lords allowed themselves. Stray echoes of their boisterous plebeian mirth on such occasions have reached us in Greek literature.

But if the traveller had penetrated a little more closely he would have been told certain startling stories, with at least a basis of truth in them, even as regards the age of Plato. These slaves were *Greeks*: no rude Scythians, nor crouching, decrepit Asiatics, like ordinary prisoners of war, the sort of slaves you could buy, but genuine Greeks, speaking their native tongue, if with less of muscular tension and energy, yet probably with pleasanter voice and accent than their essentially highland masters. Physically they throve, under

something of the same discipline which had made those masters the masters also of all Greece. They saw them now and then—their younger lords, brought, under strict tutelage, on those long hunting expeditions; one of their so rare enjoyments, prescribed for them, as was believed, by the founder of their polity. But sometimes (here was the report which made one shudder even in broad daylight, in those seemingly reposeful places) sometimes those young nobles of Lacedæmon reached them on a different kind of pursuit: came by night, secretly, though by no means contrarily to the laws of a state, crafty as it was determined, to murder them at home, or a certain moiety of them; one here or there perhaps who, with good Achæan blood in his veins, and under a wholesome mode of life, was grown too tall, or too handsome, or too fruitful a father, to feel quite like a slave. Under a sort of slavery that makes him strong and beautiful, where personal beauty was so greatly prized, his masters are in fact jealous of him.

But masters thus hard to others, these Lacedæmonians, as we know, were the reverse of indulgent to themselves. While, as matter of theory, power and privilege belonged exclusively to the old, to the seniors, *οἱ γέροντες, ἡ γερουσία*—ruling by a council wherein no question might be discussed, one might only deliver one's Aye! or No! Lacedæmon was in truth before all things an organised place of discipline, an organised opportunity also, for youth, for the sort of youth that knew how to command by serving—a constant exhibition of youthful courage, youthful self-respect, yet above all of true youthful docility; youth thus committing itself absolutely, soul and body, to a corporate sentiment in its very sports. There was a third sort of regulation visits the lads of Lacedæmon were driven to pay to those country places, the vales, the uplands, when, to brace youthful stomachs and develope resource they came at stated intervals as a kind of mendicants or thieves, feet and head uncovered through frost and heat, to steal their sustenance, under penalties if detected: "a survival," anthropologists would doubtless prove, pointing out collateral illustrations of the same, from a world of purely animal courage and keenness. Whips and rods used in a kind of monitorial system by themselves had a great part in the education of these young aristocrats; and, as pain surely must do, pain not of bodily disease or wretched accidents, but as it were by dignified rules of art, seem to have refined them, to have made them observant of the minutest direction in those musical exercises, wherein eye and ear and voice and foot all alike combined. There could be nothing *παραλειπόμενον*, as Plato says, no "over-sights," here. No! every one, at every moment, quite at his best; and, observe especially! with no superfluities; seeing that when we have to do with music of any kind, with matters of art, in stone, in words, in the actions of

life, all superfluities are in very truth "superfluities of naughtiness," such as annihilate music.

The country through which our young traveller from his laxer school of Athens seeks his way to Lacedæmon, this land of a noble slavery, so peacefully occupied but for those irregular nocturnal terrors, was perhaps the loveliest in Greece, with that peculiarly blent loveliness, in which, as at Florence, the expression of a luxurious low-land is duly checked by the severity of its mountain barriers. It was a type of the Dorian purpose in life—sternness, like sea-water infused into wine, overtaking a matter naturally rich, at the moment when fulness may lose its savour and expression. Amid the corn and oleanders—corn "so tall, close, and luxuriant," as the modern traveller there still finds—it was visible at last, Lacedæmon, κοίλη Σπάρτη, "hollow Sparta," under the sheltering walls of Taygetus, the broken and rugged forms of which were attributed to earthquake, but without proper walls of its own. In that natural fastness, or trap, or falcon's nest, it had no need of them, the falcon of the land, with the hamlets, πολίχνια, a hundred and more, dispersed over it, in jealously enforced seclusion from one another.

From the first he notes "the antiquated appearance" of Lacedæmon, by no means a "growing" place, always rebuilding, remodelling, itself, after the newest fashion, with shapeless suburbs stretching further and further on every side of it grown too large perhaps, as Plato threatens, to be a body, a corporate unity, at all: not that, but still, and to the last, itself only a great village, a solemn, ancient, mountain village. Even here of course there had been movement, some sort of progress, if so it is to be called, linking limb to limb; but long ago. Originally a union after the manner of early Rome of perhaps three or four neighbouring villages which had never lost their physiognomy, like Rome it occupied a group of irregular heights, the outermost roots of Taygetus, on the bank of a river or mountain torrent, impetuous enough in winter, a series of wide shallows and deep pools in the blazing summer. It was every day however, all the year round, that Lacedæmonian youth plunged itself in the Eurotas. Hence, from this circumstance of the union there of originally disparate parts, the picturesque and expressive irregularity, had they had time to think it such, of the "city" properly so termed, the one open place or street, High Street, or *Corso*—Aphetais by name, lined, irregularly again, with various religious and other monuments. It radiated on all sides into a mazy coil, an ambush, of narrow crooked lanes, up and down, in which attack and defence would necessarily be a matter of hand-to-hand fighting. In the outskirts lay the citizens' houses, roomier far than those of Athens, with spacious, walled courts, almost in the country. Here, in contrast to the homes of Athens, the legitimate wife had a real dignity, the unmarried women [illegible] ar

freedom. There were no door-knockers: you shouted at the outer gate to be let in. Between the high walls lanes passed into country roads, sacred ways to ancient sacro-sanct localities, Therapnæ, Amyclæ, on this side or that, under the shade of mighty plane-trees.

Plato, as the reader may remember, gives a hint that, like all other visible things, the very trees—how they grow—exercise an æsthetic influence on character. The diligent legislator therefore would have his preferences, even in this matter of the trees under which the citizens of the perfect city might sit down to rest. What trees? you wonder. The olive? the laurel, as if wrought in grandiose metal? the cypress? that came to a wonderful height in Dorian Crete; the oak? we think it very expressive of strenuous national character. Well, certainly the plane-tree for one, characteristic tree of Lacedæmon then and now; a very tranquil and tranquillising object spreading its level or gravely curved masses on the air, as regally as the tree of Lebanon itself. A vast grove of such was the distinguishing mark of Lacedæmon in any distant view of it; that, and, as at Athens, a colossal image, older than the days of Pheidias; the *Demos* of Lacedæmon, it would seem, towering visibly above the people it protected. Below those mighty trees, on an island in their national river, were the "playing-fields," where Lacedæmonian youth after sacrifice in the *Ephebeum* delighted others rather than itself (no "shirking" was allowed) with a sort of football, under rigorous self-imposed rules—tearing, biting—a sport, rougher even than our own, *et même très dangereux*, as our Attic neighbours, the French, say of the English game.

They were orderly enough perforce, the boys, the young men, within the city—seen, but not heard, except under regulations, when they made the best music in the world. Our visitor from Athens when he saw those youthful soldiers, or military students, as Xenophon in his pretty treatise on the polity of Lacedæmon describes, walking with downcast eyes, their hands meekly hidden in their cloaks, might have thought them young monks, had he known of such.

A little mountain town, however ambitious, however successful in its ambition, would hardly be expected to compete with Athens, or Corinth, itself a Dorian state, in art-production, yet had not only its characteristic preferences in this matter, in plastic and literary art, but had also many venerable and beautiful buildings to show. The Athenian visitor, who is standing now in the central space of Lacedæmon, notes here, as being a trait also of the "perfect city" of academic theory, that precisely because these people find themselves very susceptible to the influences of form, and colour, and sound, to external æsthetic influence, but have withal a special purpose, a certain strongly-conceived disciplinary or ethic ideal, a peculiar humour therefore prevails among them, a self-denying humour,

in regard to these things. Those ancient Pelopid princes, from whom the hereditary kings of historic Lacedæmon, come back from exile into their old home, claim to be descended, had had their palaces with a certain Homeric, Asiatic splendour, of wrought metal and the like; considerable relics of which still remained, but as public or sacred property now. At the time when Plato's scholar stands before them, the houses of these latter historic kings—two kings, as the reader will remember, always reigning together, in some not quite clearly evolved differentiation of the temporal and spiritual functions—were plain enough: the royal doors, when beggar or courtier approached them, no daintier than Lycurgus had prescribed for all true Lacedæmonian citizens; rude, strange things to look at, fashioned only, like the ceilings within, with axe and saw, of old mountain oak or pine from those great Taygetan forests, whence came also the abundant iron, which this stern people of iron and steel had superinduced on that earlier dreamy age of silver and gold; of steel, however, admirably tempered and wrought in its application to military use, and much sought after throughout Greece.

Layer upon layer, the relics of those earlier generations, a whole succession of remarkable races, lay beneath the strenuous footsteps of the present occupants, as there was old poetic legend in the depths of their seemingly so practical or prosaic souls. Nor beneath their feet only: the relics of their worship, their sanctuaries, their tombs, their very houses, were part of the scenery of actual life. Our young Platonic visitor from Athens, climbing through those narrow winding lanes, and standing at length on the open platform of the Aphetais, finds himself surrounded by treasures, modest treasures, of ancient architecture, dotted irregularly here and there about him, as if with conscious design upon picturesque effect, such irregularities sometimes carrying in them the secret of expression, an accent. Old Alcman for one had been alive to the poetic opportunities of the place; boasts that he belongs to Lacedæmon, "abounding in sacred tripods;" that it was here the Heliconian Muses had revealed themselves to him. If the private abodes even of royalty were rude it was only that the splendour of places dedicated to religion and the state might the more abound. Most splendid of them all, the *Stoa Pœkile*, a cloister or portico with painted walls, to which the spoils of the Persian war had been devoted, ranged its pillars of white marble on one side of the central space; on the other, connecting those high memories with the task of the living, lay the *Choros*, where, at the *Gymnopædia*, the Spartan youth danced in honour of Apollo.

Scattered up and down among the monuments of victory in battle were the *heroa*, tombs or chapels of the heroes who had purchased it with their blood—Pausanias, Leonidas, brought home from Thermopylæ forty years after his death. "A pillar too," says Pausanias, "is erected here, on which the paternal names are inscribed of those who at Ther-

mopylæ sustained the attack of the Medes." Here in truth all deities put on a martial habit—Aphrodite, the Muses, Eros himself, Athene Chalciœcus, Athene of the Brazen House, an antique temple towering above the rest, built from the spoils of some victory long since forgotten. The name of the artist who made the image of the tutelary goddess was remembered in the annals of early Greek art, Gitiades, a native of Lacedæmon. He had composed a hymn also in her praise. Could we have seen the place he had restored rather than constructed, with its covering of mythological reliefs in brass or bronze, perhaps Homer's descriptions of a seemingly impossible sort of metallic architecture would have been less taxing to his reader's imagination. Those who in other places had lost their tastes amid the facile splendours of a later day, might here go to school again.

Throughout Greece, in fact, it was the Doric style came to prevail as the religious or hieratic manner, never to be surpassed for that purpose, as the Gothic style seems likely to do with us. Though it is not exclusively the invention of Doric men, yet, says Müller, "the Dorian character created the Dorian architecture," and he notes in it, especially, the severity of the perfectly straight, smartly tapering line of its column; the bold projection of the capital; the alternation there of long unornamented plain surfaces with narrower bands of decorated work; the profound shadows; the expression of security, of harmony, infused throughout; the magnificent pediment crowning the whole, like the cornice of mountain wall, beyond, around, and above it. Standing there in the Aphetais, amid these venerable works of art, the visitor could not forget the natural architecture about him. As the Dorian genius had differentiated itself from the common Hellenic type in the heart of the mountains of Epirus, so here at last, in its final and most characteristic home, it was still surrounded by them :—ὀφρυᾶ τε καὶ κοιλαίνεται.

We know, some of us, what such mountain neighbourhood means. The wholesome vigour, the clearness and purity they maintain in matters such as air, light, water; how their presence multiplies the contrasts, the element of light and shadow, in things; the untouched perfection of the minuter ornament, flower or crystal, they permit one sparingly; their reproachful aloofness, though so close to us, keeping sensitive minds at least in a sort of moral alliance with their remoter solitudes. "The whole life of the Lacedæmonian community," says Müller, "had a secluded, impenetrable, and secret character." You couldn't really know it unless you were of it.

A system which conceived the whole of life as matter of attention, patience, a fidelity to detail, like that of good soldiers and musicians, could not but tell also on the merest handicrafts, constituting them in the fullest sense a *craft*. If the money of Sparta was, or had recently been, of cumbrous iron, that was because its trade had a sufficient variety of stock to be mainly by barter, and we may suppose

the market (into which, like our own academic youth at Oxford, young Spartans were forbidden to go) full enough of business—many a busy workshop in those winding lanes. The lower arts certainly no true Spartan might practise; but even Helots, artisan Helots, would have more than was usual elsewhere of that sharpened intelligence and the disciplined hand in such labour, which really dignify those who follow it. In Athens itself certain Lacedæmonian commodities were much in demand, things of military service or for every-day use, turned out with flawless adaptation to their purpose.

The Helots, then, to whom this business exclusively belonged, a race of slaves, distinguishable however from the slaves or serfs who tilled the land, handing on their mastery in those matters in a kind of guild, father to son, through old-established families of flute-players, wine-mixers, bakers, and the like, thus left their hereditary lords, the *Gens Fleur-de-lisés* (to borrow an expression from French feudalism) in unbroken leisure, to perfect themselves for the proper functions of gentlemen—leisure, σχολή, in the two senses of the word, which in truth involve one another—their whole time free, to be told out in austere schools. Long easeful nights, with more than enough to eat and drink, the "illiberal" pleasures of appetite, as Aristotle and Plato agree in thinking them, are of course the appropriate reward or remedy of those who work painfully with their hands, and seem to have been freely conceded to those Helots, who by concession of the State, from first to last their legal owner, were in domestic service, and sometimes much petted in the house, though by no means fully conceded to the "golden youth" of Lacedæmon—youth of gold, or gilded steel. The traditional Helot, drunk perforce to disgust his young master with the coarseness of vice, is probably a fable; and there are other stories full of a touching spirit of natural service, of submissiveness, of an instinctively loyal admiration for the brilliant qualities of one trained perhaps to despise him, by which the servitor must have become, in his measure, actually a sharer in them. Just here, for once, we see that slavish ἦθος, the servile range of sentiment, which ought to accompany the condition of slavery, if it be indeed, as Aristotle supposes, one of the natural relationships between man and man, idealised, or æsthetically right, pleasant and proper; the ἀρετή, or "best possible condition" of the young servitor as such, including a sort of bodily worship, and a willingness to share the keen discipline which had developed the so attractive gallantry of his youthful lords.

A great wave, successive waves, of invasion, sufficiently remote to have lost already all historic truth of detail, had left them—these Helots and the Perioeci, in the country round about—thus to serve among their own kinsmen, though so close to them in lineage, so much on a level with their masters in essential physical qualities that to the last they could never be entirely subdued in spirit. Patient modern research, following the track of a deep-rooted national tra-

dition veiled in the mythological figments which centre in what is called "The Return of the Heraclidæ," reveals those northern immigrants or invaders, at various points on their way, dominant all along it, from a certain deep vale in the heart of the mountains of Epirus southwards, gradually through zone after zone of more temperate lowland, to reach their perfection, highlanders from first to last, in this mountain "hollow" of Lacedæmon. They claim supremacy, not as Dorian invaders, but as kinsmen of the old Achæan princes of the land; yet it was to the fact of conquest, to the necessity of maintaining a position so strained, like that, as Aristotle expressly pointed out, of a beleaguered encampment in an enemy's territory, that the singular institutions of Lacedæmon, the half-military, half-monastic spirit which prevailed in this so gravely beautiful place, had been originally due. But observe!—Its moral and political system, in which that slavery was so significant a factor, its discipline, its æsthetic and other scruples, its peculiar moral ἦθος, having long before our Platonic student comes thither attained its original and proper ends, survived, there is the point, survived as an end in itself, as a matter of sentiment, of public and perhaps still more of personal pride, though of the finer, the very finest sort, in one word as an *ideal*. Pericles, as you remember, in his famous vindication of the Athenian system, makes his hearers understand that the ends of the Lacedæmonian people might have been attained with less self-sacrifice than theirs. But still, there it remained, ἡ δίαιτα Δωρικὴ—the genuine Laconism of the Lacedæmonians themselves, their traditional conception of life, with its earnestness, its precision and strength, its loyalty to its own type, its impassioned completeness; a spectacle, æsthetically, at least, very interesting, like some perfect instrument shaping to what they visibly were, the most beautiful of all people, in Greece, in the world.

"Bodily exercise," gymnastic, of course, does not always and necessarily effect the like of that. A certain perfectly preserved old Roman mosaic pavement in the Lateran Museum, presents a terribly fresh picture of the results of another sort of "training," the monstrous development by a cruel art, by exercise, of this or that muscle, changing boy or man into a merely mechanic instrument with which his breeders might make money by amusing the Roman people. Victor Hugo's odious dream of *L'homme qui rit*, must have had something of a prototype among those old Roman gladiators. The Lacedæmonians, says Xenophon on the other hand, ὁμοίως, ἀπό τε τῶν σκελῶν καὶ ἀπο χειρῶν καὶ ἀπὸ τραχήλου γυμνάζονται. Here too, that is to say, they aimed at, they found, proportion, Pythagorean symmetry or music, and bold as they could be in their exercises (it was a Lacedæmonian who, at Olympia, for the first time threw aside the heavy girdle and ran naked to the goal) forbade all that was likely to disfigure the body. Though we must not suppose all ties of

nature rent asunder, nor all connection between parents and children in those genial, retired houses at an end in very early life, it was yet a strictly public education which began early with them, and with a very clearly defined programme, conservative of ancient traditional and unwritten rules, an aristocratic education for the few, the *liberales*—"liberals," as we may say, in that the proper sense of the word; it made them in very deed the lords, the masters of those they were meant by-and-by to rule; masters of their very souls, of their imagination, enforcing on them an ideal by a sort of spiritual authority, thus backing, or backed by, a very effective organisation of "the power of the sword." In speaking of Lacedæmon, you see, it comes naturally to speak out of proportion, it might seem, of its youth and the education of its youth. But in fact if you enter into the spirit of Lacedæmonian youth, you may conceive Lacedæmonian manhood for yourselves; you see already what the boy, the youth, so late in obtaining his majority, in becoming a man, came to be in the action of life, and on the battle-field. "In a Doric state," says Müller, "education was, on the whole, a matter of more importance than government."

A young Lacedæmonian then of the privileged class left his home, his tender nurses in those large, quiet old suburban houses early, for a public school, a schooling all the stricter as years went on, to be followed, even so, by a peculiar kind of barrack-life, the temper of which, a sort of military monasticism, (it must be repeated) would beset him to the end. Though in the gymnasium of Lacedæmonia no idle bystanders, no—well! Platonic loungers after truth or what not—were permitted, yet we are told, neither there nor in Sparta generally, neither there nor anywhere else, were the boys permitted to be alone. If a certain love of reserve, of seclusion characterised the Spartan citizen as such, that, perhaps, was the cicatrice of that early wrench from a soft home into the imperative, inevitable gaze of his fellows, broad, searching, minute, his regret for, his desire to regain, moral and mental even more than physical ease. And his education continued late; he could seldom think of marriage till the age of thirty. Ethically it aimed at the reality, æsthetically at the expression, of reserved power, and set its subject early on the thought of his personal dignity, of self-command, in the artistic way, of a good musician, a good soldier. It is noted that "the general accent of the Doric dialect has itself the character not of question or entreaty, but of command or dictation." The place of deference, of obedience, was large in the education of Lacedæmonian youth; and they never complained. It involved however for the most part, as with ourselves, the government of youth by itself; an implicit subordination of the younger to the older, in many degrees. Quite early in life, at school, they found that superiors and inferiors, ὅμοιοι and ὑπομείονες, there really were; and their education proceeded with

systematic boldness on that fact. Εἶρην, μελλείρην σιδεύνης and the like—words, titles, which indicate an unflinching elaboration of the attitudes of youthful subordination and command, with responsibility—remain as a part of what we might call their "public-school slang." They ate together "in their divisions" —ἀγέλαι—on much the same fare every day at a sort of messes; not reclined, like Ionians or Asiatics, but like heroes, the princely males in Homer, sitting upright on their wooden benches; were "inspected" frequently, and, by free use of *vivâ voce* examination "became adepts in presence of mind," in mental readiness and vigour, in the brief mode of speech Plato commends, which took and has kept its name from them; no warm baths allowed; a daily plunge in their river required. Yes! the beauty of these most beautiful of all people was a male beauty, far remote from feminine tenderness, had the expression of a certain *ascêsis* in it, was like unsweetened wine. In comparison with it beauty of another type might seem to be wanting in edge or accent.

And they could be silent. Of the positive uses of the negation of speech, like genuine scholars of Pythagoras, the Lacedæmonians were well aware, gaining strength and intensity by repression. Long spaces of enforced silence had doubtless something to do with that expressive brevity of utterance which could be also, when they cared, so inexpressive of what their intentions really were; something to do with the habit of mind to which such speaking would come naturally. In contrast with the ceaseless prattle of Athens, Lacedæmonian assemblies lasted as short a time as possible, all standing. A Lacedæmonian ambassador being asked in whose name he was come, replies: "In the name of the State, if I succeed; if I fail, in my own." What they lost in extension they gained in depth.

Had our traveller been tempted to ask a young Lacedæmonian to return his visit at Athens, permission would have been refused him. He belonged to a community bent above all things on keeping indelibly its own proper colour. Its more strictly mental education centred, in fact, in a faithful training of the memory, again in the spirit of Pythagoras, in regard to what seemed best worth remembering. Hard and practical as Lacedæmonians might seem, they lived nevertheless very much by imagination; and to train the memory, to pre-occupy their minds with the past, as in our own classic or historic culture of youth, was in reality to develope a vigorous imagination. In music, μουσική, as they conceived it, there would be no strictly selfish reading, writing or listening; and if there was little a Lacedæmonian lad had to read or write at all, he had much to learn, like a true conservative, by heart: those unwritten laws of which the Council of Elders was the authorised depositary, and on which the whole public procedure of the State depended; the archaic forms of religious worship; the names of their kings, of

victors in their games or in battle; the brief record of great events; the oracles they had received; the *rhetrai*, from Lycurgus downwards, composed in metrical Lacedæmonian Greek; their history and law, in fact, actually set to music, by Terpander and others, it was said. What the Lacedæmonian learned by heart he was for the most part to sing; and we catch a glimpse, an echo, of their boys in school chanting: one of the things in old Greece one would have liked best to see and hear—youthful beauty and strength in perfect service; a manifestation of the true and genuine Hellenism, though it may make one think of the novices at school in some Gothic cloister, of our own old English schools, nay, of the young Lacedæmonian's cousins at Sion, singing there the law and its praises.

The Platonic student of the ways of the Lacedæmonians observes then, is interested in observing, that their education which indeed makes no sharp distinction between mental and bodily exercise, results as it had begun in "music"—ends with body, mind, memory above all, at their finest, on great show-days, in the dance. Austere, self-denying Lacedæmon had in fact one of the largest theatres in Greece, in part scooped out boldly on the hill side, built partly of enormous blocks of stone, the foundations of which may still be seen. We read what Plato says in *The Republic* of "imitations," of the imitative arts, imitation reaching, of course, its largest development on the stage, and are perhaps surprised at the importance he assigns, in every department of human culture, to a matter of that kind. But here as elsewhere to see was to understand. We should have understood Plato's drift in his long criticism and defence of imitative art, his careful system of rules concerning it, could we have seen the famous dramatic Lacedæmonian dancing. They danced a theme, a subject. A complex and elaborate art this must necessarily have been, but, as we may gather, as concise, direct, economically expressive, in all its varied sound and motion, as those swift, brief, lightly girt, *impromptu* Lacedæmonian sayings. With no movement of voice or hand or foot, *παραλειπόμενον*, unconsidered, as Plato forbids, it was the perfect flower of their correction, of that minute patience and care which ends in a perfect expressiveness; not a note, a glance, a touch but told obediently in the promotion of a firmly grasped mental conception; as in that perfect poetry or sculpture or painting, in which "the finger of the master is on every part of his work." We have nothing really like it, and to comprehend it must remember that, though it took place in part at least on the stage of a theatre—was in fact a ballet-dance, it had also the character both of a liturgical service and of a military inspection; and yet, in spite of its severity of rule, was a natural expression of the delight of all who took part in it.

So perfect a spectacle the gods themselves might be thought pleased to witness; were in consequence presented with it as an important element in the religious worship of the Lacedæmonians, in

whose life religion had even a larger part than with the other Greeks, conspicuously religious, δεισιδαίμονες, involved in religion or superstition, as the Greeks generally were. More closely even than their so scrupulous neighbours they associated the State, its acts and officers, with a religious sanction, religious usages, theories, traditions. While the responsibilities of secular government lay upon the Ephors, those mysteriously dual, at first sight useless, and yet so sanctimoniously observed kings, "of the house of Heracles," with something of the splendour of the Old Achæan or Homeric kings, in life as also in death, the splendid funerals, the passionate archaic laments which then followed them, were in fact of spiritual or priestly rank, the living and active centre of a poetic religious system, binding them "in a beneficent connection" to the past, and in the present with special closeness to the oracle of Delphi.

Of that catholic or general centre of Greek religion the Lacedæmonians were the hereditary and privileged guardians, as also the peculiar people of Apollo, the god of Delphi; but observe also, of Apollo in a peculiar development of his deity. In the dramatic business of Lacedæmon, centring in those almost liturgical dances, there was little comic acting. The fondness of the slaves for buffoonery and loud laughter, was to their master, who had no taste for the like, a reassuring note of his superiority. He therefore indulged them in it on occasion, and you might fancy that the religion of a people so strenuous, ever so full of their dignity, must have been a religion of gloom. It was otherwise. The Lacedæmonians, like those monastic persons of whom they so often remind one, as a matter of fact however surprising, were a very cheerful people; and the religion of which they had so much, deeply imbued everywhere with an optimism as of hopeful youth, encouraged that disposition, was above all a religion of sanity. The observant Platonic visitor might have taken note that something of that purgation of religious thought and sentiment, of its expression in literature, recommended in Plato's *Republic* had been already quietly effected here towards the establishment of a kind of cheerful day light in men's tempers.

In furtherance then of such a religion of sanity, of that harmony of functions, which is the Aristotelian definition of health, Apollo, sanest of the national gods, became also the tribal or home god of Lacedæmon. That common Greek worship of Apollo they made especially their own; but (just here is the noticeable point) with a marked preference for the human element in him, for the mental powers of his being over those elementary or natural forces of production, which he also mystically represents, and which resulted sometimes in an orgiastic, an unintellectual, or even an immoral service. He remains youthful and unmarried. In congruity with this, it is observed that, in a quasi-Roman worship, abstract qualities and relationships, ideals, become subsidiary objects of religious con-

sideration around him, such as sleep, death, fear, fortune, laughter even. Nay, other gods also are, so to speak, Apollinised, adapted to the Apolline presence; Aphrodite armed, Enyalius in fetters, perhaps that he may never depart thence. Amateurs everywhere of the virile element in life, the Lacedæmonians, in fact, impart to all things an intellectual character. Adding a strenuous logic to seemingly animal instincts, for them courage itself becomes, as for the strictly philosophic mind at Athens, with Plato and Aristotle, an intellectual condition, a form of right knowledge.

Such assertion of the consciously human interest in a religion based originally on a pre-occupation with the unconscious forces of nature, was exemplified in the great religious festival of Lacedæmon. As a spectator of the *Hyacinthia*, our Platonic student would have found himself one of a large body of strangers gathered together from Lacedæmon and its dependent towns and villages within the ancient precincts of Amyclæ, at the season between spring and summer when under the first fierce heat of the year the abundant hyacinths fade from the fields. Blue flowers, you remember, are the rarest, to many eyes the loveliest; and the Lacedæmonians with their guests were met together to celebrate the death of the hapless lad who had lent his name to them, Hyacinthus, son of Apollo, or son of an ancient mortal king who had reigned in this very place; in either case, greatly beloved of the god, who had slain him by sad accident as they played at quoits together delightfully, to his immense sorrow. That Boreas (the north-wind) had maliciously miscarried the discus, is a circumstance we hardly need to remind us that we have here, of course, only one of many transparent, unmistakable parables or symbols of the great solar change, so sudden in the south, like the story of Proserpine, Adonis, and the like. But here, more completely perhaps than in any other of those stories, the primary elemental sense had obscured itself behind its really tragic analogue in human life, behind the figure of the dying youth. We know little of the details of the feast: incidentally, that Apollo was vested on the occasion in a purple robe, brought in ceremony from Lacedæmon, woven there, Pausanias tells us, in a certain house called from that circumstance "Chiton." You may remember how sparing these Lacedæmonians were of such dyed raiment, of any but the natural and virgin colouring of the fleece; that purple or red, however, was the colour of their royal funerals, as indeed Amyclæ itself was famous for purple stuffs—*Amyclæi vestes*. As the general order of the feast we discern clearly a single day of somewhat shrill gaiety between two days of significant mourning, not unlike the feast of All Souls' Day, directed from mimic grief for a mythic object, to a really sorrowful commemoration by the whole Lacedæmonian people—each separate family for its own deceased members.

It was so again with those other youthful demi-gods, the Dioscuri, themselves also, in old heroic time, resident in this venerable place: *Amyclæi fratres*, fraternal leaders of the Lacedæmonian people. Their statues at this date were numerous in Laconia; and the *docana*, primitive symbols of them, those two upright beams of wood carried to battle before the two kings, until it happened that through their secret enmity a certain battle was lost, after which one king only proceeded to the field, and one part only of that token of fraternity, the other remaining at Sparta. Well! they were two stars, you know, at their original birth in men's minds, *Gemini*, virginal fresh stars of dawn, rising and setting alternately—those two, half-earthly, half-celestial, brothers, one of whom, Polynices, was immortal. The other, Castor, the younger, subject to old age and death, had fallen in battle, was found breathing his last; whereupon Polynices, at his own prayer, was permitted to die: with undying fraternal affection, had foregone one moiety of his privilege, and lay in the grave for a day in his brother's stead, but shone out again on the morrow; the brothers thus ever coming and going, interchangeably, but both alike gifted now with immortal youth.

In their origin, then, very obviously elemental deities, they were thus become almost wholly humanised, fraternised, with the Lacedæmonian people, their closest friends of the whole celestial company visitors as fond legend told at their very hearths, found warming themselves in the half light at their rude fire-side. Themselves thus visible on occasion, at all times in devout art, they were the starry patrons of all that youth was proud of, delighted in, horsemanship, games, battle; and always with that profound fraternal sentiment. Brothers, comrades, who could not live without one another, they were the most fitting patrons of a place in which friendship, comradeship like theirs, came to so much. Lovers of youth they remained, those enstarred types of it, arrested thus at that moment of miraculous good fortune as a consecration of that clean, youthful friendship, "passing even the love of woman," which by system, and under the sanction of their founder's name elaborated into a kind of art, became an elementary part of education. A part of their duty and discipline, it was also their great solace and encouragement. The beloved and the lover, side by side through their long days of eager labour, and their brief nights of delightful rest, above all on the battlefield, became respectively, *αἴτης*, the hearer, and *εἰσπνήλας*, the inspirer; the elder inspiring the younger with his own strength and noble taste in things.

What, it has been asked, what was there to occupy persons of the privileged class in Lacedæmon from morning to night, thus cut off as they were from politics and business, and many of the common interests of men's lives? Our Platonic visitor would have asked rather, Why this strenuous task-work, day after day; why this loyalty

to a system, so costly to you individually, though it may be thought to have survived its original purpose; this laborious, endless, education, which does not propose to give you anything very useful or enjoyable in itself? An intelligent young Spartan might have replied: "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art, issuing thus into the eyes of all Greece." He might have observed—we may safely observe for him—that the institutions of his country, whose he was, had a beauty in themselves, as we may observe also of some, at least, of our own institutions, educational or religious: that they bring out, for instance, the lights and shadows of human character, and relieve the present by maintaining in it an ideal sense of the past He might have added that he had his friendships to solace him; and to encourage him, the sense of honour.

Honour, friendship, loyalty to the ideal of the past, himself as a work of art! There was much of course in his answer. Yet still after all, to understand, to be capable of such motives, was itself but a result of that exacting discipline of character we are trying to account for; and the question still recurs, *Cui bono?* Why, with no prospect of Israel's reward, are you as scrupulous, minute, self-taxing, as he? A tincture of asceticism in the Lacedæmonian rule may remind us again of the monasticism of the Middle Ages. But then, monastic severity was for the purging of a troubled conscience, or for the hope of an immense prize, neither of which conditions is to be supposed here. In fact the surprise of St. Paul, as a practical man, at the slightness of the reward for which a Greek spent himself, natural as it is about all pagan perfection, is especially applicable about these Lacedæmonians, who indeed had actually invented that so corruptible and essentially worthless parsley crown in place of the more tangible prizes of an earlier age. Strange people! Where, precisely, may be the spring of action in you, who are so severe to yourselves; you who, in the words of Plato's supposed objector that the rulers of the ideal state are not to be envied, have nothing you can really call your own; and are like hired servants in your own houses: *qui manducatis panem doloris?*

Another day-dream, you may say, about those obscure ancient people, it was ever so difficult really to know, who had hidden their actual life with so much success; but certainly a quite natural dream upon the paradoxical things we are told of them, on good authority. It is because they make us ask that question; puzzle us by a paradoxical idealism in life; are thus distinguished from their neighbours; that, like some of our old English places of education, though we might not like to live always at school there, it is good to visit them on occasion; as some philosophic Athenians, as we have seen, loved to do, at least in thought.

WALTER P.

TRACE.

I HAVE been advised by a friend to put down in writing the following phenomena in animal magnetism that occurred in my experience some three or four years ago. The subject being now very much before the public, any authentic experiences are of more value than ordinary narratives that are written on the subject.

Before relating the experiences which follow, it will perhaps be as well for me to state how I first came to take up the subject of animal magnetism as a study, and how I gradually developed myself as an operator and my best subject to the height of clairvoyance which she eventually attained. I was living at one time in a country town, and, as a matter of course, was acquainted with most of the inhabitants. Among my friends was an old German doctor, a man of great intelligence and of broad views upon all matters spiritual and temporal. One afternoon my wife, who was afterwards the subject to whom I refer above, and myself went to the house of Dr. Adler for some lawn-tennis, and as is the way of our delightful climate, it came on to rain and put an end to any idea of a game. We had to adjourn indoors, and most of the guests took their departure, as there was no sign of the rain holding up. My wife and I remained, and amongst the others who stopped was a young lady. She was complaining of a bad neuralgic headache, and the doctor, on hearing of her trouble, at once said, "If you'll allow me, I can relieve you of that. I'll just put you off to sleep by mesmerism, and when you wake up you'll be quite well." The girl was sitting in an easy chair, and my wife sat beside her on her right hand. The doctor, after making a few passes over her, made her sleep, and then woke her up. She declared herself to be perfectly free from pain.

Now, this was the first time I had seen anything of the sort off the

public platform, and I had hitherto always regarded the whole subject with the disbelief that such exhibitions usually create. It is to these shows that I attribute the general ignorance and scepticism on the subject.

As usual, the doctor and I went into his sanctum for a smoke and a chat, the latter being always an intellectual treat for me. I at once tackled him on the subject of what he had just accomplished. I put my previous ideas before him, and told him that he had just converted me to belief: asked him to explain upon what principles the various passes were made, and in fact got the whole secret out of him, if secret there were.

We went home to dinner, and during the meal my wife said to me, "When Dr. Adler was mesmerising Miss Jameson this afternoon I felt the most curious sensation all down my left side, which was next to her. It seemed as if I had pins and needles, and I believe the passes must have had some effect upon me."

"Well," I remarked, "let me try after dinner if I can put you to sleep. It would be very interesting."

She consented, and that evening commenced the series of experiments that eventually reached a height not often attained.

It must not be imagined that my wife was a weak-minded woman; on the contrary, she was highly intelligent and strong-minded, but she was very susceptible to magnetic influence. She certainly did suffer from cataleptic seizures, but these entirely ceased in a short time after I had commenced mesmerising her, and have not since returned.

To resume. I placed my wife in a comfortable arm-chair, and commenced. After carrying out the doctor's instructions for some few minutes, say ten, I asked my wife if she felt any result.

"Not in my head," she replied, "but my legs seem powerless."

I considered a moment, and it struck me that I had been bringing all the power downwards; in other words, working it off the head instead of leaving most of it there. I must therefore get the influence up the body again into the head, and to do this I must make passes in reverse to those I had already made, taking them as far as the head and no further. The effect was almost instantly perceptible; the eyelids drooped and then closed altogether, and she was in her first mesmeric sleep.

It was not for some time that my wife became at all purely clairvoyant; she could tell numbers, &c., that were written down, *and that I knew*; this was of course the suggestion of my mind, but none the less curious for that. It was when we had left X——, and had gone to another station that this power of clairvoyance seemed to develop fully.

We used frequently to have experiments in the evenings when we were by ourselves, and with each a certain amount of pl as

manifested. About this time Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism" were lent to me, and from this work I obtained some very valuable information. The first piece was as follows: that a person could be made to go to sleep at a future hour to that in which he is mesmerised. At this time my wife was suffering dreadfully from insomnia; so one evening, after mesmerising her, I ordered her to go to sleep directly after getting into bed, and not to awake until morning. This experiment was entirely successful, so the next night I ordered her to sleep directly she got to bed every night for a week. This was also successful. The improvement in her health was marvellous; she slept soundly, her appetite came back, and she was altogether a different woman, and after the week was over it was evident that her natural sleep had returned to her.

The next thing I tried was also suggested to me by Gregory's book. It was to ask in how many times of magnetising she would become clairvoyant; I forget the answer I received, but it was borne out by future events.

At the same station I met a few other men who were earnest believers in, and inquirers into, the subject of animal magnetism, and we formed, as it were, a small society of investigation. These men come upon the scene at a period just prior to my wife becoming clairvoyant. They are not in any way movers in what occurred, but they were witnesses, and also to them I am indebted for valuable suggestions and assistance in the phenomena that we saw together. The first of the series of wonderful phenomena that my wife exhibited was very beautiful. A member of the society, if I may so call him, at one of our *séances* produced a crystal that had been lent to him by a man quartered at this station. This man, I may say, was a sceptic of the worst sort, and wanted to confound us. Though he said he was quite ready to believe, if we could tell him the history of the crystal up to a certain point—that was, how it had come into his hands and where it had come from—it was evident he had no intention of being convinced.

Crystals exert a very powerful magnetic influence upon persons who are at all susceptible, and they possess other qualities which I do not intend to discuss here.

We arranged an afternoon for our experiments on the crystal, and after tea was over we set to work. My wife was placed in a very comfortable chair, and the lights were turned down—not out by any means, but so as not to dazzle the eye, while at the same time everything was distinctly visible in the room. I put her to sleep, and gave her the crystal. The effect was instantaneous. She commenced speaking at once, and said:

"Oh, what lovely flowers, and what a perfume!" And she began to draw her breath through her nose, as if inhaling the scent of

flowers. I asked her then where she was. She said, "I am in the most lovely garden I have ever seen. It is not in England. I am standing in a broad pathway; on one side is a hedge of white azaleas, and on the other pink. They are about six or seven feet high; between these hedges and the path there are broad borders, in which are planted these sweet-smelling flowers. There are beautiful trees all about the garden, such as I have never seen before; and at the end of the path is a little black and gold house, with such a funny little man sitting outside."

This dream I ordered her to remember when she awoke, and there is a sequel to it that I will relate further on.

She resumed: "I can see now a small shop at the junction of two streets, with a door opening on to each street. In the middle of the shop is a glass case like those one sees in a jeweller's. There is a tall man, very like a Jew, with a long black beard. He is bargaining with another man."

"What is the other man like?" I asked.

"He is about the middle height, and he has grey hair and moustache, a plain face. I know him. I have seen him, but I cannot tell you his name. The funny little man has come down from the garden, and is sitting outside. He seems very much interested in what is going on in the shop."

Then followed a few more details that I do not remember. I then asked:

"Can you describe the situation of the town in which this shop is?"

"The town is a seaport, standing in a large bay. The coast seems nearly to join at the mouth of the harbour. On the land side it is backed by mountains covered nearly to the summits with the most luxuriant vegetation."

Then came a pause, and she continued: "I am on board ship. The man I recognised is here too. Oh, such a dreadful storm; the ship is rolling about most fearfully. I cannot go on. I must go and lie down. I feel so ill."

My wife exhibited all the symptoms of sea-sickness, and as I feared a full realisation of the malady might follow, I woke her up, thinking we had obtained sufficient information for what we wanted.

The member of the society who had brought the crystal took it back next day to the owner, who was the man with the grey hair and moustache, and gave him the information we had obtained the evening before. He told our friend the name of the town; and, although he would not own up to the truth of the story, it was easy to see that the information we had obtained was true in every detail. People of his sort are very unsatisfactory to deal with.

The curious sequel that I alluded to lies in the fact that my wife

and myself were one day, some months afterwards, going through one of the big museums in London. I was looking at a case of curiosities, and my wife was some little way from me, when I heard her exclaim:

"I have been here; I know the place quite well. That is where the little man was sitting, and there is the little black and gold house."

"What nonsense are you talking?" I said. "That is impossible."

But then I remembered the experiment with the crystal, and upon going up to see what my wife was looking at, I found it was a model of the garden in the town where our grey-haired friend had owned to having obtained the crystal.

A day or two after the experiment with the crystal, a friend of mine, a doctor, who was quartered at the same station, met me.

"I have been hearing of your *séances*," he said. "I am afraid I am what you call a sceptic, but if I can see anything with my own eyes I am perfectly open to conviction."

Now, here was a reasonable man, one who would acknowledge that he was convinced if he was shown a straightforward experiment; so I said to him, "You have, I have no doubt, some object that nobody knows anything about but yourself?"

After considering a moment, he answered, "Yes, I have just such an object, and I know that no one but myself knows anything whatever about it."

"Well, bring it up to my quarters this afternoon, and have tea, and then we will see what we can do with it. I will not tell the others that we are going to do anything to-day, if you wish it; but you know you can trust me not to say anything should any disclosures be made."

"Oh, I do not mind, as far as that goes."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "we'll have it all to ourselves."

That afternoon he came up to my quarters, and after tea I mesmerised my wife, and then asked him what he had brought with him. He produced a small leather purse, such as was used to carry gold in before the watch-chain sovereign-boxes were invented. I took hold of the purse by the metal bow at the top, so that, as I explained to my friend, I should not by any chance be able to feel what was inside, and convey *by suggestion* to my wife's mind the knowledge of the contents.

She placed the purse to her forehead, which was her usual point of vision, and I asked her what she saw.

"A long, thin gold chain."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Yes, but it is not very clear at present; I shall see directly what it is. Ah, now I can see. It is a locket, with the miniature of a woman on one side, and her hair on the other. A beautiful face,

refined, intellectual, and with a capability of loving such as few women possess expressed in her brown eyes. The hair is a dark auburn——"

At this point Walker jumped up from his chair.

"Good God!" he cried, as he snatched the purse away and opened it. "Look here!" He drew out a long, thin gold chain and a small oval object *sewn up in wash-leather*. "This is a locket. Fourteen years ago I sewed it up in the leather in which you now see it. No one until this moment knew of the contents of this purse but myself. The locket contains the miniature of the only woman I ever loved, and opposite to it is a lock of her hair."

I saw he was deeply agitated by what he had heard, and managed to change the conversation by waking my wife up and asking her how she felt, and then going out of the room to fetch some whisky and soda. I gave him a maximum dose of whisky with a minimum of soda, and after drinking it down at a draught, he said:

"I am convinced. Will you let me join your society? I feel the deepest interest in this subject now that I have had such a manifestation of its truth."

"We shall, I am sure," I answered, "be very glad to welcome among us a man who has been thus converted to belief, and who will also be able to assist us as much by his common-sense view of things as by his medical experience in investigating the wonderful phenomena that we see exhibited."

So ended a most curious experience, and one that will, I am sure, leave its impression upon Walker to the end of his life, as it has upon me.

The next phenomena that I intend to relate are of a different class to that of which I have just written. They bear entirely upon the *trace* left upon objects by their owners or previous owners, and not only by the owners, but by persons closely connected with the owners, and by other objects closely connected with the objects under investigation.

What this trace is, I am unable to explain. I have no doubt that people who are given to making explanations might give one; but I should have great doubts as to its worth. I think the old quotation, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," will better meet the case. But that this trace does exist is quite certain; and it does not seem to be affected by time. To the clairvoyant, the scenes imprinted as it were upon the object are just as fresh after a lapse of years as a foot-print on the sand of the seashore before the advancing tide has obliterated it. With trace, there is apparently no obliteration. Once the impress of any influence is stamped upon an object, be it a ring or what not, it seems to remain through all time. It also

conveys to the clairvoyant a knowledge of the nature and character of the owner, besides his personal appearance, and scenes through which he has passed.

I do not intend to write an essay on the subject of trace; but I feel it necessary to explain what I mean by the word, so that when I have to use it again, it will be understood.

The first instance, which will only be a short one, exemplifying trace of character, that came to our notice, was as follows. One of the members brought one evening a gold puzzle ring for the finger: this I gave to my wife, whom I asked to tell us what she knew about the owner. I did not at the time know to whom the ring belonged. She placed the ring to her forehead as usual, and described it as belonging to a man slightly above the middle height, with very dark eyes, white hair, and white moustache.

"At least," she said, "the moustache ought to be white."

I did not at the time understand this; she was quiet for a moment, and then with a shudder indicating the utmost repugnance she threw the ring from her, exclaiming:

"He's a wretch; he's such a vile man he would not stick at anything where a woman is concerned."

I judged it expedient not to inquire any further into the matter, and asked my friend who had brought the ring to whom it belonged. He mentioned the name of a man whom I had known for some years, and who I knew was, to put it mildly, a very gay dog. Then I understood the remark about the moustache. This man had white hair, but he dyed his moustache black, its original colour.

This example is I think merely wonderful in that it showed the trace of the man's character imprinted upon the ring. He had been wearing it up to the time that it was borrowed, and so the effect of lapse of time upon the trace was not indicated. But in the next example a period of more than twenty years had passed between the time the original owner had last worn it (it was again a ring) and the time it came into my hands, or rather my wife's hands, for experiment.

At the next meeting, one of our members produced a ring and said he wanted to obtain some information about it. It was an ordinary-looking, old-fashioned, thin gold ring, with a small washed-out ruby set in it. It was evidently of considerable age. I gave it to my wife, and she at once began to talk. We listened attentively.

"This belongs to a lady," she said, "a very fair woman indeed, very, very fair."

"What is she like?" I asked.

"She has her back turned to me, but she looks so cold and so blue."

"Where is she?"

"Across miles and miles of snow. She has the most lovely soft

furs on—oh, so soft." And here she began as if to stroke the furs. "But she is so cold."

"What is the name of the place where she is? Is it Vienna?

"I do not know the name of the place, but it is not there."

It is a curious fact that the subject can or will very rarely mention the name of a place or person. Subjects do not seem to know names of their own knowledge, but will understand names when mentioned by the operator. I then said:

"Do you see any one connected with this woman?"

"Oh, yes; I can see a very tall dark man with a long black beard flecked with grey. He is very closely connected with this woman indeed. He is gazing at her so sadly, his whole heart seems to be looking out of his eyes."

"You must," I said, "see this woman's face. I order it."

"She is so cold and blue." A pause. Then, "Don't order me to look at her—she is dead."

I turned to Hamilton, my friend, and said:

"Do you know anything about this? It is very sad; to whom does the ring belong?"

"Twenty years ago, my mother died in Russia; the ring belonged to her. From a very early age her hair had turned quite white. My father is still alive, he is a very tall man, much taller than I. He has, as your wife described it, a long, dark, greyish beard."

This explained the whole story—the snow, the furs, the fair hair, and the tall man.

Here we have, as I before stated, evidence of trace of a long standing on an object, and not only of its former owner, but also of the person most closely connected with her. How plainly are the feelings of the husband, gazing at his dead wife, indicated by the description of his face!

The next example that I shall give of trace will show, not only the trace of the owner, but also of an object closely connected with that under investigation, and again it was Colonel Hamilton who produced the object for experiment. We were assembled as usual, and after tea Colonel Hamilton said:

"I have something here about which I should very much like to have information."

He drew from his pocket a tiny paper packet, and handed it to me. After putting my wife to sleep, I gave it to her, and in a short time she began to speak. She said:

"I can see two women. They are exactly alike, twin sisters I should say. They are lying on a slab together; now one has tumbled down in the dark."

My curiosity got the better of me, and I took the packet from her to ascertain what it contained that could cause such a curious vision.

I found a lady's earring, a red coral cameo, with a woman's face cut in the coral. I then returned the earring to my wife and ordered her to follow the woman that had fallen into the dark. She then said, laughing:

"She has fallen upside down, and is so pleased because they cannot find her. Now she is not happy because she does not like being where she is, all alone and away from her sister."

"Where is she?" I asked; "and how did she get there?"

"She caught upon a lace shawl and dropped off it into the near right-hand corner of a box, quite in the corner," pointing with her finger, as if indicating the exact position.

"Will you describe the box?"

"The box has a zigzag pattern round the lid, and inside is a tray with a partition in it."

"Do you see any lady that you know connected with this?"

This question was suggested by Colonel Hamilton.

"Yes, I can see a short, stout, dark lady. I know her slightly, but she is very antagonistic to me."

I took the earring from her, and Hamilton took it from me, saying:

"I am going. Meet me in the billiard-room in twenty minutes, and I'll tell you all about it."

I awakened my wife, and the society adjourned. I strolled down to the billiard-room, where the billiard-playing fraternity met as a rule in the evening, and there awaited developments. I had not been seated more than ten minutes before Hamilton came hurriedly in. I jumped up and went to him.

"Well," I said, "what has happened?"

"Come and sit in this corner in the quiet, and I'll tell you."

He led me to a corner away from everybody, and we sat down in a couple of comfortable arm-chairs.

"Mrs. Armstrong," he began, "some months ago, lost the fellow of that earring. She thought she had lost it here in Ireland, but apparently she had lost it when she was staying in England in September. When I left you just now I went to her, and after shaking hands, I said, 'You have got a lace shawl, Mrs. Armstrong.' 'No, I have not,' she replied. This was a facer for me. 'Well, you have got a box with a zigzag pattern round the lid, and tray with a partition inside it.' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'but what are you trying to arrive at?' 'Well,' I answered, 'your lost earring is lying upside down in the near right hand corner of such a box as I describe.' 'I tell you,' she asserted, 'I have hunted in all my boxes, and it is not in any of them; but if you like to come into my room, you shall see for yourself.' We went into her room, and turned out all her boxes, and not a sign of the lost earring. 'There,' she said, 'I told you so. I also told you that I believed it was all humbug.' I was very nettled

at this, and was turning to leave when my eye fell upon a small tin case standing upon a chest of drawers. 'There is a box that we have not seen,' I observed. 'It is impossible for it to be in there. It is filled up to the tray with the letters I received from my husband when I was in England, and I have not opened it since I have been back here, and I am certain I lost the earring here.' I walked up to the drawers, and looked at the box. 'Will you come here, Mrs. Armstrong,' I said, 'and look at the box, and then carry your mind back to the description I gave you when I first came in? I said the box had a tray, and here is a zigzag pattern all round the lid.' 'Certainly there is,' she said, getting pale. 'I forgot all about this.' Taking a key, she opened the box, and there was a tray with a partition. I now felt sure we were all right. Mrs. Armstrong lifted up the tray, and there as she had said, the lower part was filled with letters. 'If you will kindly lift up the letters carefully, you will find your earring upside down in the front right hand corner.' This she did, gave a scream, and fell back upon me. I put her in a chair, and looked for myself. I need not say I was too excited to attend to her for a minute. There, as I had described it to her, was her earring lying upside down. Mrs. Armstrong had by now more or less recovered, so I asked her, 'Now, what about that lace shawl, you must have something or other that will correspond?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I now remember I have an ice-wool shawl that would look like a lace shawl.' I rang the bell for a servant to attend to her, and said good-bye, picked up the earring, and here they both are."

To say I was astonished does not convey what I felt. I knew that such a phenomenon was possible, but to have it occur to me was more than my fondest hopes had ever dared to wish.

"Now, Hamilton," I said, "we must get this down in black and white, in Mrs. Armstrong's own handwriting. You know I am not friendly in that quarter, but you might manage to get it for me now; I mean, as far as her experience goes in the matter."

And a copy of what Mrs. Armstrong wrote, I give below:

"In the month of September 1887 I lost an earring, and did not miss it until February 1888. The earring was a coral cameo, and the pair had originally been a sleeve-link. Going to my jewel-box in February to find the earrings with the intention of wearing them, I discovered that one was missing.

"Just about this time we had had a good deal of conversation about mesmerism and such like subjects, and my husband suggested that a reliable proof of the powers said to be possessed by a lady of our acquaintance would be afforded by trying if she could find the earring that was missing. Accordingly, the fellow to the lost earring was given to a friend, and without any warning was produced at a *séance*. The medium described the circumstances of the loss, which were peculiar; the earring had caught in a fine ice-wool shawl, and dropped off it into a tin box, into which letters were being packed. She described the box, and from the description given

to me by my friend, I eventually recognised it, though not at first, as I had never thought of the box in which we at length found the earring, lying face downwards under the letters."

(Signed) "EDITH ARMSTRONG."

"*March* 7, 1888."

Running briefly through this experience, and examining the main points, we come first to the description of the two women, and where they were seen by the subject. The slab mentioned might either mean the black velvet of the case upon which presumably they *lived* (it would be flat, but of course we cannot tell what form it might have taken to the mind's eye of the clairvoyant), or it might have been the cuff at the time when they formed a sleeve-link. It is sufficient to note that they were exactly alike, and that trace of the one was left strongly upon the other, through, I suppose, their having been so long and so closely associated together. The next point is, I think, curious, as it opens out fresh speculation, which, unfortunately, we have not room here to go into. What I allude to is the woman being pleased when she could not be found, and afterwards sorry at her loneliness. Can there be any truth in the expression "malignity of matter?" This would rather imply that there is. Is there anything in or on matter beyond the trace that is left by persons and as we see here by objects closely connected with it? Now, again, we see how the whole scene of the loss was in point of fact reproduced by the touch of the earring, how the box into which the lost one fell was described, even to the pattern on the lid, the exact corner of the box in which it lay, and the position—upside down—in which it fell. The subject must have looked upon, or rather seen, the earring in her vision as a real woman, because she laughed when she described her as falling upside down, a natural consequence I am afraid of such a spectacle. Next, the exact description of the owner, and her feelings towards the subject; and finally, the lapse of time between the loss and the recovery—from September to 6th of March, a period of more than five months—all go to show how really beyond comprehension the phenomenon was. Can a true reason for it all be given? I have no doubt, as I have said before, that there are many men who *would* give reasons, but how near the truth would they be?

I think we may assume that animal magnetism in its highest form is one of the hidden secrets of nature, and though we are allowed to see the effect, we are not permitted to know the cause.

The next series of experiments that I intend to make will be in the hope of attempting to elucidate the cause from my subject. If it be permitted to be known, I shall try to ascertain by what power he or she is able to see what is seen in the vision.

I may here say that once or twice my wife attained the highest development possible, that of trance or ecstasy, when she really

passed beyond my power, but could inform me of subjects of which I had no conception, but when I asked her any questions upon what she was speaking of, she replied, that *the Master forbade her to tell* anything more than what she actually spoke to me. For this reason I say, *if it be permitted to be known.*

It is most difficult to think of everything in the excitement of the moment of experiment. The excitement *is* very great. Again, the subject is apt to get weary, the strain appearing to be great, and by the time that an investigation is over your subject will probably tell you that she is tired and wants to sleep, and can see no more, so that unless one started at once with the question, "Whence comes this power that you have of seeing what is not visible to the ordinary eye of mankind?" an explanation could not be obtained. What the power is capable of has yet to be *re-ascertained*, for I am sure that in days long gone by, much more was known of it, and kept secret, than is even dreamt of in the present day.

In conclusion, I would say that each of the phenomena related is absolutely true, and that each occurred in the manner I have set it down. There may be slips of memory, but they would err rather on the side of omission of fact than of mis-statement; little incidents that have dropped out of my mind, not of any material importance, but making up more completely the narrative.

J. M. SOAMES.

THE BATTLE OF WOERTH.

I.

IN war soldiers of all ranks make mistakes, or fail to execute perfectly the duties assigned to them; but the failures are, as well as the successes, links in a chain of events, of which the first link is the initiating order; the last, victory or defeat. If, therefore, in the record of a war the historian places only those incidents which are the outcome of duty done, and omits those which spring from duty left undone, his work is no history at all; it may be truth, but it is not the whole truth. The German General Staff, sinking any feelings of false pride, have, however, written a real history of the war of 1870–1. In it is recounted not only the good leading, but also the indifferent and the bad leading, of the German army; the disobedience of German commanders, as well as their obedience; and if it tells in vivid language of the unflinching front successfully maintained against overwhelming odds, it also paints in indelible colours the panic-like retreat. But neither the military authorities of an army which has won a battle or carried a campaign to a successful end, nor the nation for which that army has secured some great and lasting gain, care to recall the shortcomings of individual men who have risked, and perhaps sacrificed, their lives in the cause, still less to punish or pass censure on them. Hence it results that rarely do we find, on the winning side, notice taken of misbehaviour of any kind. It is only when defeat and disaster ensue that errors and faults are sought out, in order that the blame may be placed on the right shoulders, and to serve as a warning to others. But when an army has taken part in a war, it is the Staff alone that can compile a real history of its proceedings; for only the Staff have in their possession full materials for the compilation. Outsiders who, as soon as a war is over, essay the task, raise their literary superstructure on frail

foundations, whilst their comments and criticisms, being founded on imperfect data, are frequently empirical. On the other hand, even when a Staff publishes a history, there may be very potent reasons for confining it to broad, general statements of facts, and putting forward those facts without comment. It does not seem specially wise or prudent to disclose at once to a foe—vanquished, it may be, for a time, but still thirsting and eager for revenge in the near future—the vulnerable points in the armour of the victor, fortunately overlooked by his opponent at the critical moment, but which are not yet strengthened. When a victorious army may ere long have again to take the field against its old, or, perhaps, a new foe or foes, a public pillorying of defaulters, who would again lead it or fight side by side in its ranks, would hardly tend to make it look forward with confidence to the threatened campaign. Had Von Moltke announced in 1872 to united Germany that he was responsible for an unnecessary waste of life incurred in sending the Second Army Corps across the ravine at Gravelotte on the evening of the 18th August 1870, his prestige as a leader would have suffered, and confidence in the disposition ordered by him in any future campaign might have been shaken. No harm could result from an honest avowal of the fact twenty-one years later, when the old and deservedly trusted leader had laid aside the harness of war, and had given over the leading to other hands. Similarly, it was not till 1887 that the German General Staff, in their severely critical account of the battle of Noisseville, of the 31st August 1870, given in "Kriegsgeschichtliche Einzelschriften, No. 8," placed on record the fact of the abandonment of a position by two companies of a particular battalion, their losses being only one and five men wounded respectively.

Since the war, however, there have come to light, from time to time, in various publications, either by implication or direct statements, some of its less satisfactory details, and now, as it were, as a sort of protest against the rose-coloured version of the campaign just given to the world from the pen of Von Moltke, there appears to have set in a reaction against the reticence which has hitherto prevailed in criticising the German operations. In fact, there seems to be an opinion gaining ground that plain speaking is necessary. In the German army are now many officers who, never having taken part in war, have before them as incentives to duty in any future campaign the brilliant deeds of their predecessors in 1870–1. "Victory," says a recent writer, "transfigures errors"; but errors on the battle-field lead, if not to defeat, then to the attainment of victory only at an unnecessary waste of life. The glamour which has for years encompassed the successes of 1870–1 having been somewhat dissipated by time, the incidents of the campaign can be regarded in the clear and steady light of military commonsense; and before the rising generation of officers they can be placed

either as examples to be followed or as mistakes to be avoided. In this movement Major Hermann Kunz, a retired officer in the German army, is one of the leaders. He has just produced an exhaustive and critical account of the battle of Woerth, fought on August 6, 1870. That the line taken by the author finds no disfavour with the authorities of the German army is proved by the insertion in the semi-official *Militär Wochenblatt* of a long and very favourable review of the book, the reviewer emphasising in fact some of the conclusions arrived at in the work itself. Some of the revelations are startling, and almost dramatic. That they are facts and not fictions, is borne out by the absence of any expression of doubt or dissent in the *Wochenblatt* review.

But Major Kunz, whilst freely criticising the conduct of the troops and their leaders, is thoroughly sympathetic in his treatment of the subject; he writes not of paper or chessboard soldiers, but of soldiers of flesh and blood; he makes full allowance for the difficulties under which decisions are arrived at amidst the turmoil of a battle-field, where calmness of judgment is disturbed by the overwhelming weight of responsibility for human lives; and he not only clearly describes, but takes fully into account, the mental and moral factors which influenced the combatants.

Though tactics depend on the arms in use, the Germans had not, between 1866 and 1870, sufficiently considered how the tactics successfully employed against the muzzle-loading rifle in the hands of the Austrians should be modified in the presence of the breech-loading, long-range chassepôt with which the French were armed. Another initial error they committed: they under-estimated at the commencement of the war the fighting power of the French soldier, a mistake which led to a recklessness in leading, a foolhardiness, resulting in utter and almost criminal waste of German lives. In the battle, human nature, or rather the varieties of human nature, played a conspicuous part, and largely influenced its course. Contrary to the opinion generally held, there was, on the French side, a better display of discipline in battle than on that of the Germans. The French troops were always kept well in hand; the first desire among the Germans was to get out of hand. On more than one occasion the French troops advanced shoulder to shoulder under heavy fire, and swept away their foes; rarely among the Germans were any compact closed bodies to be found where needed. The fact that disorder naturally prevails among an attacking force advancing under fire would not by itself account for the utter confusion, the intermixture of units, and the loss of control which were characteristic of the German fighting in this battle. In the war of 1866, and more especially in that of 1870–1, there was manifested openly among the leaders of lower rank a desire to act independently in action as soon as possible, and to fight on their own responsibility. The captain

longed to escape from the control of his battalion commander, quite forgetful of the fact that his own subalterns were equally determined to desert him, and, on the slightest pretext, to carry off their *zugs* with them, whilst in each *zug* the group leaders were all on the look-out to act on similar principles with their own small squads. On the minds of these lower leaders had been also impressed the importance of outflanking the enemy, and of taking advantage of ground for cover. But sound as this teaching was, the pupils misapplied it, by forgetting that, before an enemy, individual action and the part to be taken in a fight by any unit, small or large, must be subordinated to working in thorough co-operation with the units fighting alongside it. Individualism, therefore, reigned paramount.

A striking illustration of this is given in the Regimental History of the Fiftieth Regiment, where it is recorded how, from the battalion which led the attack across the stream, the first company, under Captain von Burgsdorff, at once separated itself, and attacked the French on the Galgenburg. The leader was struck down by seven bullets, and the company fell back on to the low ground. "What was the reason," writes Captain von Boguslowski, "that led the brave Burgsdorff to undertake this isolated attack lies buried with him." It was, of course, the boldest and the bravest who, in their desire for glory, were to be found in the forefront of the fight in its earliest stages. These men were the first to fall, and those behind found themselves deprived of their best leaders; with the loss of these came confusion; leaderless, the different groups mingled together, and we are told by Captain Boguslowski how, at a later period of the battle, when at one point in the line there was no officer remaining to take the command of the heterogeneous crowd of combatants, a regimental adjutant sprang to the front, and shouting out: "All with yellow shoulder-straps, form up! I will be your company chief"; men of three different regiments formed up indiscriminately into three *zugs*, of one of which the command was taken by a subaltern of the regiment, unknown officers of other regiments leading the two others.

But in addition to a desire for independence, there failed among the German officers of all ranks a power to regard a battle except from their own immediate isolated standpoint. The subaltern was content to be an efficient leader of his *zug*; at the most, he did not trouble himself with any ideas of working troops in larger bodies than companies; a chance shot might lay his company leader low, and for this eventuality he was no doubt prepared. But, unfortunately, no officer can lead a company as a part of a battalion, unless he understand the principles on which the battalion itself works. Similarly, there were in the higher ranks even general officers whose very devotion to the peace training of the troops actually under

their command had cramped their views of military leading, and had narrowed the range of their professional studies. Excellent in working their brigades or divisions by themselves on their own exercise grounds, they knew not how to act in unforeseen emergencies, when their brigades or divisions were but units among others, for to this extension of their duties they had given little or no attention beforehand.

To those whose ideal battalion is one with active-list officers as numerous, and the same in peace as in war, the German battalions which fought at Woerth must appear as motley crowds. The number of company officers in a German battalion taking the field in 1870 varied generally from forty-eighty to sixty. Major Kunz states, and our own researches into the question corroborate his statement, that, inclusive of the battalion and regimental Staffs, there were with every thousand German rifles only 13·7 officers on the active list; the deficiency was made up by calling in lieutenants of the Reserve and the Landwehr, and by appointing *Portépée Fähnrichs* (cadets) and non-commissioned officers to act as officers. The fifty-three officers or duty-doing officers of the 46th Regiment included thirty-one active-list officers, eleven lieutenants of the Reserve and Landwehr, and the same number taken from *Portépée Fähnrichs* and non-commissioned officers. Of the twelve companies, only six were led by company-fathers (captains). Of the thirty-one active-list company officers, only nine remained fit for duty after the battle, and the twelve company leaders on the following day were one captain, three first lieutenants, and eight second lieutenants, five of the latter being officers of the Reserve or Landwehr. The fifty-nine company officers of the 50th Regiment included twenty-two active-list officers, twenty-six second lieutenants from the Reserve and Landwehr, and eleven *Portépée Fähnrichs* or non-commissioned officers. Similarly were filled up the *cadres* of the non-commissioned officers. "In the war companies of 1870," says Major Kunz, "there were too many men, and too few officers and non-commissioned officers." The best of the Reserve commanders were necessarily more or less rusty in drill and in knowledge of their work, and their power to command and to enforce obedience depended entirely on their personality, not on the rank they held. There was also much difference in the rank and file of the corps engaged. The Fifth Corps was an old Prussian corps, which had been in existence for many years, and had a well-won reputation to maintain. Moreover, its territorial character was of old date. The Eleventh Corps, on the other hand, was one of the three German corps formed after 1866, from the absorbed minor States. The regiments had been formed by contingents from Prussia, Hesse, and Nassau, and although the three years which had elapsed may have sufficed to weld the officers and the men with the colours into a homogeneous whole infused with the spirit of stiff Prussian discipline,

there had been but few men passing into the Reserves; the regiments when mobilised included, therefore, Reserve men brought up under different systems of drill, training and discipline, with no past reputation to maintain, and little animated by *esprit de corps*. It is probably to these various causes combined, rather than to any deficiency in personal courage, that may be ascribed any comparative want of tenacity and toughness exhibited by this corps in the battle of the 6th of August. Remarks on the Bavarians must be deferred till their conduct in the battle comes under notice.

Turning now to the French, the more closely the episodes of the battle are studied, the greater the admiration with which the French private soldier and regimental officer must be regarded as combatants. The pure-bred Frenchman, as well as the Turko and the Zouave, fought splendidly. One advantage did the rank and file possess over the Germans, in that among their regimental leaders were nearly three times as many active-list officers as among their opponents; but this alone would in no way account for the stubbornness with which when fighting a losing battle they yielded the ground only inch by inch, although it may have contributed to keep them together when, like lions at bay, they suddenly exchanged the *rôle* of defence for that of offence, and springing on the foe, drove him back in headlong flight to seek safety in the woods and vineyards. The percentage of losses is one of the best criterions of fighting stamina. In the French regiments actively engaged, this percentage ranges from 29 up to 93·1, which latter means practically annihilation. On the German side, the highest regimental percentage is only 37·62. Demoralisation, when once it sets in among an army, spreads rapidly and is highly contagious; and no doubt the French soldier, soon finding out that any self-sacrifice on his part was rendered fruitless by the incapacity of his chiefs, preferred, later on in the war, to surrender in good time, rather than be the useless victim of professional ignorance in high places. Major Kunz, whilst claiming superiority for his own army in the knowledge of field service among the rank and file, points out that what is termed "taking advantage of ground" seems inherent in the nature of the French soldier, whilst the German finds the art difficult to acquire. Under fire, the tendency of the latter was rather to get near each other, as if for mutual aid and help, whereas the French relied each on himself to secure the required shelter.

Of the French commander, Marshal MacMahon, the estimate of Major Kunz that he was an excellent corps commander seems to place him above his real value. Judging from the war of 1870–1, and especially the battle of Woerth, the capacity of MacMahon was limited to that of commanding the troops fighting immediately under his own eye. Here he was admirable, and his undaunted courage and perfect coolness found plenty of scope for their display;

but the very existence of troops of his corps fighting concealed from his view in his immediate vicinity seems almost to have been ignored by him, and their proper employment and requirements remained unheeded, whilst outside the actual battle-field his thoughts seem not to have gone, not even to consider calling up reinforcements within reach, or to provide for a line of possible retreat.

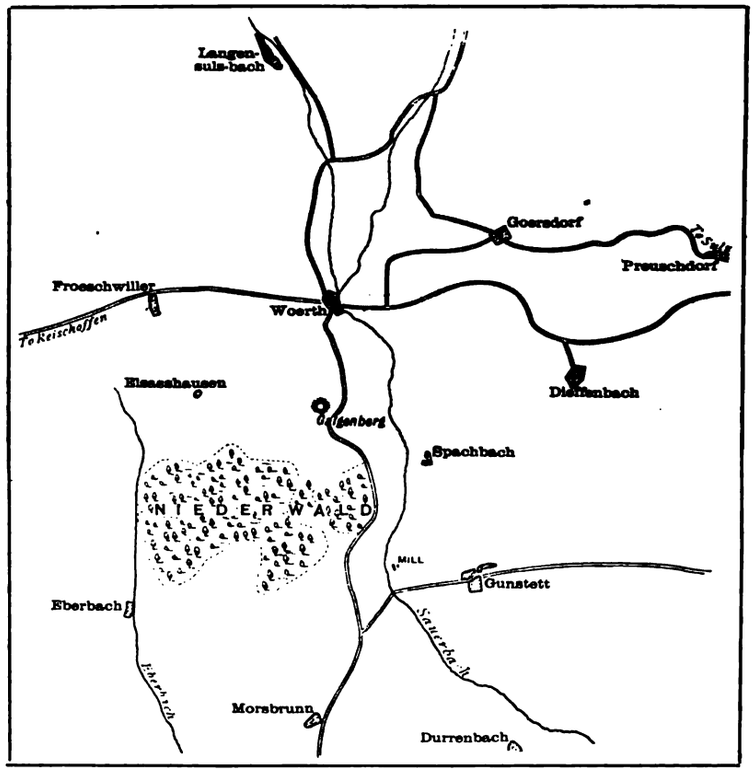
Of the capacity of the supreme commander on the German side, the Crown Prince of Prussia, it is not necessary to speak, as the battle was fought by his lieutenants independently of him, of his wishes, and of his orders. How these lieutenants, taking the work of the commander out of his hands into their own, initiated the battle on their own account; how indifferently they carried their self-imposed task into execution; and finally, how, acting in direct defiance of their commander's orders, they managed to let the enemy slip through the meshes of the net the Crown Prince was weaving for him—it is the purpose of the following account of the leading features of the battle to show.

II.

During the 5th of August, the day following the French defeat at Weissenburg, the Crown Prince of Prussia, doubtful as to the direction in which he should find Marshal MacMahon's army, moved his own, the third German army, a force of about 125,000 men and 480 guns, on to two fronts facing west and south respectively. To Preuschdorf, at the junction of the fronts, the Fifth Corps, under General von Kirchbach, was directed. The army orders specified that it was to bivouac there, with its front in the direction of Woerth, a village two and a half miles to the west, in the valley of the small Sauer river, with outposts towards Reichshoffen, which is in a parallel valley four miles beyond. Von Kirchbach therefore ordered Major-General Walther von Montbary, commanding the Twentieth Brigade, forming the advanced guard and consisting of the 37th and 50th Regiments, six guns and two squadrons, to cross the Sauer, and to place his outposts over the heights beyond. When nearing the Sauer, Von Walther was met by a cavalry officer, who had been reconnoitring in this direction, and was informed by him that the river was impassable for closed bodies of troops; that not only the village of Woerth, where the road crosses the stream, but also the heights beyond, were held by strong French detachments of all arms; and, according to the testimony of the inhabitants, these troops belonged to certain regiments of MacMahon's corps, which had not been engaged at Weissenburg. The General did not feel justified in attempting to force a passage and take up the prescribed position for the outposts, and he therefore reported to Corps Headquarters

that he should provisionally push forward his outposts only to the Sauer, but that he would endeavour on the next morning to carry out "the final paragraph of his orders"—namely, "cross the stream and place his outposts over the opposite heights."

And now appeared on the scene a very remarkable personage, Colonel von d. Esch, the chief Staff officer of the Fifth Corps. Whilst the General was placing his outposts, up came this officer, fixed the exact position of the outposts, informed himself of the arrangements



and intentions of the General, expressed his agreement with them, and, adds Major Kunz, "promised that in the event of a serious fight, he would immediately send forward the whole of the corps artillery."

In the German service a Staff officer is the actual living embodiment of the authority which resides in the General on whose Staff he is, and as such his orders must be obeyed as if they came direct from the fountain-head itself; but no Staff officer would, under ordinary circumstances, have dared to come to an arrangement of this kind on his own responsibility. It happened, however, that General von Kirchbach had been wounded at the battle on the previous day; he

had remained with his corps, and was at Preuschdorf;* but it is most probable that the chief of his Staff found himself for a time practically in command. Two companies of the 37th Regiment were placed at Goersdorff; the second battalion of the 50th and a squadron at Gunstett; the remainder of the brigade, four and a half battalions, with the guns and the other squadron, were posted centrally at the little village of Dieffenbach, one and a half mile from the stream. The remainder of the corps lay close at hand, further back. The commanders were therefore within easy reach of each other. During the day the rest of the army had arrived at the prescribed destination: the Second Bavarian corps at Lembach, five miles north; and Von Werder's Baden and Württemberg corps at Aschbach, nine miles east of Preuschdorf. The army headquarters, Von Bose's Eleventh Corps, and the Fourth Cavalry Division were at Sulz, midway between the two last-named places; and the first Bavarian corps lay within the angle. The Crown Prince, having now discovered the presence of MacMahon's army on the heights on the west of the Sauer, issued an army order, in which the Bavarians at Lembach and the Fifth Corps were directed to remain in their present positions during the 6th, whilst the rest of the army was to concentrate towards them.

From nine at night rain fell heavily till the following morning, and the Sauer became a rushing stream some twelve to fifteen feet broad, fordable for infantry at one or two places, but at others deep enough to cover a man to the shoulders.

Of the three bridges at Woerth, Spachbach, and Gunstett, only the latter was passable, and that was in the hands of the Germans; nevertheless, the outposts on both sides were on the alert, and shots broke the stillness of the night. But other sounds were audible coming from the western bank; sounds of unrest, indicating movements of troops. Von Walther was on the alert, and between three and four o'clock he rode across the stream above its confluence with a western branch, the Sulzbach, and he formed the opinion that the French were either abandoning their position or were strengthening against the impending attack. To clear up the matter—so say Major Kunz, the German Staff account, and all other authorities save one, which forms a most important exception—and to ascertain whether the French really were holding on, the General resolved to make an attack, and at six o'clock he sent to the corps' headquarters a message to the effect that he would deliver this attack in an hour's time. The orderly who carried the message returned without an answer, whereupon the General, believing that there was complete understanding between himself and the headquarters, proceeded to make his attack on the village of Woerth, employing for the purpose one battalion and the battery of the advanced guard.

* See Note at the end of this article.

It is a most curious fact that Von Moltke, in his recent work, states that the reason for this attack was a desire on Von Walther's part to gain possession of the river-crossing at this point. This variance between Von Moltke's assertion and the statements in all other official, as well as non-official, publications is most remarkable. It is possible that Von Moltke may here have raised a corner of the curtain of official reticence, and have disclosed the extraordinary spectacle of a brigadier and the chief of a Corps Staff jointly initiating a battle on their own account. The understanding come to between them on the previous day was tantamount to this. Whether the morning message ever reached Von d. Esch we do not know. If it did, he left his comrade, as the narrative will show, completely in the lurch. It may, however, have missed him. That these officers must have been aware that the army commander specially wished to avoid giving battle that day is certain, for Captain von Boguslowski speaks of the astonishment which he felt when he saw General von Walther commence the action, inasmuch as it was known even by the lower leaders of the corps that there was to be no fight that day. That General von Kirchbach was not consulted in the matter is evident from the written severe message he subsequently despatched, about 8.30, to General von Walther: "The fight is to be broken off immediately; it is not the duty of outposts to undertake reconnaissances in force." As a critic remarks, a pair of field-glasses would have revealed all that Von Walther wanted to find out. As Colonel von d. Esch is dead, the whole truth may never be known. It is, however, not impossible that Von Walther was moved by the same spirit which subsequently seems to have influenced his brother generals on other battle-fields, a burning desire to get at the enemy, and to be the first in the fray, without reflecting on the possible effect of their conduct on the plans of the superior authorities.

Although Von Walther's fight was on a very small scale, and was broken off at half-past eight by Von Walther himself before receiving the order already mentioned, it was the direct cause, as will be seen presently, of the battle which ensued. Very strong and well-deserved are the censures of the *Wochenblatt* reviewer on that abuse of the so-called "initiative," which, if exercised unnecessarily and without due reflection as to its possible consequences, may destroy the plans and combinations of the higher authorities, and place even the commander of an army at the mercy of some company leader, intent upon the exercise of a little private strategy on his own account.

Von Walther, either because he found that he was not supported, or because he soon ascertained that the French were still holding the heights across the stream, broke off the action about 8.30, and withdrew all his force save a few men who remained in the village churchyard. It is possible that for the last half-hour the sound of guns two miles lower down the valley opposite Gunstett had been audible

to him; but, if so, he does not appear to have taken any notice of it. As, however, he rode away, there suddenly burst out from the northern end of the valley, over the shoulder of the hill spur, which, covered with wood, projects north-east to the very edge of the little Sulzbach tributary, a roar of guns and a rattle of rifles. Little did Von Walther imagine that the few rounds exchanged between him and the French above Woerth were, unknown to him, a signal pre-arranged between the army commander and Von Hartmann, the commander of the Second Bavarians at Lembach, for the latter officer to bring into action against the French a division of his corps. Yet so it was. The Crown Prince, in order to provide for the contingency of a possible attack on the Fifth Corps from the opposite side of the valley, had during the 5th sent directions to Von Hartmann to look out the following day, not only to the west, the original front, but also to the south, where the Fifth Corps were; and, if he heard guns in the latter direction, to send a division against the French left. But, strangely enough, the Staff of the army omitted to communicate this order to either the Fifth or the Eleventh Corps, so that no one in these corps had the faintest idea that any little burning of powder in a skirmish on their own account was to be the signal for a determined attack by another part of their army, away from them, hidden from their sight, and which, according to the army orders, was to remain stationary five miles distant, whereas in fact it had come much nearer. Von Walther's mistake fades comparatively into insignificance before this terrible blunder of the much-exalted German General Staff in the initial real battle of the war.

That under the training of Von Moltke the German Staff had approached perfection as a Staff is an accepted article of the military faith; but it is sometimes forgotten that the Staff officers of the German army are, like the officers of every army, fallible human beings, liable to mistakes and to occasional omissions of duty.

In the early morning, therefore, Von Hartmann's division, lured on by the sound of the guns firing in Von Walther's engagement, entered the Sulzbach valley; and filing through the village of Langensulzbach, the head of the division issued from the southern exit at about half-past eight. This advance had apparently been observed by the French, for no sooner did the force begin to emerge from this village than there was opened on it from the wood-covered slopes directly in their front a hail-storm of chassepôt bullets, to which, speedily, mitrailleuses and guns added their share of projectiles. Swerving to their right, the Bavarians sought cover for their further advance in a large wood, the southern edge of which bordered a patch of open ground varying in width from 200 to 700 paces, which lay in front of the French position. The Bavarian guns were helpless in preparing for the attack, as the only artillery positions available were at too great a distance from the defenders to produce much effect.

Meantime, the advance continued, with a complete neglect of every precaution laid down in works which deal with training for the battle. That necessary preliminary duty of an advanced guard—feeling the enemy and ascertaining his position—was dispensed with; reconnaissance there was none; no plan of attack seems to have been arranged by the commander; the troops were not formed up under cover, and each unit then directed to the objective selected for it; but with wild haste and useless hurry the leading four and a half battalions were allowed to make for the shelter of the woods, dribbled through them in some fashion or other; and arriving at length on the southern edge, these 2800 men found themselves in one thin scattered line 1700 paces long, destitute of any closed reserves worth mentioning. To this handful of men, armed with a short-range fire-arm, and unsupported by artillery, were opposed by 9.30 nearly double their number of Frenchmen under cover, plying their chassepôts to good effect, and assisted by artillery behind them. Here we will leave them for the present and turn to the extreme south of the valley, where another phase of misleading had been displaying itself.

By the army orders of the 5th, the Eleventh Corps was to move from Sulz a short distance, wheeling to its right, and then to remain facing west. In conformity with this order the march commenced on the morning of the 6th, and at seven o'clock, just as Von Walther was coming into action, the advanced guard, consisting of the six battalions of the 41st Brigade, began to issue from the western border of the wood which lay between the bivouac of the main body of the corps and the Sauer. About a mile in front, almost on the stream, lies the village of Gunstett, which, with its undestroyed bridge and the outlying Brusch mill, had been during the night in charge of one of Von Walther's battalions. At a short two miles' distance across the low meadow land rise the heights of Albrechtshof, and on the plateau beyond can be seen an encampment of some 7000 men, the French division of General Lartigue. To the right front, on the other side of the stream, is the dense Niederwald, but a view up the valley could be obtained only from the hill north of the village. During the next hour the rest of the brigade deployed from the wood, and a line of outposts was being taken up on the near side of the stream. Save the disturbing effect which must always be produced at any part of a line by firing in some other part, the skirmish in which Von Walther was engaged did not seem to have any influence on this advanced guard. At eight o'clock, however, a battery on the French side opened fire on the mill and village, and a battalion of French riflemen, supported by other troops, advanced to the attack. The divisional commander, being present on the spot, at once sent one of his battalions to assist that already in the village. The advance of the French seemed to indicate the possibility of an attack

on the German position. His brigade was therefore at once divided into three portions; ten companies were sent to the destroyed crossing at Spachbach, a mile away over the hill on the right, four were kept with twelve guns at disposal, and the remaining ten despatched to Gunstett. The case was apparently considered urgent, as the companies sent to each place were those nearest to it. In the meantime a rifle battalion attached to another brigade in rear had come up, and went on to Gunstett.

Here again, then, hurry ruled the day. Spachbach was in front of the neighbouring corps; the presence at Gunstett of the flank outpost battalion of the corps showed that Spachbach was included in its outposts. A little consideration would have led the divisional commander to ascertain that troops from his command were required a mile off before he sent them away. As it was, not only brigade but regimental and even battalion commands were unnecessarily torn asunder before a shot had been fired on the German side. At Gunstett were collected eighteen companies from two army corps, two divisions, three brigades, four regiments, five battalions. At nine o'clock twenty-four guns came into action against the French, and after some fluctuations and bad leading a standing fight ensued, which lasted a couple of hours.

It was at Spachbach that the disintegration of command was fatal in its results. At the little village, about nine o'clock, were collected a battalion of one regiment, half of another battalion of the same regiment and a battalion of a second regiment—altogether ten companies. What an opening for the officer on whom the command of this little force had by chance devolved! What an opportunity for winning fame and glory and the coveted Iron Cross by the "assumption of the initiative!" Directly in front was the dense Niederwald, in which no enemy was visible. Why not make a dash across the river, penetrate boldly into the heart of the enemy's position, and trust to luck to be backed up from the rear? But the bridge no longer exists; a cart is obtained and run into the stream; shutters torn down from the houses are with the aid of hop-poles improvised into a sort of crossing, over which the men begin to scramble, some falling into the stream and being drowned. Ere long, five companies, three of one battalion, and the two of the half-battalion are across; and at 9.30, led by some officer who is most probably exulting at his emancipation from the control of peace time, these five companies, leaving in the meadow land a portion of one company to cover a possible retreat, disappear in the Niederwald. On the same bank by degrees collect the other five companies near the edge of the stream, and here for the present, at 9.30, we leave them. Ere long these ten companies were to pay dearly for the indiscretion of their leaders.

And now we must return to General von Walther, whom we left,

at half-past eight, smarting under the written rebuke administered to him by the corps commander. That the evidently serious engagement which had broken out beyond the hill-top to the north was due to his ill-advised reconnaissance he did not know; but that it was the Bavarians who were taking part in it he did know, because during his own little fight he had encountered an officer's patrol from the corps and had explained the situation to him. As soon, therefore, as he received his corps commander's order to break off the fight he despatched his adjutant, Lieut. Lauterbach, a Prussian officer, to General von Hartmann, to inform him of the fact, and to tell that General that he could give him no support.

Now, that message must influence General von Hartmann in some degree. Yet although Von Walther's own immediate superior, his divisional commander, Lieut.-General von Schmidt, was close at hand at Dieffenbach, and the corps commander at Preuschdorf, this mere brigadier took upon himself to communicate directly with the commander of another corps at least two miles away. This was assuming high functions with a vengeance. And now again he takes the initiative, for the heavy firing shows that the Bavarians are in earnest; so, notwithstanding the order just received, he again brings into action his six guns, this time trying to take in flank and rear the French hidden in the woods opposite the Bavarians. Shortly after this, Colonel von d. Esch makes his appearance and asks Von Walther whether he has not received the order; Von Walther replies in the affirmative, but gives an explanation of his conduct.

Colonel von d. Esch takes a survey of the situation; for some reason or other, unknown to him as it was to the brigadier, an action has begun on the right; for some other reason, equally unknown to him, he sees a battalion from Spachbach disappear into the wood to his left front, the Niederwald; in that direction there is no doubt a fight is going on, for some thirty French guns are already in action against the German guns on the Gunstett hill. There are peremptory orders against a battle this day, but unless the French are held fast in the centre it is possible they may turn with overwhelming force against one or both flank corps. Lieut.-General von Schmidt happens to ride up; a brief consultation is held—the corps commander is at Preuschdorf, but it is unnecessary to trouble him in the matter—and at 9.30 the order is given to bring the whole of the eighty-four guns of the corps into action against the French on the opposite side of the valley. There is some delay in carrying the order into effect, as owing to it being supposed that the day would be a day of rest for the corps, some of the gunners are cleaning up and drying the harness; not until 10.30 is the whole of the artillery in action, and by that time 108 German guns are firing and rapidly silencing the 48 French guns which endeavoured to meet the

challenge. There can be little doubt that Colonel von d. Esch acted wisely in the step he took; moreover, an artillery action can, at any moment, be broken off, especially where a stream difficult to cross lies between the contending artilleries. A remarkable fact here to be noted is, that although firing began at seven in the morning, from that time until 10.30 it does not seem to have occurred to the Staff of any one of the three corps to endeavour to ascertain from the Staff of the other corps what was actually taking place with them. No Staff officer went from the Bavarians or the Eleventh Corps to find out what was the meaning of the skirmish at Woerth, nor did the Fifth Corps Staff seek to ascertain from the leaders of those corps their objects and intentions. As regards the army commander, not one of the three corps leaders communicated with him. Independence carried to this pitch reduces higher leading to a nullity.

But whilst the cannonade is at its height, the commander of the Fifth Corps arrives himself on the battle-field. The line of conduct which seems in accordance with the circumstances of the military situation, and in conformity with the requirements of ordinary discipline, would be to hold the French by a continuance of artillery fire only, to report at once to the army commander at Sulz, and to ask for orders. Somehow or other a fight had developed on either flank, contrary, as General von Kirchbach was fully aware, to the intentions of his immediate chief. By bringing his artillery into action he was simply doing his best to avert disaster among the corps on each side, and was in no way contravening his orders; but now, at 10.30, he takes a step which is absolutely unnecessary from a tactical point of view, and which was nothing less than sheer disobedience. He determines to send forward his infantry across the stream to occupy Woerth and the heights beyond. The withdrawal of infantry from a fight is an acknowledged token of failure. The Crown Prince's army is now, therefore, committed to a battle by the fiat of a subordinate—insubordinate is almost a more appropriate word—commander. At the same time he sends to the two neighbouring commanders, informing them of his intentions, and requesting their co-operation; and he reports his proceedings to the Crown Prince. But, now, it was a case of three kings of Brentford. General von Bose at Gunstett had no intention of disobeying the order he had received, which fixed the Sauer for the limit of his advance, and he returned an answer to that effect. Some few companies of his corps had escaped from control, and had, as we have seen, gone across into the Niederwald. If General von Bose was himself aware of the fact, he displayed real strength of character in letting that handful of men reap the consequences of disobedience rather than be drawn himself into a similar act by letting his corps become involved in an action on their account. With his own corps (some 20,000) close at hand, he could regard with

cool contempt the attacks of Lartigue's division in front of him. But when his negative reply reached Von Kirchbach, the latter, possessed by the demon of hurry, had already commenced his attack, and a reiterated request was returned, with a result which will be narrated further on. It was not till 11.30 that the demand for help reached Von Hartmann on the northern flank; and here had during the previous two hours been enacting a drama, which a little more energy on the part of the French might have transformed into a bloody tragedy. From 9.30 the dribbling up of Bavarian troops continued, increasing the numbers of the attacking force to 7250, but prolonging the line to 4000 paces, with a gap of 500 paces in its eastern part; whilst the French had increased the number of the defenders to 6300, with two battalions in reserve. Under these circumstances further advance was hopeless, and even single control of the long line was impossible.

"Such was the aspect of affairs when," says the Staff account, "a Prussian orderly officer brought verbal instructions to General von Hartmann at 10.30 A.M. to suspend the contest." Up to the present time, until the publication of Major Kunz's work, the same "Prussian orderly officer" has been a "child of mystery"; he has been the "great unknown." In 1873 Major von Hahnke, who had been one of the senior Staff officers at the army headquarters, wrote: "By what Prussian officer and on whose responsibility this order was delivered has not been ascertained." Some few years ago the writer of this article was enabled to obtain communications on this matter from General von Blumenthal, the chief of the Staff of the third army, and also from General von Kirchbach; but the mystery remained as deep as ever. Major Kunz seems to supply the missing link in the evidence, which now points almost conclusively to Major-General von Walther's messenger, Lieut. Lauterbach, as the "Prussian orderly officer" in question. If this be the case, the communication received by Von Hartmann was no order to him; it was merely the report of an order given in another corps by its own commander. But Von Hartmann, even if it were an order from the supreme commander of the army, should not have obeyed it blindly; he should have asked himself the simple question whether, since it was issued, matters had not so entirely altered as to render it obviously inapplicable to the situation. The message, order, or communication was to the effect that the battle was to be broken off. At the time of its despatch, 8.30 A.M., there was but little firing going on, save from the French on the hill-side immediately in front of General von Hartmann. But since its despatch there had been a gradually increasing sound of guns, culminating in the roar of some 150 pieces over the hill-top beyond. And yet Von Hartmann regarded the order as imperative, and he proceeded to withdraw his troops. It does

not seem to have occurred to him to continue a delaying fight, and to send a Staff officer at once to the Fifth Corps to ascertain what was taking place there. Major Kunz, dealing with this episode, remarks: "The cloak of Christian charity has, after the brilliant victory of the 6th of August, been thrown over this and many other so-called 'misunderstandings.' This is one more proof of the magnanimity of the Crown Prince." Slowly and in disorder was the withdrawal of the Bavarians carried out, and so dispersed and scattered were the troops, so difficult was it found to rally them for a fresh advance, that, although Von Hartmann at 11.30 promised to renew the action, practically the second Bavarian corps took no part in the further course of the battle.

The conduct of the Bavarians in this battle, their indifferent display of soldiering, has given rise to much comment. French writers have seized on it as a proof of indifference, if not of antagonism, to the German cause. Here we believe they are wrong, for war with France was the cry of the people of Bavaria rather than of their leaders. Still, a corps in which the highest percentage of loss is only 11.5, and which cannot be rallied for a renewed attack, can hardly claim to have done its work well on the battle-field. We are inclined to attribute the failing of the Bavarians to the facts that they had been but indifferently trained in peace time, and that general service having been introduced into Bavaria only in 1867, they were short of good reserve men. "Further," says Major Kunz, "there was absent among the Bavarians the stiff Prussian drill; a certain laxity had even been introduced into the regulations. The painfully exact adherence to time was wanting in all Bavarian evolutions and drill motions; with this disappeared much of the cohesion of the detachments; and the inner holding together and the confidence of single units in themselves and their leaders were only too easily lost. 'Rome was not built in a day,' and three years are not enough to make up for what has been neglected for half a century." Nobly did the Bavarians retrieve their character during the course of the campaign; but Woerth gave no forecast of the bravery and endurance which characterised them in the trying episodes of the winter of 1870 in the south-west of France.

And now we must return to the centre, where, at 10.30, Von Kirchbach, with support withdrawing from his right and about to be refused to him on his left, is sending his infantry into action. The foot of the heights which the General proposed to seize lay beyond the meadow land some 1000 paces broad, through which flows the Sauer. The state of the crossings over the stream has been already described. The village of Woerth, unoccupied by the French, lies partly on the stream itself. From the Woerth-Hagenau *chaussée*, which borders the further edge of the meadow land, rise the

heights, some two or three hundred feet to the plateau, on which are situated the villages of Fröschwiller and Elsasshausen. The slopes themselves bend in and out, forming a series of spurs and valleys, and are covered with vine and hop plantations. Woerth on the right, and the Galgenburg spur a mile south, nearly opposite Spachbach, would naturally be the first objectives of troops crossing at these two points. The Niederwald itself lay to the left beyond the sphere of operations for the corps. On the plateau had already shown itself in force the main body of MacMahon's army. Shortly after moving forward his infantry, Von Kirchbach received from his commander a peremptory order to break off the attack; but such commands were, on the 6th of August, only spoken to the wind, and to break off now was impossible. At Von Kirchbach's disposal were, besides his 84 guns already in action, some 21,000 rifles, and from this host of men against the position already described, were sent, almost to certain destruction, at 10.30, only nine companies, 1800 men of the 37th Regiment to Woerth, and only eight companies, 1600 men of the 50th, by Spachbach. But first the Sauer had to be crossed, and for this no preparation was made, no thought bestowed upon it by the "brain" of the German army.

Out of the 1373 men missing after the battle, 777 belonged to the troops which crossed at these points, and of them, 214 to those now moving forward. The rushing Sauer reaped a rich harvest from the want of ordinary prevision. It was only after great delay under fire, and in straggling order, that these two handfuls of soldiers arrived at the opposite bank, and then made for the points of attack; soon all tactical cohesion was lost, and the smaller units, inextricably mixed up, fought on a line a mile long, directing their efforts mainly through the village, and in isolated attempts against the hill. For one whole hour were these men left alone, unsupported, except by artillery, in the desperate struggle to gain ground, and even to maintain themselves in position in the face of overwhelming odds; and then, at 11.30, occurred on their left a catastrophe which well-nigh rendered their condition hopeless. For two hours the five companies of the Eleventh Corps had been carrying on a fight, at first against a lesser force of Zouaves in the Niederwald; but after a time the French were reinforced. The 900 Germans found 1300 determined enemies opposed to them. Gradually they were pressed back to the edge of the wood by which they had entered. The five companies on the near bank stood calmly quiescent. Presently the Germans in the wood gave way, took to their heels, and all ten companies, save a few men, literally bolted, and in wild panic these 2200 Germans did not cease their flight till the stream was between them and the triumphant Zouaves. That the victors did not, turning to the north, pursue their victorious career, and roll up the

newly arrived men of the Fifth Corps, was due, perhaps, to the fact that into a corner of the Niederwald, Captain Boguslowski, of the 50th Regiment, had thrown himself with that portion of his company which he had managed to keep under his personal command. At 11.30 help is sent by Von Kirchbach to Woerth, 1600 men being despatched thither; but these made little impression on the still superior forces opposed to them. There is no well-considered plan of attack, no throwing forward of strong lines one behind the other in succession, so as to sweep by ever-increasing force the enemy in their way. An hour later, 800 more men come up; but not till one o'clock does the General determine on a real attack in force. The arrival of a fresh corps on his right, the First Bavarians, seems to have released him from the necessity of any longer keeping troops in reserve; and from that time, but very slowly, the Fifth Corps gradually gained ground in spite of the brilliant counter-strokes of closed bodies of French, which, advancing in perfect order, drove them back for a time down the hill-side. By 2.30 the edge of the plateau is won, and here, after a four hours' isolated struggle, in which the toughness of the rank and file of a well-drilled Prussian corps and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the Prussian officer were brilliantly displayed, the long-looked-for support comes by the arrival of the Eleventh Corps at the northern edge of the Niederwald, which bounds the plateau at its southern end.

Before, however, sketching the proceedings of the latter corps, it may be well to see what has taken place at the seat of command of this army of independent lieutenants. The Crown Prince had in vain sent orders to break off any action which might have been commenced; however, the guns being still heard, he at noon proceeded to the battle-field, where he arrived about 1 P.M., and, says the Staff account, "personally assumed the conduct of the battle." For once the compilers have indulged, perhaps ironically, in fiction. The plan which the Prince had formed, and which was thoroughly sound, was to delay the frontal attack by the Fifth Corps until the flank of the French should have been turned by the Eleventh Corps and First Bavarian Corps now coming up, respectively, but it could not be put into execution because Von Kirchbach had already committed his entire corps to the frontal attack. One corps, the Württembergers, approaching from the left rear, had not yet entered into the struggle; it had only just arrived at Gunstett, and to it was sent the order to pass round the right flank of the French, and to march directly on their rear, on their only line of retreat, to Reischoffen. Meantime, the Prince could be little more than a mere spectator of the proceedings of an army "run riot."

The turning movement carried out by the out-flanking corps, the Eleventh, commenced about 11.30 on the receipt of the reiterated

request for help. General von Bose divided his force into three columns, and, wheeling to the right, moved against the right flank of the French; the right column, about 4480 strong, crossed the Sauer at Spachbach, and without much difficulty gained possession of the eastern portion of the Niederwald. The left column, 5630 strong, passed by Dürrenbach and Morsbronn on to the plateau, but, opposed only by cavalry attacking them over bad ground, easily reached the western part of the Niederwald. It was the centre column of some 7000 which crossed at Gunstett, and made for the Albrechtshaüser heights, that alone met with any real resistance; but the resistance was of the most stubborn kind: it was here that the remnant of Lartigue's division, numbering at the outside 4000 men, left entirely to itself and refused aid by MacMahon, opposed the turning movement. Driven back slowly, but always taking advantage of a favourable moment for a counter-attack, this small band of heroes fought to the limit of human endurance, and at last, with losses varying in the five regiments from 29 to 77·5 per cent., they fell back westward, fighting through the wood, and then disappeared from the battle-field. In the leading of the corps, which is much extolled by Major Kunz as devoid of hurry and with perfect control, the curious feature is the way in which the unity of regiments and brigades was totally ignored, each column being a mixed group of the units close at hand at their starting-points.

And now came the final act of disobedience. Lieut.-General von Obernitz, when leading the Württembergers across the valley, received from the Crown Prince the order, already mentioned, to march on the rear of the French; but, shortly afterwards, the Prussian officers coming from the battle raging on the plateau told him that reinforcements were imperatively required there, and urged him to come to their aid. Again the spirit of knowing "better than one's betters" exercised its pernicious influence, and although the power of determining when and whether reinforcements shall be sent to any point of the battle-field should, above all others, rest absolutely with the supreme commander, General von Obernitz elected to judge for himself, and on to the plateau he led his troops. For yet two hours the now utterly mixed up German troops were kept from Fröschwiller by the intrepid bravery of their foes.

But now the toughness of the infantry of the Fifth German Corps was about to be rewarded; the moment for their revenge on those who had sent to destruction their five thousand dead and wounded —of whom nearly four thousand belonged to the four regiments, 37th, 50th, 6th, and 46th, first across the stream—was close at hand. It was a grand revenge; it was the splendid victory, which was to crown with laurels the men who had sinned against them. Whilst they had been so stubbornly holding on to the vine-clad slopes,

time had been given for the gradually closing round of MacMahon's 45,000 men by the greater portion of the overwhelming host of their enemies. And now the French, attacked from the north, south, and east, at last broke, and, covered by a small rear-guard, fled away out of touch and sight of the victors through the gap so generously left open to them by that independent lieutenant, General von Obernitz.

The Germans gained their victory by sheer weight of numbers, and the support given to their infantry by an artillery overwhelmingly superior in number of guns, technical efficiency, and tactical employment to that of their opponents. The French owed their defeat to the mediocrity of their commander. Against critics and commentators on the acts of soldiers in the field, it is sometimes alleged that they are "wise after the event"; as regards the battle of Woerth, it is only by wisdom of this kind that the leading soldiers, who took part in it, can find any ground of justification for their proceedings. Well might a German officer of the very highest rank say, as he afterwards did, "We were within an ace of losing the battle; but the French did not know it, and I hope they never may." Probably they know it now.

LONSDALE HALE.

NOTE.—Captain von Boguslowski, whose name occurs in this article, is now a Lieutenant-General, and has, this month, published in the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, three articles on the Battle of Woerth. The tone of the articles is decidedly apologetic as regards the conduct of those officers who, at the time, were of rank similar to that he now holds. The General also discusses questions of evidence as to the times of the receipt of orders, &c., but I do not see that he shakes the evidence adduced by Major Kunz. He says, however, that during the afternoon of the 5th he saw General von Kirchbach sitting in a waggon at the advanced guard. A paragraph in the last article of the series may be quoted as confirming the views I have expressed as to "wisdom after the event." "This conduct"—utter neglect of the right wing and concentration of attention solely on the 5th German Corps—"of the French commander forms the simplest and best justification of Kirchbach."

L. H.

THE FATE OF THE EAST.

WE are in a better position to consider calmly the state of South-Eastern Europe than we were in last year, when the air was full of disquieting rumours and all Europe in a state of nervous excitement. The importance of the question is undiminished, and the fate of the East may depend upon the knowledge which the people of England have in regard to the interests which are at stake.

A little while ago a distinguished writer in this REVIEW congratulated us upon the fact that, whatever may happen in Europe, England can maintain a strict neutrality, and he was grateful for the fact that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and his policy are both dead and beyond the hope of resurrection. England is never again to prop up the rotten fabric of Ottoman rule.

Such statements as these are adapted to the purpose of a stump orator, but they seem to me strangely misplaced in an article designed to instruct the people. Things may happen in Europe that would make neutrality a greater calamity than war, and no great party in England will ever adopt a "peace at any price" policy. The question whether England will be drawn into the next great European war is an open question, which can only be decided when the time comes, and it is certain that the Government of that time, whether Liberal or Conservative, will act in view of the circumstances, and, if necessary, go to war to defend the interests and the honour of the Empire, and at the same time the general interests of Europe.

But with this general question I have nothing to do. I am concerned only with the question of the relation of England to the East. It is easy to abuse Lord Stratford, because he is dead and the world has mostly forgotten what his policy was, and the phrase "propping

up the rotten fabric of Ottoman rule" has done service so long in covering up the ignorance of popular writers that it seems almost ungenerous to inquire exactly what it means. The most charitable explanation of the phrase is that at some time the English Government has adopted and carried out a policy of supporting and defending the Turkish Government in its gross abuse of its power over its subjects; or, at least to defend it without taking its rottenness into consideration, and that this was the special characteristic of the policy of Lord Stratford.

Now, I venture to affirm that during the last fifty years no English Government has ever adopted such a policy, and that no English ambassador at Constantinople has ever been farther from acquiescence in such a policy than Lord Stratford. Probably the two most prominent characteristics of Lord Stratford and his policy were his absolute devotion to English interests and his intense hatred of all rottenness. He was as devoted to England as Bismarck is to Germany; and he would never have sacrificed one British soldier to save the Ottoman Empire for its own sake. If he favoured the Crimean war, it was solely because he believed that British interests were at stake. And we may go even further than this. He did not believe that it was possible to save the Turkish Empire in the interest of England, unless it could be radically and thoroughly reformed. His chief work during his last two missions to Constantinople was to expose and attempt to eradicate the corruption and oppression which reigned there. Had the Congress of Paris adopted his views, and left him here to carry them out, it is possible that the Turkish Empire might have been reformed.

I do not care to defend Lord Stratford. He needs no defence. I wish simply to call attention to the fact that he never upheld rottenness, and that all his energies were devoted to the defence of what he believed to be British interests. And so of the policy of all great English statesmen. I have often had occasion to criticise the actions of the British Government in the East. Many grievous mistakes have been made, through ignorance or misjudgment; but the general policy of all Ministries has been to defend and uphold Turkey no further than was essential to the defence of English interests, and they have done all that seemed to them possible to ameliorate the condition of the people of the country. The apparent exceptions to this rule, such as the action of Lord Beaconsfield at the time of the Bulgarian massacres, all admit of a more or less satisfactory explanation. We know now from the confessions of Sir Henry Elliot, that Lord Beaconsfield was at that time anticipating the deposition of the Sultan, and the establishment of constitutional government at Constantinople under Sir Henry's *protégé*, Midhat Pasha.

England is sometimes represented as having been the friend of the

Turk, while Russia has poured out her blood and treasure for the emancipation of the oppressed Christians. In fact, the English and the Russian people have equally sympathised with the Christians of Turkey, while the Governments have acted for their own interests—the one for defence, and the other for aggrandisement. And it is certainly to the honour of the English Government that, so far as there has been any settlement of the Eastern question, it has been settled in the interest of the people of the East, and in accordance with the principles of England rather than of Russia. Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece are free States where the people rule; they owe their emancipation from Turkish rule in no small degree to Russia, but they owe their liberty and independence in an equal degree to England. Annexed to Russia, they would have been less free than they were under the Sultan.

So much for the past. As to the future, I am quite ready to admit that no policy should be adopted simply because it is traditional. But, on the other hand, a departure from long established principles must be justified by good and substantial reasons, and not simply by an appeal to the ignorance and the prejudices of the people. Lord Rosebery is as little likely to be moved by such considerations as Lord Salisbury. It is in no sense a party question.

The question in its simplest form is this—Has England any vital interest in preventing the occupation by Russia of Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsula; and, if so, how can this interest be best defended? Other Powers may have an equal or greater interest in this question, but that does not diminish in any way the responsibility of England in the defence of her own interests. It is a stimulus to action rather than an excuse for neutrality. Nor is it any answer to this question to show that England and Russia ought to be friends and allies in Central Asia. They ought to be, but they are not, never have been, and never will be until Russia ceases to be what she is, a nation with an insatiable thirst for more land. It is equally aside from the mark to prove that the government of the Sultan is weak and corrupt. It may be, but it does not follow that the substitution of the government of the Czar would either improve the condition of the people or favour the interests of England.

There are but two probable solutions of the Eastern question, and England has to decide which of these most accords with her own interests, and whether she has any *vital* interest in securing the one rather than the other. As things now stand in Europe, she certainly has the power to do so if it is worth her while. The one solution is the natural one which has already made great progress, and resulted in the establishment of Greece and the Balkan States. It secures self-government to the people as fast as they are emancipated from Turkish rule. It would soon give it to Macedonia and Crete. It

would give it to Egypt as soon as England can safely withdraw her troops. If the Sultan should find it necessary to leave Constantinople, it would make this and the adjacent territory a free city, under European protection, with the free navigation of the Straits for all nations. It would leave the Turks to rule in Asia Minor, where they constitute three-fourths of the population, but with a reduced power, which would force them to recognise the rights of their Christian subjects. It would perhaps lead to the separation of the Arabs from the Turks, as these nationalities have nothing in common but their religion. It might take fifty years to bring about all these changes, and they might be modified by circumstances now unforeseen, but in general this is the natural and just solution of the question. Thirty years ago it might have seemed absurd to suggest it as possible, but no one who knows the people and is familiar with the events of these years would now think of it as otherwise than rational and probable.

One advantage of this natural solution of the Eastern question is that it involves no infringement upon the rights or legitimate interests of any nation in Europe. It is not an anti-Russian solution. It does not in any way dishonour her or hinder her self-development. For many years she has disclaimed all intention of annexing any more territory in Europe; and however little faith we may have in regard to such declarations, they are so far valuable that Russia has not yet committed herself before the world to any career of conquest in South-Eastern Europe. It is not at all impossible that if she saw clearly that annexation was impracticable, she might heartily join hands with England and other Powers in facilitating the natural solution of the question. There are, and always have been, intelligent men in Russia who regard the conquest of Constantinople as totally opposed to the interests of the Empire, and it must be acknowledged that the present attitude of Russia towards the Balkan States has grown out of wounded pride and jealousy of the influence of other States, rather than out of any immediate desire to annex this territory. Could Russia be brought into harmonious action with other Powers for a prospective settlement of the question, the peace of Europe would be assured.

Another advantage of this natural solution is that it would favour in the highest degree the interests of commerce. I do not say that England alone would gain by this, but all that England asks in any part of the world is a chance for free competition, and this would be assured. In the progress and prosperity of these new nations she would find an ever-growing market. Constantinople would no doubt suffer for a time, but it would not be long before she would rise again to become a great commercial centre for the East.

But the great argument in favour of this arrangement is that it is

the only just and righteous solution of the question, and consequently the only one which can be permanent. What possible justice can there be in condemning these people who are just escaping from the yoke of Turkey to groan under the much heavier yoke of Russia? They have a right to themselves and to work out their own destiny. They have waited long centuries for the opportunity, and those who, of late years, have had the chance have proved to the world their capacity to govern themselves. Even the Turkish Parliament in Constantinople displayed an amount of wisdom and energy which astonished the world, and might possibly have saved the Empire if it had not alarmed the Caliph by its independence and been condemned by him to a violent death.

The other, and the only other, probable solution of the Eastern question is the annexation of Constantinople and the Balkan States to Russia. Roumania would necessarily go with them. It is hardly probable that these States would be ostensibly annexed at first. It would be the old story of Poland or Georgia, but the end would be inevitable and it would come speedily. No one familiar with the history or policy of Russia can have any doubts about this. Nor do I suppose that any one doubts that this is the solution of the question at which Russia is now aiming, although she has made no open declaration of this purpose, but rather denied it. If there were no such purpose on the part of Russia, there would be no Triple Alliance and no Franco-Russian alliance. France and Germany would be left to settle their territorial questions as best they could, and the rest of Europe would have no fear of war.

Russia has nothing to fear from Germany and Austria if she is meditating no further annexation in Europe, and she has no interest whatever in the question between France and Germany. The real danger of the Franco-Russian alliance is that it is essentially aggressive. Neither Power feared any attack, but France hopes to regain her lost provinces, and Russia to acquire new ones by improving the first opportunity to engage Europe in war. This is the plain logic of the situation, and yet when we ask who it is in Russia that cherishes these warlike purposes, we are almost inclined to accept the theory of Tolstoi's "Peace and War," that such events are controlled by blind Fate. The Czar claims to be a man of peace, and those who know him best assure us that he does not desire war. We may admit that this is true, but it is no less true that he is moving steadily on to an attempted conquest of South-Eastern Europe. I do not know a Russian who doubts it. It is the force of what American statesmen used to call "manifest destiny"—the force of a fixed idea—which unconsciously controls subordinate events, and directs them towards an end which men are not quite ready to confess even to themselves.

What we have to consider then is the question how far England is

interested in this extension of the Russian power over South-Eastern Europe. If England has no interest in preventing it, we may be sure that it will be attempted within the next few years. Supposing Russia to be successful, it is hardly possible to measure the importance of the results which would follow in Europe. The more obvious changes would begin with the Black Sea, which would become a Russian lake, with the Asiatic as well as the European shores under the control of Russia; the Marmora and the Straits also Russian, with a Russian Custom-house at the entrance of the Dardanelles, Constantinople would become the great naval arsenal of the Empire, absolutely secure from attacks, but always ready to send out its fleets into the Mediterranean. Roumania and the whole Balkan Peninsula would be Russian territory, with the Adriatic as its western boundary. This is no fancy sketch. Every one who knows the country knows that there is no possible stopping-place in annexation until the Adriatic is reached. Albania might exist as a separate State after the annexation of Macedonia to a small State like Bulgaria, but not after the annexation of Bulgaria to Russia.

The annexation of these countries to Russia would not be a source of expense and weakness like the wastes of Central Asia. They would add enormously to the wealth and power of the Empire. They could easily furnish and support half a million of soldiers. They abound in wealth of every description, mineral as well as agricultural, and are inhabited by races far superior to the native Russian, although mostly of Slavic origin. The possession of these countries, together with Constantinople, their wealth, their population, especially their geographical position, would at least double the military power of Russia in its relations with Europe, and give vast commercial advantages, not only in the control of territory, but also of lines of communication between Europe and Asia. She might not improve them very wisely, but she would certainly prevent any one else from improving them.

These are obvious results. There are others equally startling and important, which are not so generally considered. The most serious is the inevitable destruction of the Austria-Hungarian Empire, which must follow the occupation of the Balkan Peninsula by Russia. Statesmen have foreseen this, and that is the reason why they tell us that Austria rather than England is most interested in resisting the advance of Russia. Bismarck saw it at the time when it was his policy to annex an important part of Austria to the German Empire, and he then encouraged Russia. He saw it later when he had abandoned this policy, and then he formed the Triple Alliance to defend Austria against Russia as well as Germany against France. Beaconsfield saw it and realised its full meaning for the rest of Europe, when he favoured the idea of annexing the Balkan Peninsula

to Austria, and thus transforming her into a great Slave Empire. There was a time when Austrian statesmen thought it possible to protect themselves by dividing the Balkan Peninsula with Russia, but they harbour this delusion no longer. They realise that in defending the independence of Roumania and Bulgaria they are defending themselves.

The destruction of the Austria-Hungarian Empire would follow the advance of Russia, not simply because this advance could only take place after the defeat of the Austrian armies in a great war, and the consequent weakening of her power, nor because such an advance would plant the Russian power along the whole line of the eastern and southern frontiers of the Empire; but still more from the very nature of the Empire itself. Half the people in the Empire are Slaves, and should Russia annex the Balkan Peninsula, it is absurd to suppose that she would leave the rest of the Southern Slaves under the rule of the Hungarians, which they themselves already resent. The Empire would inevitably break up, all the Southern Slaves going to Russia, and the Germans to Germany, if that Empire still existed after its defeat by France and Russia. Something might be left to bear the name, but Austria-Hungary would disappear as a great Power. The changes which might result from a great Franco-Russian victory do not concern us here. I am not defending the Triple Alliance. The destruction of the Austrian Empire would result directly from the annexation of the Balkan Peninsula to Russia, and it would be inevitable, however that annexation might be brought about.

Another result of this advance of Russia would be that the Turkish Empire, if it still continued to exist in Asia Minor after the loss of Constantinople, as it probably would for a time, would be under the absolute control of Russia. The Sultan would reign by favour of the Czar, and in the interest of Russia. This also would still further increase the military and commercial power of Russia. The Czar cannot now enter upon a war in Europe without considering the chance of finding arrayed against him the army of the Sultan, 400,000 strong. But for this we know that he would have already occupied Bulgaria. The simple removal of this danger would not only give him greater freedom of action, but would add so much to the active force which he could put into the field in case of war.

Such are in brief some of the results which would follow a Russian settlement of the Eastern question. They are so stupendous that there is great danger of our taking it for granted that they cannot happen. If England declines to interfere and there is a great European war in which France and Russia are decidedly successful, these things are sure to happen, and it is folly to refuse to con

now, while there is time, whether England has any interest in preventing such a catastrophe or not. If England were really, as some Englishmen seem to claim, an isolated island in the sea with no foreign relations, she might look with a certain amount of equanimity upon the calamities of Europe; but in fact the British Empire is the greatest that the world has ever seen, and its interests and its responsibilities are commensurate with its size. It cannot abdicate or ignore them without seeking its own destruction. Nor can England separate her interests altogether from those of Europe. She is a part of Europe, and while she wisely refrains from interfering in the internal affairs of other States and maintains a friendly neutrality in their local conflicts, she never has been and never can be neutral when the interests of the Continent are at stake.

They are certainly as much at stake in this question of the supremacy of Russia as they were when Napoleon commenced his career of conquest. His rule in Europe would have been benignant in comparison with what may be expected of the Czar, unless we are ready to accept the Russian idea that what the world most needs is the destruction of European civilisation and the building up of one peculiarly Russian upon its ruins. Would this be progress in the eyes of the Liberal party and the working men of England who have always held Russian ways in utter abhorrence? Or can any one imagine that Mr. Gladstone, the great champion of civil and religious liberty, is likely to feel that he has no interest in the extension of Russian rule over South-Eastern Europe? It is only necessary to ask these questions to see the absurdity of these suppositions.

The immediate interest of England herself in the advance of Russia is not less than that of Europe. The commercial and political interests of England are equally opposed to any extension and development of the power of Russia by conquest in South-Eastern Europe, which would enable her not only to destroy British markets and hinder British commerce, but would also give her a military supremacy in Europe which would endanger the whole British Empire, or at least force England to unprecedented expenditure for national defence. The new complication of an alliance between France and Russia increases the danger to England. Where will France find its compensation for the extension of Russia? The recovery of the lost provinces would be a very small thing in comparison with the enormous development of Russian power. The Colonial Empire of England would exactly meet the ideas of Frenchmen, and cost Russia nothing. There is no use in closing our eyes to the possibility of such an arrangement as this. Stranger and more unexpected things have happened in Europe within the last fifty years. There is no question here of England's picking the chestnuts out of the fire for her neighbours; and, I venture to say, that whatever Government may be in power, if the crisis comes,

England will fight, and fight to the death, to defend the interests of Europe, and her own.

But I am not pleading for war, nor even that England should join the Triple Alliance. The only question is, whether England cannot do something in the interests of peace by letting it be distinctly understood that she will never tolerate the Russian solution of the Eastern question. It is certain that she will not, if she can prevent it. But all this talk about neutrality, and the efforts that are made by the press to prove that England has no longer any interest in Constantinople, are direct incentives to war. The Russians and the Turks are beginning to believe that all this is serious, and that Russia can do what she pleases here without fear of England. The impression that this policy will prevail in England under a Liberal Government is undermining English influence here, and encouraging the hopes of Russia. It is quite time to let the world understand that this is a mistake, as it certainly is.

The policy of England in regard to the advance of Russia is clear, but it is not so clear what is to be done meanwhile with the Turks. It would be an immense relief to all the world, and especially to the people of the East, if this question could be settled off-hand, and finished once for all. The world is weary of it and impatient over it. But there is no hope of any immediate and final settlement. No statesman in Europe would attempt it. Nothing but an expectant policy is now possible.

"'Tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

Still an expectant policy is not necessarily an inactive or an indefinite one. It may have a clearly defined object, and may improve each opportunity as it comes to accomplish that object. The policy of England has been for many years, and I believe will be in the future, to secure what I have called the natural solution of the Eastern question, and to resist the Russian solution. The progress in this direction has been very rapid during the last thirty years, but the Sultan still rules at Constantinople, and the military power which supports his throne is still formidable. It is not likely that any English Government will ever feel called upon to drive him out by force. It is equally certain that no English Government will do anything "to prop up the rotten fabric of Ottoman rule." For many years there has been no anticipation of realising Lord Stratford's hope of a reformed and enlightened Turkish Government which might be supported. From year to year this Government is becoming more despotic, more anti-Christian, and more irrational, consequently more intolerable.

The present Sultan has many high and noble qualities, and he wins the sympathy of all those who approach him. No doubt he does his

best to strengthen and develop his Empire. Certainly no Sovereign could work harder than he does. But unhappily he is more a caliph than a king. He is a prisoner in his palace, surrounded by selfish sycophants, and necessarily ignorant of the real wants of the Empire. He is in constant fear of revolution, and fills the city with his secret police, whose constant espionage is driving all enlightened Turks to desperation. He is attempting to strengthen the Mohammedan element in the Empire by hindering in every way the progress of his Christian subjects and taking away their ancient privileges. He is doing all that he can to break down the *capitulations*, and restrict the rights of foreigners. The ordinary laws of the Empire seem devised more and more to obstruct rather than facilitate business. In a word, it would seem that he must have taken the Czar of Russia as his ideal, and that he is doing what he can to rival his illustrious neighbour. Whatever may be the result in Russia, this policy is simply hastening the downfall of Turkey.

The simplest thing for England to do, under these circumstances, would be to stand aside and let things take their own course; but England has relations with the East and interests here which make this impossible. She occupies Egypt and Cyprus, she has great commercial interests here. She has assumed responsibilities as to the Christian nationalities of the Empire; she is bound to prevent the Sultan from taking any steps which will put this city or the European provinces in the power of Russia. She is bound to defend the rights of Englishmen in the Empire, and to secure the execution of treaties in which she is interested. She must have an influence here, and maintain it vigorously. But on what basis? I hope I may not be thought inconsistent, if I reply on a distinctly friendly basis, so far as that is possible. England has no thought of deposing the Sultan, or attacking his Empire. She has more than once defended it against his real enemy. She cannot approve of his despotic or anti-Christian policy. She must use all her influence to modify it, and nothing could be more friendly than to dissuade the Sultan from a course which is certain to bring speedy ruin upon himself. Even if she were to use force to prevent him from putting himself in the power of Russia, it would not be an unfriendly act. There is certainly no Power in Europe more friendly to the Sultan than England is. We may be friendly to a sick man while he lives, although we know that he is certain to die, and intend to see that his estate is properly administered after his death. We may even assist in cutting off a limb to prolong his life or relieve his pain.

When a crisis comes in any form England will not act alone, but in accord with other States—it is to be hoped with all the great Powers; and her influence will then be exerted with them to secure the rights of the people. So far as I know, Germany, Austria, and

Italy have adopted a policy in full sympathy with that of England. At present, France and Russia are doing what they can to make trouble, but their policy may be changed before a crisis comes, especially if it is clearly seen that England will not tolerate any farther advance of Russia in Europe.

The policy of England in regard to those States which have been already formed out of portions of the Ottoman Empire has been well defined and universally approved. It cannot be changed. It is one of hearty sympathy, and as far as possible of support—of absolute moral support. They are the great hope of the East, and the defence of Europe against the aggressions of Russia. But for the blindness and folly of despotism they might have been the allies of Russia, but she has forced them into alliance and sympathy with Europe, and given them a chance to learn to appreciate the advantages of self-government. England will neglect nothing which she can do to aid in the development of Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia.

I have not entered upon the discussion of subordinate questions which are now pending, because I believe that the main question must be clearly understood before the bearing of the subordinate ones can be appreciated, and the facts in regard to these are pretty well known to all newspaper readers. The only one which now commands attention is that of the English occupation of Egypt. This was brought to an acute stage last summer, when it was re-opened by the Sultan under the influence of France and Russia. The death of the late Khedive and the accession of his son led to violent controversies, the echoes of which have reached all the world—and in which the bitter enmity of France and Russia to the English occupation has been made more apparent than ever before. The crisis has passed, and the Sultan has submitted to the inevitable, but he has been made to believe that, in case of a European war, France and Russia would restore Egypt to his rule as the price of his neutrality.

This is a troublesome question for England, not because she wishes to annex Egypt to the Empire, but because she is there, and is bound to stay there until she can go out with honour. It is plain that the time for leaving the country has not yet come. About this there is no doubt. It is equally certain that there can be no settlement of the question with Turkey. It is far more a question between England and France than between England and Turkey, and, as between these two Powers, I can see but one possible solution. They might agree to the ultimate *independence* of Egypt. France would agree to this, because it is her traditional policy, and I see no reason why England should any longer oppose it. If she would yield this point, France would undoubtedly agree to the continuance of the occupation as long as it may be necessary, and would at once abandon the irritating and obstructive policy by which she has thus

far sought to make the work of England as difficult as possible. The other Powers would probably agree to such an arrangement, and the Sultan would have to submit. His hold upon the country before the English occupation was very slight—almost nominal; and he would have but little cause to complain, especially as he was largely responsible for the troubles which led to the occupation. It seems to have been generally forgotten in England that this Egyptian trouble grew out of a great scheme, in which the Sultan took an active part, for a revival of the faith and power of Islam. It was an attempt at a pan-Islamic revival, and at the time when Mr. Gladstone's Government ordered the bombardment of Alexandria there was great danger of a general massacre of the Christians in Syria as well as in Egypt. It is not pleasant to recall the blunders and failures which followed, but it is worth while to remember, what is never forgotten here, that the action of England put an end to this wild scheme, and saved the world from the complications which would have followed its temporary success. This, and the fact that England has given a good government to Egypt and secured her ultimate independence, of course causes irritation here, but it should encourage England to persevere patiently in the work which she has undertaken.

To return to the main question: the policy of England in the East is an expectant policy in the interest of peace rather than war, but a policy which will never tolerate the extension of Russian rule over South-Eastern Europe whatever it may cost to prevent it; not an isolated policy, but one in full sympathy with other Powers which have equal or greater interests at stake; not a selfish policy, but one which, while it defends English interests, will at the same time secure the natural rights of the people of the East to self-government. As to Turkey, it will make no attack, it will foment no rebellions or revolutions, but it will not defend the Sultan against his own subjects or the calamities which result from bad government. It will welcome and encourage all real progress or improvement in the Empire, but it will resist, as far as its influence goes, all attempts to break down treaties or to oppress the Christian nationalities. No genuine friendship can go farther than this.

As to Russia, the English people can never have any honest sympathy with a Government which hates civil and religious liberty—which oppresses and tortures its own subjects, and constantly threatens the peace of the world—which patronises political assassination in Bulgaria and Constantinople and protects Macedonian murderers, while it exiles innocent Russians to Siberia. They can never tolerate the extension of the rule of such a Government over South-Eastern Europe. But it does not follow from this that the Governments of the two countries may not maintain the most friendly relations. Russia believes in despotism,

but she does not think of attacking England to establish a despotic government there, and England does not think of attacking Russia in the interests of constitutional government. The Russian people must work out their own destiny in their own way. In her relations with Russia, England simply stands upon the defensive, with long-suffering patience, anxious to maintain friendly relations, but ready, when it is necessary, to defend her Indian Empire or the liberties of Europe and her own interests against Russian aggression.

The policy of England in the East, then, is neither anti-Turkish nor anti-Russian in any aggressive sense. It is a policy of peace and not of war, just so long as peace is possible. So far as I understand it, this has been the policy of England for many years, and I do not see that any other policy is possible for years to come. It is not a party policy, but a national one, and, if it is clearly understood, the English people will support any Government in maintaining it.

That the English people should have a clear conception of this policy is more important now than it was in the days of Lord Stratford, not only because the Government of England has become more democratic, but because, whether for good or evil, the telegraph has changed the whole course of diplomacy, concentrated all power in the Foreign Office at London, and, at the same time, brought this directly under the influence of hastily formed public opinion.

There is a conflict always going on at Constantinople, but the ambassadors here now form only a skirmish line. The British ambassador is still an important officer, but he has no independent command, such as Lord Stratford had. He receives his orders every day by telegraph from headquarters, and may have much less influence in determining the action of the Foreign Office than the daily press, which appeals directly to the passions of the people with sensational despatches from *Our Own Correspondent*. If public opinion is to decide the foreign policy of the Empire, it cannot be too carefully educated.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

ENGLAND is surrounded by shallow seas, and the shallowest of them is the English Channel. The shallowest part of the Channel lies between Hastings and Etaples, where the greatest depth is only 20 fathoms, or 120 feet, and though the water becomes deeper to the westward, yet a large part of the Channel floor would be converted into land by an upheaval of only 180 feet. If the Anglo-French region were upheaved to that extent England would be united to France and Belgium by a broad tract of land; and if it were raised till the coast-line coincided with the submarine contour of 40 fathoms (240 feet) the eastern half of the Channel would be converted into a fertile lowland, through which the rivers of Northern France and Southern England would prolong their courses, becoming the tributaries of a greater Seine that had its estuary in mid-Channel between the coasts of Dorset and the Cotentin.

That such was once the aspect of the area which is now covered by the waters of the English Channel was first pointed out by Mr. Godwin-Austen in 1850, and is a conclusion from which no geologist has ever dissented. But this aspect was only a late phase in the series of mutations which the Channel area has experienced, and behind it remain the questions: How long has such a valley existed, during what geological period or periods was it actually formed, and what was the condition of the district before its formation?

In the present essay I will endeavour to furnish answers to these questions, for the subject has of late been rather neglected on this side the Channel, though some of our French colleagues have, more or less successfully, attempted their solution.

We need not go very far back into geological time to find a period when the valley of the Channel, *la Manche*, as our neighbours call it,

was not in existence. There is not the slightest trace of it in the Cretaceous period: in the early part of that period the contours and slopes of the district were totally different from what they are now. Part of it was indeed covered by the sea, but this sea opened south-eastward across the north-east of France.

It is generally believed that at this time a large mass of land lay to the west of England and France, uniting Brittany to Cornwall and both to Ireland. From this land rivers ran eastward to the sea of the Vectian Sands, and no part of this sea seems to have extended further west than the 3rd degree of W. longitude, though the western extremity of a gulf or bay on the site of the English Channel may have reached to that limit and have received the waters of one or more rivers flowing from the west.

During the progress of the Cretaceous period extensive subsidence took place, and the area of this sea was immensely increased; but this subsidence seems to have been much greater on its eastern than on its western borders. The greater part of England, France, Belgium, and Holland were submerged beneath the sea in which the chalk was formed, but we do not yet know how far this sea encroached on the western land. It seems to have covered a large part of Devon, but there is no proof that it extended so far westward as to mingle its waters with those of the Atlantic; while in France there is evidence from which we may safely conclude that the land which stretched northward from Brittany through Cornwall was never submerged during any part of the Cretaceous period. The facts on which this conclusion is based may be expressed in three brief statements:

(1) The Lower Chalk passes westward into glauconitic sands.

(2) The Middle Chalk thins so rapidly from N.E. to S.W. that it must have thinned out before reaching Brittany.

(3) In the Cotentin glauconitic sandstone, representing the Lower Chalk, is covered directly by a sandy yellow limestone, which appears to belong to the very highest part of the chalk. In other words, the mass of the chalk is absent, and these beds seem to have been deposited in a little bay which indented the coast-line of the western land.

It would appear, therefore, that during the formation of the chalk there was no channel, strait, or inlet between Cornwall and Brittany, but continuous land, probably part of a large island, with a wide open bay, on its eastern shore.

Passing now to the Eocene period, we find that upheaval has taken place, and that the land areas in western Europe have once more been greatly increased at the expense of the seas. The lowermost Eocenes in the west of England and France are of fresh-water origin, and the Eocene sea lay at first to the east of England.

of this sea, however, gradually extended themselves over the lowlands of the Anglo-Parisian basin, and the sea of the London Clay spread as far west as Dorsetshire, but thence its shore-line recurved to the south-east and cut the coast of France near the mouth of the Seine.

It was not till the epoch of the Calcaire Grossier (equivalent of our Bracklesham Beds) that the Eocene sea reached the borders of Brittany, and overlapped the Lower Eocenes so as to rest on the Cretaceous strata of the Cotentin. Here, then, we arrive at an epoch when the Channel area was occupied by a sea which may have opened westward into the Atlantic; let us see if there is any evidence that it actually did communicate with the ocean.

The geography of this period was such that there were three open seas or oceans with which the Parisian sea might have been connected: there was the Atlantic on the west, a larger Mediterranean on the south, and a North Sea to the north-east. Now the fauna of the Lower Bracklesham and Calcaire Grossier is essentially a southern fauna; it contains species of tropical and semi-tropical aspect, very different from those of the London Clay. These species cannot have been introduced from the northern sea, but must have come either from the south or from the south-west; that is to say, the existence of such forms so far north as Lat. 51 can only be explained by supposing that the sea in which they lived opened southward into the Mediterranean or westward into the Atlantic.

M. G. Dollfus, who has made a special study of the Tertiary strata of northern France, has recently examined the Eocene deposits along the southern border of the Paris basin, and is convinced that there was no opening in that direction; all the Eocene beds thin out and put on the aspect of shore deposits along that line of country. He concludes, therefore, that the opening which admitted the southern mollusca was westward along the site of the English Channel and through the Cotentin to the Atlantic. Professor Hébert was of the same opinion, and found confirmation of it in the identity of the fauna of the Cotentin Eocene with that of the contemporaneous deposits at the mouth of the Loire, such a close resemblance showing that both inlets must have been peopled from the same source, namely, the Atlantic Ocean.

We may, therefore, be sure that the solid barrier of land which had so long protected the Anglo-French seas from the waves of the western ocean had, at the close of the Cretaceous period, been reduced to narrow dimensions; the passes between its hill ranges had been widened and lowered, and its valleys had been cut down to a low base-level of erosion. The upheaval of early Eocene time had lifted the land to a higher level above the sea, but this only quickened the work of rain and rivers in deepening the passes and valleys.

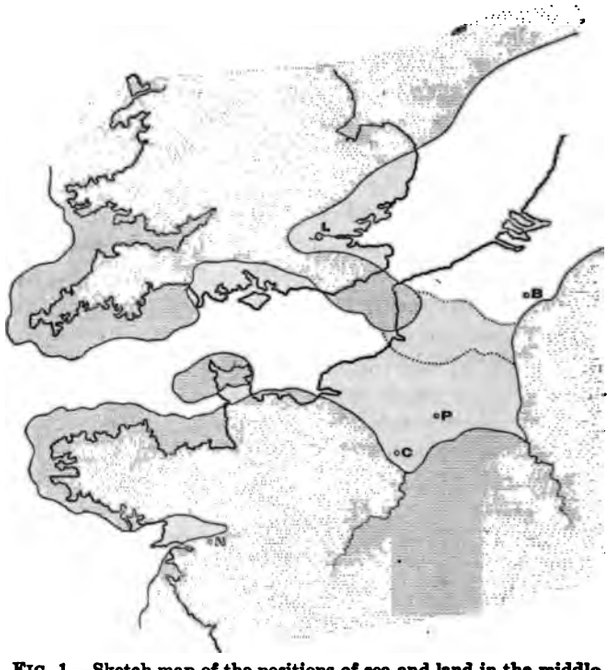


FIG. 1.—Sketch map of the positions of sea and land in the middle of the Eocene period.

When, therefore, a subsidence took place which affected the whole region (or, at any rate, all the southern part of it), both sea and land alike, the Atlantic waters advanced rapidly over the lower slopes and plains, and finally broke through the passes between the Breton and the Cornubian highlands, uniting themselves with the waters of the Anglo-Gallic sea, which had advanced from the eastern side through and north of the Cotentin.

The map, Fig. 1, will serve to illustrate the probable geography of this epoch, and shows the connections which the sea of the Calcaire Grossier had with the Atlantic on the west and the Belgian sea on the north.

The next change was an elevation of the Wealden-Ardennes ridge into an isthmus which separated the Belgian from the Anglo-Parisian sea, while throughout the Oligocene period so much sediment was carried by rivers into the latter sea that the whole of the Parisian and Hampshire basins were converted into huge swamps, with lagoons, which were sometimes filled with fresh water and sometimes with salt or brackish water.

Eventually, at the beginning of what is called Miocene time, the whole region was raised into land, and the Oligocene swamps were gradually drained by a system of streams which in all probability

united to form a river flowing westward through the gap between Cornwall and Brittany. Of this river no traces now remain; its work was mainly that of erosion, and any deposits which may have been formed in the lower part of its valley have been destroyed by subsequent inroads of the sea. There can be little doubt, however, that it was at this epoch that the actual "valley of the Channel" began to be formed, a valley which was completed during the succeeding Pliocene epoch, and has by final submergence been converted into an arm of the sea.

To resume our historical account of the area, the early part of the Pliocene epoch was one of partial submergence, during which the Atlantic waters entered the western end of the valley and spread over the lower parts of the country on either side, to a level of about 380 feet above the present level of the sea. Traces of this submergence remain at St. Erth, in Cornwall, and in the Cotentin. At the same time the Belgian sea advanced eastward and southward, till its shore line lay over the the central parts of the Weald country and the Boulonnais. The term *lay over* is used advisedly, because these areas were not, as now, depressions bordered by lines of escarpment, but were plains *dominated by still higher land on the south-west*. This conclusion followed as a natural and inevitable inference from Mr. C. Reid's determination of the Pliocene age of the Lenham Beds which occur on the summits of the North Downs.

Once more the unstable crust beneath the British region was lifted, and once more the sea was forced to retreat from the districts it had invaded during early Pliocene time; and the earth-throes which occurred during the later portion of that time resulted not only in a general elevation, but in the bulging or ridging up of the surface along certain lines. The lines or axes of these ridges cross the English Channel obliquely from north-west to south-east, and the portions of them which form English soil are known as (1) the axis of the Weald, (2) the axis of Portsdown, (3) the axis of Purbeck; corresponding to (1) the axis of Artois, (2) the axis of Bresle, and (3) the axis of Bray, in France.

The formation of these ridges was of course a gradual operation, and that of the Wealden area was the dominant one, for, as we have seen, its arch had been partly formed in the Eocene period, and it included two minor axes, that of Kingsclere and that of Winchester. This dominance of the Wealden uplift is a most important point, because it would seem that it not only acted as a local watershed, but that the streams flowing off it to the south-east into the Pliocene river were strong enough to maintain their channels through the minor ridges which slowly rose across their path. They cut their way through these ridges in the same way as the Green River of Colorado cut its way through the rising dome of the Uinta Mountains.

We may safely assume that one or more of these transverse streams trenched the Wealden ridge between Eastbourne and Etaples, just as the South Downs are now trenched by the valleys of the Ouse, the Adur, and the Arun. All these streams were tributaries of a river which traversed the central part of the Channel and was joined by another occupying the valley of the Solent before it cut through the ridge which then united the Isle of Wight to the Pays de Bray.

The rivers of southern England and northern France are, as it were, the dissevered and truncated relics of this Pliocene river system, and remnants of the deposits left by some of the inland tributaries of these Pliocene rivers have been found at Dewlish in Dorset, and at St. Prest, near Chartres, in France. These deposits are gravels containing remains of *Elephas meridionalis*, and are of about the same age as the Cromer Forest-bed, which is supposed to have been formed at the debouchure of the Pliocene Rhine into the North Sea; all the great rivers of Northern Europe having at this time more extended courses than they have now.

The history of the Channel area during the Glacial epoch is at present rather obscure, for geologists are not yet in agreement as to the extent of the submergence which took place in that epoch. Among the early Pleistocene deposits on the borders of the English Channel the raised beaches which occur at intervals along the south coast of England and the north coast of France are geographically the most important. Those of Devon and Cornwall contain a fauna which indicates a rather colder climate than that now prevailing in those counties; they are found at various levels up to a height of 60 or 70 feet above the sea, and they are often covered by the coarse stony loams which are locally known as "head."

Similar evidence of partial submergence during this period is found in Sussex, where a raised beach containing marine shells occupies a long tract of land between the South Downs and the sea, being traceable as far east as Brighton. This beach is generally covered by stony loam and brick-earth, comparable in many respects to the Cornish "head," and containing the bones of mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals, with the flint implements of Palæolithic man. Inland the beach is backed by a line of cliffs the foot of which is about 100 feet above the sea.

This Sussex beach contains stones and boulders which have apparently been derived from more western localities, and Mr. Clement Reid has recently succeeded in tracing these rock-fragments to a still older boulder-gravel, which seems to be the oldest Pleistocene deposit yet discovered on the south coast. This gravel occurs at Selsey, and contains large blocks and boulders, some of which bear the characteristic marks of ice-action, and have evidently been transported from their original homes by the agency of floating ice-

rafts. Some have come from Bognor, others from the Isle of Wight, and some are masses of granite and greenstone which are believed to have travelled from Cornwall and Brittany.

It would appear, therefore, that the Pliocene land-surface, which was described on the preceding page, underwent a gradual submergence in Pleistocene time. The sea crept up the valley of the great river which traversed the plain of "La Manche," and isolated first one and then another of the tributary rivers which drained the south of England and the north of France. When at last the land had sunk to a level of about 100 feet lower than that at which it now stands, it remained stationary for a time, while the sea carved out lines of cliffs and formed shingly beaches here and there beneath them.

The Channel Sea of this period occupied very nearly the same space as that of the present day, but the actual coast-line was not quite the same. Here, however, some interesting and important questions arise: How far did it extend to the eastward? Were the Straits of Dover formed at the time of this submergence? And did the sea work its way across the watershed between the drainage systems of the south and east of England so as to isolate Britain from the Continent?

On the English side of the Channel the eastward continuation of the old cliff and coast-line seems to have been destroyed by the inroads of the sea, which, even in the times of human history, have been continually cutting back the cliffs between Brighton and Eastbourne. Traces of the old shore-line occur along the north coast of France, as far east as the mouth of the Somme, but none have been found where that coast runs northward between Cayeux and Boulogne, so that if the sea had at this time cut through the continuation of the South Downs, it had certainly not made such a wide gap in them as that which now separates Beachy Head from the southern heights of the Boulonnais.

But as soon as the French coast turns again to the east, we find near Wissant a fragment of a raised beach, 16 feet above high-water mark; and a little further east, near Sangatte, the cliffs present a counterpart of the section at Brighton—an old pebbly beach with sea-shells, covered by an immense mass of yellowish stony loam and banked against a steep cliff of chalk. This stony loam is continuous with that which fringes the inland border of the plain of French Flanders, and this plain was clearly covered by the sea at the time when the Sangatte beach was formed.

It does not follow, however, that this shore-line was continuous with the southern coast of the Channel sea. It might have been the shore of an inlet which only opened eastward into the North Sea, while the Channel terminated at the foot of the South Downs, leaving a broad isthmus of land uniting the Boulonnais with the Wealden

area of England. It is true that some pebbles of red granite have been found in the old beach at Sangatte, but there is nothing like the large assortment of western stones which occur in the Sussex beach; moreover, Professor Prestwich has pointed out that fragments of red granite occur in the Lower Cretaceous sands of Kent, so that we have only to imagine a river traversing the continuation of these sands and opening into the suggested inlet or estuary, and we have a sufficient explanation of the granite pebbles at Sangatte. It is, in fact, very probable that before the formation of Romney Marsh the River Rother took this very course. Pebbles of granite, porphyry, and diorite have been dredged from the bottom of the Straits of Dover, and M. de Lapparent has explained their presence in the same way.

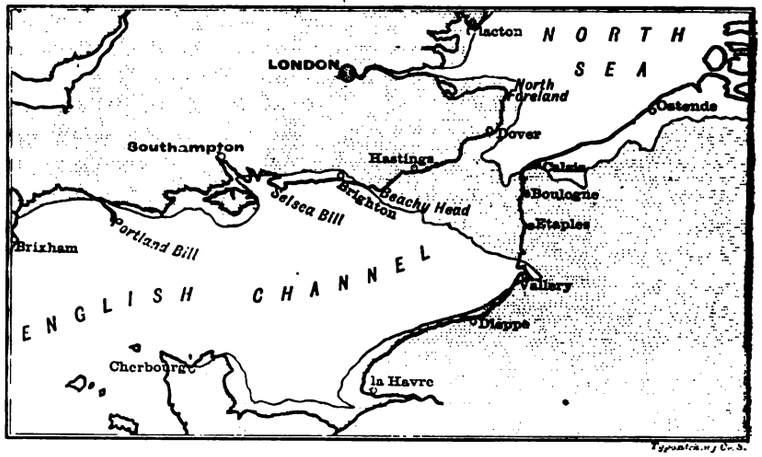


FIG. 2.—Supposed geography of the Channel area at the time the raised beaches were formed.

There is still another piece of evidence which bears upon the question: at Selsey, in Sussex, there is a deposit of marine mud containing an assemblage of mollusca which indicates a rather warmer climate than that of Sussex at the present day. Mr. Clement Reid has recently ascertained that this deposit is of intermediate age between the gravel with ice-borne erratics and the old beach previously mentioned, hence he regards it as evidence of a mild inter-glacial episode; but that the climate of an inter-glacial episode should be actually warmer than that of the present time seems rather unlikely, unless some additional local cause contributed to produce such a result. If we suppose that the Channel was then a gulf opening westward into the Atlantic, but having no connection with the cold waters of the North Sea, we have just the local conditions which would conduce to a higher mean temperature of its waters and a milder climate along its shores.

On the whole, therefore, and in the absence of any real proof to the contrary, the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of the conclusion that at this epoch the Channel was a gulf and that England was still united to France, although an inlet from the North Sea had commenced the formation of the gap which afterwards became the Straits of Dover.

The next episode certainly seems to have been one of upheaval, for in the opinion of most geologists the character and contents of the stony loams and "head" which overlie the raised beaches prove them to have been accumulated on a land surface. It is also generally supposed that they indicate a climate of semi-glacial severity, when the winters were long and the summers were short, when the soil was frozen to a great depth, and the snows, melted by the summer's heat, caused floods, which swept down large quantities of detritus into the valleys. Others, however, do not think that a more rigorous climate was necessary for the formation of these deposits, and only see the signs of a greater annual rainfall than that of the present day. However this may be it is highly probable that the land rose till the general elevation of the country was from 200 to 300 feet higher than it is now, and all the southern part of the North Sea became dry land, so that not only France, but Belgium and Holland, were then united to Britain.

We now arrive at the final phase of this long and varied history, the phase which has brought about the existing state of British geography. This was a general subsidence of all the countries around the southern part of the North Sea and the area of the English Channel, including also the greater part of England and Ireland. The submerged forests and beds of peat which are found at the mouths of many English valleys at depths of from 40 to 60 feet below high-water mark, show how much higher the general surface of the country was before this subsidence commenced. As it continued the tides flowed farther and farther up the valleys, and converted the river mouths into those estuaries and inlets which now form such excellent harbours along our southern coast.

At the same time the North Sea advanced southward over the low plains from which it had been displaced, eating its way up the estuaries of the Rhine and the Thames, and cutting back the land which lay between them, till it had regained all that it had lost and once more entered the gap between Folkestone and Sangatte.

If I have read the geological record aright, it was not till this epoch that England was completely severed from France, and the last link of land which bound the two countries together lay, not across the Straits of Dover, but along a line from Hastings to Boulogne. The waves of the North Sea worked their way westward across the northern part of the isthmus, covering the area of Romney Marsh and formed the

old coast-line which runs westward from Hythe to Lympre (the *Portus Lemanis* of the Romans). On the southern side of the isthmus the Chalk Downs were probably breached by a transverse valley similar to those of the Ouse, the Adur, and the Arun, and by this means the Channel sea would gain access to the low-lying central part of the isthmus. The low watershed of the Hastings sands would then be the only remaining barrier between the two seas, and when once the final breach was made it would rapidly be widened, for the soft sands and clays of the Wealden beds would offer but a feeble resistance to the inroads of the sea, aided by the slow but continual sinking of the ground.

Whatever may be the exact geological date of the final severance of England and France, the process was probably accomplished in the manner above described, the last neck of connecting land lying along the central watershed of the country, and not along the line of the North Downs. The hard chalk of Dover and Cape Blancnez does not yield so easily to the erosion of the sea as do the beds above and below it; hence it is on this account, and not because it was the last link of union to France, that the Straits of Dover are now the narrowest part of the "silver streak."

To describe the minor changes which have occurred since Britain became an island does not come within the scope of this essay; the task I have set myself being only to educe from the known geological facts an account of the long succession of changes which have led up to the existing state of geography, and thus to portray what appears to have been the geographical evolution of the English Channel.

A. J. JUKES-BROWNE.

PROFESSOR DRIVER ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

II.

IN a former article some reasons were adduced, from the point of view of a non-Hebraist, for considering Dr. Driver to be, in some important respects, an untrustworthy authority for that large section of the public who are content to know what a writer of reputation has said on any subject, without going into the further question, what grounds he has for saying it. Some remarks are now offered, first, on his method of dealing with one particular portion of the Old Testament, the Book of Psalms.

Much that Dr. Driver has written on this important section of Holy Scripture is, in substance, identical with what has been said before by other writers, though he says it better than most of them. But, when "critical conclusions" come in view, we observe a singular and ominous difference. His method of treatment then becomes a bald, prosaic literalism, singularly unsuited to the subject with which he is dealing, and not observable when other poetical books are under review. The reason of this difference is, perhaps, not far to seek. No part of the Old Testament has been considered more distinctly, in a Christian sense, "Messianic"* than many of the Psalms. The exigencies, therefore, of rationalistic criticism require that the Psalms, in this aspect, should be made the object of special attack; and a prosaic literalism in the interpretation of them furnishes for this purpose a weapon ready to hand. This characteristic is especially observable in that section of the work which deals with the so-called "Davidic" Psalms. A remark of Dr. Driver's, to the effect that no

* The words "Messiah" and "Messianic" frequently occur in Dr. Driver's pages, but with no clue to the meaning he attaches to them. From the expression (p. 324), "The Messiah who will rule successfully, and complete the building of the Temple," we infer that that meaning does not include the sense in which the words have been usually understood by Christians.

true ideas of Biblical criticism can be derived from allusions to the subject in contemporary literature, receives a curious illustration from a writer in the *Times* newspaper (March 12, 1892), who begins a highly laudatory notice of the "Introduction" by remarking that "fifty years ago most English readers believed that . . . . *David wrote all the Psalms.*" Had this writer taken the trouble to become an "English reader" himself, and referred to his Bible (or to the book he was reviewing, pp. 347–8), he would have seen that twenty-eight psalms claim by their titles another authorship than David's. Of the remainder, forty-nine are anonymous, no author being named in their titles. Thus the largest number of Psalms which tradition has ever ascribed to David, instead of being the whole, is less than half. Of the number so ascribed, whether the whole, or half, or less than half, can reasonably be believed to have been really the work of David, is a question of no great importance. But the reasons given by Dr. Driver for contesting the Davidic authorship are often singularly weak and inconclusive. He entirely ignores the *poetical* character of these compositions, which, by their deep spirituality, are, as he himself confesses, well fitted to be the "hymn-book of the Christian Church," and requires that their expressions should exactly correspond with the historical record of David's life, as we have it in the Books of Samuel. Thus, on Psalm lv., he remarks, "The situation is very unlike that of David during Absalom's rebellion; the Psalmist lives among foes in a city, whose walls they occupy with their patrols; from the violence which they exercise within it he would gladly escape to the desert," &c. Has Dr. Driver never heard of a poet expressing himself in terms which have no sort of correspondence with his actual circumstances, or even, it may be, with his real desires? When Cowper wrote:

> "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful and successful wars,
> Might never reach me more!"—

are we to suppose that he was really prepared to exchange Olney or Weston for the backwoods of America? Or, if not, are we to deny that the lines were really Cowper's? Or, when we read in the "Christian Year":

> "I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,
> A Hermit in a silent cell,
> While, gaily sweeping by,
> Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain,
> And marshalled all his gallant train
> In the world's wondering eye,"

can this be only ascribed to Keble if we can prove that his habitual residence was in a literal hermit's cell, not in Oriel College or Hursley Parsonage? Criticism so prosaic and matter-of-fact as this I

obviously be wide of the mark when employed on such compositions as the Psalms.

On Psalm xxii. 27–30, we are asked to suppose that David, as a Psalmist, must have been incapable of foreseeing or imagining that wide prevalence of the religion of Jehovah which was undoubtedly anticipated by more than one of the later prophets: a supposition which there are no grounds whatever for our entertaining. Even "inspiration" in the lower sense—that in which we ascribe it to every poet worthy of the name—might account for the outburst: "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto Jehovah; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee. For the kingdom is Jehovah's, and He is the governor among the nations."

On Psalm li., Dr. Driver adopts the grotesque theory that the Psalm represents the feelings, not of an individual, but of the nation collectively; a view against which every line of the Psalm itself reclaims, except the last two verses, which many commentators, of various dates and schools, have agreed in regarding as a later addition to the original composition. The grand paradox of verse 4, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight," so impressive in the mouth of the theocratic king, directly representing to the people the majesty and holiness of God, evokes only the flat truism that David had undoubtedly sinned very grievously against his neighbour.* Perhaps no more inadequate criticism on David as the reputed author of this and kindred Psalms has ever been offered than that which is contained in the following passage:

"David had many high and honourable qualities; he was loyal, generous, disinterested, amiable, a faithful friend, a just and benevolent ruler; and the narrative in the Book of Samuel shows that his religion elevated and ennobled his aims, and, except on the occasion of his great fall, exerted a visible influence upon the tenor of his life. Still, as we should not gather from the history that he was exposed to a succession of trials and afflictions *of the kind represented in the Psalms ascribed to him*, so we should not gather from it that he was a man of the deep and intense spiritual feeling reflected in the Psalms that bear his name."

The conception of a man capable of deep spiritual emotions and high aspirations, and capable also of expressing those emotions and aspirations in impassioned utterances, yet displaying in the recorded acts of his public life scarcely a trace of this deeper and higher side of his character, is one which Dr. Driver has evidently not been capable of forming. Yet this duality of nature, or of aspect, is surely among the best ascertained phenomena of human character. In modern times, the recollections of intimate friends, letters, diaries,

* At p. 355, Dr. Driver assumes, without attempting to prove, that "*build* Thou the walls of Jerusalem," *v.* 18, should be translated *rebuild* or *restore*: at p. 367, he takes this assumption as a ground for denying the Psalm to David: "the *restoration* of Jerusalem would be the sign that God was reconciled to His people."

and other autobiographical sources, often reveal to us, after his death, the real character of the man "in his habit as he lived." In the tenth century before Christ these means did not exist. To say that the want of them cannot have been supplied, in some measure, by the Psalms in which David has recorded his need of divine forgiveness and grace, or his joy in divine favour and goodness, but that our estimate of him must be formed solely by the narrative of the compiler of the Books of Samuel, is to introduce into our judgment of human character, and into the "literature of the Old Testament," canons which in the case of any other books, or any other persons, would be regarded as too arbitrary and unreal to demand serious consideration.

It is instructive to contrast the treatment which the Prince of Psalmists has received at the hands of the Anglican Professor—the cold, unsympathetic estimate, the hard, unimaginative literalism, the minute and captious criticism—with the warm and generous spirit in which the non-Christian author of "Heroes and Hero Worship," has recorded his appreciation of the character of David, as revealed in those psalms which no "higher criticism" had taught Carlyle to assign to unknown and imaginary authors:

"David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. . . . . What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead; it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew."

There is something almost pathetic in the complaint (p. 408, note) "It is surprising that Delitzsch should treat Psalms lxxxviii., lxxxix., as compositions of the age of Solomon." Dr. Driver has been wounded in the house of his friends. The conversion of Delitzsch, late in life, to the 'critical" view of Isaiah xl.-lxvi. has been hailed with an exultation which is quite natural, for his is a *clarum et venerabile nomen* among Biblical critics. That Delitzsch should, nevertheless, have maintained an independent judgment on the date of particular Psalms must naturally be surprising to one wedded to the rationalistic view of the Old Testament. But other surprises may, perhaps, await Dr. Driver when he is confronted by "a race of scholars to whom it is a matter of absolute indifference whether they are regarded as 'scientific' or not, and who will analyse and dissect the assertions of Wellhausen and Kuenen, and their

mercilessly as if they had the misfortune to be critics of the orthodox type." * The great facts and persons of Old Testament history will remain, whether "endorsed by Kuenen" or not; and in spite of Dr. Driver's dogmatic assertion that belief in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch cannot be maintained, that belief, if only a reasonable latitude be allowed to the term *authorship*, will undoubtedly continue to be maintained, and, what is more, will continue to satisfy minds not less acute than that of Dr. Driver himself, though less versed in the niceties of Hebrew scholarship and the subtleties of German criticism.

The grave questions raised by Psalm cx., as well as by passages in other books—questions which affect directly the infallibility of our Lord Jesus Christ as a teacher—need not here be discussed, as they have been fully treated of by more competent authorities. Two remarks, however, may be offered.

To the unsophisticated intelligence of an ordinary reader, there is no evading the alternatives put before us by such a passage as St. John v. 46, "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed Me; for he wrote of Me." If the rationalists are to be believed, Moses never wrote a single line which can be supposed, even remotely or allusively, to have predicted or prefigured Christ. Of three things, therefore, one: either the words quoted are, as all Christians have hitherto believed them to be, literally and absolutely true; or our Lord never uttered those words, though St. John has recorded them as His; or He is not an infallible teacher.

Secondly, the attempts which have been made by men whose devotion to the Catholic faith is unquestionable to reconcile that faith with the demands of rationalistic criticism are such as would, if the subject were not so grave a one, provoke only a smile of incredulity. Thus Mr. Gore, in "Lux Mundi," falls back on the theory of "unconsciousness" in the writers who perverted the ancient laws or histories. The germ, he says, of the Mosaic enactments contained in the few fragments which Dr. Driver, or even Wellhausen, would allow to be the work of Moses, was gradually developed; "the whole result being constantly attributed, *probably unconsciously and certainly not from any intention to deceive*, to the original founder." Again, "What we are asked to admit is *not conscious perversion, but unconscious idealising of history*, the reading back into past records of ritual development which was really later. Now inspiration excludes conscious deception or pious fraud, but it appears to be quite consistent with this sort of idealising; always supposing that the result read back into the earlier history does represent the real purpose of God, and only anticipates its realisation." These sentences set us wondering. Would a writer (we ask ourselves) who should "read back" into the Missal or the Breviary the first Post-communion prayer of the

* Rev. J. I. Lias in *Churchman*, April 1892.

Anglican Office,* or the Prayer "for all sorts and conditions of men," find that "unconscious idealising" was the term employed to characterise the "literary form" which he had adopted? The sentence above quoted comes (in the second edition of "Lux Mundi") at the bottom of a page. We turn the leaf to seek an explanation of the distinction between "unconscious idealising" and "pious fraud;" but we seek in vain.

The fact is, that this theory of unconsciousness is one which, to adopt the *Times* reviewer's phrase on the traditional view of the Old Testament, "will not bear a moment's serious examination." The idea of the "Deuteronomist" unconsciously ascribing to Moses long discourses which he had himself composed out of his own head, is to an ordinary mind unthinkable; it belongs to a world in which two and two do not necessarily make four, and two sides of a triangle are not invariably greater than the third. "Unconsciousness" might be pleaded for all the deceptions by which "false decretals" and other interested frauds have been palmed off on the Christian world. The theory has already been sometimes heard of in the sphere of practical every-day morality. It has been held to excuse, not only the attribution to another of that which is your own, but the appropriation to yourself of that which is another's. But the theory, I believe, has not met with much acceptance, in the sphere either of law or of ethics.

A general view of the present position of Old Testament criticism, with regard especially to the historical books, leads us to the conclusion that, whatever the Rationalists have succeeded in unsettling, they have offered us very little which our own reason can allow us to accept in the place of that which they have unsettled. The answer to the question, "How, and by whom, were the books of the Old Testament composed?" is still, in substance, the traditional one, or *there is no answer at all*. Nothing that destructive criticism has yet established supplies the answer. It may not be necessary that, in all cases, there should be any answer. We may accept, speaking generally, the traditional view, which in many points is not questioned even by Dr. Driver, and be content to remain in ignorance as to date and authorship in other cases, where the weight of tradition is overborne by the results of a candid examination of the structure and contents of the books themselves. The theory which now holds the most prominent place—that the books were the works of "redactors" in very late times, "re-casting"—*i.e.*, falsifying—the documents or traditions which came into their hands, "reading into" the past the ideas or usages of the present, and thus producing a record not of what actually happened, but of what they thought might have happened or

* "With regard to the first prayer after communion, ... I do not think that we find the topics to which it alludes mentioned in this part of ancient liturgies."—W. Palmer's "Origines Liturgicæ."

ought to have happened—this view has certainly no more of probability or plausibility than the view which it seeks to supersede; namely, that the documents themselves are of very great antiquity, often contemporary, or nearly contemporary, with the events which they describe; but that, in the course of transmission through many centuries, they have in parts acquired a fringe or accretion of extraneous and sometimes untrustworthy matter. By the nature of the case neither view can, in any real sense of the word, be *proved*.* Each removes some difficulties, but leaves others unsolved. But the older view does not, and the newer does, require us to sacrifice to its exigencies reason, common-sense, analogy, and the principles which are accepted in every other department of human knowledge. It is putting the case very strongly against the rationalists to say with Dr. Stanley Leathes: † "We should hardly be wrong in saying that it would be more easy to believe that the books of the Old Testament came down straight from heaven, than that the condition and circumstances of their production were such as we are asked to believe they were." It is, no doubt, conceivable that these books originated in the way supposed: and, if and when modern critics shall have brought forward evidence for this supposition differing both in kind and degree from any that has yet been offered, it is possible that their view may become the accepted one; with the inevitable result that the Old Testament must be permanently degraded from the position it has hitherto held in the eyes of Christendom. But on the other hand, it is a very serious mis-statement on the part of Dr. Driver to say that "the main conclusions of critics with reference to the authorship of the books of the Old Testament rest upon reasonings, the cogency of which cannot be denied without denying the ordinary principles by which history is judged and evidence estimated." On the contrary, it is just because these conclusions flagrantly contradict those principles that they are called in question. The conclusions may or may not be "supposed to conflict with the requirements of the Christian faith;" many of them do so, if at all, only in a very remote and indirect manner. But, whatever the *results*, the *method* is in fault. In other subjects, conclusions are supposed to rest on *facts*, which form the basis of the reasoning. In Biblical criticism alone, as presented to us by the rationalistic school, no pretence even is made of adducing facts, except such as are furnished by the analysis of language and phraseology; for the fact of occasional inconsistencies or improbabilities in the narratives is admitted on both sides; ‡ the

* It is worth observing how often in works written in the spirit of Dr. Driver's we read that a certain critic has *shown* that a particular book is of late date, &c. The crucial word *proved* seems to be instinctively avoided.

† *Churchman*, Feb. 1892.

‡ With the reservation, however, that those inconsistencies and improbabilities have been grossly exaggerated by the rationalists. Some instances of this were given in the former article.

only disagreement is as to the way of accounting for them. *external* facts, all tradition, all testimony, as well as all reason, logy, and experience, are against the rationalists. Speculations conjectures are, in this subject alone, first assumed as facts, and made the foundation of elaborate theories: and the old difficulty recurs; the world rests on the elephant, and the elephant on tortoise: but on what does the tortoise rest?

I quote the words of one who cannot be charged with having a superficial acquaintance with the subject of which he trea Professor Green of New Jersey, chairman of the Old Testa Revision Company in America—on the disintegration of the Pe teuch: "There is no evidence of the existence of these docun and redactors, and no pretence of any, apart from the critical which have determined the analysis. All tradition and all histo testimony as to the origin of the Pentateuch are against them. burden of proof lies wholly upon the critics. And this proof sh be clear and convincing in proportion to the gravity and the rev tionary character of the consequences which it is proposed to upon it."*

But can the sole class of facts which rationalistic critics can duce—those which are derived from analysis of language and phra logy—be really trusted, in the case of books like those of the Old Te ment, to yield results which can be relied upon as certain? Le imagine a parallel case. The Prayer-book of the Church of Eng is known to be a very composite work. In this case we have a materials for forming conclusions which may be trusted as to origin and date of its various parts. We have ancient liturgies, mediæval service books; we have the first and the second book Edward VI.; the revisions of 1604 and 1661; changes introd even in our own lifetime. We have, besides, a mass of contempo and illustrative documents; Acts of Parliament, proceedings Convocations and Conferences, private letters or biographies. A points may still remain obscure; but a careful writer, with less lal than Dr. Driver has bestowed on the Old Testament, may proc from the materials at his disposal an account of our Prayer-b which may be proved to be historically true in almost every de But imagine the Prayer-book to stand, as the Old Testament sta bare and naked of everything outside itself which could account its origin, and indicate the different sources from which it has been c piled. In such a case is it probable, is it even conceivable, that cri working on "internal evidence" alone, analysing, dissecting, compa and contrasting, conjecturing the "stand-point" of the author particular portions, or the "atmosphere" by which they are suppo to have been surrounded, would come within measurable distance

* "Moses and His Recent Critics," quoted in *Church Quarterly Review*, Jan. 189

what we know to be the actual facts? Is it not morally certain that, as regards dates, they would often be wrong by many centuries, and, as regards authorship, would be able to imagine nothing better than a long series of the "Great Unknown"? What "critical tact" would enable them to discover that, while the Ten Commandments are by far the most ancient portion of Scripture embodied in our Liturgy, they are not to be found as part of any form of the Communion Office earlier than the reign of Edward VI.? Or that, while the Collect for the Second Sunday after Epiphany may be found entire in the Sacramentary of Pope Gregory the Great, who died in the first decade of the seventh century, that for the Sixth Sunday is wholly a composition of our own revisers in the second half of the seventeenth century? And is it not certain that any *tradition* as to the origin of the Prayer-book, not obviously absurd and improbable, would be universally held sufficient to outweigh all the cobwebs which the critics might spin out of their own brains?

It may be well to consider some of the consequences which seem likely to ensue if the views of the extreme rationalists, not entirely adopted by Dr. Driver, on the Old Testament should become generally accepted.

The first and most obvious consequence is that, as far as the Old Testament is concerned, *we shall have no Bible left*. A collection of books so untrustworthy, so riddled through and through with spuriousness and deception, can no longer be reverenced as "Holy Scripture." They can no longer be regarded as containing a "revelation." "Instead of a religious system revealed by Moses, as a religious system was revealed by Christ, we should have a faith like modern Hinduism, which has grown during a thousand years through Vedism and Brahminism and Buddhism, and various philosophies and poetries."* It has sometimes been said of this kind of criticism that it makes the writings which it dissects more "interesting." No doubt that is so, if the interest intended be of a strictly technical and professional kind. A patient undergoing a critical operation, or a corpse under the hands of a skilful dissector, is to the student of surgery a more interesting object than a man walking erect in full health and vigour. But it is not in this way that any Christian can regard that which he believes to be the "Word of God," through which "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The operator may have been skilful, but the patient has died under the process; and what remains but to bury him, with the reverent care which Joseph of Arimathæa and the holy women bestowed on the sacred body of their Master, but with no more hope than they then entertained of a resurrection? The rationalists invite us to regard as "interesting" the picturesque ruin which their labours have created, and try to make us see how

* Principal Cave, in "Review of the Churches," March 1892.

much more beautiful are its broken outlines and shattered fragments than the stately, if irregular, fabric, which they have levelled to the ground. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

A practical consequence of this discrediting of the Old Testament will be that it will be impossible to employ it, even as a lesson-book, for the instruction of the young. To be perpetually discriminating between fact and fiction, legend and history; to recollect whether we are in P, J, JE, H, D1, D2, or which of the innumerable permutations and combinations which rationalistic criticism has imagined; how many centuries after they happened (or did not happen) the events have been recorded—all this is a task which not one teacher in a hundred would attempt, and not one in a thousand successfully accomplish. No doubt many lessons, of high moral and spiritual value, would still remain; but, detached from the persons with whose names the Bible has associated them, they would be of no more authority than the teachings of Sakya Mouni or Confucius—indeed, of less, for those teachings can be ascribed to those men with tolerable certainty, but to combine the teaching of the Old Testament with the names of those whose history criticism forbids us to believe in, or whose very existence it denies, would baffle the ingenuity or the cruelty of a Mezentius:

> "Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
> Tormenti genus."

If the view of the extreme rationalists robs us of an important element in Christian education, not less does it paralyse our efforts in the vast and ever-growing field of Christian missions. We cannot send our missionaries to the heathen with the New Testament only in their hands; or, if that were possible, our converts, when able to read the Gospels and Epistles for themselves, would naturally ask for some account of those older Scriptures which they would there find so constantly quoted and referred to. Imagine, then, the position of a missionary obliged to tell those whom he had admitted, or was about to admit, into the fold of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, that while one portion of that Bible which he could not withhold from them was true and genuine history, the older and larger portion was only fabrication and fable, leading up to or preparing for the later and indeed only real revelation simply in the sense (if there is such a sense) in which the stories of King Lear or King Arthur may be said to prepare the minds of children for authentic history. Already the question has been significantly asked by one representing the extreme left wing of rationalism, "Why should we unteach our converts Hindoo mythology, only to teach them Hebrew mythology instead?" Why indeed!

Another point of view from which this question may be regarded, while it does not open up such boundless possibilities of difficulty and

confusion as that just adverted to, yet seriously affects the position of the largest body of Christians in England. How will the Church of England stand if its clergy (for the terms of *lay* communion need not here be considered) should become in any large proportion converts to the distinctive views of rationalistic critics with regard to the Old Testament? The latitude already allowed on the subject of Biblical criticism is no doubt very large. Far from having been recently extorted from an unwilling Church by the inexorable demands of nineteenth century scholarship, it was fully stated a hundred years ago by Paley, whose works were long regarded by Anglican Bishops as a standard of authority. His words are worth quoting, as indicating the amount of liberty which in this matter has long been regarded as consistent with Anglican orthodoxy.

"Undoubtedly [says Paley] our Saviour assumes the divine origin of the Mosaic institution; and, independently of His authority, I conceive it to be very difficult to assign any other cause for the commencement or existence of that institution; especially for the singular circumstance of the Jews adhering to the unity of the Godhead, when every other people slid into polytheism. . . . . Undoubtedly also our Saviour recognises the prophetic character of many of their ancient writers. So far, therefore, we are bound as Christians to go. But to make Christianity answerable with its life for the circumstantial truth of each separate passage of the Old Testament, the genuineness of every book, the information, fidelity, and judgment of every writer in it, is to bring, I will not say great, but unnecessary difficulties into the whole system. These books were universally read and received by the Jews in our Saviour's time. He and His Apostles, in common with all other Jews, referred to them, alluded to them, used them. Yet, except where He expressly ascribes a divine authority to particular predictions, I do not know that we can strictly draw any conclusion from the books being so used and applied, beyond the proof, which it unquestionably is, of their notoriety and reception at that time. . . . . I mean, that a reference in the New Testament to a passage in the Old does not so fix its authority as to exclude all inquiry into its credibility, or into the separate reasons upon which that credibility is founded; and that it is an unwarrantable as well as an unsafe rule to lay down concerning the Jewish history, what was never laid down concerning any other, that either every particular of it must be true, or the whole false.

"I have thought it necessary [he adds] to state this point explicitly, because a fashion, revived by Voltaire, and pursued by the disciples of his School, seems to have much prevailed of late, of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism. Some objections of this class are founded in misconception, some in exaggeration; but all proceed upon a supposition which has not been made out by argument; namely, that the attestation, which the Author and first teachers of Christianity gave to the divine mission of Moses and the prophets, extends to every point and portion of the Jewish history; and so extends as to make Christianity responsible, in its own credibility, for the circumstantial truth (I had almost said for the critical exactness) of every narrative contained in the Old Testament."*

The limits which Paley has here indicated for Old Testament criticism cannot be said to err on the side of restriction or narrowness;

* "Evidences of Christianity," part iii. chap. 3; first published in 1794.

and beyond these wide limits it may be conceded that Dr. Driver has not gone in the "Introduction"; especially as on subjects like this a writer may fairly claim to be judged solely by his actual statements, not by inferences, however natural and obvious, which may be drawn from those statements.

But behind Dr. Driver, and looking, as it were, over his shoulder, are seen others whose "advanced" rationalism makes their position within the borders of the Church of England more than questionable. Dr. Cheyne, a theological Professor at Oxford, and Canon of Rochester Cathedral, has long claimed the right to hold and to teach that almost the whole of the Old Testament narrative is purely fabulous and legendary; no place being left for the historical basis which Dr. Driver allows even for such a story as that of Jonah,* any more than for Paley's "ascription of divine authority to particular predictions." Archdeacon Wilson, of Manchester, taking a long step in the same direction, and regarding the unveracity of the Old Testament as a foregone conclusion, startled the Church Congress at Rhyl (1891) by informing the audience that the Four Gospels consist of "a halo of legend round a nucleus of fact." The outspoken and uncompromising rationalism of such writers, still within the pale of the Church of England, as Dr. Abbott and Canon Fremantle, is too well known to require further reference.

One case may suffice as an illustration. Dr. Cheyne, in a sermon on Elijah, has thus indicated his view of the narratives of the Old Testament: "The story-tellers of Israel—at least those whose works have been preserved in the sacred canon—arranged and ornamented the wild growths of popular tradition in such a way as to promote sound morality and religion. . . . . This is why [their works] are so true to nature, that persons who are devoid of a sense for literature often suppose them to be true to fact. True to fact! Who goes to the artist for hard, dry facts?" On the feeding of Elijah by the ravens he remarks: "Few thinking men will admit that it expresses a fact."† His relation to the rationalistic critics of the Continent is thus stated: "In 1870-1871 I passed into the school of Graf and Kuenen."‡ To illustrate the position of a disciple of the school of Kuenen, I give, on the authority of Dr. F. E. König, of Leipzig,§ some words of Kuenen himself: "Judaism and Christianity certainly belong to the category of the greatest religious systems, but there is in reality between them and all other systems no specific difference. . . . . Judaism and Christianity, according to the belief of their respective followers,

* "No doubt the outlines of the narrative are historical, and Jonah's preaching was actually successful at Nineveh," &c., p. 303.

† "The Hallowing of Criticism," p. 30.

‡ Introduction to Bampton Lectures, p. xvi.

§ "The Religious History of Israel." Translated by A. J. Campbell. 1885. Another writer named Daumer is quoted as saying that "The worship of Moloch was the faith of Abraham, Moses, Samuel, and David."

must no doubt radically differ from other faiths. But, in asserting that these systems have their origin in divine revelation, we must remember that the followers of Zarathusta, Sakja Muni, and Mohammed hold the same belief as to the beginning of their religious systems."

It can hardly be matter of surprise that to those who advocate such views the challenge should frequently be made to quit a position no longer morally defensible, and to follow the example of Mr. Voysey, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and others, by resigning their preferment or place in a Church whose very existence is bound up with all that they doubt or deny. It is not likely that this challenge will produce any results; first, because the persons so challenged will probably entrench themselves behind the earthworks of Privy Council judgments—a mode of defence, however, which cannot be trusted not to betray those who rely on it too confidently; and secondly, because it is impossible to get behind the mind of another man, and understand the processes by which he can reconcile his conscience to that which to oneself may seem simply dishonest. It may be urged that, even if such a challenge should produce any results, it is a dangerous policy to alienate from the Church of England some of her clergy whose learning or talent, even if it does not recall the saying of a past age, "*Clerus Anglicanus, stupor mundi*," is at least such as to command respectful acknowledgment. Those who urge this objection forget or ignore the fact that a national church ultimately rests not on learning or talent, but on *belief*. A definite dogmatic basis, with the Incarnation for its centre, is of the essence of the Church. Without that, it becomes a "fortuitous combination of atoms," which no decorated Deism, such as is now offered us as a substitute for the Catholic faith, has power to bind together into a living religious system. Better a Church with ten clergy who receive *ex animo* both the *lex orandi* and the *lex credendi* which the Book of Common Prayer imposes or assumes, no less in its own texture and substance than in the Articles which form the appendage or codicil to it, than a Church with ten thousand clergy who regard the Christian religion as only one, though a high one, among the many faiths which have at different times received the adhesion of mankind, destined itself to pass away and be absorbed in some "religion of the future," from which all dogma shall have vanished, or in which contradictory dogmas shall be regarded as equally credible or incredible. No member either of the Anglo-Catholic or Evangelical sections of the Church of England would hesitate to say that a Church framed on the lines which would satisfy these extremists would be a Church which it would not be worth while holding up one's little finger to save, so completely would it fail to satisfy, lacking all doctrinal kernel and centre, the idea of a living branch of the Church of God. To purchase the adhesion of any

set of men, however distinguished and brilliant, by sacrificing the great doctrinal basis of the Church, would be a price which we could not afford to pay. It would be, in a scarcely less degree than a similar sacrifice for the sake of retaining establishment or endowment, *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

That the position now taken up by the extreme latitudinarian party among the clergy of the Church of England has reached the furthest point of tension, and must produce sooner or later a distinct "line of cleavage" among our ranks, it seems hardly possible to doubt. Meanwhile, those whose minds have been disturbed by the claims of "scientific criticism," and the conclusions to which, though not in their extreme form, Dr. Driver has given the weight of his name and authority, may be reassured when they know the undoubted fact that the positions which the rationalistic critics have actually *proved and established* are extremely few, and do not materially affect the view which English Christians have hitherto taken of Holy Scripture. When we are told by so competent an authority as Professor Kirkpatrick that "for a long time it was supposed that the 'primary document,' or 'priestly code,' to which belongs the ceremonial legislation, was the oldest document, and Deuteronomy the latest; but the theory which is now most in favour regards the 'prophetic narrative,' with its simple legislation, as the oldest, Deuteronomy as an intermediate stage, and the 'priestly code' as a later codification of the developed ceremonial law;"* we may well ask what confidence we can be expected to feel in a system of interpretation which, scarcely yet fifty years old, has already gone through such serious modifications; or why we should be expected to regard as final, conclusions which their own advocates admit to be still in a state of change and fluxion. A closer acquaintance with works written on the rationalistic side confirms these doubts. Any English reader who carefully examines such a book as the "Introduction," or still more such a book as Dr. Cheyne's "Bampton Lectures," and "verifies his quotations," letting in at the same time on to the subject a little of the common sense which he would employ on any other subject, will soon discover for himself how slight and unsubstantial are the foundations on which much of the solid-seeming fabric of the "Higher Criticism" really rests; how forced and unreal a view it obliges us to take of many of the books of the Old Testament; how often assertion, repeated and emphasised, is made to do duty for argument; how many *lacunæ* have to be filled up by conjectures in no degree more probable than those which have sometimes been offered on the conservative or traditional side; how often a difficulty is invented, or an explanation of a real difficulty rejected simply because it *is* an explanation, and its acceptance involves

* "Divine Library of the Old Testament," p. 46.

the loss of an item in the rationalistic indictment; how impossible it is satisfactorily to fit together the pieces of the ingenious puzzle which the critics, in their theories of different documents, have invented, and which rivals in its intricate complications the mysteries of "the Rules called the Pie"; on what insufficient grounds they have reduced to incoherent fragments writings which have at least long been held in esteem and veneration, even independently of that "inspiration," that guidance of the Holy Spirit, which some rationalistic critics themselves admit, in a vague and general sense, for the Old Testament as a whole, while they practically deny it in detail to all its particular parts. On those points in which the English reader must trust to the judgment of others, he need not be afraid to set against the authority of the Oxford Professors, Dr. Driver and Dr. Cheyne, the names of Dr. Stanley Leathes, Principal Cave, and Professor Robertson* at home, or Professor Green in America. Finally, with regard to the school of criticism now most prominent among Continental scholars, it is no insular prejudice, but a long experience of their arbitrary and unsound principles, which leads us to apply to them the words in which Dr. Driver has described the characteristics of some Jewish Biblical interpreters: "Jewish scholars are often exceedingly clever and learned; but they are somewhat apt to see things in a false perspective, and to build, upon superficial and accidental appearances, extravagant and far-reaching hypotheses."

A. COLCHESTER.

* Of Glasgow: "The Early Religion of Israel."

OUR OUTCAST COUSINS IN INDIA.

PERHAPS one of the more striking phenomena presented to the notice of the Englishman newly arrived in India is a certain motley section of human beings which he finds it difficult to characterise. The members of the section do not form one of the many races rightfully belonging to the land; for they hold their heads high in the presence of Hindu or Bengali, styling him "native" in tones of unusual patronage. They assuredly are not British-born; for, though some be in countenance as white as the observant newcomer himself, others of the same ilk range through every variety of shade from cream to coffee. Nevertheless, the majority of them speak the English tongue, and are known by surnames identical with those borne by scions of our loftiest houses at home—Villiers, Howard, Douglas, de Montmorency, and the rest, being each fully represented. Moreover, their religion, invariably the Christian faith, is another even stronger link. Indeed, as one looks upon this people, they seem dwelling as it were in a land of Goshen which they despise, yet to which they cling; which has bred them as aliens from the womb, has enslaved them, but owns them not, affording them no sustenance. In the politest parlance, and by themselves, the strange race are denominated *Europeans*; officially they are termed *East Indians*; in general they are spoken of as *Eurasians*; while the genus Snob, unhappily now so plenteous in India, delight to apply such names as "half-caste," and even "darky," to folk at least superior to themselves. Furthermore, whereas the genuine whites resident out there belong to one of two classes, being officials in Government services or else members of the mercantile community, this nondescript section of society usually seems to resort to no settled occupation, but gives itself up to a livelihood akin to that of the birds of the air, and mainly

dependent upon chance and circumstance for due supply. This, the general case, it must be allowed at the same time, is diversified by many notable and praiseworthy exceptions.

To put the matter at once upon a plain footing, the singular folk whom I wish to delineate in the present paper are the Creoles of Hindustan—the descendants, sometimes immediate, sometimes more or less remote, of conjugal unions entered into betwixt Europeans and natives of India. In such cases, here in India, as in other lands invaded by European settlers, the ratio of white to dark blood exists in a proportion variable in the individual to every possible extent. You have men and women whose faces, hardly, if at all, betray the least suspicion of Oriental taint. They are whiter to look upon than are most English persons after a single year's sojourn in the tropics. However, the black hair and dark languid eyes are rarely wanting in the fairest specimens, while experts and pseudo-experts in discrimination will always tell you that they can detect Eurasian origin without fail by means of the shape and colouring of the fingers and the finger-nails. Certain it is that fair hair, and *e fortiori* that of the red and auburn tints, may be taken as presumptive evidence that Indian blood is absent from the owner's veins. Such as are the least pronounced examples of hybridism may be possibly seven parts English and only one part native—that is, the great-grandmother may have been a pure Hindu, her husband an Englishman, and all the intervening steps in the descent to the present issue English, or at least unpronounced Eurasians. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that colour affords hardly any sure guide to the admixture of the darker race in a particular person. Eurasian parents, both of Hindu-like complexion, frequently produce offspring bearing skins irreproachable in hue. Again, the children of the same parents differ in colour to a degree hardly to be credited—the duskiest lassie may be blest with a sister endowed with the whitest of faces; and, again, a worthy couple who, proud in their fair exteriors, were congratulating themselves on having all but delivered themselves of their unpleasant ancestry, may be startled by the sudden evolution of an infant of sable visage, with the story of the past writ large upon him.

So far, however, my remarks concern what may be characterised as the *élite* of the Eurasian community. The bulk of this people are hopelessly painted with their origin in every shade belonging to the East. But it is with no intention of casting contempt upon a mere shade of colour in any human face that I refer to the fact as a melancholy circumstance. It is because the poor creatures are never allowed to forget their colour that it is to be regarded as a stigma and a stain. Not only socially, but also politically and by Government action, have they to pay the penalty of their mixed birth. As undoubted Europeans, or as undoubted Hindus, their race and

complexion would prove not the slightest bar to employment and cordial recognition in the various walks of life which custom and natural adaptability have allotted to the one nation and to the other respectively. But being wholly neither of one nor of the other, they bear the disabilities of both. Their colour and antecedents disqualify them for employment as Europeans; their religion and social system debar them from participation in native industries. Despised by both races, their condition is thus often most pitiable. But I must not yet trench upon this part of the subject, as it will form the main burden of the present article when the way has been sufficiently prepared for dealing in detail with a question which our countrymen in India are beginning to find as important as it is difficult to be solved.

The origin whence the Eurasian community has sprung, and the present sources of the additions to the stock which are constantly accruing in almost alarming proportions, are matters worthy of some analysis. As to the beginnings of this mixed race, no romantic curtain wraps those from view. As a matter of course, from the earliest days of European adventure on the Indian coast, temporary illicit unions with native women served to bring into these regions the usual half-breed offspring. Taking the Portuguese as the first settlers in Bengal, as elsewhere, we may look upon that nation as the founders of the Eurasian community. Nevertheless, as a rule, the children thus born seem to have been at first re-absorbed into the native races, and their European parentage immediately lost or forgotten. At least in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and especially in Bengal, this merging of Indo-Portuguese issue into the general throng of Bengalis, with adoption of the native religion, was fairly general. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, however, in a few special cases discrimination of race in such offspring began to arise. Pride of European birth crept in, though not to the same extent as in Ceylon, where the half-Dutch half-Sinhalese issue rapidly developed into a separate and most respectable society, represented to the present day by the prosperous "burghers" of that island. At this period, then, and later in the opening years of the eighteenth century, the children resulting from the alliances of Portuguese traders with native women began to shrink from re-amalgamation with the maternal race, and to draft themselves into separate clans, with European patronymics, and professing the religion of their fathers. Thence, it appears, arose those families bearing Portuguese names, which have increased and multiplied within themselves, and which now form so strong an element in the Eurasian populations of Calcutta and Madras. Thus the commonest surnames of the community in those cities are Da Costa, D'Cruz, De Silva, De Solmanhac, De Sanges, &c. Although the bearers of these names may be reckoned as of the oldest mixed families in India, yet their Portuguese blood,

in itself dark by nature, has caused such families to appear in complexion more nearly related to the Hindu race than is actually the case.* Still, re-incorporations of native blood are doubtless continually being admitted into their households, as the lower-class East Indians, who generally possess Portuguese patronymics, frequently intermarry with Hindus of both sexes.

Those members of the Eurasian community who rejoice in English surnames and who form the better and most energetic class, numbering, indeed, in their ranks many men of talent and good position, may be said to claim a lineage of more recent origin. Their bifurcation from the parent stems is likewise not enshrouded in obscurity. Towards the latter half of the eighteenth century and during the first three decades of the current century, not only did the British factors and merchants enter into alliances, temporary or otherwise, with Hindu women, but similar laxities were considered allowable to military and civil officers of the highest position. The civilian in Government employ, with amazing effrontery, would even set up his harem, almost on the pattern of the Muhammedan gentry of the same locality. Some of the older Calcutta mansions, once occupied by men of authority and rank, who are not unknown to the history of early English rule in India, are still found to contain strange series of apartments in high-walled courtyards, the purpose of which is reasonably believed to have been for the accommodation of a seraglio. The maintenance of native mistresses by English judges, generals, and political officials was certainly made no secret of by the functionaries themselves in the early years of the present century. One has only to turn to the register of baptisms belonging to St. John's Church, Calcutta, to note how complacently the names of legitimate and illegitimate offspring of well-known personages were recorded side by side and duly acknowledged. Thus one may read the entry of the baptism of a certain world-famed novelist now deceased, and only three months earlier in date occurs another entry of an illegitimate daughter brought for baptism by the same father, and registered with the same surname. So public were such matters and so little of shame attached to them, that a richly endowed school was established in Calcutta for the express purpose of educating the illegitimate children of British military officers, whose contributions for the maintenance of their respective offspring were regularly deducted from their monthly pay by the East India Company, and transmitted, officially and openly, to the institution. In more recent days the children of lawful unions were also sent to the same school, which

* "It is a curious fact," writes Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," "that everywhere in the East where the Portuguese have mixed with the native races, they have become darker in colour than either of the parent stocks. The reverse is the case in South America, where the mixture of the Portuguese or the Brazilian with the Indian produces the *Mameluco*, who is not unfrequently lighter than either parent, and always lighter than the Indian."

eventually developed into a highly respectable establishment. It is, however, a characteristic sign of the improved tone of English society in India, as well as of the change of public opinion as to what will be tolerated in the morals of the servants of the Crown, that the institution in question will presently be closed for lack of the inmates for whose benefit it was founded. But under this head it must not be forgotten that many of these alliances of public functionaries with Hindu consorts were perfectly regular and sanctioned by formal marriage. Their issue, legitimate in birth, nevertheless, through rapid reverse of fortune perhaps, or maybe out of respect to the views of orthodox relatives at home, were frequently settled in the land of their origin when the official progenitor sailed for England.

Large numbers of English-named members of this community must, however, trace their extraction to sources generally deemed more decidedly ignoble. Soldiers, sailors, and all sorts and conditions of men have left their representatives, whose descendants are now a burden and care to the present generation. And reference to that sort of origination leads us at once to the remaining observations proper to this part of my subject. I have spoken of the accretions being continually made to the race under consideration now and in the more recent times. Omitting, of course, the natural general increase of Eurasian families within their own community—and Eurasian parents are more than usually prolific in the production of the olive branch—modern accessions from outside are chiefly to be accredited to the lowest rank and file of the class. Private soldiers frequently contract lawful unions with native females or with women but one or two removes from a native pure and simple. But, in present years, it must be confessed that the more numerous additions to these unfortunates hail from Assam and the hills; and derive their birth from the immoral connections of a class of Englishmen of generally good antecedents and manly occupation from whom one might have ventured to hope better things. The isolated and untrammelled position of these, whom there is no need to particularise further, conduces doubtless in many instances to illicit relationships with female employés; and that, if it affords any excuse for immorality, is the only extenuation to be heard. At any rate, the managers of the large educational establishments in Calcutta devoted to the training of Eurasian and European children, know full well from whom are received the bulk of the numerous "unencumbered" youngsters committed, or at least offered, to their charge. As to the surnames of the base-born thus drifted to the capital, they are of course usually spurious. I recollect myself one instance where two lads were transmitted to a Calcutta school ticketed for their patronymic with the name of a famous Tibetan goddess! These were a consignment from a member of the English fraternity who frequent the slopes

of the Himalayas, and to which body reference has just been made.

It is difficult to encounter frankly the issues and approaches of such a subject as that of the present article without wounding, in a measure, I fear, the susceptibilities of many worthy people, both in and out of India, who are conscious of a pedigree which might in some sort include them within the tenor of my remarks. So here let it be plainly understood that to attach ignominy in the vaguest degree, with respect either to their origin or to their present state, to the Eurasian race as a whole, is very far from the writer's purpose. He is proud to know intimately, and to honour highly, a goodly number of Eurasian gentlemen, who, by their undoubted talents and integrity, have won for themselves positions of great responsibility, which they hold with much benefit to the Governments that have been wise enough to recognise their merits and advance them. However, they, too, would be fain to admit that they have reached the point they have only after severe struggles against prejudices and disadvantages gratuitously erected merely because of their colour or their birth. Still, as regards these, the more sterling and more fortunate members of the community, there is hardly substantial ground for grievance. On the whole, moreover, they are not unfairly treated, even from a social standpoint, in the spheres where their accomplishments seek for recognition and a means of living. Setting apart the comparative few who have thus acquired place and position, it must be confessed that the capabilities of the average middle-class Eurasian do not rise above mediocrity or to the same level as those of the educated Bengali or Hindu. Still, many openings exist for the Eurasian of fair education and perseverance, though in the latter quality he is often piteously lacking. The establishing of the Thomason Engineering College at Rurki affords to the Indian-born opportunities of entering Government service as civil engineers, on a par with Cooper's Hill men and with the surety of high-class employment. Elsewhere many are trained for the telegraph departments. Others, through "interest," enter the Customs service. A very popular and well-remunerated career is offered in the subordinate medical service, which furnishes Eurasian youths as apothecaries to the military hospitals of India and Burmah. Then, great numbers are accepted in the various departments connected with the Indian railways. The Post Office, very unfairly, has been lately closed to them. In mercantile houses and the larger shops, however, assistants and clerks of mixed birth appear very seldom to find employment. Tradesmen with European "constituents"—as those worthies in India elegantly style their customers—seem to attach some importance to the general rule which in the great cities excludes all save pure Europeans from the serving of customers and selling of shop-wares. In mercantile

places of business in Calcutta the higher clerks are Englishmen and Scots, brought direct from home; while the subordinate positions are filled, not by Eurasians, but by Bengali babus, who form such admirable and trustworthy routinists. Often the head clerk in a British merchant's office is a Bengali, and his principal would indeed smile grimly if he were advised to supplant his right-hand man, with his perfect penmanship and shrewd insight into the whole business of his master, by a slippery Eurasian. There is the prejudice, you see, against the latter; and, it is to be feared, a prejudice not altogether unreasonably founded.

Socially, nevertheless, there is less of the taboo put upon the richer and more polished members of this community than one might have imagined likely. Little of that mean and spiteful pride which prevails in the fashionable walks of society in America in such matters is to be met with among Anglo-Indians. Many a well-educated lady with a splash of the purple in her blood is to be seen in the drawing-rooms of the inner circles of a Presidency city. Some even of our gallant officers and civilians, who are suspected on the best of grounds to boast in their lineage an ancestress who smoked the "hubble-bubble" and twirled the curry-stone, are yet received in the politest society, and no allusion meets their sensitive ears that aught *is* suspected. Their social acquaintances will at times, indeed, when the others are absent from the board, inform you with a shrug that so-and-so is really "half a native"—at least "four annas in the rupee." Thereupon you, who had never dreamt it, express first doubt and then surprise, but mentally, I fear, you mark that man indelibly with the unpopular brand.

But, in truth, the high partitions which in former days grooved English society in India with barriers hard to pass or re-pass are fast being levelled. Forty years ago in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, and in many other churches where respectability was worshipped, the English portion of the congregation always sat on one side of the nave, and the Eurasian members were rigidly kept to the other side. Now, of course, such rules would hardly be thought of. Mention of this, however, reminds one of a certain story told of Bishop Daniel Wilson. Preaching in the Cathedral on one occasion, with his accustomed frankness and incisive point, he proceeded to denounce the feeble religion of the European world in Calcutta. Suddenly, however, he seems to have observed the languid indifference of his English listeners, perfectly unmoved by his chidings. Thereupon waxing wrathfully warmer, he shook—it is related—his left arm passionately over the aristocratic side: "Ah! there ye sit, ye sinners," he cried; "and *there*," extending the other arm above his sabler yet more attentive hearers to the right, "and *there* sit the fruits of your sins!"

The general status of these not altogether uninteresting sojourners in our Indian Empire will perhaps by now have been made comprehensible to uninitiated readers, and the arena may thus be said to have been arranged for the introduction of the second division of the subject of this illumination, which has, after all, been the main purpose kept in view in attempting these delineations.

A burning question is at present disturbing the social philosophers and economic philanthropists of India. It takes a somewhat urgent form—this: What is to be done with the now overwhelming horde of low-class degraded Eurasians who fester in the great cities of the Indian presidencies? Sunk in the deepest poverty, incapable of helping themselves, hopelessly unstable, of a sore and creeping spirit—the question re-echoes back upon the propounders of it: "What *is* to be done with them?" In cities such as Bombay and Calcutta, with vast ramifying native quarters and limitless suburbs, where each trade has quite an army of its own native workers, the mere statement of the numbers of the unemployed of this class might sound miserably insignificant beside the swarming masses amid whom they dwell. In Calcutta, out of 35,000 resident Europeans and Eurasians—the native population numbering 760,000—there are estimated to exist some 7000 of these outcasts—the "Outcast Cousins" who have given title to these remarks—who are absolutely without any occupation, and who depend for subsistence veritably upon what they can beg, borrow, or steal. In a city harbouring so huge and multifarious a collection of human beings, a few thousands of the "submerged," such as these, would in general appear hardly worth burdening the consciences of the European public of an Oriental metropolis. But the sting lies in this—they are not strangers and foreigners like the multitudes around; they are relatives of us Englishmen, with much of our blood running in their veins—in Bishop Wilson's plain language, "the fruits of our sins;" and yet here are they, children of our own faith, living, sinning, rotting, dying—despised of all men—as the very sediment of a city of pagan Asiatics, thousands of whom are themselves the lowest dregs of human bestiality and heathendom. Stained with the vitality of the dark races amid whom they have been born, and amid whom they are doomed to die, they cry up to us, pure of blood and strong in our British manliness, strength, and earnestness of purpose; and we, as we ride in our curricles past them, turn and look upon them. And what see we? Tramping through the heavy dust of an Indian roadway, amid the throng of busy docile-faced Orientals pressing eagerly onwards, step lean and wistful-eyed pieces of humanity clad in scarecrow European garments, with countenances and features curiously familiar to us. They try to catch our eye, as who should say, We are different from these that jostle at our side, and belong indeed to you, sir, though we live with these, despite our

brown and yellow faces. And then, brown and yellow though the faces be, we note features and expressions, weird caricatures of those which we have left behind in the far-off land we call Home. Thus it pains us in our better mood to see them there; and, though their destitution is no worse than that of many thousands in our native land, it becomes pathetic and a care to us.

The question is, indeed: What shall we do with them, what shall be done for them? Moreover, the more closely you grow acquainted with the personal character and habits of individuals of the lower class, such as make up the 7000 in Calcutta, the less practicable does nearly every scheme of regeneration or reformation appear to you.

We may divide the lower and always impecunious classes of Eurasians into perhaps two great families. The first, and decidedly more respectable of the two, is of a restless and roving disposition. Members of this family are constantly on the move throughout those parts of India where English stations have been plentifully planted. They are the Arabs of the community, and along certain well-defined routes, between Calcutta on the east and Bombay and Karachi on the west, they are continually progressing, with pretexts for their journeys more or less valid. But it must not be supposed that these worthies itinerate on foot, like tramps in England, from station to station. No, forsooth. Trampdom in India has not yet descended to so humble a level as at home; and our friends of this class prefer to ride. Moreover, they have succeeded in convincing their more fortunate cousins from Europe that to ride is their due, and furthermore, that to expect them to do so at their own expense would be a shamelessly inhospitable suggestion. True it is, however, their pockets are always too miserably empty to bear the least outlay which they can get others to make for them. Thus are they forwarded from place to place, from one side of India to the other. "Move on" is the iterated request. Nobody in any respectable station up-country would conceive it at all a reasonable idea that they should ever pause anywhere in the transit. They come round and beg, you know, and wound the susceptibilities of the gay, the gallant, and the fair, who can only exist when life is one round of excitement and pleasure, into which nothing squalid protrudes. Accordingly, it seems to be the imperative duty of the chaplain to send them on with all despatch to the nearest place of importance, or anywhere east or west he please, as soon as the uncanny creatures appear in his verandah. To this end, in many stations there has been established what is commonly known as "the Loafers' Fund," generally fed almost exclusively from Church offertories, wherefrom the railway charges and a few meals can be supplied to these undesirable visitors. It is a frequent custom with the chaplain to have some understanding with the railway station-master to honour his written orders to this effect:—"Please give

J—— M—— a third-class ticket to —— and refreshments to the amount of twelve annas." This practice obviates the necessity of entrusting doubtful characters with money which might be spent in many another way than that desired, which is to get rid of the intruder as swiftly as may be. Nevertheless, so far as my own experience goes, even when cash is bestowed on the loafer, it is usually expended on the railway ticket. In two or three cases I have known sums thus given to have been squandered in drink; but in those instances the recipients were not East Indians, but thoroughbred Britishers, who had been employed in legitimate work at one time, and had degenerated into roving beggars. The genuine Eurasian is not often a tippler. Sometimes, however, he will lay out money obtained for railway fare on food or in paying some debt, and in a few days he may reappear, and, with the coolest demeanour, crave further assistance. Again, in the larger towns, if the precaution has been taken of bestowing only an order for a ticket, he will perhaps sell the order to a native or to some brother loafer. Miserably poor and miserably improvident as these wanderers always are, it is, indeed, an unsolved problem how they manage to obtain the bare necessaries of life. Railway guards, who are usually themselves of kindred race, are said to befriend them frequently by gifts of victuals, and sometimes by allowing them a place in the brake beyond the distances for which they have been booked. Certain of the fraternity, however, will very often enter the house of a timorous native, and, by means of threats or persuasion, quarter themselves in his dwelling for periods of a week or ten days, exacting food as well as lodging from the unwilling host. This, I am assured, is quite a regular practice with the more robust and least-coloured loafers.

Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that not only are the greater number of these waifs ostensibly in quest of work, but that a fair proportion also are perfectly willing to undertake employment whenever they can find vacancies which do not require too laborious physical exertion. The sincerity of the desire for occupation may often be relied on when the candidate is accompanied on his rounds by wife and family. However, the Ishmaelite instinct is rarely repressed for a longer period than three or four months; whilst illness or reduction of pay affords ready excuse for throwing up some railway appointment which you had sought for your *protégé* at the cost of much humiliation on your own part, and which had been bestowed with a grumbling forecast of "how it would be" on the part of the grantor of the office. One of these men, who was possessed of some technical knowledge, succeeded in gaining, through the intercession of the writer of these pages, a locomotive fireman's post worth eighty rupees a month, with the prospect of a rapid rise in pay; yet in three months' time he was again on the tramp, tired of the monotony of

his occupation! Still there are many who really would work, if work could be had.

A sample of character such as appertains to these our outcast relatives is offered to the study of the Government chaplain in India most days of his life. Not only when located in the great cities, but when stationed in remote cantonments up country, the *padre* holds a continuous reception of East Indian visitors. When you come in from a round of official calls, or from the never-ceasing duty at the cemetery with the shots o'er the last-dead soldier still sounding in your ears, of a surety there awaits you in the verandah the well-known form, lithe and lean, and carefully buttoned up. As he lurks amid the lime-washed pillars, most respectfully does he salute you by lifting his enormous sun-hat. You stalk by, rapidly making for the inner regions, apparently absorbed in thoughtful calculation. And then inevitably appears your native servant tendering most gently to your notice a dirty slip of paper, and gloomily you read thereon in rounded pencil-hand the name of the hat-wearer, "Constantine Burrows." You step forth to your visitor, who receives you in the verandah deprecatingly, yet with a mixture of friendly assurance. He produces from his inner pocket a bundle of letters, which he softly begs to expound to you. Thence it generally appears that your visitor has been fortunate enough to have a *chance* of obtaining certain employment on a certain railway somewhere on the borders of Biluchistan, about 1160 miles distant from where you and he now stand conversing. However, the main perplexity is that he has no pecuniary means for reaching the scene of the proposed lucrative appointment. He ventures to suggest that you of your well-known kindness might possibly supply him with the price of his railway-ticket, say, half the way thither. But is he sure of gaining the post if he gets there? Well, he heard there were two or three vacancies at the place a month ago. Poor fellow! But then, you ask, why did he throw up his last situation, mentioned in one of the grime-washed letters? "I was sick, so I took leave; and then they filled up the post." "Have you any family?" "Oh yes! They have come here with me; they are waiting outside—my wife and three children." "Bless me! Where have you brought them from?" "They came in the train with me last night from Dinapore; the chaplain there gave us tickets as far as this." "But why bring *them* on such a madcap expedition—such an expense? You should go alone." "How can I do that? Where are they to stay? They can only go with me." And thence it is made evident to you that you are expected to frank, not only the petitioner, but his whole family half the way by rail to Biluchistan. Happily railway travelling, third-class, is a cheap item in India. You agree to pay ten rupees towards the journey—a heavy draw on your charity purse.

He assents; but adds: "There is the *tikka gári* (cab) from the station to this house?" "The *tikka gári!*" you exclaim; "what did you want with that? You could easily have walked—it is not two miles. I really won't pay for it." "How could I walk through the sun with my family?" is the reply; and so does this beggar who rides in his carriage extract at length from your pocket a rupee and a half further, and depart with his starved and miserable belongings in a cloud of dust from your dwelling.

Destitute though the stroller of this class may be, he is seen to be comparatively well cared for when the condition of the herds of non-locomotive Eurasians living in the chief Indian cities is examined. It is from these deplorable creatures that the "bitter cry" may be truly said to rise up. Their poverty is so unutterable, their energy and enterprise so extinct, their moral sense so low, that they really form the bulk of unwrought refuse material which is taxing the hearts and the ingenuity of our less noisy social reformers in Bengal to deal with.

Personally I can only expound the numbers, condition, and prospects of these pariah folk as they are to be seen in Calcutta; although I am assured the state of the kindred communities in Bombay and Madras is almost as hopeless, and the problem of their reformation equally urgent. A few statistics may stand first. In the city of Calcutta there exist some 21,000 Eurasians, and of these, as I have remarked, some 7000 live in a condition of extreme poverty. About 1400 of the latter number manage to keep themselves in ordinary times above the lowest level of actual pauperism, or of complete dependence on charitable aid. The 5600 remaining look for their maintenance solely to the private alms and public charities of the inhabitants of the city.

The residents of the metropolitan city of India—the City of Palaces—are in the happy position of being complete strangers to the visits of the importunate official known in the mother country as the collector of the poor rate. No rates whatever are levied in Calcutta for the relief of the poor. Those who are in need, including those who cannot as well as those who will not work, depend for subsistence wholly on funded charities and on the voluntary alms of the citizens. And it must be heartily conceded that few communities in the civilised world are so systematically generous and even lavish in their gifts of benevolence as are the good folk of Calcutta. I am referring, of course, to the English colony in the place; and as one who has had something to do with the collection and administration of charity there, I can freely say that people at home would little dream of contributing month after month the substantial sums which Government officers and British merchants make a habit of bestowing towards philanthropic and other good purposes. In aid of religious and

charitable objects, few high-placed civilians and leading merchants contribute all round less than 1200 rupees a year. Many others, with comparatively small incomes, bestow in subscriptions to institutions and in alms at least thirty rupees a month, roughly equivalent to £30 per annum. A man of such charities in an English town would indeed bear rank as a philanthropist of the first water. The channels into which these streamlets of benevolence are principally directed and the outflow therefrom will be presently set forth; but it may be at once premised that the bulk of these waters of charity serve to keep afloat the destitute Eurasian populace of the city.

As I have remarked above, there is in Calcutta no system of poor rate, and no semblance of compulsory exactions in support of the outcast and needy. Moreover, the greatest proportion of the voluntary offerings are utilised, as we have noted, for the support of Eurasian families. It may be, therefore, a matter of some curiosity and wonderment to learn what is done for the Hindu and Mussulman poor. A city with a population of over 760,000 must indeed swarm with indigents of these the resident and predominant races; nevertheless, apart from professional and religious beggars, little of want or squalor amongst natives proper is to be seen in the streets of Calcutta. One usual explanation is that in normal times the Oriental denizens of this and other large Indian cities are nearly all fairly well employed, and that none save the incapacitated and imbecile are plunged in any desperate straits of poverty. But, beyond and outside such explanations, the whole ceases to be matter for wonderment when the marvellous freemasonry of the Hindu family system is borne in mind. A Hindu in good employ is not only responsible for the maintenance of his own wife and children, but also for that of his parent and brothers should they be out of work; and not only for these, but also for his brothers' wives and children; and not only for these, but also for uncles, cousins, and apparently any proximate kindred who may lay claim to his bounty. Naturally, in these huge family circles, there are invariably several bread-winners, and each one seems liable and ready to contribute to the assistance of, or perhaps wholly to support, the incapable items, or those who are for the time unprofitable members. Sometimes in the households of the high-caste such claims are strengthened by the existence of a common residential mansion where the several brothers and other kin, with the respective offspring, form a family rookery, sharing the general expenses, so far as each adult male member is a solvent personage. Thus I was once informed by a Bengali babu-clerk—a Brahmin by caste—that his residence sheltered forty souls; and, pathetically, he added that he could never obtain due rest for his tired brain by reason of the uproar arising from nineteen babies and very young children stored within the place! The result of a system so social and large-hearted

is not only beneficial to the individuals concerned, but also affects the public welfare, at least to the extent of relieving the community at large from what would otherwise prove an overwhelming burden, if "coming on the parish" had in any sort developed into a native custom. A certain proportion of the funds from the relieving charities, however, is assigned to the use of necessitous natives; but so small appears the demand for such aid that the Native Committee of the leading charitable society in Calcutta does not ordinarily distribute even one-third of the amount allotted to it for the purpose.

Let me now sketch the exact circumstances of the submerged Eurasians in this Hindu metropolis, at the same time explaining how it comes to pass that their condition and prospects compare so unfavourably with those of their Hindu fellow-citizens of corresponding social level. We can then appreciate the better a brief statement of what has been, and is being, done to help and to raise them; whence we may pass to the final consideration of the various plans and suggestions for improving upon the older methods, and for making their lot a less bitter one by the only durable means—namely, such as shall inspire self-help and self-development.

The Slums of Calcutta.

We will go visit our woe-begone relative in the den where he lurks; and thus will his haunts, habits, opinions, and character be the more vividly and personally impressed upon us. In so doing, we should begin by realising that we have in this great capital of our Indian Empire one of the most incongruous cities in the world; and for this reason. It is an extensive place of teeming population in an Oriental land tenanted mainly by an Oriental people; and yet it is totally different from other Oriental cities, in that it has been laid out in European and almost English style. With its many wide streets, its long winding thoroughfares, its cross-streets and off-shoots, its lanes and courts and alleys, Calcutta is in general plan and arrangement for all the world like an overgrown town in England. It is very like Liverpool, in fact—at least in its southern half. And yet so many Oriental features remain, or have been introduced by its vast Eastern populace—bazaars, verandahed dwellings, overhanging balconies, collections of native huts crowded in between the larger houses—that it resembles no other place existent. At one time you might—but for the colour of the people—imagine yourself in St. Martin's Lane, London, or in Scotland Road, Liverpool; and, a little later, you are apparently threading your way through the midst of the most characteristic quarters of Cairo or Constantinople. In driving down Bow Bazaar, Calcutta, the vision of an old street in Soho, now altered and widened, has frequently arisen in the mind of the writer.

Leaving the great boulevard known as Chowringhi, with its beautiful gardens and palatial mansions, fronted by the magnificent Calcutta maidan, diversified with well-shaded drives, and stretching down to the river side—leaving luxury, prosperity, and healthfulness, in fact, and where, of course, dwells the Englishman of quality—we will penetrate behind the great houses, and past the grand municipal market; and then we shall find ourselves entrenched in a fine field for "slumming." Behind the compound surrounding the Free School—an institution to be mentioned again—lies a very queer region indeed. Turn up this by-lane—Collinga Bazaar is the name, though it can boast no shops or bazaar. Here we shall have to encounter a regular colony of prostitutes, with representatives from every European and Asiatic country, save that of the land we are in. The denizens of each house seem to be usually seated in the verandah, or even on the pavement. A bevy of Japanese girls are ranged, laughing but decorous, in this doorway. Here are some Italians in the verandah; and there, coolly planted in a wicker-chair, sits a heavy German young woman assiduously sewing or knitting. There is apparently no unruliness or annoyance to passers-by, yet the sad trade to which they belong is not to be mistaken. As we are informed, the ranks of these unhappy ones are only very occasionally recruited from the Eurasian classes.

Out from this street, and from many adjacent lanes, run a series of alleys or passages. While the streets are kept fairly swept and free from the ranker odours, up these narrow outlets we shall encounter both filth and the foulest of flavours. Yet to reach the objects of our quest, we must penetrate the passages, fearing neither. Workers in the East-end slums of London can form only a faint conception of the stinks which the habits and the intense heat of this Indian land can generate, particularly when confined as here in stagnant alleys. While peregrinating some Italian town, we have all of us caught an evil whiff of that same brew perhaps, but the real concentrated undiluted flavour reeks only from out of an Asiatic gutter-lane.

The walls on either side these passages will be found to be of miscellaneous composition—mud and straw and brushwood; and they form in truth the outer shell of the dwellings we are in search of. Some distance up, an opening is seen in the wall, and through that we are admitted into a rude sort of square or courtyard, round which are ranged various huts, each roofed with clay and old plantain leaves and brushwood. This is our destination. We have reached one of the *kinthals*, or residential yards, where the low-class Eurasians abide. Further along the passage other openings give ingress to many similar dens—veritable nests harbouring an incredible number of hungry birds of prey—human birds we mean, though indeed the kites and crows which feed on offal throughout Calcutta are as plenteous in the yards

as the human bipeds. Each *kinthal* contains three, four, or five huts; and in each hut herd together more of the human and animal creation than one would dare to picture boxed up on hot nights within. Admitted inside any of these lairs, we shall find the place cosier and less dirty than we might have expected. At least one division of the interior, for the purpose of forming two or more rooms, will be noticed. The partition, however, made of coarse rice straw and other rubbish, is more like that used for separating the stalls in a stable than a regular wall. As to the furniture, it consists almost wholly of beds and mats—no chairs; for the inmates, European though they claim to be, prefer to squat *à la* Hindu on their turned-up heels and ankles. The beds are on rude low frame-works (*charpahi*), with one perhaps made up on a couple of packing cases—a bed of state for the chief lady of the house, who may be grandmother, mother-in-law, or the eldest resident female claiming respect in the establishment. She is generally to be found in bed, either from choice or from infirmity; and, if she can speak English, talks with an air of decayed gentility, from the dignity of which her uncouth bedding and robings do little to detract.

In the majority of the inmates of these *kinthals* there is apparent a curious admixture of native and of old-time English habits. Many, however, can only use the Hindustani language; this ignorance of even a single sentence of English being remarkable in folk who take pride in claiming European descent. They receive a visit from an Englishman with much ceremony and pleasure, hastily hiding the native hubble-bubble which even Eurasian women cannot resist using. The Hindu patriarchal system has been so far adopted, in that relatives of every possible kinship herd together under the same roof. Their food is perhaps better, and certainly more "meaty," than that of real natives; third-class mutton and goat, to be had sometimes at less than 1*d.* a pound, being commonly eaten in preference to the Hindu vegetarian diet. They are so evidently, so wretchedly poor that a rupee is received from a visitor with infinite gratitude and eyes the eager glisten in which cannot be concealed. In religion four-fifths of the members of these communities are Roman Catholics.

But wherefore need this abject poverty exist? If the Hindu coolie can obtain work sufficiently paid for the supply of his wants, why—it may be asked—cannot these poor creatures? First, let it be known, there are a want of energy and an hereditary languor which have become almost a disease in the half-caste. Secondly, they have not, of a surety, either the physical strength or the stamina to encounter unremitting manual toil day after day beneath a tropical sun, such as the Hindu lower classes readily undertake. Although born and bred in the climate, their small modicum of European blood replaces that something which sustains a thoroughbred native in his

heavy labour on the hottest day. Thirdly, the pay accepted by a Hindu and sufficient to supply his frugal wants—perhaps two annas to four annas per diem—would not ordinarily be adequate to the purchase of the food indispensable to a Eurasian undergoing daily toil. He requires additional nourishment to balance the waste which work involves. And, moreover, he lacks the thrift which enables even a coolie, with a daily wage of three annas, to lay by for a day of sickness or enforced idleness. Fourthly, the Eurasian outcast is generally hopelessly in debt. On the whole, accordingly, to compete in the lowest walks of the labour market with the Hindu would afford only a sorry chance to the half-hearted East Indian.

In that grade which is one degree above that of the dwellers in the *kinthals*, the same want of settled purpose and improvidence are still the bane of the class. To these failings is added an absurd belief in the degradation of any sort of manual labour, even domestic labour for themselves in their own dwellings. A Eurasian of fair education, who used to visit me monthly to receive some trifling help, once gave me a detailed account of his domestic expenditure. The man, who had a wife but no family, earned on an average twenty-seven rupees a month. Out of this he had food and house rent to provide for himself and consort. Nevertheless, eleven of his twenty-seven rupees were spent on servants—six rupees to a cook, two rupees to a washer-woman, two to a sweeper, one to a *bhisti* or water-carrier—leaving only sixteen for rent and victuals. To the suggestion that his wife might act as cook, the indignant reply was: "How can she? She never learnt." "Why, if I had only twenty-seven rupees a month, I certainly should not lay out six of them on a cook. I should cook my own food in some way." That was my rejoinder; only to be met with an incredulous smile from this poor weak specimen of a man who, though earning less than £30 per annum, and in absolute want, thought it more reasonable to waste nearly half of the pittance on hired help than that his wife should degrade herself by cooking their food and washing a few ragged garments. Yet there was no degradation, be it observed, in his monthly petition for my alms!

Present Methods of Help.

Much has been done in the past, and much more is being done at the present day, in aid of these unstable and necessitous people. And yet, as we shall see, even more might be accomplished in their behalf by viewing them less as mere miserable objects of charity, and more as responsible persons to be galvanised somehow into self-dependence. All the methods of assistance now in vogue take the form of direct gifts and pensions bestowed as alms. The chief agency for this distribution in Calcutta is known as the District Charitable Society, which performs voluntarily

most of the functions which in England are carried out by workhouse and Poor Laws. This association was founded by Bishop Turner fifty-one years ago out of pity for the deplorable condition of the poor semi-Europeans, and has at length been developed into an elaborate engine of philanthropy, worked with real system and with as little waste steam as can be. Without entering into details, I may mention that the Society is fed in funds partly from the generous private donations already referred to, partly from a small Government grant, but mainly from certain princely legacies which have been bequeathed to it, and which now amount to a capitalised sum of 744,000 rupees. The income thus derived is expended partly in regular monthly doles to thousands of Eurasians, partly in supporting a leper asylum and an almshouse, which are managed by the Governors of the Society, and are the only institutions of the kind in the city. Most of the poor relieved receive perhaps two or three rupees each per month, some with families getting five rupees. Small though these gratuities may appear for the support of human beings who have generally no other means, nevertheless the Society in this way manages to get rid of some 80,000 rupees per annum. I say that most of the recipients have no other means; but it may not be so, as there also exists in Calcutta a Roman Catholic Society of St. Vincent de Paul with a large income, whose operations are perfectly secret. As the District Charitable Society relieves *all* Roman Catholic applicants as well as the rest, many of the former must draw double allowances. After this fashion, in fine, do the good people of Calcutta maintain a standing army of mendicant half-castes in number approaching 5000. So much for almsgiving, which it will be noted is conducted on quite a wholesale scale; and yet it is difficult to say how the system, bad as it looks, could be altered. Healthier, indeed, are the numerous other charities—the three great schools for Eurasian children, the principal one of which is the Calcutta Free School, where over 400 boys and girls are not only educated, but fed and clothed also, the expenditure averaging 71,000 rupees per annum. Another charitable venture must also be commended—a workroom for Eurasian women, where female trades are taught, and work is provided, and wages paid for its execution. This, the idea of a benevolent lady, Mrs. L. P. Pugh, is deserving of infinite extension.

The Larger Hope for the Future.

Once again, then, we must revert to the question—What shall we do with them? To go on propagating and nourishing an ever-increasing race of hereditary paupers and sturdy beggars seems too appalling to think of. And lessons in, and even compulsion towards, self-help are our only refuge therefrom. Government, however, would do well to

reconsider the policy which it has hitherto adopted in dealing with these people. It must never be forgotten that the Indian Executive stands morally *in loco parentis* to the Eurasian race; and if India is to be administered as far as practicable for the benefit of the lawful inhabitants, then the Eurasian has an equal claim with the Hindu and Mussulman for fair treatment. Nay, his claim comes first, for not only is he a son of the Indian soil, but he is also a descendant from those who won India for England, and who have brought the blessings of safety of life and property to the natives themselves. Why then do we find still prevailing the iniquitous system of weeding out from subordinate Government offices the Eurasian clerks in bulk merely to substitute Hindu employés? This unwarrantable policy of race-favouritism has in recent years been especially carried out in the Post Office service, from which large bodies of Eurasian clerks have been ejected because the Hindu preferred his own caste-fellows to work with! Why, I ask, is the Hindu's preference to weigh against the Eurasian's bare necessities?

One other great opening for the unemployed of even the lowest ranks has been often discussed in India, and it will seem strange to the reader at home that its propriety should still remain a question. The whole Indian army is rigidly closed against this unfortunate race.

No Eurasian in India is permitted to enter the military service. Tens of thousands of the heathen natives of the land obtain employment, clothing, and pay, as soldiers of our Queen, yet the Christian natives—the Eurasians—however eager to serve, are shut out. Hindu converts to Christianity, though refused enlistment as combatant soldiers, are yet allowed to join as bandsmen to regiments, but the down-trodden half-caste is denied all place.* The injustice of this system has led to proposals being made, more urgently than ever of late, that several special Eurasian regiments should be inaugurated. Such military employ would open a fine field for "betterment" to hundreds of loafers and mendicants. For these the discipline and regular habits involved in a soldier's career would be as true an earthly salvation as the food and clothing and pay. That something will presently be done in this direction is now extremely probable. Two regiments or battalions of East Indians in Bengal might relieve the streets of Calcutta of nearly 2000 outcasts, developing many of these ultimately into profitable members of the community. An elaboration of the scheme has been recently proposed in the columns of the leading journal of India, the *Englishman*, whereby a regular system of provident stoppages from the pay of private soldiers would be introduced, which would yield to each Eurasian upon his discharge after fifteen years' service a business capital of perhaps 1000 rupees.

* However, the bandmasters of native regiments are frequently Eurasians.

Upon these and other particular schemes, however, my space forbids me entering. But all such tend to give solution to the vexed problem.

As to the general inculcation of the principles of thrift and self-help, that task has now become the special mission of a society formed with the design of furthering Eurasian interests, under the title of the "Anglo-Indian and Eurasian Association." It has, in fact, been created on the lines of the trades union in England, and, after many vicissitudes, has lately acquired a wholesome influence with the community. The interests of the class are warmly pushed, and moreover the association offers all the advantages of a benefit society to its members. Such a union as this might accomplish wonders in imparting *verve* and tone to a race naturally spiritless in fibre. Happily its immediate prospects are in the hands of a man of singular energy, and possessed of a real talent for organisation. To this gentleman, indeed, an Englishman—the Rev. S. B. Taylor, Senior Government Chaplain—the present position and success of the society may be said to be wholly due. He is one of the very few outside the community who have made the Eurasian's cause his own. But so far only the rind of the fruit which it is hoped to cultivate is ripening. The kernel—the bulk of the race—remains as yet untouched to enthusiasm or fresh life. But if these, the degraded denizens of the Calcutta *kinthals*, form the looked-for fruit, my metaphor will hardly carry further. For there the fruit seems already rotted or decaying, and almost demands a miracle to produce revivification. However, there can be at least an ingrafting of manliness and self-respect which shall affect the rising generation, for whom their Christianity and a genuine racial *esprit de corps* will in themselves do much in any future struggle for existence.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

WHY DO NONCONFORMISTS FOLLOW MR. GLADSTONE?

THE first answer to this question that would be given by Unionists generally would be to deny that Nonconformists do follow Mr. Gladstone. They would boldly assert that all the intelligence and culture of Nonconformity has revolted against the veteran statesman, alienated by his wild scheme for the disintegration of the Empire. The reasoning which leads up to this opinion is extremely simple, but not equally conclusive. The first step is to set up Unionism as a decisive test of intellectual power and patriotic sentiment. Whoever will pronounce its shibboleths is a wise man, a sound Liberal, a sincere patriot. The inference is obvious. *Que voulez-vous?* All that is worth taking into account in Nonconformity is hostile to Mr. Gladstone; if it was not, it would show that it had lost every claim to consideration and respect. Of course this has its weight with certain minds. Naturally men desire to be on the side of the angels, and when they are assured that they are all of one party, numbers gravitate to that favoured company. To those who are able to preserve any calmness of judgment the representation is a trifle ludicrous, but it serves the purpose so well that it will probably continue to be repeated, that the true moral power of Nonconformity is opposed to Home Rule and to the aged Liberal chief, who was content to lead a weak band into the wilderness, and to spend there the closing years of an illustrious life, with the one desire of doing justice to an oppressed people, and so healing a feud which is full of menace to the Empire itself. After the daring assertion of the *Times* that, since the schism in the Nationalist ranks, the Unionists are probably the most numerous party in Ireland, it may even be said that they form a numerical majority among Nonconformists. But we have so often been told that to them belongs the intellectual and moral predominance

that the question which I am proposing to answer will doubtless be voted as not only superfluous, but positively misleading.

With this preliminary discussion, however, it is unnecessary that we should long be delayed. It is not suggested that all Nonconformists are to be reckoned as followers of Mr. Gladstone, and certainly there is no intention of depreciating the influence of some who have ranged themselves among his opponents. There is indeed reasonable objection to the diplomas of honour which are so freely conferred upon men whose eminence was unknown to their friends until it was proclaimed by Unionist journals. But it would be worse than folly to underrate the gravity of a division, when among its leaders are names as distinguished as John Bright, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and Henry Allon among those who are dead, and R. W. Dale among those who remain and maintain their hostility. The last name alone represents a potent force—so potent, indeed, that the marvel is that its influence has not been felt even more extensively. Assuredly nothing but an overpowering sense of right could have led such a large proportion of Congregationalists to separate themselves from a leader so honoured and beloved. What the separation has cost some of us I will not attempt to say, and I allude to it in passing only as an answer to those who insinuate that our political attitude is merely servile devotion to Mr. Gladstone. The differences of opinion in our own ranks as to Home Rule show the independence with which our judgments have been formed. But however serious they may be, it is undeniable that Mr. Gladstone retains the confidence of the great body of Nonconformist Liberals. There are and always have been Nonconformists who were not Liberals, and some of whom have been extremely active in opposition to Liberalism. Sir George Chubb, one of the leaders of Nonconformist Unionism, is a man of this type. There is nothing new in his Tory attitude. What is new is that he finds himself in association with a number of Nonconformists on a political platform. He and his school are perfectly consistent in their action, but, though they properly describe themselves as Nonconformists, it is fair to remember that they have never been associated with political Nonconformity. They are not seceders driven from our ranks by the Home Rule policy, and, as we are dealing only with those who hold that Liberal creed which has commanded the allegiance of the great body of Nonconformists, they do not come within the purview of this paper, which deals with political Dissenters only.

Of these, it is unquestionable that the vast majority belong to the Liberal party, and that they are the most staunch and reliable section of that party. To what extent the development of the labour party may affect their relative strength can hardly be forecast, and will, in fact, largely depend on the extent to which they identify themselves, as they seem prepared to do, with social reforms. At all events,

part, I have viewed this tendency to treat the question of Church Establishments as one of Local Option with considerable anxiety. Yet this is all that Mr. Gladstone's concession means. He has been perfectly straightforward in the expression of his views. Nonconformists know that on some points which they regard as vital, he is in direct antagonism to their principles, but they follow him notwithstanding. Disestablishment has not yet come into the sphere of practical politics, and they do not allow speculative differences to separate them from a chief with whom they are in sympathy in all the "burning questions" of public policy.

It remains not the less remarkable that the Nonconformists of England, and I think I may add their ecclesiastical kin across the Atlantic, regard with a passionate enthusiasm, which no previous Liberal leader has ever inspired, a statesman who never loses an opportunity of expressing his attachment to ecclesiastical theories, which they regard with mingled alarm and aversion. His exact ecclesiastical position is not easily defined. He is a High Churchman, but there are very marked distinctions between him and the school to which he may be said to belong. He has a very sincere and profound reverence for authority, he loves an august and stately ritual, his devoutness of spirit finds expression in the most careful observance of forms. But in the exclusiveness of High Churchism he has no part. An eminently Christian man himself, he has a respect for goodness wherever he finds it. I am greatly mistaken if he would not regard all faithful servants of Christ to whatever Church they may belong, as being true members of the "Holy Catholic Church." I hold it to be to his honour that, while enjoying to so large an extent, the confidence and affection of Nonconformists, he has never sought to conciliate them by a line of conduct at all inconsistent with his avowed opinions.

The association between Mr. Gladstone and Nonconformists is of comparatively recent date, and has grown up gradually. When I came to London in 1865, there was a widespread feeling of distrust among the more advanced Congregationalists of the rising Liberal leader, as he was at that time. I well remember a conversation with one of the most thoughtful and representative members of the Liberation Society, who expressed his astonishment at the confidence I had expressed in Mr. Gladstone in an article in a dissenting magazine of the day. I take no credit for the feeling I cherished, even at that early date for it was largely the result of my residence in Lancashire, where his financial policy had given him a strong hold on Liberal sympathies. In London there was much more hesitation, especially in Nonconformist circles. There was nothing surprising in this. Mr. Gladstone's own advances to the Liberal party were gradual, and it was only by degrees that their confidence was attracted to him.

His recognition of the place of Nonconformity in national politics is of much later date. Mr. Stead traces it to the yeoman service done by some of its leaders in the agitation of 1876, in relation to Bulgarian atrocities. He tells an interesting story of a conversation between Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Döllinger, who was greatly astonished that his honoured friend should have any fellowship with the opponents of a State Church. "Mr. Gladstone listened attentively to Dr. Döllinger's remarks, and then, in an absent kind of way, said: 'But you forget how nobly the Nonconformists supported me at the time of the Eastern question.' The blank look of amazement on Dr. Döllinger's face showed the wide difference between the standpoint of the ecclesiastic and the statesman." True; but the statesman's view was really more Christian than that of the ecclesiastic. It is easy to suggest that his standard was a selfish one; yet such a judgment would do him but scant justice. Mr. Gladstone's action against Turkish oppression was not as cynical critics would represent it, a mere bid for political power. He was a veritable crusader of the nineteenth century, and it was not wonderful that he should judge of Christian men by their sympathy in his aims, which he regarded as distinctly Christian. Up to that time he had known little of Nonconformity, indeed, all his life had been spent among those who viewed it rather with an aversion or indifference which it would be very hard for us to credit but for occasional sidelights which are accidentally thrown upon it. To his surprise he found that these Nonconformists whom high ecclesiastics regarded, to use the expressive words of one of their number, as "enemies of God and their country," were a power in the nation, and that their influence was used in obedience to Christian principle. As a statesman he could not ignore the former fact, as a Christian he was bound to recognise the other. It is to his honour that he has never forgotten those lessons. To have accepted the narrow ecclesiastical view and held aloof from them because they have ulterior aims as to the separation of Church and State, would have been to show himself unfit for the position of the Liberal leader; but it would quite as certainly have proved that he was destitute of the highest qualities of a Catholic Christian. He has during all these years been studying object lessons in the working of Christian systems, and as he has found the men of the Free Churches prompt in their response to all appeals to the laws of righteousness and love of liberty, he has not failed to recognise the presence of the grace of God in that and to act accordingly. They have been drawn together by spiritual as well as political affinities of which, in the first instance, neither party was conscious, and which mere partisans are unable to understand even now.

A passing allusion to Mr. Gladstone by the Chairman of the Congregational Union, in his inaugural address, which elicited the hearty

cheers of the assembly, indicated how strong he has hold upon a body, many of whose members are Unionists, and at the same time revealed the grounds of the sympathetic appreciation of the statesman which has survived differences as to particular points of his policy. "I am glad," said Dr. Herber Evans, when insisting that faith in God was the condition of all power, "to be able to strengthen it by quoting the recently published words of Mr. Gladstone, who, when asked by Mr. W. T. Stead, 'what he regarded as the greatest hope of the future' answered, 'I should say we must look for that by maintenance of faith in the invisible; that is the great hope of the future, it is the mainstay of civilisation. And by that I mean faith in a personal God.'" There is the great secret of the confidence reposed by Nonconformists in a political leader who, widely as he is separated from them in ecclesiastical ideas, is felt to be every inch a Christian statesman. His genius they admire in common with all men who are not the blind victims of partisan prejudice. They approve the trend of his policy even while dissenting from some of its items; but the loyalty with which they follow him is due mainly to a belief in his goodness. Even among those who could not approve his Home Rule policy there are many whose Unionist feelings have been seriously weakened, if not altogether extinguished by the persistent abuse of their old leader, which has done duty in place of argument in defence of the Union. They may have an unreasoning distrust of the Irish people, which leads them to oppose Home Rule, but even that does not make them insensible to the lofty character of its distinguished champion, and the insults heaped upon him produce on them the very opposite effect to that which was intended. They may not agree with him, but they believe that his endeavour to solve the problem which has been handed down to us by generations that are gone, is as honest as it is disinterested.

Mr. Stead has made no truer remark than when he says that Mr. Gladstone has been the very madman of politics from the point of view of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman. But this attracts to him men who care for principles more than for party. It is a common reproach against him that he has twice broken up his party. But, in our view, that is to his glory, not his shame. There is in him a moral greatness which raises him even above the high level of his intellectual power. Mistakes in judgment he cannot escape, but from the mean selfishness, the petty jealousies, the ignoble ambitions, and the tortuous intrigues which disgrace political life he is conspicuously free. Of tactical errors it may be easy to convict him. But it would be very difficult indeed to establish any charge reflecting upon his honour. When to this is added that he has shown an intense and growing devotion to liberty, it is not wonderful that he has attracted to himself something more than bare loyalty, the passionate attachment of those whose

whole history has taught them faith in liberty and in progress. He is the minister of the people, and if Nonconformists are not the party of the people, there is no strength in them.

This view is absolutely unintelligible to a class of religionists who pride themselves on their Protestantism, and who are never weary of denouncing Mr. Gladstone as a Jesuit in disguise. They are hardly patient with any who traverse their contention, and look upon Nonconformist members of the Liberal party as traitors to Protestantism, of which they regard themselves as *par excellence* representatives and defenders. In the eyes of superficial observers this section of the Anglican Church appears to be the ecclesiastical kinsmen of Evangelical Nonconformists. The Establishment indeed makes a line of cleavage between them, but apparently they have strong theological and even spiritual affinities. So far as creed is concerned, the sympathy between them has been gradually declining, and it may be doubted whether Congregationalists of to-day are not more attracted by the anti-Erastianism of the High Church party, and by the liberalism of Broad Churchmen, than by the special tenets of Evangelicals who cling to a Calvinism which Congregationalists have renounced, and to a Millennarianism which they never held, and who, with all their boasted love of Protestantism, are content to tolerate the encroachments of sacerdotalism rather than peril the security of their position in the Established Church. The political differences which separate the two are really the natural outcome of a much deeper antagonism of religious principle. There are, of course, various shades of opinion in both parties, and there are a few sincere Nonconformists who incline very strongly to this Anglican type of Evangelicalism, and are disposed to regard the views of many of their brethren with anxiety. But there is one allegation at least which they have never brought against them. They have never impugned their fidelity to Protestantism, and yet they are the very men whose devotion to Mr. Gladstone is most conspicuous. While the party which arrogates to itself distinctively the name of Protestant is continually suspecting him of all kinds of sinister designs, and supporting their insinuation by the wholesale circulation of stories which have again and again been refuted, these Nonconformists who have to bear the brunt of the battle against the aggressive sacerdotalism which has wrought a revolution in the Anglican Church regard him as the ablest champion of that absolute religious liberty which is the life-blood of Protestantism.

It is time that we came to a truer conception of what Protestantism really is. At present it is an elastic name which covers a wide variety of opinion, from the vehement sectary who believes that he represents the true principles of Protestantism when he puts in requisition all the machinery of law in order to suppress priests and their abettors, to the liberal thinker, whose Protestantism teaches him to accord to

the conscience of others the same respect which he claims for his own. In the Nonconformist view the latter comes nearest to the truth. Protestantism is something more than anti-Popery, and its lofty name is abused when applied to a system whose narrow dogmatism and assumption of infallibility reproduce the worst errors of Popery itself. It is not so much an assertion of the authority of any particular creed as it is a distinct and emphatic repudiation of all human authority in matters of religion. It was a revolt against the claims of the Church of Rome—a protest, doubtless, against the errors in its doctrine and the superstition in its practices; but, still more, a rebellion against the priestly despotism which had usurped the rights of Christ himself in the attempt to establish its rule over the consciences of men. Protestant ascendency is really a contradiction in terms. A religion which endeavours to assert its supremacy by imposing civil or social penalties on the exercise of conscientious convictions has renounced every rightful pretension to be regarded as Protestant. The Orangeism of Ireland and everything which is tinged with its spirit, even though it may be ashamed to accept the name, is involved in this condemnation. With its history behind us, it is not surprising that there are Nonconformists who distinctly repudiate the name of Protestant. For myself, I have no desire to cut myself loose from the noble family of spiritual heroes who struck the first blow for liberty of conscience, and certainly am little disposed to allow a glorious name simply to be monopolised by men who have dishonoured it by their intolerance and persecution. But I have strong sympathy with the feeling which the objection expresses. I cannot and will not sink my faith in the true Catholic Church in my protest against the unjust assumptions of the Church which has arrogated for its adherents a name which is the inheritance of all Christians, and still less am I content to substitute one form of ecclesiastical tyranny for another, even though that other may be of a more pernicious and oppressive character.

The appeal to Nonconformists in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, which is based upon their sympathies with their Protestant fellow-religionists in Ulster, has failed on this very ground. There may be a certain community of opinion between us, but there is at least quite as marked a divergence. Our objection to the priest and the confessional, to the Pope, the hierarchy, and all the institutions of Rome, may be as strong as theirs, but our mode of dealing with them would be entirely different. To us it seems a monstrous injustice to deny to a people any rights which would otherwise be conceded to them simply on the grounds that they are Roman Catholics. The idea of a persecution of the Protestants of Ulster by the Roman Catholics of Ireland is simply grotesque. When Lord Salisbury talks in his own haughty style of the Ulster people being put under the

despotism of their foes, he simply indulges in a rhetoric which, with all deference to his authority be it said, covers arrant nonsense. The worst that really could occur would be that Roman Catholics following the example which has been so carefully set them might possibly insist on that monopoly of office which Anglican Tories enjoy in a large number of the agricultural counties of England, and which Protestants do not hesitate to secure for themselves in those districts of Ireland where they are in a majority. It will be a misfortune if the Protestants of Dublin and Cork are kept out of municipal life, but their fate will be no worse than that of the Roman Catholics of Belfast at present. Beyond this it is hard to imagine that the Ulstermen will suffer. The suggestion that legislation will be employed to injure them in their trade, or in any way to fetter their liberty, is so wild that it is hard to believe any rational man can seriously entertain it. It is a taking piece of electioneering rhetoric, and nothing more.

Let it be said, however, that no Home Rule Bill which would have any chance of receiving the support of English Dissenters would confer on an Irish Parliament the power which the alarmist forecast supposes. If there is one point on which there may be perfect assurance in the midst of the uncertainty as to the details of the measure, it is that the rights of conscience will be effectually safeguarded. It is assumed, indeed, that all such restraining provisions will be futile and worthless, and that, owing probably to that double dose of original sin which is credited to the unfortunate race whom our Prime Minister regards as Hottentots, an Irish Legislature will work its own wicked will, or rather that of the priest, regardless of all statutory limitations. The supposition is absurd on the face of it. The Imperial Parliament is not going to part with its authority when it sets up a Statutory Parliament in Ireland any more than it did when it established County Councils in England. The powers to be devolved on the new legislature will be strictly defined, and there is no reason to fear that any attempt to exceed them will be patiently tolerated. The very last province in which such aggression would be permitted is that of religion. Even if it were possible that a Ministry could be weak enough to make such concessions and a majority in Parliament servile enough to sanction them, the will of the nation would be sufficiently unanimous and strong to render it impossible. A people, which was kindled almost to frenzy by the wrongs done to Bulgarian Christians, and which is always easily roused on behalf of the victims of persecution, certainly would not passively submit to the oppression of its fellow-Protestants in Ireland. But why discuss such a mere chimera? If there has been a statesman in England for generations possessed with a genuine love of liberty, and who may be fully trusted to keep the rights of conscience inviolate, it is Mr. Gladstone. The noble speech in which he maintained the rights of Mr. Bradlaugh to take that seat in Parlia-

ment to which he had been elected by the free suffrages of the people, gives him a foremost place among the defenders of liberty of thought. In truth, he has again and again shown himself more consistent and courageous in the application of the principles of freedom on which Nonconformity is based than some Nonconformists themselves. "I was educated," he told Mr. Stead, "to regard liberty as an evil; I have learned to regard it as a good. That is a fact which sufficiently explains all the changes in my political convictions. Excepting in that particular, I am not conscious of having changed much. I love antiquity, for instance, quite as much as I used to do. I have never been a lover of change, nor do I regard it as a good in itself; liberty, however, is a good in itself, and the growing recognition of that is the key to all those changes of which you speak." This witness of himself is true and is complete. It would, indeed, be the most bitter irony of fate if one, whose whole life has been an education in liberty, should himself help, even indirectly, to inaugurate a new *régime* of persecution. The forecast is an ugly dream which haunts the minds of those who feel their cherished ascendency slipping from them, and it is used by clever politicians as a "bogie man" wherewith to affright timid and unbelieving hearts.

Lord Salisbury must, we suppose, be regarded as the champion of Protestantism, but the Premier's antagonism to Rome seems to be dependent upon the political colour of the representative of the Pope. He looked very doubtfully on Cardinal Manning, beloved and honoured though he was for a philanthropy which raised him to a dignity far above that of a prince of the Church; for Archbishop Walsh he has only biting satire, which will only cause fresh irritation to the people whose leader he is; but for the new Archbishop of Westminster he has profound respect. What causes the difference? The great cardinal was, and the popular archbishop is, a political opponent of Lord Salisbury; with Dr. Vaughan a sound Toryism covers all the sins of his Romanism. And we Nonconformists are invited to support this eulogist of the Romish archbishop in the interests of Protestantism!

The same inconsistency is manifest in the conduct of the party when it tries to affright English Nonconformists by an outcry about the corrupt rule of the priests, although it is not ashamed to ask the intervention of the Pope, and to rely on his Encyclical as an instrument for their own ends. The truth is the whole question is one of politics, not religion, and the melancholy feature in the case is that there are some good men who are imposed upon by devices so transparent. I have not the slightest tendency towards that more kindly view of the Church of Rome which is popular in some circles at the present time. Fully recognising the singular personal charm of the two illustrious cardinals who have played so conspicuous a part in

the life of this generation, I cannot allow it to change my attitude towards a Church which profited so largely by their allegiance, but was not in the slightest degree liberalised by their influence. There is not an Orangeman in Ulster more resolute in his opposition to the spirit which is incarnate in the Papacy than I am, and this is the common sentiment of Nonconformists. It certainly is not because of any abatement in the strength of our hostility to the system that I hold aloof from the crusade against it which some appear to regard as the essence of Protestantism, and resolutely oppose every attempt to exclude its professors from the full application of the perfect law of liberty. Our belief is that the best way of resisting the tyranny of authority is to let liberty have its perfect work. Liberty is the very strength of Protestantism, and to show any distrust of it is to surrender our citadel into the hands of its enemies. There has been no more fatal hindrance to the triumph of Protestantism in Ireland than that Protestant ascendency which has been regarded as its palladium.

The attitude taken by the Nonconformist supporters of Home Rule has been so often misrepresented that it may be desirable briefly to outline some of its principal features. It has generally been assumed that at Mr. Gladstone's bidding we changed our entire relations to the question, allowing the charm of a great personality to betray us into disloyalty to principle. They who judge us thus, little understand our spirit. We are far more likely to err in the direction of excessive independency than of weak subserviency. During the discussion on the Home Rule Bill of 1886 there was grave and, as I still venture to think, reasonable hesitation. "Sitting on the fence" is a term of reproach which eager partisans are very ready to adopt, but surely, when a great national change is proposed, the position is one which a thoughtful man may wisely occupy. The question was one which could not be settled by appeal to some fundamental principle, without regard to a multitude of complicated details in which it had to be worked out. Those who were united on the one might easily differ about the other. So on the proposal of Mr. Gladstone's measure there were diversities of opinion among those who were heartily agreed as to its general object. Especially were there misgivings, which might be described by a stronger term, as to the Land Purchase Act. These hesitations lasted until it became manifest that Unionism was only Toryism spelt in another way. Many who at first were uncertain about Home Rule, and especially about some parts of Mr. Gladstone's great scheme, became decided as soon as they discovered, on the one hand, that the Unionist opposition really meant war against Liberalism, and, on the other, that there was no intention to insist on any cast-iron scheme, but that Mr. Gladstone was prepared to modify his proposals so as to meet all reasonable objections.

If anything was needed to confirm that determination it has been supplied by Mr. Balfour's administration. His last speech in which he celebrated his success is a sufficient condemnation of his system. He boasts that he has reduced Ireland to tranquillity, and the *Times* taking up the parable and expounding it in its own style, refers to Lord Salisbury's well-known saying that Ireland only wanted twenty years of resolute government, and boasts that the end has been accomplished in five. That is the ruling principle of Tory policy, that is its one alternative to Home Rule. There is nothing novel in it. It has been the one resort of both parties in all emergencies, and the result has been disaster and failure. Even now there is no sign that the spirit of the people has changed, that their aspirations have been quenched, that they meekly submit to the rod or cherish any gratitude for the paltry bribes by which it has been sought to reconcile them to a treatment which would kindle a blaze of rebellion either in Scotland or Ireland. Lord Salisbury has given us to understand that if Parliament sold Ulster into slavery—his pleasant mode of describing the establishment of an Irish Legislature in which Orangemen would be in a minority—Ulster would know how to resist the arbitrary will of a Parliament, as their ancestors had defied a similar abuse of prerogative by a king. If his words were not an incentive to rebellion it is hard to say what they actually did mean. But that troubles no one, except the followers of a Prime Minister who has so shamefully forgotten all that is due to the traditions of his high office, and abandoned the *rôle* of a statesman for that of a truculent partisan. I refer to it for the purpose only of looking at it on the reverse side. On his showing the majority of the Irish people must be in slavery now. That slavery is, to say the least, much more real than any which a Parliament in College Green would be likely to establish. Why should the Irish submit to it? Is it not certain that they do not submit willingly? As it is, they enter their protest by sending, as they will continue to send, a band of sturdy men to Westminster to maintain perpetual hostility to the English Government. The situation thus created is simply intolerable, and sooner or later must collapse. Mr. Balfour has nothing better to offer, and his pitiable failure is a conclusive argument for Home Rule.

To those Nonconformist Liberals who still are staggered at the prospect of what appears to them as little short of a revolution—old followers of Mr. Gladstone who have been unable to approve his Home Rule policy, and have consequently stood aloof from their old political associates—may I commend the following considerations? The experience of the last five years has shown the impossibility, except in a few rare cases, of a general loyalty to the Liberal party qualified by a determined resistance to its action on the "burning question" of the day. Here and there, as in the case of the Duke of Bedford,

are men who stand aloof during the controversy, intending to resume their place in the Liberal ranks when it is settled. But this is not the case with any of the Parliamentary representatives. On the contrary, hatred to Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule has so dominated their action that they must themselves be surprised to find how far they have been carried on the path of reaction. Surely this is a point which ought to be pondered by all Unionists who still are Liberals at heart. They will not defeat Home Rule, but they will, by strengthening the force of Tory resistance, hinder the success of other reforms which they desire.

In conclusion, I can only say that from no section of his supporters will Mr. Gladstone receive a more loyal support than from Nonconformists. That does not mean that we are prepared to accept any and every proposal simply because it comes from him, but only that our confidence in him is such that we do not and cannot anticipate any proposals from him unworthy of his high character as a statesman and a patriot. He has recently given more than one proof that he will not stoop to purchase votes or even to please devoted supporters by surrendering one of his own strong convictions. We therefore await without anxiety the full disclosure of his new plan of Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain has taken great trouble to instruct us as to the difficulties attendant on the construction of such a measure. We are as conscious of them as he is. The great difference between us is that we give Mr. Gladstone that trust which the proved nobility of his character and the whole conduct of his life have inspired. Why should we doubt him? He has the reputation of an illustrious life to maintain, and it would fatigue the ingenuity of the most suspicious brain to find any motive which would tempt him to compromise it. He has outlived any vulgar lust of power, and the only reward of his arduous labours which he can anticipate is the belief that he has done some service to the country he loves so well. If ever a man should have credit for disinterested patriotism it is Mr. Gladstone. He is the Nestor of our public life, and has won by the many evidences of sagacity and courage he has given in the course of his political career that trust which I have no doubt the country will repose in him.

J. Guinness Rogers.

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Experienced agents are at work almost continually, day and night, searching throughout London for unhappy children who otherwise might escape notice, and who are suffering from want of food, from the companionship of the vicious and criminal, or from the savagery of cruel guardians.

No destitute child applying for admission has ever been refused during the whole history of the Institutions.

One fact connected with the Institutions, and not sufficiently realised by the public generally, is that children who are *cripples*, who are *deaf and dumb*, who are *blind*, who are (as is often the case) *covered with loathsome skin affections*, or who are otherwise ailing, are, if **Destitute**, immediately admitted to the Institutions, at any hour of the day or night, irrespective of age, sex, creed, or nationality.

There is no system of election adopted by the Managers, nor is the offer or promise of money ever necessary to secure admission for really destitute "Waifs and Strays."

About **1600** trained youths and maidens leave the Institutions *every year* for situations at home and abroad, and their careers are subsequently watched over and followed until they reach manhood or womanhood.

Very nearly **5000** Boys and Girls have been placed out in carefully selected homes in the Colonies, with the marvellous result that **less than 2 per cent. are reported as having failed.** **10,000** other young people have, after training, been placed out in service at home, or sent to sea. In all, **19,000** Children have been rescued and saved through the agency of these Homes.

Children of happy homes are invited to join the **Young Helpers' League**, an association of boys and girls of the upper and middle class, in aid of crippled, blind, deaf and dumb, and sick children of the Waif class (of which H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF TECK, is the President). For forms of application write to Miss RACHAEL NORTON, Secretary of the "Y.H.L.," at the address of the Offices given below.

£16 will support one *healthy* child for a whole year in any of our LONDON HOMES.

£9 will pay for the complete outfit and passage money of one child EMIGRATED to either of our BRANCH HOMES in *Ontario*, Canada; £54 will do the same for six children.

A Copy of the last Annual Report (for 1890), with details as to each of the 46 separate Branches, and with audited Cash Accounts, will be sent *free by post* on receipt of addressed postal wrapper.

Donations or Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER; by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. SAMUEL G. SHEPPARD; by the Bankers, LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK (Bow Branch), and Messrs. PRESCOTT, DIMSDALE & Co.; or by the Director, Dr. THOS. J. BARNARDO, at this address.

JOHN ODLING, *Secretary.*

Offices of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Mission," 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

THE

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

COUGHS
COLDS
CATARRH
ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
HOARSENESS
LOSS OF VOICE
THROAT DEAFNESS.



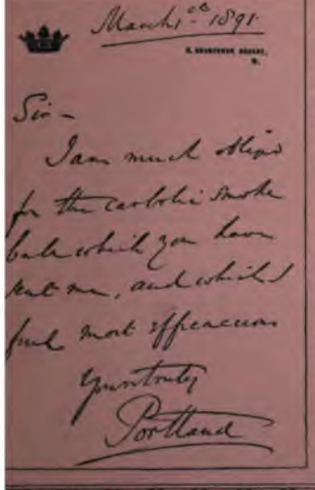
SORE THROAT
INFLUENZA
HAY FEVER
SNORING
CROUP
WHOOPING COUGH
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE

The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL is Prescribed by

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.,

and other eminent Physicians, and has been supplied to

H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPRESS.



H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.
The Duke of Argyll, K.T.
The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.
The Duke of Fife, K.T.
The Duke of Manchester.
The Duke of Newcastle.
The Duke of Norfolk.
The Duke of Portland.
The Duke of Rutland, K.G.
The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.
The Duke of Westminster, K.G.
The Duke of Wellington.
The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.
The Marquis of Ripon, K.G.
The Earl of Derby, K.G.
Earl Spencer, K.G.
Earl Cadogan, K.G.
The Earl of Westmoreland.
The Earl of Wharncliffe.
The Lord Chancellor.
The Lord Chief Justice.
Lord Wolseley.
Lord Tennyson.



Testimonials.

Kindly hand this Circular to any friend who may be a sufferer from any of the enumerated ailments.

ASTHMA

CHARLES MOORE, Esq., writes from Sunnyside, Birchington, Westgate-on-Sea, 9th October, 1890:—"Your Carbolic Smoke Ball has afforded immense relief to my wife who has suffered severely from **Bronchial Asthma.** When I bought the ball she was unusually bad, and it acted like magic."

W. C. G. MILNE, Esq., writes from Hillhead of Petimell, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, 4th August, 1891:—"I have not been so long free from **Asthma** for the past two years as I have been since I used your Carbolic Smoke Ball and Sunilla."

Miss HUDDLESTON writes from Walmersley House, near Bury, Lancashire, 15th October, 1890:—"Miss Huddleston is finding the Carbolic Smoke Ball a great blessing for **Asthma**. She is very glad to say it is doing her a great deal of good when hope had almost gone."

Mrs. SAUNDERS writes from 35, Belgrave Road, S.W., 9th May, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has given Mrs. Saunders distinct relief from **Asthma.**"

JAMES MURRAY, Esq., writes from 81, Queen's Gate, S.W., 8th January, 1890:—"I have experienced very great benefit from the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Mrs. DANIEL writes from 115, Eccles New road, Salford, Manchester, 13th November, 1890:—"My sister, for some time, has been using your valuable Smoke Ball for **Asthma,** and finds great relief."

WM. WATKIN, Esq., writes from Cefu Cribbur, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, S. Wales, 20th July, 1890:—"It gave me such relief from the **Asthma** that I felt myself a new man."

R. CRESSE HARRISON, Esq., writes from Woodhays, Muswell Hill, N., 29th July, 1891:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has relieved me of sudden attacks of **Asthma** to which I am subject."

ROBERT H. BINNEY, Esq., writes from Footscray, Victoria, Australia, 1st August, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has completely cured my partner, who was a martyr to **Asthma.**"

BRONCHITIS.

ODOARDO BARRI, Esq., writes from 60, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square:—"Sir, I have much pleasure in stating that I have derived great benefit from the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball. In fact it is the only successful remedy I have yet found for **Catarrh** and **Bronchitis.**"

Colonel J. W. KEYWORTH writes from 31, Olga Strasse, Stuttgart, Germany, 13th January, 1891:—"I have derived great benefit from the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball in **Bronchitis** and am now keeping in subjection an attack, which, but for it, I think might prove serious."

General E. T. FASKEN writes from 214, Cromwell Road, S.W., 10th January, 1891:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has proved most beneficial to two members of my family who are constant sufferers from **severe colds** and **Bronchitis.**"

Mrs. MACDONALD writes from Milland, Liphook, Hants., 2nd January, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has given me the greatest possible satisfaction, and, since using it, for the last eighteen months I have been **free from Bronchitis** to which I was a constant martyr."

W. S. WILLIAMS, Esq., writes from Kennett, Newmarket:—"Please send me by return of post another Carbolic Smoke Ball, as I have given mine away and would not for any consideration be without one. It has done wonders for me."

J. J. GRIFFITHS, Esq., writes from 45, Portland street, Aberystwith, 28th November, 1890:—"I am glad to say your Carbolic Smoke Ball has done me a great deal of good."

T. TITLEY, Esq., writes from Hillside, Otley Road, Harrogate, 29th June, 1891:—"The Smoke Ball Mr. Titley has in use is splendid, and gives great relief. Kindly refill and return the other, as he would not be without it for anything."

CATARRH.

Dr. A. V. ELLIOTT, M.D., 10, Via Cornabuoni, Florence, Italy, 20th May, 1891:—"I am a sufferer of many years standing from dry **catarrh of the nostrils,** and obtain much relief from the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Dr. J. COLBOURNE, M.D., writes from 60, Maddox Street, London, W., 1st May, 1891:—"I can very highly recommend the Carbolic Smoke Ball from observing its usefulness in quite a large number of cases, principally **catarrhal affections of nose, pharynx, larynx,** and **bronchial tubes.**"

Dr. J. RUSSELL HARRIS, M.D., writes from 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, 24th September, 1890:—"Many obstinate cases of **post nasal catarrh,** which have resisted other treatment, have yielded to your Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Dr. E. STANLEY WOOD, M.D., writes from Clarence House, Pontypool, 19th April, 1890:—"I have used the Carbolic Smoke Ball with very good results in cases of **catarrh** of the nose and upper respiratory tract."

Dr. C. DE LACY EVANS, M.D., Ph.D., writes from Lady Sandhurst's Home, 1st November, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has completely cured an obstinate case of **post nasal catarrh** under my care."

F. POCKLINGTON, Esq., writes from Fern Cottage, Hospital Br., Boston:—"I have found the Carbolic Smoke Ball of immense benefit for **catarrh.**"

Mrs. RICHARD BROWN writes from Earith, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, 14th May, 1891:—"Mrs. Brown is glad to say the Smoke Ball has proved very useful in violent **catarrh** of many years' standing."

GEO. MARGERISON, Esq., writes from Malvern Villa, Ashton, Preston, 22nd December, 1890:—"I have found the Carbolic Smoke Ball very efficacious in **catarrh.** Please send me two more Balls similar to the one I got from you in the Spring."

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE NEPAL FORCES, writes from Thapathaly, Nepal, India, 14th May, 1891:—"Your Carbolic Smoke Ball gave a permanent cure to a member of my family who was suffering from **catarrh** for a long time. She was unsuccessfully treated for a long time by European and native doctors, but your Smoke Ball effected a cure."

J. G. ROSE, Esq., writes from the Liberal Club, Plymouth, 22nd December, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball arrived by post this afternoon, and my first using it has given me great relief. It has cleared my throat and nostrils more effectually than a spray producer which I have been using, and without half the trouble."

The Rev. G. J. BRETT writes from The Manse, Tendring, Colchester, July, 1891:—"For eighteen months I have used the Carbolic Smoke Ball, with very astonishing beneficial results. I value it very highly, and should feel uncomfortable without one kept by me."

COLDS.

Madame ADELINA PATTI writes from Craig-y-Nos Castle, Ystradgynlais Valley, South Wales, 10th July, 1891:—"She had already used the Smoke Ball before, and found it very beneficial indeed. Madame Patti has found it the only thing that would enable her to rest well at night when having a **severe cold.**"

Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE writes:—"I cheerfully recommend the Carbolic Smoke Ball to the Profession generally. It is something marvellous how quickly it cures a cold and relieves the voice. I would not be without one."

Mr. J. F. O'MARA writes from the Royal English Opera House, Shaftesbury Avenue, 9th April, 1891:—"It is with the greatest pleasure I write to thank you for the immense benefit I derived on last Tuesday from your Carbolic Smoke Ball. I used it in the afternoon at 2 30, and the cure was so quick and perfect that I sang in the opera that evening, though I was **scarcely able to speak** in the morning. The cure certainly was marvellous."

ARTHUR GODDARD, Esq., Journalist, writes from Ashbourne House, Spenser Road, Herne Hill, S. E., 21st November, 1890:—"While labouring under a very **severe cold** I was recommended to try your Carbolic Smoke Ball. I did so, and am glad to tell you that in half an hour, or less, I was considerably relieved, and in a few hours virtually cured."

E. F. DYETT, Esq., writes from Montserrat, Leeward Islands, 1st July, 1891:—"Its effects on coughs and colds are simply marvellous."

Captain G. N. CURZON writes from Bracken House, Walton-on-Thames, 18th June, 1891:—"I am much subject to **colds** and **sore throat,** but have never suffered in the least from either complaint since I have used your Carbolic Smoke Ball."

C. P. SNELGROVE, Esq., writes from Newland Terrace, Kensington:—"For more than two years I have suffered with cold upon cold, but since November, when I purchased the Carbolic Smoke Ball, I have been free."

Miss TURNER writes from 15, Pevensey Road, Eastbourne, 20th November, 1890:—"I have found the Carbolic Smoke Ball invaluable for **colds.**"

GEORGE HALL, Esq., writes from the Clifton Club, Clifton, Bristol, 15th January, 1890:—I have had a Carbolic Smoke Ball in use for several months, and have found it most beneficial both in **curing and preventing colds.**"

Mrs. TOWER, writes from Weald Hall, Brentwood, 3rd January, 1890.—"I have found the Carbolic Smoke Ball most beneficial in **mitigating** and even in **warding off colds in the head.**"

Mrs. GELLIBRAND writes from St. Margaret's, Eltham, Kent, 10th January, 1890:—"I have much pleasure in assuring you of the perfect success of the Carbolic Smoke Ball. We have derived the greatest benefit from its use."

Mrs. THURSBY writes from Melbury Lodge, Winchester, 13th November, 1890:—"I have found it wonderfully good for **cold in the head.**"

Mrs. JOHN CLAY writes from 3, Harvey Road, Cambridge, 1st July, 1890:—"Please refill the enclosed Smoke Ball, which has lasted our family, in constant use, for fifteen months, and has been a distinct **preventive** as well as a **cure for cold.**"

New American Remedy.

Testimonials.

HAY FEVER.

Testimonials on separate sheet.

INFLUENZA.

The Marchioness De Sain writes from Padworth House, Reading, 13th January, 1890:—"The Marchioness has daily used the Smoke Ball since the commencement of the epidemic of Influenza, and has not taken the Influenza, although surrounded by those suffering from it."

A. Gibbons, Esq., Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, writes from 172, Strand, W.C., 14th February, 1890: "During a recent sharp attack of the prevailing epidemic, I had none of the unpleasant and dangerous catarrh and bronchial symptoms. I attribute this entirely to the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Mrs. Shannon writes from Carnarvon:—"I attach great value to the Carbolic Smoke Ball as a preventive. My family was the only one in my neighbourhood who escaped the recent epidemic, and I attribute this to the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

C. Craig, Esq., writes from 6, Argyle Square, Sunderland, 23rd July, 1891:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has proved very satisfactory, both in **Influenza** and **Hay Fever**, from which I have suffered very much."

The Rev. Dr. Chichester A. W. Reade, LL.D., D.C.L., writes from Banstead Downs, Surrey, May, 1890:—"Although all my life I have been subject to four or five heavy head and chest colds in every year, I have been perfectly free from any **cold, cough, or other chest affection** since I bought a Carbolic Smoke Ball in October, 1889. Also, although my duties in a large public institution have brought me daily, during the recent epidemic of **Influenza**, in close contact with the disease, I have been perfectly free from any symptom, by having the Smoke Ball always handy. It has also wonderfully improved my **voice** for speaking and singing, and my **eyes** for reading by gas light."

NEURALGIA.

Mrs. C. Piercey, writes from The Elms, Lowthorpe, Hull, 15th November, 1890:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has proved very effectual in **Neuralgia**, and I shall be pleased to recommend it to my friends."

John F. Puckett, Esq., writes from 13, Zetland Road, Bristol 6th April, 1891:—"It is the best thing I have ever tried for **Colds** and **Neuralgia**."

Mrs. Arthur Weguelin writes from 25, Charles Street, W., 7th January, 1890:—"She has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball a most excellent remedy against, and cure for **Colds** and **Neuralgia.**"

Mrs. Mary Dugan writes from Bridge Street, Longford, Ireland, 6th March, 1891:—"It did my head a great deal of good, as well as benefitted others of **Neuralgia** and **Headache**."

Miss Postans writes from 14, Enys Road, Eastbourne, 5th January, 1891:—"Miss Postans has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball most valuable. She would wish never to be without it."

Mrs. Wilkins writes from 46, Gloucester Terrace, W., 3rd January, 1890:—"Mrs. Wilkins wishes to say that she has derived great benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Mrs. Hayley writes from Beckbury, Shifnal, Salop, 21st May, 1891:—"Please refill the Carbolic Smoke Ball, and send it back as soon as possible, for I am afraid to be without it."

FOR THE NURSERY.

Mrs F. A. Harrison writes from Beaconsfield, Bucks, July, 1891:—"Enclosed you will find Postal Order for 10s. for another Carbolic Smoke Ball. The one I had before has kept my family free from colds, and cured my boy, three years old, of croup. If the price were £5 I would not be without one."

Mr. Fred Tocock, writes from 6, Albert Terrace, Bow, E., 23rd November, 1890:—"Sir, Will you kindly send me another Carbolic Smoke Ball. I want it for my father, who suffers from Asthma. The one I have has worked wonders with my children, having cured the youngest, ten months old, of severe Whooping-Cough."

Lady Mostyn writes from Caishalton, Cary Crescent, Torquay, February, 1890:—"She finds the Carbolic Smoke Ball a great acquisition in the Nursery."

Mrs. Hamilton writes from 6, Addington Road, Stroud Green, N.:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has completely cured my little boy of Croup and Bronchitis, from both of which ailments he used to be a continual sufferer."

Dr. J. McDougall, M.D., writes from 2, Bedford Row, Walton, 3rd January, 1890:—The Carbolic Smoke Ball does all that you claim for it. Originally intended for the baby only, it has proved so successful that it is now brought out for every member of the family who shows the slightest symptom of Catarrh."

Sir Frdk. Milner, Bart., M.P., writes from Nice, 7th March, 1890:—Lady Milner and my children have derived much benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Miss Ada S. Ballin, writes from 14, Tavistock Square, W.C., 21st April, 1890:—"Will you kindly send a Carbolic Smoke Ball to Dr. Wallace, 64, Harley Street. Mrs. Wallace borrowed mine for her baby, and, after some months' use, the doctor is pleased with it, and will recommend it."

SORE THROAT.

Nurse Mary Cornell writes from the London Association of Nurses, 133, New Bond Street, December, 1890:—"For about eight years I suffered with a troublesome affection of the throat, a complication of congestion and granulation, accompanied with an ordinary relaxed sore throat. I was under medical treatment for some time, but nothing gave me permanent relief until I was advised by a friend to try the Carbolic Smoke Ball. This has proved most effectual, and I may now describe myself as completely cured."

The Rev Henry J. Fellowes, M.A., writes from Over Wallop Rectory, Stockbridge, Hants, 7th February, 1890.—"I have used the Carbolic Smoke Ball, and find it extremely useful in clearing the mucous membrane. Its action appears to be analogous to that of the flesh brush or rough glove upon the skin. I constantly recommend it."

G. A. Luden, Esq, writes from 17, King William Street, Charing Cross, 31st May, 1890:—"I have derived great benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball. I had previously been a great sufferer from granular phlaringitis, and had my throat burnt three times by electricity, but the Carbolic Smoke Ball has done more for me than anything else."

Mrs. Lane writes from Moundsley Hall, King's Norton, 9th March, 1891:—I find it a marvellous remedy for colds in the head, and for sore throats."

The Rev. Dr. J. Hiles Hitchens writes from 9c, Gloucester Street, Belgravia, S.W., 1st January, 1890:—"Your Carbolic Smoke Ball relieved the head and throat to a large extent.

THROAT DEAFNESS.

James Hargreaves, Esq., writes from 73, London Road, Manchester, 28th August, 1890:—"I have strongly recommended your Carbolic Smoke Ball for deafness. For two days past I can hear my watch tick three or four inches away, which I have not done for four or five months."

Mrs. William Collis writes from Swinford House, Stourbridge, 15th January, 1891:—"Mrs. Collis has derived great benefit from the Smoke Ball she bought last June. She suffered for over two years from deafness."

Mrs. Miller writes from Highwood, Ipswich, 30th June, 1890:—"Mrs. Miller has found relief for deafness from the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Judge Anderson writes from 55, Upper Mount Street, Dublin, 2nd January, 1890:—"I found the Carbolic Smoke Ball decidedly beneficial."

W. Heigh Way, Esq., writes from 1, Welby Street, Camberwell, 6th August, 1891:—"Your Smoke Ball has proved very efficacious in a case of deafness after measles in my little girl, completely removing it after a few days' use."

Mrs. Mary Muckle writes from Claudeboye, Manitoba, April, 1891:—"I believe I owe my life to the Carbolic Smoke Ball. Being attacked by Influenza during the epidemic this spring, my two physicians gave no hope of recovery, owing to my advanced age of 78 years. But the Carbolic Smoke Ball not only cured the Influenza, but at the same time, to my surprise, it stopped the tickling in my throat which used to give me a perpetual cough, and also greatly improved my hearing, although mine was a case of deafness of many years' standing."

CHAFED SKIN.

Captain Yorke Rattray, R.N., writes from the Primrose Club, 4, Park Place, St. James's, 18th June, 1891:—"Dear Sirs,—You don't mention the Carbolic Smoke Ball as being efficacious for the skin. I used it over a chafe which I have suffered from half my life, and in five days cured it with one application every morning."

POLYPUS.

Dr. J. Russell Harris, M.D., writes from 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.:—"I have prescribed and recommended your Carbolic Smoke Ball, with most satisfactory results, many people who shudder at the notion of an operation for nasal polypus will hail your invention with delight."

The Rev. Dr. Reade writes from the Junior Constitutional Club, Regent Street, S.W., 28th November, 1890:—"I have just had a letter from the lady who first called my attention to your wonderful Smoke Ball, saying: 'The Smoke Ball has quite cured my nose. The doctor examined me the other day, and could find no trace of **polypus.**'"

As all the ailments mentioned in this Circular proceed from one cause, they can be cured by one remedy, viz.:

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

For Inhalation only.

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

COUGHS
Cured in 1 week.

COLD IN THE HEAD
Cured in 12 hours.

COLD ON THE CHEST
Cured in 12 hours.

CATARRH
Cured in 1 to 3 months.

ASTHMA
Relieved in 10 minutes.

BRONCHITIS
Cured in 1 month.

HOARSENESS
Cured in 12 hours.

LOSS OF VOICE
Fully restored.

SORE THROAT
Cured in 12 hours.



A NECESSITY IN THE NURSERY.

THROAT DEAFNESS
Cured in 1 to 4 months.

INFLUENZA
Cured in 24 hours.

HAY FEVER
Cured in every case.

SNORING
Cured in 1 week.

SORE EYES
Cured in 2 weeks.

CROUP
Relieved in 5 minutes.

WHOOPING COUGH
Relieved the first application.

NEURALGIA
Cured in 10 minutes.

HEADACHE
Cured in 10 minutes.

The **Carbolic Smoke Ball** has been welcomed in the Nursery of many homes for the relief it has given to infant sufferers from Croup, Whooping Cough and Colds. Not only is it now used to cure them, but also to ward them off, which it never fails to do. The Carbolic Smoke Ball can be administered to children during sleep.

TESTIMONIALS—continued.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND writes:—"I am much obliged for the Carbolic Smoke Ball which you have sent me, and which I find most efficacious."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON writes from Fulham Palace, February, 1891:—The Carbolic Smoke Ball has benefited me greatly.

LADY MOSTYN writes from Caishalton, Cary Crescent, Torquay, 10th January, 1890:—"Lady Mostyn believes the Carbolic Smoke Ball to be a certain check and cure for ***a cold***, and will have great pleasure in recommending it to her friends Lady Mostyn hopes the Carbolic Smoke Ball will have all the success that its merits deserve."

LADY ERSKINE writes from Spratton Hall, Northampton. 1st January, 1890:—"Lady Erskine is pleased to say that the Carbolic Smoke Ball has given every satisfaction; she considers it a very good invention."

LADY FEILDEN writes from Feniscowles House, Scarborough, 18th February, 1891:—"Lady Feilden is always glad to recommend the Ball, as it is most efficacious in preventing and curing colds."

LADY CLAVERING writes:—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has been invaluable to her daughter. She will be glad of another by return of post, for which she encloses postal order for 10s."

SUNILLA.

THE Cure of any of the diseases mentioned in this Circular, *when chronic*, may be hastened by the use of SUNILLA. The Carbolic Smoke Ball stops the trouble by attacking the local cause in the head throat and lungs, allaying the inflammation, checking the flow of diseased matter to the stomach, and restoring the mucous membrane to its normal condition. SUNILLA removes the accumulation of poisonous secretions from the stomach, and by means of its antiseptic properties destroys the disease germs in the entire system, leaving the patient completely cured. SUNILLA is a tonic, composed of finely-grounded vegetable roots, and contains no mineral substance. In cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Torpid Liver and Jaundice it will be found to be of the greatest efficacy, while as a blood purifier it is unequalled. SUNILLA may be obtained in two forms, viz.:—

As a powder, in packets, for mixing in port, sherry, ginger or orange wine, price **2s. 6d.**, post free.
As a liquid, in bottles, ready for use, price **2s. 9d.** and **4s. 6d.**, post free to any part of the United Kingdom.

The **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** will not only *cure all diseases caused by taking cold*, but will, if used in time, positively *ward off colds*.

One **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—**10s.**, post free.

The **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** can be refilled when empty at a cost of **5s.**, post free.

ADDRESS:—

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL COMPANY,

27, Princes Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "INHALATION, LONDON."

Free Trials at our Consulting Rooms, 27, Princes Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

PRESIDENT—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.
VICE-PRESIDENT—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.
CHAIRMAN OF GENERAL COURT—DAVID DAVIDSON, ESQ.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Life Assurance, Endowment, and Annuity Business.

LIFE ASSURANCE, PAYABLE AT DEATH—
by premiums *uniform throughout life,*—
or, *very low during the first 5 years,*—
or, *ceasing after a fixed number of payments.*

} The Company's *Compound Bonus* system secures to old Policies the full benefit of longevity *(see other side).*

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE—A GOOD INVESTMENT—
payable to the Assured himself at the end of a specified period, or to his heirs, at his death, if that occur sooner.

Very favourable results have attended Policies in this class "with Bonus," for at every settlement of claim, whether arising by death or by survival, the sum paid by the Company has much exceeded the premiums received by it.

Progress of the Life Business.

In the 10 years	New Sums Insured	New Premiums
1851-1860 ..	£3,228,000 ..	£104,600
1861-1870 ..	8,436,000 ..	272,600
1871-1880 ..	9,088,000 ..	291,700
1881-1890 ..	10,362,000 ..	378,800

ANNUITY BRANCH.

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES, on one life, or on two or more lives, during joint life and life of survivor.

DEFERRED ANNUITIES, or **PENSIONS,** to commence after any period chosen.

SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITIES, to one life after death of another.

The new business recently transacted has exceeded that of *any other British Office.*

Prospectus of the Life Assurance or Annuity Branch sent on application.

THE LIFE & ANNUITY FUNDS, OVER 7 MILLIONS STERLING,

(which are not liable for the obligations of the Fire Department), far exceed those of **any other British Fire and Life Office.**

Total Assets exceed **TEN MILLIONS** *Sterling (see below).*

NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

TOTAL ASSETS at 31st Dec., 1890, £10,439,943 18 5.

I.—CAPITAL.

Authorised Capital	£3,000,000		
Subscribed Capital	2,750,000		
Paid-up Capital		£687,500	0 0

II.—FIRE FUNDS.

Reserves (including Balance of Profit and Loss Account)		2,731,430	0 7

III.—LIFE FUNDS.

Accumulated Funds—			
Life Branch	£5,867,957 6 9		
Annuity Branch	1,153,056 11 1		
		7,021,013	17 10
		£10,439,943	18 5

THE COMPOUND BONUS SYSTEM.

The Company's system of allocating *Bonus on Bonus* as well as on the original insurance, in doing justice to all, gives to the older Policies the full benefit of longevity, and is considered *especially attractive to good Lives insuring young.*

Examples of Bonus Additions to North British and Mercantile Policies on 31st Dec. 1890, shewing the rate per cent. per annum if calculated on sum assured alone.

Policy dated in-	Sum Assured.	Bonus Additions previous to 31st December, 1890.	Bonus added on 31st December, 1890.	Total Sum Assured and Bonuses at 31st December, 1890.	Rate per cent. per Annum of the 1890 Bonus, if calculated on Sum Assured alone.
1886	£1000	....	£72 10 0	£1072 10 0	£1 9 0
1876	1000	£146 4 6	83 2 0	1229 6 6	1 13 3
1866	1000	293 19 6	93 16 0	1387 15 6	1 17 6
1856	1000	459 19 6	105 17 0	1565 16 6	2 2 4
1846	1000	645 2 0	119 5 0	1764 7 0	2 7 8
1836	1000	884 15 0	136 12 6	2021 7 6	2 14 7
1829	1000	1039 17 0	147 17 6	2187 14 6	2 19 2

All participating Policies becoming claims between dates of Division of Profits receive a *prospective Bonus* for each premium paid since the last declaration.

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Its Life Policies run in a particularly short and simple form, and, with few exceptions, to this effect,—that, *subject only to payment of the premium*, the sum insured will be paid immediately on proof of death and title. (See Policy Form in Prospectus).

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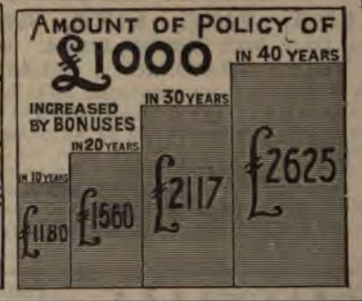
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